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RECTOR OF VICE-ADMIRAL THE HONOURABLE SIR HENRY BLACKWOOD, BART.
K.C.B. K.C.H.

This Island has mainly owed her greatness to her Navy; nor in all the revolutions among kingdoms and empires, that may be destined to take place in time, can we imagine a condition of the world in which her greatness will not still have to be guarded by the same power. It represents the national character in its most formidable attributes, and embodies the national might in the most magnificent impersonation. The British Navy—these are words of fear to tyrants, and of succour to slaves. All shores have been shaken by that thunder; and usurpation has felt the crown falling from its forehead,

"As patriots hope, and doubts are dumb,
When to lib, in Freedom's cause, the Sons of
Ocean come!"

In none of those great sea-fights with the intrepid and skillful Hollanders, were our fleets vanquished; some were doubtful or drawn battles; in most our flag flew in triumph. Previous to their Great Revolution, the French never could cope with us at sea; ever after it, whether engaging our fleets, with their own, or in junction with the Spaniards, they sustained signal and total overthrows. As certain was the same issue in all single combats between ship and ship; and our enemies fought not for the glory of victory, but of resistance against inevi-

table defeat. The glories even of Hawke and Rodney were eclipsed by those of Jervis and Nelson—and the dominion of the seas settled at Aboukir and Trafalgar.

The Americans are of our own blood, and they fought against us, both on shore and sea, in a way worthy of their national origin. At sea, in almost all their victories, but not in all, they were greatly, in some overwhelmingly, superior in force; nor need we now either be surprised or mortified at the issue of such combats. Britain ought rather to be proud that her flag had never been struck on the sea, and then always with honour; but to her own sons, who, for that freedom's sake which has ever been her own glory, had been nobly rebellious, and in their independence had sworn that they were worthy to contend with the heroes of that country from whom they derived their own descent. Never more may they meet as enemies! Providence seems to have assigned to this small island, and to that mighty continent, a different destiny, but equally great; and in both, now and ever, be fulfilled in peace! America, if her councils continue to be wise, will never seek to be a great naval power. Britain will never cease to uphold her Fleets, else of no avail will be her armies; together flourishing they

will still go forth, should need ever be, "conquering and to conquer;" but against none, let us all devoutly hope, but the enemies of liberty, and law, and social order, without which, either to men or states, what is life?

We are not among the number of those who fear for the decay of our navy. Within these few years, indeed, many of our most illustrious naval heroes have died; and the rising race of officers and seamen have chiefly fought but at Algiers and Navarino, against the rorored ships or the batteries of barbarians, which were, of course, demolished, under Exmouth and Codrington, and in a way worthy their former fame. But as long as the spirit survives, there will be no want of officers and men for our ships; let that languish, and the navy of England, going to rot in harbour, need never more put to sea.

The bright series of victories won by our invincible army in the Peninsula, and transcendently consummated at Waterloo, seemed for a while to throw our navy into the shade; but as well may the nation forget that name as that of Trafalgar, and allow the names of Wellington and Nelson to fall together into oblivion. The achievements and character of navy and army are alike mighty and immortal; nor need we fear the decline of the spirit that alike animates both services, while that national spirit itself continues to be cherished and upheld by all who have it in their "holy keeping;" and all who breathe the air and tread the soil of liberty have some part in its guardianship, which they perform, the faintest as well as the highest, while every man, in his own sphere, strives with heart and soul to obey the injunction conveyed in these sublime words:—"England expects every man to do his duty."

The achievements of our navy have not wanted their records; and they are now in course of fitting commemoration by the genius of one of the greatest men in England. Southey's *History of the Navy* will be a work of which all Englishmen will have cause to be proud; and it comes, with peculiar grace, from the biographer of Nelson. We have already innumerable narratives of the wonders

wrought by us at sea; nor can we deny ourselves the pleasure of alluding to the "*United Service Journal*," by which a knowledge of the valorous exploits of our warriors may now be spread far and wide among all classes, and justice done to many brave men who, unnamed in *Gazettes*, necessarily exclusive of almost all but officers of higher rank, and leaving numberless brilliant affairs to "blaze in the acting," afterwards unhonoured and unknown, might otherwise have gone down to the grave without their fame; while now their dangers and their duties, daringly encountered and performed, may be heard of far beyond their own firesides, and the memory of their virtues cherished in the hearts of their countrymen, along with the love and admiration for ever awake there for more illustrious leaders.

We rejoice to have had intrusted to our hands authentic documents for a memoir of the professional life of one of our most distinguished naval commanders, the late Sir Henry Blackwood; and while we are proud that our pages are so honoured, it is satisfactory to us to know that they will make thousands acquainted with his character and exploits, who might not have been so, had such a narrative appeared in any periodical publication, however excellent, exclusively dedicated to military and naval affairs.

Sir Henry was the sixth son of Sir John Blackwood, Baronet, and Baroness Dufferin and Clanliffe. At the age of eleven years, in April, 1781, he entered His Majesty's service, under the protection of Captain McBride, on board the *Attois* frigate, and was present at the Dogger Bank action under Admiral Parker, as well as at the capture of the *Pylades* and the *Orestes*, two Dutch sloops of war, by that frigate, after a short action; and, on serving the intermediate years under Captain Montgomery in the *Boreas* and the *Concord* frigates, Hawkins Whited in the *Rose* ditto, and Commodore Corby in the *Trusty*, of 50 guns, he was promoted from Earl Howe's ship to the rank of lieutenant, in November 1790. In the ensuing year, 1791, he was employed on board the *Proserpine* frigate, under Captain Curzon;

and on the commencement of hostilities with France in January, 1793,* Captain Nagle, from whence he was removed in July of the same year, was appointed to the Active frigate, by the particular desire and applica-

* In the year 1792, or end of 1791, being unemployed, Lieutenant Blackwood went to Angoulême to improve himself in the French language, which he acquired with particular facility, and spoke better than most Englishmen. The beginning of the French Revolution, at this time so interesting to the world at large, too strongly excited his mind to allow him to remain at Angoulême, and he left that place for Paris. He was strongly requested to convey a small book addressed to a family who had emigrated, with a positive assurance it contained neither political matter, nor private correspondence, nor danger to him, but merely on domestic subjects, or he would not have undertaken to deliver it, knowing how the violence of the Revolutionary tribunals raged at this time against the emigrants. On his arrival at Paris, the book, which concealed some letters, was discovered among his effects, when he was seized and immediately taken before the Municipal Council, and then committed to a rigid imprisonment as a bearer of treasonable correspondence, and being an agent to convey money to the emigrants. His confinement was one of the most frightful suspense, as the contents of the concealed letters were unknown to him, and he had every reason to dread the utmost vengeance that Jacobin ferocity could inflict. In a few days he was again brought forward, when it was fortunately proved the papers were free from political topics, and he was to be admitted to bail if some person of responsibility would answer for his appearance at the bar of the Convention, to which the business was to be referred. His friends at Angoulême had given him an introduction to a respectable merchant at Paris, where he lodged for a few days in this critical situation. M. Lafitteau, the name of this generous friend, came forward, and when the court demanded, in stern and threatening terms, who would answer for le Citoyen Blackwood, he arose with great energy, and putting his hand upon his head, exclaimed,—“With my head I will go bail for Mr Blackwood; I know him, and he is a man of honour!” The president of the court then angrily replied,—“Your head be that security—you answer with your life for the accused:” his friend, turning to Sir Henry, said, “Sir, my life is in your hands, but your honour is my protection.” The case was represented to several leading members of the Convention, and the day the special report of his arrest was laid before it, he heard with surprise a motion made for his discharge; though one of the most furious of the Jacobins declared, in a speech of great length, that to his knowledge, the prisoner was a spy—an emissary of a hateful faction—the agent of men France disowned, and of those apostates who were then plotting in the cabinet of tyrants, the subversion of liberty and their country:—as an amendment, he should move that the prisoner be remanded and dealt with according to the law. One of the deputies, who had taken a lively interest in favour of Sir Henry, near whom he was seated in the court, arose, and used such strong arguments in favour of his innocence, and the injustice of criminating a stranger by assertions of a stranger only, that a vote was passed for his enlargement. When he requested to know of M. Lafitteau, his protector, in what way he could evince his gratitude, he said, only “by sending me a pair of jockey (Anglais) English leather breeches,” which was faithfully done.

A singular coincidence occurred some years afterwards. On returning from Egypt, Sir Henry discovered one of his prisoners of war to be a M. Tallien, (or some name near it,) who had been taken by one of the English cruizers, the most violent of his Jacobin enemies, who had so loudly called for his condemnation in the Assembly.

Sir Henry was in Paris during the massacre in September, from the 2d to the 6th, 1792, and staid till obliged to fly for his life. He attended the Jacobin Clubs several times with Mr Huskisson.

tion of the Honourable Captain Pakenham, to become first lieutenant of the *Invincible* of 74 guns. That good judge of merit had formed a high estimate of Blackwood's abilities; and, in a letter to Admiral Cadwell, he had said, a short time before,—“ I have seen your letter to Blackwood. I have only to say, that if your knowledge of him was equal to mine, you would esteem yourself fortunate in having as exact, as attentive, as capable an officer as ever I have met with. Having said so much, I do heartily hope that your arrangements will allot him the most distinguished station among your officers, because I know he will, in such a station, give satisfaction. As our first lieutenant is indisposed, if Blackwood is not to be your first,

me entreat you to send him to me until ours recovers.” As First Lieutenant in the *Invincible*, he continued to serve under the same distinguished captain, until after the actions of the 28th and 29th of May, and 1st of June, 1794, under Lord Howe, with the French Fleet. The *Invincible* engaged the *Juste*, of 84 guns, a ship vastly superior to her in force, (she carried nearly 300 more men—her tonnage was upwards of 2100, the *Invincible*'s little above 1600, and there must have been nearly a corresponding difference in weight of metal,) and in half an hour her astonishing fire so demolished her huge opponent, that she bore up in great confusion, and shortly afterwards became an easy conquest to the *Queen Charlotte*. The *Achille* and *Juste*, after that noble ship had shattered and put to flight the *Montague* and the *Jacobin*, engaged her, but rather distantly, the *Achille* on the starboard-quarter, and the *Juste* on the larboard bow. The *Invincible* here engaged the *Juste* on the opposite side, and soon brought down her foremast, and then her main and mizenmasts. The *Juste* now lay abreast of the *Queen Charlotte* to windward, silenced in her fire, but with a French jack hoisted at her bowsprit end, and a spritsail set to carry her, if possible, out of action. Two hours afterwards, the *Charlotte* wore, and on passing to leeward of the *Juste*, finding that she gave no return to her fire, Lord Howe or-

dered the *Invincible*'s boat, then alongside with an officer, to take possession of the French ship. This officer was Lieutenant Blackwood, whom Captain Pakenham, seeing the crippled state of the *Charlotte*, had sent to say to Lord Howe that the *Invincible* was in a state fit to bear his flag. Her fire it was that had conquered the *Juste*, for, owing to that ship being painted similar to the *Invincible*, who lay at a short distance from her, but was concealed by the smoke, the Frenchman had not attracted the attention of the *Charlotte*, until, wearing round, he passed under her stern, and gave her a raking broadside—one of his 36 pound shot passing through the *Charlotte*'s wing-transom. The *Invincible* had 14 killed, and 31 wounded—the *Juste*, 100 killed, and 145 wounded, her actual complement having been 877 men. For his conduct on this occasion, Lieutenant Blackwood was promoted to the rank of commander, and immediately appointed to the command of the *Magara* fireship, to serve under Lord Howe's flag in the Channel fleet, where he remained until the 2d of June, in the following year, when Lord Spencer, then at the head of the Admiralty, promoted him to the rank of Post Captain in the *Non-such*, of 64 guns, destined to guard the mouth of the Humber.

In April, 1796, he was moved, at his own request, to more active service onboard the *Brilliant*, of 28 guns, in which ship he served on the North Sea station nearly two years, under Lord Duncan, when he was moved, about March, 1798, to that of Newfoundland, under Admiral Waldegrave, afterwards Lord Radstock; and in July of that year, he maintained a most unequal combat off the Island of Teneriffe, with two French 44 gun frigates, *La Vierge* and *La Renommée*.

The following is his modest account of that skilful and daring action:—“ Late in the day of the 26th of July, after having chased a sail which, from the information I had, as well as the course she was steering, I suspected to be a French privateer, on her return to Santa Cruz; at night leaving off chase, I bore up for the N.E. end of Teneriffe, in

order to intercept her; but the morning of the 27th being very hazy, and thinking she might have passed me in the night, I stood close into the bay of Santa Cruz, where, (when well in,) perceiving two large French frigates (the one of 40 guns, carrying a broad pendant, the other of thirty-six) in the act of getting under weigh; and making preparations to set all sail, I judged it prudent (crowding every thing I could) to steer to the southward.

"About 5 o'clock p.m., perceiving that the enemy had gained a good deal, and, as the wind failed us, was gaining still faster, I determined, if possible, to prolong the period of their bringing me into action, till after the close of day, and to manœuvre in the interim, so as to prevent their engaging me both at once. In consequence of which, shifting my steering sails with expedition to the starboard side, and at the same time changing my course to S.W., I increased my distance nearly a mile; I then reefed my topsails, keeping my steering sails set, in order that my intentions should not be suspected. When all was ready for hauling to the wind, and I had taken in my steering sails, unfortunately the wind shifted so far to the eastward, that I lay nearly along the S.E. side of Tenerife: in this situation, I had no other alternative but that of bearing up, and coming into immediate action with the headmost frigate.

"About 7 p.m., the second in command of the enemy had approached so near as to commence his fire, and which I returned with such success, from four stern-chasers, that he judged it prudent to alter his attack to my lee-quarter, where (by very superior sailing) he soon took his station, and engaged me about an hour, at the distance of two cables.

"Previous to this, the Commodore, from having hauled more to the wind, had gained my weather-quarter, and perceiving that he was now coming down with his people ready aloft for boarding me, I judged that if I continued in my present position, it could only depend on them to engage me with much advantage together; watching, therefore, most anxiously the moment the frigate to leeward had reached abreast of my

main-mast, I bore up athwart his hawse, and raked him so effectually within pistol-shot, that in a few minutes I left him with his top-sails and top-gallant sails down on the caps, and otherwise in such confusion, that I embraced the present as the most favourable moment to haul to the wind.

"The Commodore had now neared me so much, that I expected every instant he would engage me on my weather-quarter, but judging (I conclude) from the reception his consort had met with, that he should not be more successful, instead of choosing his situation, and distance for engaging me with effect, he shortened sail and bore up into my wake. By this manœuvre, which was effected with wonderful promptitude, I gained so much to windward and ahead, that I was very soon out of gun-shot.

"Till 12 o'clock I continued my course, when, just as I was going to tack, a perfect calm succeeded, when the enemy, more fortunate, carrying the breeze up with them, were enabled to place themselves so as to annoy me, without a possibility of my bringing a gun to bear on them. In this mortifying predicament I remained exposed nearly an hour to a very galling fire, when a fresh of wind coming off shore, I weathered and fore-reached them so much, that very soon losing sight of both, I bore up one point every half-hour until eight o'clock, A.M., the 28th, when I hauled close to the wind on the starboard tack.

"From the enemy having directed their fire entirely at my rigging, I had but three men killed, and ten wounded slightly; my damage, therefore, consists in a few spars, sails, some standing, and most of my running rigging, together with two bower-anchors and two boats I was obliged to cut away early in the chase."

It was not customary at this time to gazette any action, however brilliant, unless a capture was effected; but Blackwood had the satisfaction to know that his heroism on this occasion, and the behaviour of his officers and crew, were the admiration of all those who were themselves most illustrious in the service. Admiral Waldegrave, in his letter to him, acknowledging his account of the

action, expresses his "heartfelt satisfaction at his having beat off two large French frigates, each of which had been since clearly ascertained to be nearly double your own force." And adds, "I much doubt, sir, whether our naval annals can furnish so brilliant an action; at least, I can safely affirm a more brilliant one was never achieved. I confess that I am almost at a loss where to fix my admiration on this occasion; whether on your own gallant, skilful, and officer-like conduct throughout the whole, or on the cool, steady and truly British courage displayed by the officers and men under your command. Suffice it to say, that I feel every part of your conduct relative to this glorious action as I ought; and I request you will be pleased to let those my sentiments be known to every individual in his Majesty's ship." In his public letter he says, "This gallant action speaks so forcibly for itself, as to render any further encomium on my part superfluous." And Lord St Vincent, whose praise was glory, in his letter to the Secretary of the Admiralty, from the *Ville de Paris*, off Cadiz, used these honourable words—"An action in which Captain Blackwood has displayed great valour and judgment, and acquired great renown."

On his return to England in March, 1799, he found himself, in consequence of that action, appointed by Lord Spencer to the command of the *Penelope* of 36 guns, in which he continued to serve on the blockade of Havre-de-grace and Cherbourg until September of the same year, when he was ordered to the Mediterranean, and served there till May, 1802, on various services, and under the orders of Lords Keith and Nelson, Sir Sydney Smith, Sir George Martin, Sir Richard Bickerton, Sir Thomas Troubridge, Sir James Saumarez, Sir Charles Pole, and Sir Richard Keats; during which period, when on the blockade of Malta, he had the good fortune to be so instrumental in the capture of the *Guillaume Tell* of 80 guns, bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Decres, that Lord Spencer promoted the first Lieutenant of the *Penelope*, and him only, (afterwards Captain Inglis,) though Blackwood was only second

in command, a circumstance which evinced in a very marked, and very flattering way, the high opinion which the Admiralty and the Admiral entertained of his conduct on that remarkable occasion.

The *Guillaume Tell*, an 80 gun ship of great power, the capture of which completed the destruction of the French Fleet taken, burnt, and sunk at Aboukir, had been watched in the port of Valette by a British squadron blockading Malta, and on the night of the 30th of March, "taking advantage of a strong southerly gale, and the darkness that had succeeded the setting of the moon, weighed and put to sea." The ever-watchful Blackwood in the *Penelope*, making the necessary signals to the other ships of the squadron, the *Foudroyant*, 80, Captain Sir Edward Berry, and the *Lion*, 64, Captain Manley Dixon, (now Sir Manley Dixon,) instantly made sail in pursuit, and having at half-past twelve closed with the chase, luffed up under her stern, and gave her the larboard broadside. The *Penelope* then bore up under her larboard quarter, and gave her the starboard broadside—a game which she kept playing till five o'clock, and with such effect, that just before the dawn of day, down came the *Guillaume Tell*'s main and mizen topmasts and main-yard, while the little *Penelope*, "whose manoeuvres," says James in his *Naval History*, "were directed by a practised seaman," had sustained little or no damage. "A hundred times," says Decres, the gallant French Admiral, in his letter to the Minister of Marine and the Colonies, "I was tempted to manoeuvre, in order to cripple her from fighting; but as the wind blew fresh, and I observed, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, several ships at the extremity of the horizon, in full sail to support her, I was sensible that by lying to, I should be giving them all time to come up, and that my escape would be impossible. We were thus annoyed during the whole night by this frigate, whose fire brought down our main topmast about five in the morning." True that Decres durst not, without great peril, have attempted to manoeuvre; but if he had, no doubt he would have been baffled by the matchless seaman-

ship of Blackwood. The Lion, on coming up, ran close alongside of the enemy, who, as Captain Dixon said in his letter communicating the capture, "appeared of immense bulk and full of men, keeping up a prodigious fire of musketry;" and, after the Lion had been engaged with her for fifty minutes, from a judicious position in which she could endure that broadside so far superior in weight of metal to her own, the Foudroyant came up, and "after the hottest action that probably was ever maintained by an enemy's ship opposed to those of his Majesty, and being totally dismasted, the French Admiral's colours and flag were struck." Decries, by his desperate defence so long sustained against such a force and such commanders, gained immortal renown, and none were louder in his praise than his gallant and generous captors. For Blackwood he ever afterwards cherished the warmest regard and the highest admiration, and the heroes were in their hearts friends for life. Captain Dixon, who had done in the Lion all that man could do against such overpowering superiority of force, said, in his letter to Sir Thomas Troubridge, "I have not language to express the high sense of obligation I feel myself under to Captain Blackwood, for his prompt and able conduct in leading the line-of-battle ships to the enemy, for the gallantry and spirit so highly conspicuous in him, and for his admirable management of the frigate. To your discriminating judgment it is unnecessary to remark of what real value and importance such an officer must ever be considered to his Majesty's service."

In that service, Captain Blackwood had now gained an enviable name; and his noble heart must have indeed burned within him, on receiving the most enthusiastic congratulations on his heroism, in a letter full of all kindest feelings from Lord Nelson.

"MY DEAR BLACKWOOD,—Is there a sympathy which ties men together in the bonds of friendship without having a personal knowledge of each other? If so, (and, I believe, it was so to you,) I was your friend and acquaintance before I saw you.

Your conduct and character, on the late glorious occasion, stamps your fame beyond the reach of envy: it was like yourself—it was like the Penelope. Thanks; and say every thing kind for me to your brave officers and men. When I receive any official letter on the subject, I shall notice your and their gallant services in the way they merit. Tell Captain Ormsby I have recommended him to Lord Keith, and hope it will answer his wishes. How fortunate he has been to be with you! It will give him, I am sure, the next step, and not interfere with Captain Long, or any other master and commander who might have been present. I shall see you very soon, either here or at Malta. But in every situation I am your sincere and attached friend,

(Signed) "BRONTE, NELSON OF THE
NILE."

"Palermo, 5th April, 1802."

In May, 1802, at the peace of Amiens, he was superseded in the command of the Penelope; and in April the following year, on the recommencement of hostilities with France, Lord St Vincent gave him command of the Euryalus of 36 guns, in which ship he served on the Irish station under the command of Lord Gardner and Admiral Drury; and afterwards, on the Boulogne blockade, under Lord Keith and Sir Thomas Louis. On his return to the Irish station, he was sent by Admiral Drury to endeavour to fall in with, and trace the movements of, the French and Spanish combined fleets under Villeneuve and Gravina, who had put to sea from Ferrol, after their rencontre with Sir Robert Calder, off Cape Finisterre. Having watched them into Cadiz, he accomplished a passage to England in five days, and the Government were thereby enabled to make the promptest efforts for despatching Lord Nelson with all the ships then ready for sea, to take command of the fleet which had assembled off Cadiz, under Admiral Collingwood,

On his way to London, with despatches, he called at Lord Nelson's villa at Merton about five in the morning, and found him already up and dressed. "I am sure you bring me news of the French and Spanish

fleets, and I think I shall yet have to beat them." Lord Nelson followed him to London, and in talking over the operations that were intended on returning to the Mediterranean, often repeated, "Depend on it, Blackwood, I shall yet give Mr Villeneuve a drubbing."

In ten days, Blackwood accompanied Lord Nelson, by his request to the Admiralty, on that memorable service; and on arrival off Cadiz, 29th September, 1805, was appointed by him to the command of the in-shore squadron, consisting of five frigates and four sloops, to watch and report the movements of the enemy.

Nelson had offered him a line-of-battle ship—his choice of several—among them the *Revenge*, one of the finest ships in the navy; but he resolved to remain by his *Euryalus*, thinking he would have more service to perform as senior officer of the frigates. He did not then believe that a general action was about to take place, thinking that the terror of Lord Nelson's name would keep the combined fleets in harbour. "Various opinions there are," said he, in a letter to England, "but they will not budge, unless forced out by blockade. Such a fleet as Lord Nelson will have in another week, indeed as he has already, England never sent out before."

From the day he joined to the 20th of October, the day previous to the battle of Trafalgar, Nelson maintained a station from 13 to 20 leagues west of Cadiz, but kept up a constant communication with the *Commodore* by a line of signals. We have already seen how high Blackwood stood in Nelson's esteem; and he performed the difficult duty now intrusted to him, so as to justify the confidence reposed in his skill, promptitude, sagacity, and daring, by that illustrious hero. Those "eyes of the fleet" were ever watchful; and Nelson, with his mighty armament lying "hushed in grim repose" far out of sight of the enemy, that they might not remain in port fear-bound, knew that the instant they should begin to make the slightest movement for putting to sea, Blackwood would telegraph along his line, always skillfully disposed and steady in spite of all weathers, when to "expect his evening prey."

On the first of October, the report from Rear-Admiral Louis, commanding the advanced squadron off Cadiz, made to Lord Nelson was, that thirty-four ships of the line, (eighteen French, and sixteen Spanish,) with four frigates and two brigs, were ready for sea in the outer harbour; and on the next day, Blackwood sent his Lordship word "that within the last few days there had been a great deal of bustle and movements in Cadiz; every one capable of serving had been sent on board the ships, and the French troops, disembarked on their arrival, had been reembarked." Every word of Lord Nelson's possesses an undying interest; and for that reason, as well as to shew, in the midst of all his continued anxiety lest the combined fleets might, by some unhappy accident, escape him, the perfect trust he had in Blackwood's vigilance and skill, on which all depended, we quote the following original letters. What a picture they give of the state of his mind! Possessed, without one moment's cessation, with but one desire, one hope!—That the enemy might come out, and meet annihilation—though we know that he had an assurance he was himself to die!

"*Victory, October 4th, 1805,*

"*Cadiz, east 17 leagues.*"

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have received from Rear-Admiral Louis your information respecting the intended movements of the enemy, which strengthens my conviction that you estimate as I do the importance of not letting these rogues escape us without a fair fight, which I pant for by day and dream of by night. I am momentarily expecting the *Phoebe*, *Sirius*, *Naiad*, and *Niger*, from Gibraltar; two of them shall be with you directly as I get hold of them; and if you meet them, and there is any way of sending information and their despatches from Gibraltar, keep *Naiad* and *Phoebe*. *Juno* is a fixture between Cape Spartel and Gibraltar; *Mars*, *Colossus*, and *Defence*, will be stationed four leagues east from the fleet, and one of them advanced to the east towards Cadiz, and as near as possible in the latitude. The fleet will be from 16 to 18 leagues west of Cadiz; therefore, if you throw a frigate west from you, most pro-

bably, in fine weather, we shall communicate daily. In fresh breezes easterly, I shall work up for Cadiz, never getting to the northward of it; and in the event of hearing they are standing out of Cadiz, I shall carry a press of sail to the southward towards Cape Spartel and Arrache, so that you will always know where to find me. I am writing out regular instructions for the frigates under your orders, but I am confident you will not let these gentry slip through our fingers, and then we shall give a good account of them, although they may be very superior in numbers. The Royal Sovereign and Defiance were to sail after the 24th. Belleisle too, is ordered here. I send you two papers; I stole them for you.

"Ever, my dear Blackwood,
most faithfully your friend,
(Signed) "NELSON and BRONTE."

"Victory, October 8th, 1805.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I send Naiad to you, and will Phoebe and Weazle as I can lay hands upon them. I am gratified (because it shews your soul is in your business) and obliged by all your communications. I see you feel how much my heart is set on getting at these fellows, whom I have hunted so long; but don't, my dear Blackwood, be angry with any one; it was only a laudable anxiety in Admiral Louis, and nothing like complaining.

"The Portuguese is a rogue, but I have desired the bullocks to be bought, and threatened him the next time. Defiance has joined. Royal Sovereign has signalized. If there are letters you shall have them; but I fear the cutter will never beat up to you. I wish I may be able to keep the Pickle with you; she will be very handy to protect your boats, &c. in the night.

"Believe me ever yours faithfully,
(Signed) "NELSON and BRONTE."

"P.S.—Sir John Duckworth comes out in the London, Sir Robert Barlow in *Bartleur*, *vice* Geo. Martin, very ill, but this is all—therefore you will give due weight to the report. The canal of St Pedro is a good speculation for boats in the night. Several ships and brigs are coming from Tariffe."

"Victory, October 9th, 1805, 8 a.m.

"Cadiz, due east 19 leagues.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your letter of yesterday. Let us have them out. The Weazle, I hope, has joined, although you don't mention her. Keep the schooner; she will be useful in the night close in shore; and as Weazle sails faster, you can send her to me with accounts when you can't communicate by signals; I should never wish to be more than forty-eight hours without hearing from you. Hydra you can victual and water out of the other frigates, who are all full. There were no letters for you in the Royal Sovereign; at least none came to the Victory. Collingwood has got the paper of the 23d; if he has not lent it, I have desired him to send it to you. Agamemnon, Belleisle, and very probably London, are at this moment on their passage; therefore, if Mr Decres means to come forth (if he would take my advice, which I daresay he won't), he had better come out directly. Those who know more of Cadiz than either you or I do, say, that after those Levanters, come several days of fine weather, sea-breezes westerly, land wind at night; and that if the enemy are bound into the Mediterranean they would come out at night, which they have always done, placing frigates on the Porpoises and Diamond, and the Shoal of Cadiz, run to the southward, and catch the sea-breezes at the mouth of the Gut, and push through whilst we might have little wind in the offing. In short, watch all points, and all winds and weathers, for I shall depend upon you: Remember me to Capel, Parker, Munday, and Captain Prowse, and, be assured, I am ever,
"And always yours,
(Signed) "NELSON and BRONTE."

"Victory, October 10th, 1805.

"Cadiz, east 13 leagues.

"MY DEAR BLACKWOOD,—Keep your five frigates, Weazle and Pickle, and let me know every movement.

"I rely on you, that we can't miss getting hold of them, and I will give them such a shaking as they never yet experienced; at least I will lay down my life in the attempt. We are a very powerful fleet, and not to be held cheap. I have told Parker, and do you direct ships bringing inform-

ation of their coming out, to fire guns every three minutes by the watch, and in the night to fire off rockets, if they have them, from the masthead.

I have nothing more to say, than I hope they will sail to-night.

"Ever yours, most faithfully,
(Signed) "NELSON and BRONTE."

"*Victory, October 14th, 1805.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I approve most highly of your care of the store-ship; but if it should so happen that you could not spare a frigate for that service, the ship might be safely ordered up to the fleet. The yard boat has not joined us—the swell has been probably too great—but I would not recommend accounts of great consequence to be sent by them; a few words might be wrote by telegraph. Sir Richard Keats was certainly in sight of the French squadron. I wish he was stronger, but I am sure he will spoil their cruizing.

"I hope we shall soon get our Cadiz friends out, and then we may (I hope) flatter ourselves that some of them will cruize on our side; but if they do not come forth soon, I shall then rather incline to think they will detach squadrons; but I trust either in the whole, or in part, we shall get at them.

"I am confident in your look-out upon them. I expect three stout fireships from England; then, with a good breeze, so that the gun-boats cannot move, and yet not so much but that a gig can with ease row out, I should hope that at the least the gentry may be disturbed, and I should not be surprised if Mr Francis and his catamarans were sent, and Colonel Congreve and his rockets—but all this keep to yourself, for officers will talk, and there is no occasion for putting the enemy on their guard. When these arrive, we will consult how to manage them, and I shall have the two bombs ready by that time. Ever, my dear sir, I am yours most faithfully,

(Signed) "NELSON and BRONTE."

"Do you send your letters—they shall be taken care of. Would you like them to go by Lisbon packet when I send mine?"

At half-past nine on the morning

of the 19th, signal was made "that the enemy were coming out of port;" at three, "that the enemy's fleet was at sea;" on the morning of the 20th, Nelson was informed that "nearly forty sail of ships of war had been seen outside of Cadiz yesterday evening;" and towards the close of the day, anxious lest the enemy might endeavour to avoid a general action by passing the straits into the Mediterranean during the night, which promised darkness and squalls, he made the following telegraphic signal to the Euryalus—"I rely on you that I do not miss the enemy."

In consequence of that signal, after placing the frigates and other small vessels under his orders in the best position, Blackwood took his own station, during the night, not more than half a gunshot from the ship which he guessed was the one that bore the Admiral's flag; and on the 19th, and on the morning of the day of the great battle, he thus wrote home:—

"What think you, my own dearest love? At this moment the enemy are coming out, and as if determined to have a fair fight; all night they have been making signals, and the morning shewed them to us getting under sail. They have 34 sail of the line, and five frigates. Lord Nelson has but 27 sail of the line with him; the rest are at Gibraltar, getting water. Not that he has not enough to bring them to close action; but I want him to have so many as to make this the most decisive battle that was ever fought, and which may bring us lasting peace, and all its blessings. Within two hours, though our fleet was sixteen leagues off, I have let Lord N. know of their coming out, and have been enabled to send a vessel to Gibraltar, which will bring Admiral Louis and the ships there. At this moment (happy sight!) we are within four miles of the enemy, and talking to Lord N. by means of Sir H. Popham's signals, though so distant, but reached along by the rest of the frigates of the squadron. You see, dearest, I have time to write to you, and to assure you that to the latest moment of my breath, I shall be as much attached to you as man can be. It is odd how I have been dreaming all night of carrying home

despatches. God send me such good luck! The day is fine, and the sight magnificently beautiful. I expect before this hour to-morrow to carry General Decres on board the *Victory* in my barge, which I have just painted nicely for him.

"Monday morning, 21st,

"The last 24 hours has been most anxious work for me; but we have kept sight of them, and at this moment bearing up to come to action. Lord N. 27 sail of the line. French 33 or 34. I wish the six we have at Gibraltar were here. My signal just made on board the *Victory*; I hope, to order me into a vacant line-of-battle ship. My dearest dear Harriet, your husband will not disgrace your love or name: if he dies, his last breath will be devoted to the dearest best of wives. Take care of my boy; make him a better man than his father.

"Most and ever affectionately,
"H. B."

Lord Nelson called Blackwood on board the *Victory*. He then informed him that he had intended moving him from command of the *Euryalus* into the *Ajax* or *Thunderer*, then without Captains, but that, on reflection, he was convinced that Blackwood would be of more essential service in the command of the light squadron. He had selected him for it—the highest proof of confidence that could have been shewn. How admirably Blackwood had done his all-important and difficult duty in watching the enemy, we have seen; and among the manifold and imminent perils to which the victorious fleet was exposed, through that tempestuous weather, in which so many of the captured ships perished, the conduct of the *Euryalus* proved that Nelson indeed had known his man, and that his resources were equal to all emergencies. He remained five hours and a half on board the *Victory*, nor left it till the enemy had opened their fire, Nelson's last words to him being, "God bless you, Blackwood—I shall never see you more!"

The following letters speak for themselves, and shew that the brave heart of him who wrote them was the seat of all noble sentiments, and of all tender affections.

"The first hour since yesterday morning that I could call my own, is now before me to be devoted to my dearest wife, who, thank God, is not a husband out of pocket. My heart is however sad, my Harriet, and penetrated with the deepest anguish and sorrow. A victory, and such a one as was never before achieved, took place yesterday in the course of five hours; but at such an expense, in the loss of the most gallant of men—the best and kindest of friends, as renders it to me a victory I could hardly have ever wished to witness on such terms. After performing wonders by his noble example and coolness, Lord Nelson was wounded by a French sharp-shooter, and expired in three hours after, boundlessly beloved, regretted, and honoured. To any but yourself I would not at such a moment write what I feel; but you know, and enter into my inmost mind. I do not hesitate to say, that in my life I never was so shocked, grieved, or entirely overcome, as upon my flying to the *Victory*, even before the action was over, to find our hero in the grasp of death. His unfortunate decorations of innumerable stars, and his unbounded gallantry, caused his death. And such an Admiral has the country lost, and every man and officer so good, so kind, so considerate a friend, as was never equalled. I thank God he lived to know that such a victory, under circumstances so disadvantageous, never was before accomplished. All seemed as it inspired by one common sentiment, to conquer or die. The enemy, to do them justice, appeared no less so. They awaited the attack of the British with coolness, and they fought in a way that must do them honour. As a spectator, who saw all that was done on both sides, I must ever do them the justice to say this. They are, however, beat, and I trust it may be the means of hastening on a peace. Bonaparte, I firmly believe, forced them to sea to try his luck, and what it might procure for him. They had the flower of the combined fleet, and I hope it will convince Europe at large, that he has not yet learnt enough to cope with the English at sea. No history can record such a brilliant and complete victory. At

twelve o'clock yesterday it commenced, and ended about five; leaving in our hands nineteen sail of the line, one of which afterwards blew up—the *Achille*, a French ship. They were attacked in a way no other Admiral ever before conceived an idea of, and equally surprised them. Lord N., though it was not his station, would lead, supported by Captains Harvey and Freemantle in *Temeraire* and *Neptune*. He went into the very thickest of it, was successful in his first and great object, and has left cause for every man who has a heart to feel and a mind to reflect, never, never to forget him. I left off in my last, telling you I was called to obey the signal on board the *Victory*, and imagined it was to take the command of one of the vacant line-of-battle ships. It was, however, only to talk and explain to me what he expected from the frigates in and after the action; to thank me, which he did but too lavishly, too kindly, for the service I had afforded him, the intelligence and look-out we had kept; and to tell me, if he lived, he should send me home with the despatches. Have I not, therefore, but too much cause to lament so considerate, so kind a man? How entirely has he acted up to the letter I send you, which I know you will keep and value, the issue has proved; and how glad I am to possess it I cannot express. I staid with him till the enemy commenced their fire on the *Victory*. When he sent me away, he said at parting, "we should meet no more;" he made me witness his will; and I left him with a heavy heart. The loss in the *Victory*, and I believe in nearly all the ships, has been sufficient to convince us the enemy have learnt to fight better than ever they did; and I hope it is not an injustice to the second in command, who is now on board *Euryalus*, and who fought like a hero, that the fleet under any other never could have performed what they did under Lord N.; but under him it seemed like inspiration. To give you an idea of the man and the heart he had, the last signal he made was such as would immortalize his name. He saw the enemy were determined to see it out, and as if he had not already inspired every one with ardour and valour like himself,

he made the following general signal by Sir Home Popham's telegraph, viz. 'England expects that every man will do his duty.' This was of course conveyed by general signals from his ship; and the alacrity with which the individual ships answered it, proved how entirely they entered into his feelings and wishes. Would to God he had lived to see his prizes, and the admirals he has taken—three in all, and among them the French commander-in-chief, Admiral Villeneuve, and not Decres, as I thought. I am so depressed with both the public loss, and my own private loss in such a friend, that really the victory and all the other advantages are lost in the mournful chasm and cause for sorrow in the death of this great and much loved hero. I can scarcely credit he is no more, and that we have, in sight of the Spanish shore, so complete and unheard-of a victory. Ever since last evening we have had a most dreadful gale of wind, and it is with difficulty the ships who tow them keep off shore. Three, I fear, must be lost, and with them many hundred souls each. What horrid scourge is war! I must now impart, my dearest life, my hopes and doubts as to our soon meeting. Hardy, whose grief and despair for the loss of such a friend as Lord N. is quite touching, told me he should name to Lord Collingwood the intention of Lord N. to send me home; and as the account must go in a fast sailer and strong frigate, I hope I may be the lucky man to bear Hardy company with the joyful tidings. Admiral Collingwood, who has hoisted his flag here for a week or so, his own ship being dismasted, is a reserved, but a pleasing, good man; and as he fought like an angel, I like much to hear as yet he has said nothing on the subject; but as Lord N.'s body is to be carried to England, it must be in a safe ship. The work we have before us, with such a disabled fleet, and in such weather, is no trifle. I hope it will mend, and that the ships and prisoners may be all saved; but at present most anxious is our situation. Since Saturday I have not had my clothes off. I am tired to death, but should have been miserable had any opportunity occurred and you had not heard.

"Wednesday, 23d."

"Last night and this day, my dearest Harriet, has been trying to the whole fleet, but more so to the Admiral who has the charge. It has blown a hurricane, but, strange to say, we have as yet lost but one ship—one of our finest prizes—La Redoubtable; but which I feel the more, as so many poor souls were lost. But this is not all. The remains of the French and Spanish fleet have rallied, and are at this moment but a few miles from us—their object, of course, to recover some captured ships, or take some of the disabled English; but they will be disappointed, for I think and hope we shall have another touch at them ere long. We are now lying between them and our prizes, with eleven complete line-of-battle ships, besides more ready to come to us if we want them. The Admiral is still on board my ship; and we are leading the fleet, which, you will believe, suits my taste. The enemy appear to have about thirteen ships and some frigates; therefore I trust they may fall an easy prey, and the Admiral has a strong desire to put a finisher to the affair. My astonishment is that they had exertion enough to come out again; it shews, however, they are no longer a navy to be despised as we used to do, though I have always given them more credit for vigour and determination than most others. I trust they may persevere, and we shall then convince Mr Bonaparte, that even with his best discipline, we can give them such an overthrow as the annals of history cannot produce. Lord C. appeared delighted with Euryalus, and will not, I hope, leave her, if another action takes place, where he will see so much better what to do than if engaged himself.

"Friday, 25th.

"Melancholy are the accounts I have this day to give of our prizes. Since the night before last, the gale has continued with a steadiness I never witnessed. All yesterday and last night the majority of the English fleet have been in the most perilous state; our ships much crippled, with dismasted prizes in tow; our crews tired out, and many thousand prisoners to guard; all to be done with a gale of wind blowing us right on

the shore. How very unfortunate that after so signal, so unheard of a victory, we shall have none of the enemy's ships to shew in England! I suppose that if two or three of our prizes are saved, it will be the utmost extent. Thank God, that almost all the very badly crippled English have as yet kept off shore, though, if the gale lasts, I cannot conceive that they will be much longer able to preserve a distance. But Providence directs it all, and it is all for the best. The melancholy sights we experienced yesterday of ships driven on shore, others burning, and the rest that we have been forced to sink, (after withdrawing as many men as we could,) for fear of their again falling into the hands of the enemy, cannot be described. Close to the port of Cadiz, I had to destroy the Santissima Trinidad, Spanish ship of 100 guns; the St Anne, a ship of the same size and class, was also destroyed. Al this, my dearest Harriet, will make you sad as well as myself; but could you witness the grief and anxiety of Admiral Collingwood, (who has done all that an admiral could do,) you would be very deeply affected. But we cannot help it, and still less avert the hand of Providence, who in the first instance gave us so great a victory. The enemy will, however, be nineteen ships *minus*, and I do not think we shall be one, which, after all, is wonderful; though we should have liked, after so many perils, to have shewn in Old England the fruits of our labours. What is to become of our disabled ships (having no port in the Mediterranean nearer than Malta) I know not; which Admiral Collingwood appears very much to feel, and the more so as he is intimately acquainted with the Mediterranean. I am happy that I have been enabled to render him any service, and had he not come on board here, even our own fleet might not have been saved. From the disabled state of most of the ships, they could not be collected, so that we have been doing nothing else but running to all points, the ship covered with signals, to try and get them together, add off from the shore, in which I hope at last we shall succeed. The French commander-in-chief Villeneuve is at this moment at my elbow; he was

brought hither yesterday from 'one of our ships; and I hope and believe, from what transpired last night, that I shall carry him and the two other captive admirals to England. I find, however, that I am not to carry Captain Hardy with Admiral Collingwood's public letter. That is to be despatched the moment some reports are collected from our ships. The despair and astonishment of Admiral Villeneuve at so many having fallen, cannot easily be conceived. Dear must Lord Nelson's memory ever be to all. His place as an Admiral cannot, in my opinion, ever be filled up. Hitherto my head from employment has been in such a gale of wind, that I have not been able to devote a thought almost to the loss of such a friend. On the day of action, he not only gave me the command of all the frigates for the purpose of assisting disabled ships; but he also gave me a latitude seldom or ever given,—that of making any use I pleased of his name in ordering any of the sternmost line-of-battle ships, to do what struck me as best. I wish to God he had yielded to my entreaties to come on board my ship. We might all, then, have preserved (vain thought!) the kindest of friends, and the country the greatest Admiral ever was; but he would not listen to it, and I did not take my leave of him till the shot were flying over and over the Victory.

"Villeneuve says he never saw any thing like the irresistible fire of our ships; but that of the Victory, supported by Neptune and Temeraire, was what he could not have formed any judgment of; but I did what I could to render him and his ships all the service in my power during the heat of the action. I went down among them all, and took the Royal Sovereign in tow, which enabled him to keep his broadside on the enemy; all of this without firing a shot from Euryalus, which was difficult to prevent, but, had I permitted it, I could not have performed the service. But when I remember how many are the gallant instances of heroism performed by many of the fleet, which cannot all be noticed, how little ought I to expect to see my name in his letter! Therefore, if he does not do it, I assure you I shall

feel satisfied with his private acknowledgments, which have been most gratifying. In the performance of this service we were fortunate; for though the rigging and sails were damaged, I did not lose a man. Lord Collingwood told me last night he was thinking to send me home; and if I go I shall have to carry the three Admirals, as well as the body of poor Lord Nelson, at whose funeral, please God, I shall offer my services as a sincere mourner.

"Saturday, 26th.

"The gale continues with aviolence which alarms me for the safety of some of our disabled ships. I never saw such bad weather in these Southern latitudes; and how it will distress Collingwood to relate the melancholy tale of the loss of our prize, possibly that of some of our own crippled ships! It is hard, indeed, that so splendid, so unheard-of a victory should have been attended with so dreadful a stroke to us as well as to the enemy; many thousands of whom, I may say, perished by fire and water. The Pickle schooner is this moment going to England with the public despatches, or as soon as we can get a boat on board, for it yet blows a hurricane; it will carry back the duplicates, as well as the captive Admirals, the trophies, &c.

"I do not send you the two letters of Lord Nelson I intended, for fear this vessel might be taken; but I will transcribe one of them. Poor dear ill-fated man, not to have lived long enough to see the fruits of his noble exertions! Though, since he was to die of his wound, it is better that it took place previous to the loss of his prizes. No man ever died more gloriously, or more sincerely regretted. He was the bravest, most generous, kindest of men!"

Blackwood's services were not forgotten by Collingwood in his letter, but mentioned in that simple style so characteristic of that good and great man. "The Royal Sovereign having lost her masts, excepting the tottering foremast, I called the Euryalus to me, while the action yet continued, which ship lying within hail, made my signals, a service which Captain Blackwood performed with great attention. After the action I shifted my flag to her, that

I might more easily communicate my orders, and towed the Royal Sovereign out to eastward." So satisfied was he with the exertions of every one on board the Euryalus—and all can conceive the difficulty of a frigate towing a ship of three decks dismasted in action, and all the while repeating the admiral's signals while her own crew were forbidden to fire—that he promoted Lieutenant Quash (since dead as post-captain), and two midshipmen to be lieutenants, Mr Baillie, and that excellent officer, now Captain Hercules Robinson. In a letter to Blackwood himself, the Admiral most warmly acknowledged his obligations. "Whatever I could say of you, or your services, and the benefit I received from them, was well deserved, for in the intricate situation of our affairs, and anxious time I had when in the Euryalus, I received from you an aid which is not often to be obtained, and I consider it a part, a material part of my good fortune, that I embarked in your ship." Nelson, as all the world knows, with his dying words, had requested that, after the action, the fleet might be brought to anchor; but it was universally admitted by the service that, in such weather, that was impossible; and that Collingwood did all that Nelson himself could have done, had he survived the great battle. Blackwood brought to England despatches from Collingwood, (with Villeneuve and Majendie on board,) in which the Admiral again expressed, "his high obligations to that officer for his zeal and activity and great assistance;" and at the funeral of England's greatest hero, when so many heroes "did celebrate his obsequies," and a grateful country bathed his bier in tears, he was train-bearer to Sir Peter Parker, the chief mourner.

In the ensuing year, 1806, his rank not permitting him to continue in the command of a frigate—the names of the Brilliant, the Penelope, and the Euryalus, will be for ever memorable—he was nominated by Lord Barham to command the Ajax, of 80 guns, in the Mediterranean, under the orders of Lord Collingwood, and joined his Lordship off Cadiz, on the anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar. Early in the following year, the Ajax was to form

one of a squadron under Sir John Duckworth, on the expedition up the Dardanelles against Constantinople; but at the mouth of the Straits, during the night of the 14th of February, she was found to be on fire, and in a short time lamentably perished with half her crew. It appeared, on a court of enquiry, that the fire broke out in the bread-room, both the purser's steward and his mate having been in a state of intoxication; and it is needless to add, "that it was proved before the court, that every possible precaution had been taken before the fire was discovered, and after it every possible exertion used by Captain Blackwood and his officers for the preservation of the ship," a judgment afterwards corroborated by a Court-Martial, before whom they were fully and honourably acquitted.

"Royal George, off the Dardanelles.

"February 17, 1807.

"Yet a husband, my beloved Harriet, is safe, but Ajax is no more. Melancholy and wretched as you may suppose I am at such a loss in all ways, and on the eve of such a service, having to lament 300 men, many of my best officers, and some of my finest youngsters, it is yet some consolation to feel how happy the communication of my safety will make my dearest wife and friends; and were it not for that, and having, thank God, the fullest means to clear my character, which, as far as a Court of Enquiry could do, has been effected; and that my existence is necessary to the happiness of so dear and affectionate a wife, and to the support of my family, such a misfortune as I have experienced leaves little relish for life. Yet, after being so mercifully spared with 400 others, and un mutilated, as well as the recollection, that had the event occurred the night before, when it blew a gale, not a soul could have escaped, it is almost ungrateful to that Divine Providence who protected us to express such a feeling. But, in spite of all the fortitude and courage I thought I possessed, unhappy am I, when I think that I have lost so many good officers, and men and boys, with every thing we had on board; yet the consolation I shall derive from the possession of so

affectionate and good a wife, with the sight of my children, must be my sheet-anchor. After my duty is over, and my trial ended, though broke down in spirits and nearly ruined in fortune, I shall fly with confidence to you. But this is extraneous. I must now relate the melancholy exit of the *Ajax*, a ship so noble—that I had prided myself so much in the command of—that I had taken such anxious pains in preparing for the service before us, and which I vainly hoped to derive credit from; when I recall all this, and the loss of so many fine brave fellows, I am nearly unmanned by sorrow. On the night of the 14th February, at nine o'clock, she was burnt in the most extraordinary rapid way that I believe was ever witnessed—an event dreadful in all its consequences to the service we are upon; though I will clearly prove before a Court, (were they even my enemies, they must acknowledge,) no captain ever did more by his care and arrangements to obviate such a calamity than I did. Everybody did what they could to save the ship when on fire, nor did I desert her till the flames almost touched me. From the various precautions I had always taken, and dreading such an event with horror, I considered it as impossible. From the moment of alarm, exactly at nine o'clock, when all (sentinels and those on watch excepted) were in bed, till she was in flames from the main to the mizen rigging, sails and all, did not exceed twenty minutes. Taking men out of sound sleep to face fire, (of which sailors have greater horror than most others, and with reason,) close to the magazine, which every instant I expected to explode—the hammocks all below which were fuel—my surprise is that even for a few minutes it could be stifled, so as to afford some sort of arrangement for escape, and for the boats of the squadron to come to us, many of which, though near, were afraid to approach us, whilst some did wonders. The night was fortunately moderate, or all must have perished. In this we have indeed cause to be grateful to Providence; yet I cannot help lamenting so many fine fellows, on the eve of such a service, who had so ably seconded all my efforts, should be so untimely cut off. It

proves the ways of Providence are indeed inscrutable. To lose a ship in action is what we must all contemplate as possible, but by fire! To that I can never reconcile my mind. To-morrow, if the present wind holds, the squadron, in which my poor fellows are divided, proceed up to Constantinople; and when we see what can be effected there, we are to proceed on our way to Lord Collingwood, off Cadiz, to be tried. The opinion of the Court of Enquiry, which I enclose, will shew you from whence the fire issued; and had it not been for a cruel restriction of Lord Collingwood's to Sir J. Duckworth, and which all feel as most hard and oppressive, from the highest to the lowest, it would have sat yesterday. If I can get it copied in time, it shall go to-night by Mr W. Pole, who goes with Mr Arbuthnot's despatches, and has promised to see you.

"I dread to make out the list of those lost; at the head of which is poor Sibthorpe, of whom, poor fellow, as we both jumped overboard, I took leave, and begged he would keep as near to me as he could; but, from the moment he touched the water, I never saw him more. To many of their friends I must request you will find proper means to convey this most melancholy intelligence; I am really unequal to it. The people's prize-money, as well as youngsters' allowances, I had on board to pay, as money is not to be got but at great loss here. Much has been lost to the English Factory at Constantinople which we had received that morning, with one of the merchants, Mr Pickering. At the first alarm of fire, I made the necessary signal for immediate assistance, and beat to quarters; on which the people flew to their quarters, and an ocean of water was soon turned in; but before I could reach the bread-room, where the origin lay, it had gained such head, we were all obliged to retreat. I fortunately, however, succeeded in drowning the magazine, and another attempt was made, till the men fell with the buckets in their hands. My next effort was to stifle it to gain time to escape and get the boats out; but before I could reach the quarter-deck the flames burst out of the hatchway, I therefore found all attempts to get

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Contents.

MEMOIR OF VICE-ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR HENRY BLACKWOOD, BART., K. C. B., K. G. H.	1
EDMUND BURKE. PART III.	25
NIGHTS AT MESS. CHAP. II.	47
PRUSSIA, OR THE PROGRESS OF RATIONAL REFORM,	55
TOM CRINGLE'S LOG. CHAP. XXII.	71
STATE AND PROSPECTS OF FRANCE,	95
HYMNS OF LIFE.—BY MRS HEMANS.	
No. III. BURIAL OF AN EMIGRANT'S CHILD IN THE FORESTS, . .	111
SONG.—BY LADY E. S. WORTLEY,	114
THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. NO. II.	115

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boats hoisted out useless, and I desired all about me (whom I could only feel in the smoke, and not see) to save themselves the best way they could, when all pushed for the head of the ship, which, being to windward, was safest. Aware that coolness was the best means of preserving my own life, as well as that of not hurrying men overboard who could not swim, I stood on the gangway, till the crowd was out of the way, and exhorted every one to keep by the ship till the last moment, that boats might have time to come. This I believe had a very desirable effect, and I then walked to the fore-castle, always keeping an eye on the progress of the flame; but in going forward, and not seeing my way, down I fell into the main deck; even at which period I never gave up the idea of being saved: strength and activity rescued me from a situation most horrid, as suffocated people lay all around. I soon gained the fore-castle, where I stood for some time, till forced farther forward. Here, when on the bowsprit, all was dreadful as is possible to be conceived; the cries of the people, increased by the progress of the fire, particularly amongst those that could not swim, cannot be described.

"I now got on the spritsail-yard, determined to wait there till the last moment; but soon it became too heavy, and I saw we must all go in the water together, which would have been certain destruction; added to which, every body became clamorous that I should save myself. Therefore, after a few minutes more, overboard I went, with a heart as much devoted to so dear a wife as ever man's was, and with the fullest sense of all her excellent and superior good qualities, trusting myself to Providence. I never thought I should be lost. When I had been in the water about half an hour, looking at my unfortunate ship, I fell in with an oar from which some poor fellow had been parted; I clung to it, and though much exhausted, not dismayed in my hopes of safety; my heart and head always turned to embracing you again, and which I am persuaded aided me in supporting myself. In about a quarter of an hour more I fell in with one of the *Canopus'* boats, with Mackworth, and many

others; they pulled me in with difficulty, and after a long row, which was worse from being so chilled in the water with a cold north-east wind, that, having escaped one death, all thought I had found another.

"The kind assistance I found on board Sir Thomas Louis' ship, where I was laid in hot blankets, &c. restored me, unhappy and broken-hearted as man can be. I know not to say with any certainty when I shall return home. We have yet to get up to Constantinople, afterwards execute our business there; then make a passage to Malta, Gibraltar, off Cadiz, where the Court-Martial must take place, and then to England when an opportunity offers. Amidst all my distresses, it will be gratifying to you to hear how kindly—I may say, how affectionately I have been treated by every one, each trying who could be of most service—Capel, Legge, Mowbray, Sir Sidney Smith, Bowles, Dunn, and, though last, not least, Sir John Duckworth, whose consideration and solicitude, for a man of his years, is singular. Having only a shirt and flannel waistcoat on when I jumped over, you will conceive I have occasion to levy contributions; and I am now rigged out in a most extraordinary way."

The private loss sustained by Captain Blackwood was necessarily very great; his riches lay in honours, not in worldly wealth; and he felt for his family, as some affecting expressions in his letters, communicating intelligence of the dire disaster, sufficiently shew; but his greatest grief was for the death of so many of his officers and crew; for the loss sustained by the squadron, about to enter on a perilous service, in the destruction of one of its finest ships; for that ship herself, his own *Ajax*, so nobly officered and manned, in the highest state of order and discipline, and in which he had hoped to gain new laurels. "Certainly if any officer had a just cause to lament the loss of his ship, it is myself. So fine a ship—in so good state for any service—a crew I had been taking such pains to form—with officers seconding and entering into my views—and on the eve of so singular, and I trust so glorious a

service. It is hard to bear—it is heart-breaking indeed!" In another letter he says—"How shall I ever be able to get the better of it? When I recollect how many gallant officers and men, as well as the boys I had under me, were all hurried in so dreadful a way into eternity! My heart bleeds too for Sir John Duckworth, who at such a moment must have felt much for the loss of such a ship. Let me strive to console myself with the reflection of having done my duty before and after the event, and trust to Providence for some relief. Your letters, picture, papers, were all in an instant consumed. Thankful am I to the Almighty for giving me strength and coolness in such an hour of trial. Had it not been for the fond and anxious recollections I had of my family, the misery my death would cause them, as well as a wish to rescue my character from the imputation of neglect in any shape, I declare to God I felt to care little whether I was saved or not. That which my heart clings to is a sight yet of you and my children, from which I look for more relief than from any other source." The same spirit breathes through all his letters relative to the melancholy event. "I am sure when I recollect the heavy gale that blew the preceding night, we cannot be sufficiently thankful to Providence that the fire happened when it did, else a soul could not have been saved. I trust you have not neglected to write to the friends of the following people: Sibthorpe's—Mr Owen, the surgeon, whose wife lives at Canterbury—Lewis, Lord Sidmouth's protégé—Manners', Tighe's, Keene's and Whalley's—some of whom, poor fellows, were taken up with life in them, but, from the extreme cold, died in the boats before they could reach the ships. You are the only soul I have put pen to paper to; nor do I think my spirits will be equal to it for some time to come. I therefore hope you have written to my mother, brother, Stevenson, and Lady Dallas, which I think are all. God bless you—farewell." And again, "In a few months I trust I shall again press my wife and babes in my arms, and though a poor, melancholy, heart-broken husband, I feel I shall be welcome to my Harriet,

cheered, and made as much of as if fortune had smiled upon me, and sent me home with wealth and honours. All that I have to console me is a dear affectionate wife, and that, though unfortunate, I am not disgraced."

All the letters written by Captain Blackwood, to those dearest to him at home, giving an account of his disaster and escape, were detained at Malta, where he found them lying, after the expedition, and he was himself the bearer of them to England. The general reports in England were that he had been lost; but Lady Blackwood was relieved from her horrid fears by kind letters from Sir Alexander Ball and Commissioner Lobb, who had most considerately written to say, that they had heard from her husband, after the accident.

The officers and crew of the unfortunate Ajax were distributed through the squadron, and Blackwood went on board the flag ship, the Royal George, as a volunteer. He describes in animated language the passing of the squadron between the forts of Abydos and Sestos. "Here was the trial; and although the guns were admirably managed, though they had a long time to prepare and erect batteries in all directions, and had the assistance of one line-of-battle ship, four frigates, and three corvettes, in all eight moored in line, consequently as good, if not better than batteries, we passed the whole with trifling loss, and in two hours burnt and blew up all the ships; their batteries were much injured, and the Turks flew in all directions." To effect the burning of the ships after their fire was stopped, the squadron anchored, and Blackwood was sent to assist, which he did in his usual style. On the morning of the 21st, the squadron were all in high spirits, for, as only half an hour had been allowed the Sultan to decide what answer he should give to the Admiral's letter, a part of the ships were getting under sail, in the event of any hesitation on his part, to set ships, arsenal, and city on fire. In Blackwood's opinion, and there was none better—"so far much had been done, for which Sir John Duckworth deserves all honour; his decision and promptitude

have been very great; and his efforts, contrary to the anticipations of many, have been crowned with complete success." Nor did he, and the other ablest officers in the squadron, even after the state of affairs began to look less promising, soon cease to hope, or rather to believe, that the Turks would give up possession of their ships, as a guarantee for the fulfilment of the treaty. Such a treaty, which would at least have prevented them from falling into the hands of the French, if thereafter they might have had influence to cause another rupture with England, would, he rightly thought, be fully as honourable, and perhaps more beneficial to our interest in the end, than the destruction of their capital, which would have made the Turkish nation to a man our enemies for ever. This is not the place to enter into any discussion on the conduct of the Government regarding that expedition. Suffice it to say, that confident as all the officers of the squadron were of being able to treat with the Turks, their hopes were completely baffled; for the crafty barbarians threw off the mask when there was no longer need to wear it, and set the British ships at defiance. The policy of the Porte had been to gain time to move their own ships up the Bosphorus, and to fortify Constantinople. At first, confident the British could not pass the Dardanelle forts, they had not put the city into a state fit for defence; but on seeing their mistake, they set to work with surprising energy, and unluckily the anchorage taken up by the squadron was too distant to enable Duckworth to stop their operations. They not only deceived the Admiral, but by some of their representations Sir Sydney Smith himself, and all the English merchants and interpreters. It is easy to find fault after the event; but we believe it is now the opinion of the best-informed officers in the naval service, that Sir John Duckworth, fairly judged, did his duty. The expedition was not strong enough to overcome by terror or conflict such a power, assisted as it was by France. To effect such a purpose, altogether inadequate were eight sail of the line, two frigates, and two bomb vessels, without any additional troops, provisions, or ordnance stores, not so

much as a single transport. The squadron was now seen by all to be placed in a position of imminent peril. The enemy were repairing and strengthening the Dardanelles; their fleet, which had gone only a few miles up the Bosphorus, to the amount of thirteen line-of-battle ships, a dozen frigates, and innumerable fire-ships, threatened to make an attack the first wind; and on the 1st of March, the Admiral, shut up in a sea out of which he would have had to fight his way through difficulties daily becoming more formidable, determined, as the wind was favourable, to push out, and to turn the war into a blockade on the outside of the Dardanelles. The expedition, to have had any chance even, much less a certainty of success, should have consisted of at least fifteen sail of the line, ten frigates, as many bombs, and as many brigs and fire-ships, with 20,000 troops, a train of artillery, and store-ships. Such, we know, was the opinion at the time of the most intelligent officers of the navy and army; and Blackwood, who was there, not to censure the plans of Government, but to help to execute them, whatever they might be, shews in his letters that he felt, as one brave man must ever do for another, for his gallant but unsuccessful commander. As difficulties and dangers kept daily gathering and darkening all around, "I endeavour," says he, "to hide my own wretchedness, (for the loss of the Ajax,) and to give the Admiral every aid and support I can; and God knows he wants it, for never was there a more perplexing, arduous, or doubtful expedition taken in hand." And he afterwards writes, "Sir John Duckworth, poor man, is almost broken-hearted; he has, however, acted for the best, and did as much, situated as we are, as man could do." And again, when the squadron had repassed the forts, and was lying at the mouth of the Dardanelles, he says, "You may believe, Sir John Duckworth, as an unfortunate Admiral, is as low as possible. No blame, however, can in my opinion be attached to him; he has done as much as any man could do with so inferior a force." These opinions deserve being recorded, in justice to Sir John Duck-

worth, and in honour of Sir Henry Blackwood, whose generous spirit was grieved at the time to see the mental sufferings of his commander, and ever afterwards was forward to vindicate his character and conduct; disdaining to confound bad fortune with ill-desert, or failure with disgrace; and shewing that the brave may derive, from the sympathy of the brave, an assurance that never shall the names of those men who have done their duty, as Duckworth did, be suffered, in adversity, to feel the breath of dishonour.

“ The Admiral, in his despatches, did justice to the zealous services of the volunteer. “ To Captain Blackwood, who, after the unfortunate loss of the *Ajax*, volunteered to serve in the *Royal George*, great praise is due for his able assistance in regulating the fire of the middle and lower decks; and when the *Royal George* anchored, he most readily offered service to convey a message to the *Endymion* of great moment, her pilot having refused to take charge of the ship. From thence he gave his assistance to arrange the landing of the troops from the sixty-four, and setting her on fire. Indeed, where active service was to be performed, there it was his anxious desire to be placed. His officers, too, requested to serve in the squadron; and their services, in passing the Dardanelles, met with my approbation.”

In May, Captain Blackwood arrived at the Admiralty with accounts of the failure before Constantinople, and after declining Lord Mulgrave's offer to fill the situation of Pay Commissioner at the Navy Board, his Lordship gave him the command of the *Warspite*, of 74 guns. It was not to be thought that the active services of so distinguished an officer were to be lost to his country, because of his own misfortune; and cheered by the approbation his conduct had received, and by prospects again brightening before him, he sailed for the North Sea, where he served under Admiral Macnamara Russell, Lord Gardner, and Sir Richard Strachan, until the beginning of 1809; then under Lord Gambier, in the Channel Fleet, until the beginning of November, when he sailed, under Sir Samuel Hood's orders, to join Lord Collingwood in

the Mediterranean. There he continued to serve, after his Lordship's death, under Sir Charles Cotton; and in July, 1810, had an affair with six sail of French line-of-battle ships, and several frigates, in which he displayed all his wonted skill and valour. A continuance of strong gales from the north-west had blown the main body of the fleet off the blockade of Toulon, but the port was watched by Blackwood in the *Warspite*, having with him *Conqueror* 74, Captain Fellowes, *Ajax* 74, Captain Otway, *Euryalus* 76, Captain G. H. L. Dundas, and *Sheerwater* brig, Captain Sibly. Six sail of the line, one a three-decker, and five two-deckers, and four frigates, under a Vice-admiral, came out, it would appear, to release a French frigate and her convoy at Bandol, and the *Euryalus* and *Sheerwater* were in danger of being taken; when the English Commodore, having brought to in line of battle, rescued his frigate and brig from below the enemy's guns. The *Ajax* engaged her namesake in the French line, and exchanged with her several broadsides; the *Warspite* and *Conqueror* likewise opened their fire; and the small squadron shewed such a bearing and such an aspect as overawed the enemy, who declined any continued and closer conflict, and returned to their anchorage in the road. Sir Charles Cotton conveyed to the Commodore his “ admiration of the gallantry and steadiness of the ships under his orders;” and though an officer in the French fleet in Toulon, who no doubt felt rather sore on such a discomfiture, in a letter to the *Moniteur*, ridiculed the idea of three English seventy-fours fighting six French ships, one a three-decker, and attributed their return to light and baffling winds, yet under so skilful a commander as Blackwood, and with such captains, we do not see any reason for doubting that the English squadron looked very formidable, or that, had the French Rear-Admiral not conducted himself with considerable caution, some accident might have occurred to one or two of his ships, such, perhaps, as being cut off and captured, which he prevented by effecting, notwithstanding the light and baffling winds, a seasonable return to his anchorage. “ From the

determined conduct of the squadron you did me the honour to place under my command," said Blackwood in his letter to Sir C. Cotton, "I am fully persuaded, had the ambition of the enemy permitted him to make a bolder attack, the result would have been still more favourable to his Majesty's arms." James, in his excellent Naval History, calls this "a boast, from physical causes almost impossible to be realized," and regrets it had been made by an officer who had "already so unequivocally distinguished himself." Nor do we blame him for expressing his opinion, while we think it entirely mistaken. To us the words he quotes seem no boast at all, but an opinion justified by the behaviour of the enemy, and by Blackwood's confidence in his own skill and squadron. Had the squadrons met, so that the adversaries laid each other on board, a triumph by the English might indeed "have been from physical causes almost impossible to be realized;" but Blackwood would have fought after another fashion; and "physical causes" produce extraordinary effects at sea under the guidance of nautical skill, as a Spanish fleet was made to feel when they met with noble Jervis off Cape St Vincent. It is the duty of all commanders to commend the conduct of their officers and men when they deserve it, and Blackwood said neither more nor less than Sir Horatio Nelson himself might have said had he been the commodore. James says, "that it was not many weeks afterwards ere a more decided display of British valour occurred off the port of Toulon." A strong French squadron had worked out in the hope of capturing the British 18 gun brig-sloop Philomel, Captain Guion; and that brig being in danger of capture, the Repulse, 74, Captain John Halliday, gallantly bore up, and opened so heavy and well-directed a fire upon the three headmost heavy frigates, that in the course of a quarter of an hour, they wore and joined the line-of-battle ships, several of which were also by this time far advanced in the chase. It was, in good truth, noble behaviour in Halliday; and "Guion, in a spirit of honourable gratitude," telegraphed the Repulse, "You REPULED the enemy and no-

bly saved us; grant me permission to return thanks." At this time, the blockading British fleet was out of sight to leeward, all but the Warspite, and the Alceste frigate, Captain Maxwell. "Captains Blackwood and Maxwell, and their respective officers and companions," says James well, "must have felt their hearts bound with delight at such a spectacle." They must—they were just the very men to exult in such heroism; but the effects of the fire of the Repulse afford the best justification, if it needed any, of the expression found fault with in Blackwood's account of this affair with perhaps the self-same squadron. For what if the Warspite, and Conqueror, or Ajax, and the Alceste frigate, had joined the Repulse after she had silenced and beaten off, in a quarter of an hour, three heavy French frigates, so that Blackwood's squadron had been of the same strength as on the former occasion—what, in the opinion of Mr James, would have happened *then*? Would Blackwood, as the mendacious writer in the *Moniteur* said he formerly did, *have run away*? He would have attacked, or waited for the attack of the French squadron; and had it even consisted of six sail of the line, and among them one three-decker and two 84's, can there be a doubt "that the result would have been still more honourable to his Majesty's arms?" We have thought it right thus to notice the criticism made by Mr James on Captain Blackwood's letter; because no officer in the navy was less given, either in writing or speaking, to "boast" than he; and this is seen in his simple accounts of the various actions and affairs in which he was engaged, now laid before the public in this memoir.

Sir Charles Cotton being superseded in the chief command by Lord Exmouth, Captain Blackwood continued to serve under that illustrious Admiral, until May, 1812, when he returned to England for the repair of the ship. He then joined Sir William Young on the blockade of the Scheldt, and in a few months was moved to the Channel fleet, under Lord Keith, in which he served in the blockades of Brest and Rochfort until November, 1813, when he re-

signed the command of the Warspite, having held it for six active years. "In all," says the gallant officer, in a letter we have seen, written by him at that time, and narrating with the utmost simplicity some of the chief incidents in his career, "with the exception of ten months at the peace of Amiens, on active service, without any blemish to my public or private character, and under some of our most distinguished commanders, of thirty-two years and eight months, in the course of which I was engaged either as Lieutenant or Captain, in some of the most celebrated actions in both wars."

He now enjoyed uninterruptedly for about six years that domestic happiness which was ever dearest to his heart; and in 1814, by his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, was made Captain of the Fleet. He was appointed to bring over the crowned heads from France to this country; and at the Naval Review at Portsmouth, his skilful arrangements were the admiration of all who witnessed that magnificent spectacle, and for them he received public thanks. On this occasion he was created a baronet, and promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral. He attended his Royal Highness on the gratifying service of conveying back the King of France, and the members of that Royal House, to his dominions; and was afterwards appointed one of the new order of naval aide-de-camps to the Prince Regent; and in 1818, Groom of the Chamber, to which situation he was reappointed soon after the accession of William the Fourth. The Duke of Clarence had for many years honoured him with his kindest regard; and our Sailor King well knew the great loss the service sustained on his death, and graciously sought to soothe the sorrow of her who survives him, by a communication expressive of sympathy and condolence. In 1819, Sir Henry was appointed commander-in-chief of the naval forces in the East Indies, and on his way out in the *Leander*, had nearly suffered shipwreck, off Madeira, in Funchal Road. With Captain Richardson, a cool and skilful officer, he spoke but for a moment, at a time the *Leander* was in imminent peril of drifting on the

rocks; and orders, as we have heard, having been given, in the confidence of their united judgment, to wear, as the only chance of saving the ship, it was successfully effected, but with so little room to spare, "that a biscuit might have been thrown on board from the cliffs." Sir Henry used to say, that in all his dangers he had never so utterly given up hope in his heart as on that occasion. In consequence of the new arrangement at the Admiralty, that Commodores should perform the duties of Commander-in-chief, Sir Henry was recalled before the expiration of his command; but his unfavourable opinion of that regulation, and the soundness of the reasons on which he formed it, were afterwards justified by the necessity which the Government were under of returning to the former system, and again sending out an Admiral to that station. In 1827, Sir Henry was raised by his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, then Lord High Admiral, to the command at Chatham, which appointment he retained for the usual period of three years. During that period, at his suggestion, we believe, took place the Experimental Cruise of a squadron, consisting of the Prince Regent and *Britannia*, first-rates, *Pearl*, *Pylades*, and *Orestes*, sloops. It was chiefly for the purpose of ascertaining the comparative advantages of round and square sterns; and Sir Henry, who was himself in the Prince Regent, was highly satisfied with the qualities of that ship, and especially with her facilities for fighting her stern guns on each of her decks. Always alive to the interests of the service, he directed much of his attention to what he considered an improvement on the round stern that had been introduced by the zealous Sir Thomas Seppings, and we have heard, though not on assured authority, that some of his suggestions were afterwards adopted; but we believe that the ideas of the present Surveyor of the Navy, a man of original genius, and complete skill in nautical affairs, as exemplified in the construction of that noble frigate the *Vernon*, the *Snake*, and other fine ships and brigs, have been approved of by the majority of the best judges in the profession.

So high an opinion did the people

at Chatham form of Sir Henry's character, that shortly after the command was up, a strong request was made to him, that he would stand for the representation of the town; but he prudently declined embroiling himself in any such contest; for though a man of too decided a character not to have his own opinions on politics, he had all his life long kept aloof from the violence of party. At sea and on shore his duties to his country had been nobly discharged in a noble service; and far happier would he have been, to the last, under any Ministry, any Government, any Constitution, settled, reformed, or revolutionized, on board a three-decker to prove his patriotism, and let his country's enemies hear the best eloquence of her naval heroes, "the thunder from our native oak." Sir Henry, therefore retired, alas! but for a brief time, into the tranquillity of private life. Anxious and earnest as ever to benefit the service, he took a warm interest in the Naval School (for the sons of naval officers), about that time established, to which Dr Bell had made a munificent donation, and which was to be conducted on the principles of the Madras system. For its advancement, his exertions were indefatigable; he was elected President of the Committee for a year, deriving all assistance from the business-talents of that able officer, Captain Maconochie, then, we believe, Secretary; and he had the gratification of finding that the undertaking met with great public encouragement, which, we devoutly trust, will endure. In the full vigour of life—for in his sixty-second year he seemed as strong as in the prime of manhood—after a short illness, he died of typhus fever on the 17th of December, at Ballyliedy, county of Down, the seat of his eldest brother, Lord Dufferin and Clanboye. Sir Henry left a widow, three sons, and a daughter. The eldest son—the present Sir Henry, is a Post Captain in the Navy, the second, Arthur, is in the Colonial Office, and the third, Francis, is a Commander in the Navy, and on his way out, in the Hyacinth 20 gun ship, to the East India Station.

It would be presumptuous in us to attempt to draw the professional character of Sir Henry Blackwood;

but we are entitled to give expression to those sentiments of respect and admiration with which it is regarded by all who know any thing of the heroic exploits, in their day, of British seamen. His exploits speak for themselves, even in this humble record; and the long series of services, in which he took always an active and often a most distinguished part, prove, far beyond any needless panegyric of ours, his zeal and enthusiasm, his skill and valour. Never was man more devoted to the profession he adorned, more eager to fly, in the cause of his country, to encounter any danger in any clime; nobly despising ease, and willing, without any vain regrets, to part with those blessings of domestic life, which by nature he was so warmly disposed to enjoy and impart, and which Providence had granted him to his heart's full content, at the call of duty, and under the inspiration of patriotism and honour. From boyhood he was ambitious to rise by his own merits, and all life long he sought not the "bauble," but the jewel "reputation, even in the cannon's mouth." His conduct, on all occasions, was eminently distinguished by promptitude and decision; nor did it ever, in a single instance, border upon rashness, being ever under the control of a spirit cool in the midst of dangers, and under the guidance of a mind confident in its own resources, because thoroughly accomplished in the art of naval warfare. As a seaman, indeed, he was admitted to stand second to none; and whether in frigate or line-of-battle ship, bringing the enemy to action, or threatening offensive movements when obliged by overwhelming superiority of force to guard his Majesty's vessels from capture, his manoeuvres were such as to baffle or confound, and sometimes, where failure would have been no disgrace, to command success. It was the scientific style in which he fought his actions that gave him so high a place in the profession, as much as his daring valour; and the vessels he commanded were perfect models for that order and discipline which were not meant to please the eye merely.

•• On some calm day,

In sunshine sailing far away,"

though every thing about them was

beautiful, but always in powerful preparation for the hour when the order might be given to clear for battle. Like all first-rate officers, he was a strict disciplinarian; he ruled both by fear and love, in such service equally salutary; and the conduct of his officers and crew never failed to prove their pride and trust in their commander. He rejoiced to encourage merit in all, high and low; and few officers of his standing in the service, and possessing little interest but such as appertained to their own characters, were ever more instrumental in advancing the deserving than Sir Henry Blackwood. Nothing could damp his zeal in the cause of those whom he befriended; personal inconvenience, trouble, and labour were then to him all pleasant: and he never rested till he had put them, if possible, in the path of promotion, letting them feel, by example as well as precept, that there was then but one sure way to gain it, "to do their duty." The same virtues which shone so brightly in his profession, adorned and endeared his character in private life. High-spirited, and sensitively alive to the minutest point of honour, his good name he guarded without art or effort; always dignified in his self-respect, but never overbearing; incapable of harbouring resentment, even to those who might have injured him, and of such a forgiving disposition, that in those cases he never felt at ease till amity was restored, and all offence forgotten. Good-nature was indeed with him a virtue; and of a cheerful and sanguine temper, he delighted to look to the future in the sunshine of hope, nor ever gave way long to despondency, even under his severest trials. There was no selfishness in his nature; and far above jealousy and envy, he was proud to see rising in the service all who had illustrated it by their renown. Though never rich, he was most generous—too generous indeed

ever to become rich; but, while not neglectful of the interests of his family, he seemed to believe—nor will the belief be vain—that virtue and honour are beyond all other the best means of advancement in life, and that the sons of a man who had well served his country, may hope, by emulating their father's example, one day to gain their father's rank, and perhaps even to achieve some portion of their father's fame. His manners were as delightful as his character was estimable, simple and unpretending, but elegant and graceful, such as bespoke and became his birth; and their charm was increased by a fine countenance, full of animation, and a person singularly handsome, and though not above the middle size, indicating that strength and activity to which, under Providence, he more than once owed his life. Tenderly alive to the feelings and duties of all life's relations, he sought his own happiness in that of those he loved; a good son, a good husband, a good father, and a good friend. Though unostentatious in his religious duties, it is not to be thought that he who habitually felt "in the midst of life we are in death," had not a soul solemnly alive to religion. In that he but resembled all the rest of his country's greatest heroes. Nor can we fear that we shall be blamed by any, even by those who were nearest and dearest to him, for mentioning here, that, after his death, a manuscript was found, containing extracts from the Bible, especially suitable for the devotional exercises of one whose lot had lain among perpetual dangers, and prayers, "accompanied with heart-confessions," to the very last affectingly proving to one sad survivor, how humbly and penitentially that heart was disposed towards the God whose goodness guards them 'that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters.'

EDMUND BURKE.

PART III.

THE second period of the life of this memorable man, commencing with his acceptance of office, and ending with his abjuration of the Whig party, abounded in the most striking political change. The British Cabinet was in a perpetual state of convulsion. Ministers shifted their places, and sometimes their principles, like the scenes of a pantomime. The "King's Friends, the Landed Interest, and the Allies of the People," were alternately uppermost and plunged into the lowest depths of political disgrace. The wheel of power was in a perpetual whirl. But the world, too, was in a constant state of change. America had hoisted the standard of civil war, and it was rapidly answered by a signal from France. England was half-revolutionized, and might have rivalled France in ruin, but for the prowess of one man. Unexampled ability, sustained by integrity beyond all spot, and patriotism equal to all sacrifice, constituted Pitt the national leader; and though he did not live to see the triumph of his efforts, he proved irresistibly, that if the British empire was to be preserved, it must be by his right hand.

We have seen Burke rising by rapid steps to the summit of parliamentary fame. There he stood fixed. Nothing could shake the supremacy founded upon his own great powers. He had attained an equal eminence of popularity. But here he was to suffer the natural fluctuations of an element, to which the waves and the winds are constancy. He had been flung up by popular caprice to the height of popular confidence, and was now to be flung down by the mere action of the surge. The people of Bristol, clamouring for the rights and wrongs of America, became suddenly indignant at finding their representative supporting the same principles in the cause of Ireland. The injuries of men in open rebellion against their country, awoke all their sympathies; the benefits of their fellow-subjects on the other side the Irish Channel,

roused all their resentment. To please both was clearly impossible. Burke, at a later period of his career, would have scorned to please either. But he was still young in politics; his nature was generous and patriotic; his spirit was contemptuous of self; he took the side of justice and his country; and in that hour cast himself for ever out of the representative glories of Bristol. He was equally unlucky in both instances. Ireland, buoyed up with extravagant hope, pronounced the man all but a traitor, who advised moderation. Bristol branded him as renegade; and under the "pitiless, pelting storm" of rabble obloquy, he slowly learned the greatest, yet the tardiest talent of public life, the firmness, that, scorning the volatile and profligate breath of party, draws its judgment, its reason, and its reward, from its own bosom.

Once in every half century, the populace of England discover that they are the most aggrieved body under the stars. All the old institutions of the land are found to be utterly worthless; Church and State equally demand a universal change; the political buttresses which have supported our freedom for centuries, are seen, by the sudden discernment of the rabble, to be constructed on false principles; the safeguards for which the ablest men of England struggled and died, are declared by every fabricator of paragraphs in a newspaper, to be tricks on popular credulity; allegiance to Kings, reverence to the Church, and honour to society, are ridiculed as the exploded discovery of times when the human understanding was still in its infancy; and with the populace for the philosophers, and their harangues for the legislators, the new course of illumination begins and ends. In the year 1779, Bristol had made the discovery, which she has renewed since in even a more expressive shape, that the law of the multitude was entitled to be the law of the land. Burke received sufficient intimation, that any doubt upon this subject

must be his overthrow. His party in the House were probably alarmed at the loss of so powerful a champion; and for the evident purpose of retrieving his position, and retaining his seat, he was urged to his famous motion on "Economic Reform." The name has since become so obnoxious as a cover for every hazard, to be purchased by every illusion, that its simple adoption may seem a stain upon the memory of a great man. But it is to be remembered that party has its bondage not the less severe that its fetters invisibly work their way into the mind. Reform was essential as a popular bribe. But the violence which reforms by tearing down, and the covetousness which purifies by rapine, were equally alien to the mind of this great leader. In declaring change necessary, he stopped at the portal of the Constitution; he did not venture to lay a finger upon the shrine, which so many thousands of the school of *patriotism* would have been rejoiced to rob; and leaving it to others to offer "strange fire upon the altar," he proceeded to purify and brighten its exterior, to remove impediments to the national investigation, and to make the greater abuses of the public purse, too public to exist, or be suffered to exist, any longer. The speech which he addressed to the House on this topic, is still quoted as one of the most pregnant and powerful of his triumphs; it contains one of the finest exemplifications of parliamentary eloquence in all its forms; and, by its brilliant dexterity, no less than by its vast accumulation of fact, and its rich and poetic fancy, no less than by its vigorous reasoning, might alone place the orator at the head of philosophic statesmen.

The commencement of this great performance has been criticised, as coming too circuitously to its object. Yet we must take into consideration the difficulties in which the speaker on the surrender of salaries and the extinction of offices must feel himself involved. Burke was evidently sensible of the necessity of treading his way cautiously upon those "fires hidden under treacherous ashes." "I enter," says he, "perfectly into the nature and consequences of my attempt. I advance to it with a tre-

mor that shakes me to the inmost fibre of my frame. I feel that I engage in a business, in itself most ungracious, totally wide of the course of prudent conduct, and I really think, the most completely adverse that can be imagined to the natural turn and temper of my own mind. I know that all parsimony is of a quality approaching to unkindness, and that on some person or other every reform must operate as a sort of punishment. Indeed, the whole class of the severe and restrictive virtues are at a market almost too high for humanity. What is worse, there are very few of those virtues which are not capable of being imitated, and even outdone, in many of their most striking effects, by the worst of vices. Malignity and envy will carve much more sharply in the work of retrenchment, than frugality and providence."

But the personal point, which no man ever despised more, and which no man more loftily defied, when the occasion demanded, did not escape the Orator, who was also a candidate for the distinctions of public employment. The man who was to triumph in debate by the keenness of his investigation into the abuses of office, and to gain the palm of public approbation by his vigour in pursuing patronage to its strongholds, must have felt that he was closing the doors of administration upon himself. This he expresses with prophetic consciousness. "It is much more easy to reconcile this measure with humanity, than to bring it to any agreement with *prudence*. I do not mean that little, selfish, pitiful, bastard thing, which sometimes goes by the name of a family in which it is not legitimate, and to which it is a disgrace. I mean even that public and enlarged prudence, which, apprehensive of being disabled from rendering acceptable services to the world, withholds itself from those that are invidious. Gentlemen who are apt to form their ideas of Kings from Kings of former times, might dread the anger of a reigning Prince! They who are more provident of the future, or, by being young, are more interested, in it, might tremble at the resentment of the successor; they might see a long, dull, dreary, un-

varied vista of despair and exclusion for *half a century* before them. This is no pleasant prospect at the outset of a political journey."

Another shape of this many-headed hazard now develops itself to his eye, and, undoubtedly, to a man who desired to pass smoothly through life, to glide along the railway of the world without shocks or jolts to the machine, to float down the stream of society without being submerged in its eddies, or hurled down its cataracts, nothing could be more startling than the host of personal hostilities which this measure was sure to create. "The private enemies to be made in all attempts of this kind," said he, "are innumerable, and this enmity will be the more bitter, and the more dangerous too, because a sense of dignity will oblige them to conceal the cause of their resentment. Very few men of great families, and extensive connexions, but will feel the smart of a cutting reform in some close relation, some bosom friend, some pleasant acquaintance, some dear, protected dependent. Emolument is taken from some, patronage from others, objects of pursuit from all. Men forced into an involuntary independence, will abhor the authors of a blessing which in their eyes has so very near a resemblance to a curse. Services of the present sort create no attachments. The cold commendation of a public advantage never was, and never will be, a match for the quick sensibility of a private loss. When many people have an interest in railing, sooner or later they will bring a considerable degree of unpopularity upon the measure. The Reformation will act against the reformers, and revenge will produce all the effects of corruption."

After having thus gone through his preliminary positions, he lays down a long series of principles, all important, and generally curious, and some containing the *cypher* of his public life. We shall wade through this political *sylva*, and throw together a few of its more characteristic products.

"If there is any sacrifice to be made of either estimation or fortune, the smallest is the best; Commanders-in-Chief are not to be put upon the forlorn hope.

"If dawns of success serve to

animate our diligence, they are good; if they tend to increase our presumption, they are worse than defeats.

"Taxing is an easy business. Any projector can contrive new impositions; any bungler can add to the old. But is it altogether wise to have no other bounds to your impositions, than the patience of those who are to bear them?"

His observations on French finance form a striking contrast to his ideas in after times. But it is to be observed, that he now spoke only from a slight and general knowledge, that his panegyric was merely episodic, that Neckar was then exhibiting only the bright side of his policy, and that the time was still to come when that policy changed its phase, and by the course of nature fell deeper into eclipse hour by hour, until total darkness overhung the land. "When I look to the other side of the water," said Burke, in alluding to the new financial experiments of France, "I cannot help recollecting what Pyrrhus said, on reconnoitring the Roman camp—'Those barbarians have nothing barbarous in their discipline.' When I look into the proceedings of the French King, I see nothing of the character and genius of arbitrary finance, none of the bold frauds of bankrupt power, none of the wild struggles and plunges of despotism in distress, no lopping off from the capital of debt, no suspension of interest, no robbery under the name of loan, no raising the value, no debasing the substance of the coin. I see neither Louis the Fourteenth, nor Louis the Fifteenth. On the contrary, I behold with astonishment, rising before me, by the very hands of arbitrary power, and in the very midst of war and confusion, a regular methodical system of public credit; I behold a fabric laid on the natural and solid foundation of trust and confidence among men, and rising by fair gradations, order over order, according to the just rules of symmetry and art. What a reverse of things! Principle, method, regularity, economy, frugality, justice to individuals, and care of the people, are the resources with which France makes war upon Great Britain."

In this fine declamation there was a display of all the prominent features of Burke's mind; his natural

delight in the developement of human resources, even in an enemy; his fondness for those larger financial pursuits, which, leaving the exigencies of the day to meaner intellects, extend their view over the wants and energies of posterity, and the quick and sensitive feeling of all that was bold, dazzling, and magnificent in speculation. Burke could never have been a Frenchman. The ready recourse to subtlety, the rash ostentation and the narrow performance, the theatrical pomp of the project, and the meagre dexterity of the details, which characterised the financial system of the school of Necker, must have rapidly disgusted his pure and powerful mind. But he was an Irishman, not more in his birthplace than in his spirit, captivated by brilliancy of prospect, until he forgot the roughness of the ground beneath his feet, giving public men credit to the full amount of their declarations, and dreaming that the possession of power must naturally impel the possessor to objects of the noblest ambition. He was still in the vigour of his early imaginations—a poet bringing his fervours into politics, a philosopher inventing Utopias, a man of genius investing the whole vast and diversified scene of public affairs in the colours of his own creative mind. But he speedily found lamentable reason to distrust the miracles of French finance. And no man more gallantly retrieved his error by the candour of his confession. There had been large room for deception in the system of the French economists. All was shewy, though all was unnatural. The formation of public confidence out of universal discredit, the announcement of solid funds extracted from coffers emptied by the fifty years' profligacy of Louis XV., the laws of political nature reversed by the touch of a Genevese magician's wand, all threw France into the rapture which France always feels at the exhibition of a melodrama. All was bright, bold, and illusory. She had her rainbow *before* the storm.

As a document of a state of things now almost forgotten, but worthy of perpetual remembrance,—and as a warning to political speculators in all after times, if such men are to be warned, or are worth warning,—the promises of Necker must be quoted,

even though they should involve a compliment to the sagacity of Lord North, the most ill-used of British Ministers.

"The Noble Lord in the blue ribbon," says Burke, "last year treated all this with contempt. *He* never could conceive it possible that the French minister of finance could go through the year with a loan of but seventeen hundred thousand pounds, and that he should be able to find that loan without any tax. The second year, however, opens the very same scene. A small loan, a loan of no more than two millions five hundred thousand pounds, is to carry our enemies through the service of this year also. No tax is raised to fund that debt; no tax is raised for the current services. I am credibly informed there is no anticipation whatever. Compensations are correctly made, old debts continue to be sunk, as in the time of profound peace. Even payments which their treasury had been authorized to suspend during the time of war, have not been suspended."

One of Necker's contrivances for popularity was an attack on the expenses of the Crown. Even this attack shewed his deficiency in the wisdom of a statesman. The Court of Louis XV. had been undeniably wasteful and profligate, and nothing could be more deserving of restraint as a matter of public example; but nothing could be more trifling as an experiment in finance, even in its most prodigal time. The little Republican banker could not discover that the expenditure of the Court was actually pleasing to the nation. It was loudly exclaimed against, because it was a time when popular writers seized on exciting topics, and loved to lavish their eloquence on the vices of the great, while those writers, and every man in France besides, were practising the same vices to the full extent of their means. But the nation loved the shew, even at the expense; were proud of the superior splendours of their Court, and felt the pomps of the Tuileries an honour which raised every man of France in the eyes of Europe. A parsimonious Court in France must always be an ineffectual, feeble, and unpopular authority. But, in the time of Necker, the personal vice, the grand objection to the former

system, had almost wholly disappeared. Louis XVI. was as domestic a father of a family as any in Europe. The lopping and pruning system could only have impaired his means of individual benevolence, of kingly popularity, and of that strength which the distribution of wealth, and the attachment of its expectants and sharers, gives to the Crown. Necker, short-sighted and self-sufficient, cut down the offices and stopped the royal revenue. He thus shewed that he understood nothing of that popular feeling to which he bowed down. He went on in his career of meagre saving and capacious ruin. The stoppage of the royal expenditure was instantly felt by the thousands and tens of thousands, in their various shapes of artists, traders, architects, the whole multitude who wait on taste, fashion, and public ornament, in a land where display was, and will be for ever, the great business of existence. Thus discontent was the first-fruits of the philosophic reform which was to make all men happy. Then came Parisian bankruptcy. The *artistes*, supported no longer by the Court, and calling for their debts in vain to the courtiers who had been so summarily mulcted of their means, fell into ruin. Such was the next result of the measure which was to make all Paris a bed of gold. Still, Necker was to remain the presiding genius of French restoration. Here, too, his hopes were equally fugitive. His changes rapidly began to turn the tide of public opinion against himself. The people grew sick of the perpetual saving that stripped them of their fêtes, and gave them nothing but the bankrupt list in their stead. The courtiers exclaimed, half in indignation and half in despair, against the charlatanry which had conjured away their emoluments; the King, weary of perpetual complaints, apprehensive of being deprived of all the faces to which he had been accustomed, and unable to discover any more fortunate result of the solitude of his palace than the clamours of his people, found no consolation in the assurances of the Swiss banker that all would be well in the course of twenty or thirty years. Political economy is a prodigious provider for the comforts of the future; pays the

present generation by the happiness of posterity, and rigidly speculates upon the grave. The universal outcry at length turned upon the great renovator, and Necker was sent back to Geneva in disgrace; a fate which he bore in the usual style of foreign magnanimity, with the most pitiful and pusillanimous dejection. He had thus, by the rashness of his projects, given the deathblow to all that they possessed of value; and if he were a sincere patriot, must have felt the bitterness of seeing his good extinguished by his folly. If his object were ambition, he only met the punishment which he merited. But, even to Burke's foreseeing eye, this catastrophe was hidden for the time. He talks, with the lavish grandeur of his style, of the regeneration of France.

"A general reform, executed through every department of the revenue, creates an annual income of more than half a million, while it facilitates and simplifies all the functions of administration. The *King's household*, at the remotest avenues to which all reformation has been hitherto stopped—that household which has been the stronghold of prodigality, the fortress which was never before attacked, has been not only not defended, but it has, even in the forms, been surrendered by the King to the economy of his Minister. No capitulation, no reserve. Economy has entered in triumph into the public splendour of the monarch, into his private amusements, into the appointments of his highest and nearest relations. Economy and public spirit have made a beneficent and an honest spoil; they have plundered from extravagance and luxury, for the use of substantial service, a revenue of near four hundred thousand pounds. The reform of the finances, joined to the reform of the Court, gives to the public nine hundred thousand pounds a-year. The Minister who does these things is a great man. But the King who desires that they should be done is a far greater. We must do justice to our enemies. Those are the acts of a Patriot King. I am not in dread of the vast armies of France. I am not in dread of the gallant spirit of its brave and numerous nobility. I am not alarmed even at the great navy

which has been so miraculously created. All those things Louis XIV. had before. With all those things the French monarchy has more than once fallen prostrate at the feet of the public faith of Great Britain. It was the want of public credit which disabled France from recovering after her defeats, or recovering even from her victories. It was a prodigal Court, it was an ill-ordered revenue, that sapped the foundations of all her greatness. Credit cannot exist under the arm of necessity."

But with these opinions, generated in his fine fancy, by the glow and ardour of French reform, his *principles* were not mingled. He felt, with true sagacity, the nature of violent alterations at home. Of France he could know nothing but from the descriptions of its enthusiasts. Of England, he knew all that was to be known by diligent enquiry, and concluded by profound intelligence. He thus gives his protest against legislation by the rabble, or for the rabble.

"As it is the interest of Government that reformation should be early, it is the interest of the people that it should be *temperate*. It is their interest, because a temperate reform is permanent and because it has a principle of growth. Whenever we improve, it is right to leave room for a further improvement. It is right to consider, to look about us, to examine the effect of what we have done. Then we can proceed with confidence, because we can proceed with intelligence. Whereas, in hot reformations,—in what men, more zealous than considerate, call making clear work,—the whole is generally so crude, so harsh, so indigested, mixed with so much impudence, and so much injustice, so contrary to the whole course of human nature and human institutions, that the very people who are most eager for it, are among the first to grow disgusted at what they have done. Then some part of the abdicated grievance is recalled from its exile, in order to become a corrective of the correction. Then the abuse assumes all the credit and popularity of a reform. A great part of my idea of a reform, is meant to operate gradually. We must no more make haste to be rich

by parsimony, than by intemperate acquisition."

Several brief sketches of the history and purport of the royal and public establishments are admirably given: "*The Royal Household*. It is formed upon manners and customs that have long since expired. In the first place, it is formed, in many respects, upon feudal principles. In the feudal times it was not uncommon, even among subjects, for the lowest offices to be held by considerable persons, persons as unfit by their incapacity as improper by their rank, to occupy such employments. They were held by patent, sometimes for life, and sometimes by inheritance. If my memory does not deceive me, a person of no slight consideration held the office of patent hereditary cook to the Earl of Warwick. The Earl of Warwick's soups were, I fear, not the better for the dignity of his kitchen. I think it was an Earl of Gloucester who officiated as steward of the household to the Archbishop of Canterbury. There was some reason in ancient necessities for those ancient customs. Protection was wanted, and the domestic tie, though not the highest, was the closest."

The Board of Green Cloth still figures as the grand arbiter in all things relating to the hospitable expenditures and court ceremonial of royalty. Burke gives us the *rationale* of this old establishment. "The King's household has not only strong traces of feudality, but it is formed on the principles of a body corporate; it has its own magistrates, courts, and by-laws. This might be necessary in the ancient times, in order to have a government within itself capable of regulating the vast, and often unruly multitude, which composed and attended it. This was the origin of the ancient Court called the *Green Cloth*, composed of the Marshal, Treasurer, and other great officers of the household, with certain clerks. The rich subjects of the kingdom, who had formerly the same establishments, (only on a reduced scale,) have altered their economy. Their influence is lessened; but a mode of accommodation, and a style of splendour, suitable to the manners of the times, has been increased. Royalty itself has insensibly follow-

ed, and the royal household has been carried away by the resistless tide of manners; but with this material difference—private men have got rid of the establishments, together with the reasons of them, whereas the royal household has lost all that was venerable and stately in the antique manners, without retrenching any thing of the cumbrous charge of a Gothic establishment. It is shrunk into the polished littleness of modern elegance and personal accommodation; it has evaporated from the gross concrete into an essence and rectified spirit of expense. You have tuns of antient pomp in a vial of modern luxury.”

After those general observations, he colours the topic with that pencil which he dipt in every line of frolic and fancy. “When the reason of old establishments is gone, it is absurd to preserve nothing but the burden of them. This is superstitiously to embalm a carcass not worth an ounce of the gums that are used to preserve it. It is to burn precious oils in the tomb; it is to offer meat and drink to the dead. Our palaces are vast inhospitable halls. There the bleak winds—there ‘Boreas, and Eurus, and Caurus, and Argestes loud,’ howling through the vacant lobbies, and clattering the doors of deserted guard-rooms, appal the imagination, and conjure up the grim spectres of departed tyrants; the Saxon, the Norman, and the Dane—the stern Edwards and fierce Henrys, who stalk from desolation to desolation through the dreary vacuity and melancholy succession of chill and comfortless chambers. When this tumult subsides, a dead silence would reign in this desert, if every now and then the tacking of hammers did not announce, that those constant attendants upon all courts in all ages, jobs, were still alive, for whose sake alone it is, that any trace of ancient grandeur is suffered to remain. Those palaces are a true emblem of some governments; the inhabitants are decayed, but the governors and magistrates still flourish. They put me in mind of *Old Surum*, where the representatives, more in number than the constituents, only serve to inform us, that this was once a place of trade, and sounding with the busy hum of men, though now we can trace the streets only by the colour

of the corn, and its sole manufacture is in members of Parliament.”

The rapidity of movement, which is always affected by candidates for the favour of the multitude, found no advocate in Burke’s philosophy. In alluding even to the obnoxious subject of the sinecures attached to the Exchequer, and admitting the fitness of curtailing their profits where they had grown large, he shrinks from their too sudden extirpation. “The nature of their profits, which grow out of the public distress, is, in itself, invidious and grievous. But, I fear, that Reform cannot be immediate. Those places, and others of the same kind, which are held for life, have been considered as property. They have been given as a provision for children, they have been the subject of family settlements, they have been the security of creditors. *What the law respects shall be sacred to us.* If the barriers of law should be broken down, upon ideas of convenience, even of public convenience, we shall no longer have any thing certain among us. If the discretion of power is once let loose upon property, we can be at no loss to determine whose power, and what discretion, will prevail at last. * * *

The mere time of the reform is by no means worth the sacrifice of a principle of law. Individuals pass like shadows, but the commonwealth is fixed and stable. The difference, therefore, of to-day and to-morrow, which to private people is immense, to the State is nothing. * * * * * Those things which are not practicable are not desirable. There is nothing in the world really beneficial, that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding, and a well-directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has judged good for us, that he has not given us the means to accomplish, in both the natural and the moral world. If we cry, like children, for the moon, like children we must cry on.”

This memorable speech was delivered on the 11th of February, 1780. It excited great admiration in the House, and universal applause outside the walls; the bills brought in in consequence, were argued fiercely, clause by clause, during March, April, and May. But in the end the motion met its natural fate. Opposition had probably used it, from the

beginning, more as a matter of assault than an object of success. Its popularity was of importance to them; its triumph would have been distasteful. In the ardour of their expectations of seeing the Ministry fall by its own hands, a measure which stripped all administrations of so large a share of patronage, could not be sincerely supported by men who hourly expected to seat themselves in the Ministerial throne. The battle began to be fought more languidly. The clause for abolishing the third Secretaryship of State was lost by a majority of seven. And, within a short period, the leading clauses followed its fate. The Bill died away.

The object of Opposition was fully obtained by the celebrity of the attempt. It had given them a cheap opportunity of declaring their patriotism; it had enlisted the popular cry on their side; and pledging them to nothing but an indefinite zeal, and an impracticable purification, it gave them all the advantages of promises never to be performed, and virtues which cost them only words. Burke may have been sincere. He was an enthusiast. His poetic ardour dazzled himself, he saw nothing in the universal clearance of corruption, as it was termed, but the restoration of an age of political righteousness. His party, singularly profligate in their private lives, recklessly abandoned in their political views,—philosophers and patriots when out of place, rash, tyrannical, and corrupt, when in,—were rejoiced to find so noble a pleader for their cause. But the sequel shewed how little they had in common with the purity, loftiness, and magnanimity of his mind. On the brief success, which at once raised them to power, and stamped the name of the Coalition with eternal ignominy, their great champion was almost totally neglected; his virtue was not to be trusted with the subtleties of the Cabinet; he had exhibited a simplicity of principle fit only to be scoffed at by political gamblers. He was characterised as too wrongheaded to take persuasion from his palm; and, accordingly, he was thrust into a subordinate office, which reluctance to seem craving for power only prevented him from rejecting; the banner which had waved before them in the battle, so

richly adorned with glorious devices, and prophetic of victory, was folded up and flung into a corner, until the time when they should again be driven to the field. But if the great Orator was to be cheered by national admiration, this speech brought an almost endless harvest of praise. Parliament, the people, Europe, received it with boundless applause. "The speech which has been delivered this night," exclaimed Dunning, of all critics the most cautious, and of all admirers the most reluctant, "must remain as a monument to be handed down to posterity, of the honourable member's uncommon zeal, unrivalled industry, astonishing abilities, and invincible perseverance. He had undertaken a task big with labour and difficulty, a task that embraced a variety of the most important, extensive, and complicated objects. Yet such were the unequalled abilities, so extraordinary the talents and ingenuity, and such the fortunate frame of the honourable gentleman's mind, his vast capacity and happy conception, that in his hands what must have proved a vast heap of ponderous matter, composed of heterogeneous ingredients, discordant in their nature and opposite in principle, was so skilfully arranged as to become quite simple as to each respective part, and the whole at the same time so judiciously combined, as to present nothing to almost any mind tolerably intelligent, to divide, puzzle, or distract it."

This opinion was echoed and re-echoed through the country; all expressing their delight and astonishment at the unexampled combination of eloquence, labour, and perseverance, displayed by Burke. Even the slow good-will of those whose emoluments he had placed in hazard was not refused to this fine performance; they acknowledged the glitter of the lance which pierced them. Like the knights of old, if they must yield, their defeat was alleviated by the rank and prowess of the chieftain to whom they surrendered. Gibbon, who was one of the Board of Trade, the only establishment which the speech succeeded in extinguishing, and succeeded probably only through the Minister's previous determination to get rid of an encumbrance, gave his tribute in his own formal yet forcible style.

"Mr Burke's reform bill was framed with skill, introduced with eloquence, and supported by numbers. Never can I forget the delight with which that diffusive and ingenious orator was heard by all sides of the House, and even by those whose existence he proscribed." The labour to which he submitted on this occasion can be conceived only by those who have known the difficulties through which public documents at this period were attainable, the infinite confusion of the national records, the quick jealousies of official persons, all sensitive to the approach of enquiry; the perplexity of the documents themselves; and the general incrustation of time, change, obscurity, and obsolescence from which they were to be cleared. By nothing less than indefatigable diligence could even this have been effected; but to render the obscure plain, to give interest to the dull, to concentrate the whole mass of detail, confusion, and commonplace, into spirit and splendour, was the work of genius alone.

Still the speech has obvious faults, in a critical point of view. Gibbon's epithet, of *diffuse*, is its censure. The exordium is too long. The Orator treads too tenderly and too tardily on his ground. No advantages of caution can compensate for the feeling of disappointment with which those hearers, who were longing for facts, found themselves compelled to listen to theorems; the placeman anxious for the safety of his office, and the patriot eager to commence the work of renovation, must have equally desired the Orator to enter upon his detail, and been equally repelled by the long review of abstract principles, marshalled with whatever skill, and clothed in whatever brilliancy.

The style which conquers universal praise, may well be considered to have achieved its purpose. Yet even the powerful knowledge and rich imagination of Burke, in some degree embarrassed his effect in Parliament. He could not prevail on himself to discover the injury which is done to a cause by giving his hearers credit for too much taste, feeling, or knowledge. He overwhelmed dull men with imagery which would have "lapped" a poet

in Elysium; he flashed wit upon purblind eyes; he drew up the treasures of philosophy from their deepest depths, and poured them out before men of the counting-house. He called "spirits from the vasty deep," and displayed all the creations and lustres of a mind master of all the magic of eloquence, before a crowd of people who thought only of their suppers and the division.

Yet in thus speaking of Burke, we would not be understood to depreciate in the slightest degree one of the most extraordinary leaders of the British mind. He wanted nothing for perfection as an orator, but the habit of public business. No man could devote himself to labour with a more gigantic perseverance, no man could study the details, or master the substance of public affairs with a more nervous and comprehensive sagacity, but it was the sagacity of the closet. He there prepared his armour-cabin, sedulously, magnificently. He came into the field conspicuous at once to all eyes, but his lavish grandeur encumbered him in the various and desultory encounters through which final victory is to be alone purchased in the British House of Parliament. But those were the faults of his position. As an assailant, he was always allowed to choose his ground. If Burke had been a *Minister*, he would have been forced into discipline,—he must have rapidly learned to throw aside the gold-studded and massive weapons which embarrassed the facility of his movements,—he must have been wrought into the ready vigour, the perfect activity, and the pungent force which owes nothing to its weight, and all things to its point and penetration. The great failure of modern public speaking is this want of pungency. The singular expansion of Pitt's style often wearied his hearers; the measureless confusion of Fox's preambles as often tried the understanding till it shrunk from the task. Channing's clearness, lightness, and elegance, at all times delighted the House, but he purchased those fine qualities in debate by a total want of passion, a superficiality which was obvious through all his efforts to appear profound, and a perpetual study of pleasantry, which, often successful as it was, and ad-

mirable as it is, in due subservency to higher qualities, is, of all the attributes of the orator, the most delicate to manage, and the most difficult to reconcile with depth, dignity, or impression. Of all the eminent speakers of the last hundred years, but two possessed pungency, in the effective sense of the word—Chatham in England, and Grattan in Ireland. It placed them both at the head of public eloquence in their countries, and placed them at such a height of superiority, that no man thought of rivalling, or scarcely of imitating either. Their faults were palpable, but their excellences placed a measureless distance between them and all who have followed them. Of Chatham few relics have been left; his monument is in the imperfect descriptions, but boundless admiration, of his time. Yet the *Torso* of his eloquence still shews the noble proportions of the original. Grattan has left abundant memorials of himself; and mingled as they are with the unhappy politics which turn the blood of Ireland to fever in every age, and perverted by the vexed spirit of disappointed partisanship, they embody some of the most powerful conceptions in the most vivid language ever forged in the fiery mind of impassioned oratory.

The loss of the Bill had been foreseen; the party were satisfied with its popularity, and its author was consoled by its praise. It passed away to the usual oblivion of popular projects found to be impracticable. The riots of 1780 called forth Burke again. The bitterness of Opposition was not to be reconciled by the imminent danger of the country. They actually triumphed in this rabble atrocity, as offering a hope of turning out Administration. Such was the patriotism of the great stronghold of patriotic professions. Burke, disdaining this criminal selfishness, and seeing nothing in the riots but the strong probability of their laying London in ashes, advised his friends to join with the Government in a manly and generous effort to put down the evil. But this was only an additional evidence to the declaratory race round him, how little he was fit for the statesmanship of their school. On this occasion he displayed alike his personal fearlessness and his humanity; the former, by ven-

uring into the streets among the rioters while they were in the act of surrounding the House of Commons; the latter, by writing a number of letters to the Chancellor and other leading persons, imploring that mercy might be shewn to the utmost practicable extent. The recommendations were probably effective, for the punishments were few, and those, almost solely of the leading rioters.

The Slave-trade, which has brought into existence so persevering a party in the Legislature, and endowed Mr Wilberforce with all his fame, became an early object of Burke's humanity. Six years before Mr Wilberforce brought forward his first motion, Burke had formed a plan for the great alleviation, or abolition of the trade; had drawn up a negro code, and formed regulations for the milder government of the slaves in the Islands.

He now began to feel the nature of popularity. His constituents at Bristol were tired of being represented by the ablest man in Europe. They made their determination to get rid of him, and it was put in force without ceremony. One of the charges against a senator, who spent every hour in the House of Commons, was, "that he had not visited Bristol frequently." Burke was indignant at this fickleness, but he disdained to express his feelings by more than grave remonstrance. "Gentlemen," said he, "I do not stand before you, accused of venality, or of neglect of duty. It is not said, that in the long period of my service, I have in a single instance sacrificed the slightest of your interests to my ambition or my fortune. It is not alleged, that to gratify any anger or revenge of my own, or my party, I have had a share in wronging or oppressing any description of men, or any man in any description. No; the charges against me are all of one kind, that I have pushed the principles of general justice and benevolence too far, farther than a cautious policy would warrant, and farther than the opinions of many men would go with me. In every accident that may happen through life, in pain, in sorrow, in depression, in distress, I will call to mind this accusation and be comforted."

It was in his address to his constituents, who were to be his constitu-

ents no more, that, in alluding to some efforts of his own for the relief of small debtors, he drew the famous sketch of Howard. "I cannot name this gentleman, without remarking, that his labours and writings have done much to open the eyes and hearts of mankind. He has visited all Europe; not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, nor the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern arts; not to collect or collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimension of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original, and it is as full of genius, as it is of humanity. It is a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity. Already the benefit of his labours is more or less felt in every country. I hope he will anticipate its final reward by seeing all its effects fully realized in his own."

A new period now commenced in the life of Burke; Lord North, broken down by the attacks of Opposition, resigned, (March 19, 1782.) Fox became virtual Premier, the Marquis of Rockingham nominal Premier, and in the general distribution of office, Burke was appointed Paymaster-General of the forces, and made a Privy-Counsellor, but *without* a seat in the Cabinet.

Burke's loss of the representation of Bristol affords a practical lesson of the utter unfitness of the multitude to decide on the merits of public men, and not less of the practical good which may be included in a nominal evil. If it had depended on the principle of that multitudinous voting, which is the fashion of our day, Burke would probably never have found his way into Parliament again, and England would have lost the services of one of the most illustrious men that ever adorned her Senate. His narrow fortune would have been inadequate to the expenses of a contested election; his directness of opinion must have ren-

dered him obnoxious to the capricious taste of the populace; and his sensibility of spirit would have disdained to stoop to the compliances which form the substance of popularity. We find that he never again attempted a popular election. The Borough of Malton sent him to Parliament for the remainder of his life; and, much more receiving than giving honour by the choice, put to shame the mob-ridden city which had so rashly rejected him.

The Borough System is now no more, and in future no man whose humility of fortune, or whose integrity of heart, shrinks from the expense and the degradation of popular canvass, can hope for a seat in Parliament. Whether corruption has been extinguished, or has only changed hands—whether the purchase of a borough, or the purchase of a mob be the purer transaction, are topics which may safely be left to common judgment, and to the Bribery Committees which are now sitting in such abundance. But while it is obvious that the Borough System, even supposing it to imply the monstrous supposition of purchase in every instance, had little other effect than that of giving property and rank their natural influence in the Legislature; or even supposing it to have implied the equally monstrous supposition of dependence on the opinions of the patron in every instance, had little other effect than that of protecting the settled order of things, by binding a certain number of votes to the service of that aristocracy, whose existence is bound up with the preservation of that settled order, it is equally obvious that by dissolving the system, we have incurred new difficulties of which no man can see the cure. By the new system the struggle is not between the People and the Peerage, for what struggle can subsist between an aristocracy stripped of every vote in the Commons, and the popular masters of the Commons? The true contest is between the populace and the elected; and the only question is, whether they shall be the representatives of the nation, or the delegates of the mob. The course of such a contest is easily foreseen. The mob, at this hour, deny to their representatives any other character than that of de-

legates. Pledge or not pledge, they look upon them as equally bound. They demand an account of every vote, summon them to give an account of themselves on every trivial occasion; as unhesitatingly denounce them as unprofitable servants, cashier them without ceremony when the member puts himself into their hands, and threaten severe vengeance at the first opportunity; a vengeance which they inevitably execute: and what is the result? That in future every member of the House can have but one point of view—the verdict of the populace. The question that faces them at all points of the political horizon must be—What will the rabble think of this; how shall I excuse myself to my masters in the streets; how shall I secure my next election in the mouths of the multitude, vulgar, vicious, and ignorant, as they may be? Thus the pyramid is completely inverted. The course of national council must begin henceforth with the streets, and end with the legislation. The habit of submitting to the popular outcry must grow with the growth of the system, until democracy is the established principle of legislation; and to affect to deliberate upon a proposition of the mob, is felt to be *lèse-majesté* to the regenerated constitution. While the Peerage Members of the Commons subsisted, they partook in some degree of the stability which makes the chief value of the Peerage; nearly independent of popular influence, they were not constrained to veer about with every breath of popular caprice; connected with the property of the land, they naturally resisted the violences with which the democratic feeling in all legislatures threatens property; naturally conversant with the opinions of the higher orders, they brought to the debate a consideration for authority, a soberness of view, an educated and established dislike of useless innovation, and a respect for those institutions and principles by which the fabric of British greatness had been erected, all of the highest value for the purposes of sound legislation. But this class has been totally extinguished, and the vessel of the State has been deprived of one of the securest of her anchors.

* But what is the actual working of the new system even in its first session? It has paralysed the Ministry, it has made the acceptance of office a terror, it has shaken every institution of the country, it has raised radicalism to the rank of being the great principle of representation; and after having given to the British nation such a Parliament as it never saw before, sits in judgment even upon that Parliament of its own favouritism, and in the plainest terms threatens it with decimation.

In the first place, to what condition has it reduced the Ministry? We have seen within the month the most important office of the State, for such we pronounce the Secretaryship for Ireland to have become, actually going on a mendicant excursion:—Among the Ministers? No. Among the minor officials? No; but among the most obscure members of the House. A place of £5000 a year, with vast patronage, with the whole virtual government of Ireland in its hand, actually offered to any body who would take it, and refused on the single and unanswerable ground, that the immediate result would be the displeasure of the mob of some obscure town, who would inevitably throw out the acceptor on his coming to the hustings again. The place has at length been accepted by an individual who is probably as fit for it or any thing else, as the Hussar at the head of the Government is to be at the head of that Government or of any thing else. His qualification, however, is of a different kind from the usual requisites: it is simply, that from his voters being chiefly farmers, and not the accomplished ten-pound sages who now regulate the fates of the nation, he has some hope of being returned. But what would be the condition of even the most influential persons of the State, if a dissolution of Parliament were to take place to-morrow? Not a man among them would be returned for any town, city, or open borough in England. Not that their ability may be impeached, for of this the populace can never be judges; not that their general principles may be charged with impolicy, for of this the populace must always be totally inadequate to form an opinion: but that they have displeased them by

refusing to take off a tax, of whose good or evil value to the general purposes of the State, or injury to the public prosperity, the multitude know nothing, care nothing, and feel nothing, beyond the immediate inconvenience to themselves. The tax may be a foolish tax, and Ministers may have been pledged or not to its withdrawal; but the point in question is, what has raised this sudden storm of popular wrath against a Ministry, which, but a few months before, was proclaimed the last hope of their country? Not a charge upon any one of those great features of Government, which make an administration culpable before the country and Europe. Guilty or not guilty, the verdict is not given upon those counts. The single charge is, that they have displeased the populace by a single act, which may be either steadiness or stubbornness, sagacity or chicanery, but whose crime is that it has incurred the wrath of the congregated cobblers of Westminster, and the tinkers in council assembled at Coldbath Fields.

And the evil does not stop here. By giving the populace the habit of this extravagant and ridiculous power, the principles of idleness and insubordination must be thicker sown every hour; the cobbler who patches Administrations, and the tinker who hammers Constitutions into shape, are spoiled for life in their old vocation: the patriot has become a public man at once; he deliberates and acts, and does both with the rashness of utter ignorance, and the fury of unbridled vanity, passion, and revenge. When Danton, the most wholesale of murderers, was asked for an argument on some horrid proposal of massacre, "My answer," said he, "is in the streets." He ran to the alarm-bell, rang it, and was answered by the assemblage of his mob, which soon put his principles into the true Republican form. The next result of thus giving power to the mob, is, that every man must pander to their tastes, and theirs alone; and those tastes will last an hour, but the vitriol and cayenne of thorough Republicanism will go down, and the man of the people will be a candidate at once for Newgate and the Legislature.

Another of the calamitous results has already come upon the country, in the almost total extinction of those parliamentary interests which attended to the business of the great departments of the national power. The West Indies are now almost totally deprived of that regular and established advocacy, which, by perfect acquaintance with the matter in question, by the habits of intercourse and confidence with the Colonies, and by the vigilance annexed to a sense of peculiar duty, might be considered nearly equivalent to a direct representation of the colonial property. This is gone. The colonists feel the consequence, at the instant, in measures which fill every rational mind with terror, but which please the populace, which knows as much of the true merits of the question, as of the mountains of the moon. The Bank Charter is equally stripped of its qualified defenders, and runs the most measureless hazard of being turned into waste paper, at the will of the financiers of Tothill Fields and Bethnal Green. The East India Charter stands in the same peril, for the same reason; and if it should escape for a few years longer, it will inevitably yet be torn to fragments on the first demand of the multitude at the first election. In all this, we are not railing at the individuals who may be in possession of power now, or at any time to come. We protest only against the system which enslaves all Ministries, which makes the pleasure of the populace a question of still higher import than the policy of the State, which makes the candidate for the Legislature necessarily a bondsman to the crowd, and leaves the man of office no alternative between shrinking from the service of his country, and being exiled from the House of Commons by the voice of insolence, ignorance, envy, and venality.

To this portion of the evil, however, some remedial measure must be applied without delay; unless we are to see all the leading offices of the State, which devolve on Members of the House of Commons, either totally unfilled, or filled by incapacity. Those offices essentially require the presence of their holder in the House; but his acceptance of the office has now become the signal

of his exile. Thus, no man who is fitted for public employment can retain his seat in conjunction with that employment. The only remedy is, to abolish that law by which the acceptance of office vacates the seat. But how will this be relished by the mob? Will any man who votes for it ever be returned by the mob again? Those are now the grand questions, and to this simple element of rabble approval is reduced the whole being of the boasted Constitution of England.

Burke ventured no more on appeals to city elections; but this reserve arose more from his reluctance to the turmoil and corruption of the contest, than from any wavering of mind. He had accustomed himself to look upon mankind with the eye of a philosopher, until the events of general life seemed incapable of disturbing his equanimity. His birth and Irish connexions had brought on him the charge of being a concealed Roman Catholic; some added that he had been actually educated as a Jesuit at St Omers; and those charges might have proved seriously hazardous to him in the furious follies of 1780. Some of his friends, in alarm for his personal safety, requested permission to contradict them by something in the shape of a formal answer. But on this he put his negative at once. "To people who can believe such stories," said he, "it is idle to offer explanations. If I cannot *live down* those contemptible calumnies, I shall never design to contradict them in any other manner." He always exhibited a remarkable degree of political courage under all the clamours which assail a public man of decided opinions. On the trial of Hastings, when these clamours were most violent, he declared, "That it would be a feeble sensibility on his part, which, at that time of day, could make him impatient of those libels, by despising which through so many years he had obtained the honour of being joined with the Committee, and becoming an instrument of public justice." And this determination, which ought to be a principle with every public man who desires to live free from perpetual altercation with petty adversaries, he adopted as his habitual maxim, and expressed on the gravest occasions.

In his Letter to a Noble Lord, in which he makes a formal avowal of his political tenets, he says, "Loose libels ought to be passed by in silence. By me they have been so always. I knew, that as long as I remained in public, I should live down the calumnies of malice and the judgments of ignorance. If I happened to be now and then in the wrong—as who is not?—like other men, I must bear the consequence of my faults and my mistakes."

It is among the remarkable circumstances of this great man's career, that though the acknowledged leader of his party, indispensable to their public existence, and apparently in the very flood of fortune, no public personage ever gained less for himself. From the beginning to the close of his career, he was poor, and though inheriting nearly £20,000, was so much assailed by the distresses of others, and so much pressed by the necessary expenses of that style of living, which, by his political rank, he was compelled to adopt, but which he adopted on the most reserved scale, his life seems to have been one the very reverse of affluence. Yet reluctant as he was to apply for himself, he could be an active suitor for others, to whom he was attached merely by a sense of their merits. During his stay at a friend's house, he had been struck with the intelligence and manners of a neighbouring curate, and expressed a wish that it might, at some future time, be in his power to serve a man of his ability. A few years after, the rector died, and the curate applied to Burke for his interest with the Prince of Wales, who was the patron of the living. Burke immediately replied, that from his slight personal intercourse with the Prince, he could have but little certainty in any application; "but that if the clergyman would write a letter, he would present it himself to his Royal Highness. The letter was written, was presented, and the request was instantly granted. Burke, good-naturedly pleased with the success of his mission, expressed himself in his usual richness of conception, on the good which thus lay in the hands of persons of high station, on the means of royal popularity, and the extensive happiness that must result from royal virtues. At last perceiving that

he was flowing into dissertation, he checked himself, and begged pardon for this intrusion on his leisure. "No apologies, my dear sir," said the Prince, familiarly laying his hand upon his shoulder; "from your lessons we must all learn wisdom; it is only to be regretted that so few imitate your candour."

Another anecdote of his good-natured interference is told, which we believe alludes to Crabbe, the late powerful, though harsh describer of common and country life. The poet, who had early felt in himself the materials of fame, travelled to London from his curacy with a volume of verse, to publish and make his fortune at once. But he had unluckily brought with him but *three pounds*. In default of a publisher, he now ventured to print the volume at his own expense, and it may be presumed that the bard's three pounds did not go far. The press would move no more. The next expedient was, to dedicate the poems to a noble Lord, from whose gratitude for this signal favour of Parnassus some return in the more vulgar material of patronage might be expected. But the noble Lord, who probably had others similar distinction on his table every day, omitted all notice of the dedication; and here the poet's hopes sank again. It is painful to believe that distress more real than the loss of fame, now began to involve a man of true talent. He was driven to extremity, and at last unable to extricate himself by his own means, the thought occurred of applying to Burke. He had no personal knowledge of him, no introduction, no intermediate friend. But he wrote a detail of his circumstances, which, coming from the graphic pen of so admirable a describer of the sufferings of others, may be presumed to have been forcible in the description of his own; and saying, that he was prompted to this step in the instance of so eminent a person, by "knowing that he was a great man, and believing that he was a good one," he waited the result, we may conceive with what anxiety. Burke, both a great and a good man, did not fail the poet; he answered his application immediately, assisted him in all possible ways, promoted a subscription for his work, and introdu-

ced him to a circle of friends, who became the origin of his fortune; his fame was the work of his own hands.

There is a period in every man's life when his frame and his principles alike seem to settle;—a bodily change, from the exuberant vigour and restlessness of youth to maturity, yet without the approach of decay;—a mental change, from the eager and unsettled ardours of first views, to the deliberate and natural fixedness of ripened opinion. Burke had entered public life under the name of Whiggism. But the Whiggism of the Rockingham party was calmness and dignity itself to the headlong association with the popular sentiment which characterised the subsequent leaders of the name; and would have looked with utter abhorrence on that prostration at the feet of the rabble which has bowed down the nobles of England in still later days. The Marquis of Rockingham was the emblem of his party, an old noble, the very spirit of aristocracy, claiming the right to govern by the right of birth; adopting office as a natural privilege of rank, and regarding the honours of the State as much the possession of the great families, as the arms on their carriages. There might have been something too feudal in this assumption; there might be some ground for ridicule in this full dress and stiffened system of conducting the vast and fluctuating business of a great State; there might even be some unsuitable hauteur which repelled all men of inferior birth, or some injurious tardiness in the movements of those embroidered and formed figures in times of public emergency. Yet the good strongly predominated over the evil. The administration of public affairs was conducted on a manly, large, and generous principle. The dynasty of Clerks had not yet degraded the natural dignity of British politics; the high manners of the individual gave a character to all his proceedings, influenced the habits of all who looked up to him for direction, and the Walpoles, Carterets, Newcastles, and Chathams, under all the varieties of time and circumstance, stamped their own character on the whole form of the public transactions of England.

Fox was the leader of the second period. Bold, singularly excitable, vehement in good and ill, grasping at the successes of the moment, without the slightest care for the price which was to be paid for his victory, either at the hour or in the age to come, he exhibited the most extraordinary perversion of the most extraordinary powers. Always eloquent, and always in the wrong; always pronouncing principles worthy of an ancient sage, and always practising them with the laxity of a modern libertine; professing in speeches worthy of immortal remembrance, the most passionate love for the glory of England, yet always exalting her enemies at her expense; panegyricizing their injustice, palliating their aggressions, and cheering their rebellion, yet Fox still preserved some original impress of his birth. The task of mingling with the rabble was still a task to him; if he stooped to the fierce prejudices of the populace of Westminster, or harangued the inflated vulgarity of the feasters at the Crown and Anchor, it was by compulsion and laborious flight that he plunged so low; his element was not there, and no man rejoiced more when this ungenial toil was done, and he found himself once again in the circles of the accomplished and high-mannered among which he was born. Coriolanus asking for "the most sweet voices" of the Roman rabble, never felt a keener pang of his patrician dignity, than the great leader of Opposition divesting himself of his Court habiliments, to meet his *sans-culotte* confederates of the Covent-Garden hustings.

Burke had his ambition too, but his nature revolted against paying so severe a price for it. His single experiment was enough, and at every period of his subsequent career, his sense of the frivolity, inconstancy, and violence of the multitude in politics, was irresistible. "What is a merchant?" said he, with sportive exaggeration, when speaking of the Bristol shopkeepers, who had given him such unworthy evidence of their fidelity; "do not talk to me of a merchant; a merchant is the same in every part of the world; his gold is his god, his invoice his country, his ledger his Bible, his desk his

altar, the Exchange his church, and he has faith in none but his banker."

Fox was now beginning to practise those powerful but rash conceptions which finally shaped his historical character—a fearless reliance on the giddy popularity of the day; an unmitigable determination to seize the highest rank, let the means be what they might; and the original reckless propensity of a singularly vigorous and vivid, but loose and irregular mind, to measures whose morality was to be forgotten in their success. Burke's more composed intellect, and much sounder principles, started back from this headlong career. Fox had been his pupil, and political favourite; but the time was come, when the young Phaeton was to seize the reins alone, and commit himself to the fiery and erratic course which nothing but a still more powerful hand could have restrained from general ruin.

The first intimation of a difference in the views of those distinguished men was in a debate on the Marriage Act, in 1781. Fox had assailed the act in his usual spirit, on the particular ground of the aversion shewn by the Duke of Richmond's family to his mother's marriage. Burke defended it also in his usual spirit, on the general ground of its value to society as constituted in England, on its practical uses, and its direct reference to the *facts* of the national character. On this occasion, he found it necessary to answer some of the charges which had been floating through the political circles. "I am accused," said he, "I am told abroad, of being a man of aristocratic principles. If by aristocracy they mean the Peers, I have no vulgar admiration nor vulgar antipathy towards them. I hold their order in cold and decent respect. I hold them to be of *absolute necessity* in the Constitution. But I think they are good only when kept within proper bounds. If by the aristocracy, which indeed comes nearer to the point, they mean an adherence to the rich and powerful against the poor and weak, this would indeed be a very extraordinary part. I have incurred the odium of gentlemen in this House, for not paying sufficient regard to men of ample property. When indeed the small-

est rights of the poorest people are in question, I would set my face against any act of pride and power countenanced by the highest that are in it. And if it should come to the last extremity, and to a contest of blood, my part is taken; I should take my fate with the poor and low and feeble.

"But if those people come to turn their liberty into a cloak of maliciousness, and to seek a privilege of exemption not from power, but from the rules of morality and virtuous discipline, then I would join my hand to make them feel the force which a few, united in a good cause, have over a multitude of the profligate and ferocious."

But the event was still distant which was to separate the leaders of Opposition for ever. On the amendment to the address moved by Fox, touching the right of taxing America, November, 1781, Burke made a powerful speech on the absurdity of claiming a right, where the right was impracticable. In this he introduced the strong apostrophe which was so long after recorded, as the *shearing of the wolf*. "But I must say a few words on the subject of those rights which have cost us so much, and which were likely to cost us our all. What were those rights? Can any man give them a body and soul, a tangible substance? We did all this because we had a right to do it! And all this we dared to do, because we dared.

"We had a right to tax America, says the Noble Lord, and as we had a right, we must do it. We must risk every thing, forfeit every thing, take no consideration into view but our right, nor measure our right with our power. Infatuated Ministers! not to know that right signifies nothing without might, and that the claim, without the power of enforcing it, is nugatory and idle in the copyhold of rival States. But, says a silly man, full of his prerogative of dominion over a few beasts of the field, there is excellent wool on the back of the wolf, and therefore he must be sheared. What, shear a wolf! Yes; but will he comply? Have you considered the trouble? How will you get this wool? Oh, I have considered nothing, and will consider nothing but my right. A

wolf is an animal that has wool; all animals that have wool are to be shorn; and therefore, I will shear the wolf. This was just the reasoning used by the Minister."

The principle for which Burke contended here was unquestionably true, for, a right being given for a beneficial purpose, the right which confers no such purpose loses its essential property, and ought to be abandoned at once. But the true point of the general argument, is whether the Minister possessed the power of compelling America to observe the allegiance under which she had profited so much, and to which she had so unequivocally sworn. That England possessed the power of extinguishing American rebellion at the time, is now beyond all doubt. But the Ministry were paralysed at home by the perpetual attacks of their opponents. Their efforts were paralysed in the Colonies, by the unlucky contingencies of a period of remarkable military deficiency, the inadequate preparation of troops, the inexperience of Generals, and the tardiness of supply for the successive campaigns. A war in which the heavy intellect of Cornwallis and the giddy gallantry of Burgoyne were the chief exhibitors, was not likely to add to the laurels of England; and the general feebleness with which victory was followed up, and the slackness with which defeat was repaired, made the war a mere matter of calculation between the budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the coffer of the United States. The capture of Cornwallis's army, unwarned by the failure of Burgoyne, and without its palliatives, instantly turned the whole tide of national scorn on the Ministry. Every division in the House was thenceforth a new death-wound. General Conway's motion for finishing the war was lost by only one, (F. 22.) A vote censured by Lord John Cavendish next threatened their personal safety. At length, after a succession of violent attacks, Lord North came down to the House with an announcement that he had delivered the seals of office into his Majesty's hands, (19th March, 1782.) Opposition was now triumphant; the party prepared to divide the spoil; and the most boast-

ful, most deeply pledged, and most popular Ministry that England had seen for a hundred years, began their reign; to be extinguished in the shortest space ever known, to disappoint every expectation, to fall into fragments, and to remain in political exile for a quarter of a century.

The contrast between the Ministerial system of England and those of foreign countries, is one of the most striking characteristics of European government. France, now nearly republicanised, has lately become still more fluctuating than England; but the leading Powers of the Continent beside seldom know a change of Ministry but by death. The Monarch and his Minister carry on the sluggish machinery of irresponsible government together, until time puts a stop to both Monarch and Minister; and the machine is to be thenceforth wound up by two other individuals under the same relation, equally unquestioned by the nation, running their course side by side with the same uniformity, and finally giving up their location to two successors as like themselves as possible. In England, political life is a lottery, in which the Cabinet is the grand prize of the wheel. War may establish a Minister, but he lives upon its success; the Minister is sure to follow the fate of the General. But peace is proverbial for the fluctuation of authority. The bold hazards and brilliant achievements of war turn the public eye exclusively to the field. The Minister is then simply a recruiting officer, a commissary, a paymaster. His diplomacy is the art of supplying the Quartermaster-General, and the first-fruits of his Cabinet Councils are the concoction and publication of Gazettes. But peace brings back the true time of trial. The people are urged to pry into Ministerial conduct. Party watches every step, not to reclaim the error of Ministerial ways, but to seize on Ministerial power. Politicians grow weary of the monotony of an unchanged Ministry, and the body is either suddenly stricken with decay for the benefit of its antagonists, or gradually absorbs the more active portion of the opposition principle, until its identity is lost, its creed is

changed, the world grows sick of its mutability, and the miscellany of "All the Talents" becomes as suddenly abhorred as the popular tongue can find utterance for its zeal against the abomination. It falls amid a general outcry, and another steps over its body to the throne.

All common sense is in favour of the possession of power by the opulent, the highly educated, and the highly born. The English are a people of common sense, and the national feeling is therefore Toryism. Men of great ability may spring from the lower ranks at intervals; but when talents are united with understanding, and understanding with honesty, the aspirant becomes a Tory the first moment he has reached that position in which it becomes safe for him to acknowledge his sentiments. Let him still bear what name he will, he is essentially a supporter of the rank into which he has fought his way; he feels the value of hereditary distinctions as keenly as if his coronet had been worn since the days of the Heptarchy; he is a friend to the security of property, he acknowledges the subordination of society, and, satisfied that our forefathers had at least as much sense, honour, and national dignity as their sons, desires only to see those ancient and British principles maintained, by which every man was suffered to follow his own industry in peace, the violence of innovation and the severity of prerogative were equally restrained, and England grew to be the noblest, most powerful, and freest nation of the world.

The Rockingham name was again at the head of an administration, and Fox became a placeman to his own infinite gratification. The Whig party, on this occasion, were instantly transformed into Tories. The touch of the Treasury bench had wrought the miracle at once; and while the Marquis, in right of name and experience, became the declared head of the Government, Charles Fox, in right of blood, connexion, and habitual association with the highest rank, became the leader of the House of Commons. Burke, for ten years the great champion of the party, gave way—probably no reluctant way—to the claims of the son of Lord Holland, and the relative of

some of the principal families of the Empire. An Irishman, the son of a man in obscure life, with but little fortune, with no English connexion, sustained above the crowd by nothing but talents of the most distinguished order, was no rival, in the eyes of the English aristocracy, to a young, daring, and accomplished member of their own order; full of all the virtues, and even the vices, which create popularity in a high-wrought state of society; attracting public admiration by the display of remarkable ability; delighting private life by equally remarkable pleasantness and social manners; familiar with all the good and evil of mankind; equally powerful in his address to the reason of the House and the absurdity of the hustings; affecting the stern politics of an Algernon Sydney or a Cato Major, exhibiting the loose practice of a Rochester or a Sylla; breaking down whatever impediment to the hearts of the populace might have existed in the abstract dignity of the great politician, by the easy profligacy with which he shared in the license of all classes alike, at once the gamester, the horse-racer, the libertine, and the most weighty, prompt, and vigorous debater that the House of Commons had ever seen; all combining to render him, in a sense applicable to no other public individual of his century, at once the man of power and the man of the people.

The distribution of office on this occasion allows of no panegyric on Whig gratitude. While Lord Shelburne was placed at the head of the Home Department, for which Burke's local knowledge, indefatigable intelligence, and ardour of national improvement, under every shape in which British genius, activity, and enterprise could add to the glories of the country, made him the fittest. Fox was a Tory from the hour when he felt himself safe in office, and no man who ever had noble blood in his veins despised the mob more. His fault was, that he wanted the maanliness of mind to say, when out of office, that which he practised when in. An aristocrat of the first water in Downing Street, the veto of royalty no sooner drove him from his position there, than he fled to the protecting arms of the rabble of Westminster.

Burke was circumvented in the new arrangements. A plausible story seems to have been told to him, of the necessity of making room for some of the King's friends; the embarrassments of the Ministry were pleaded, and this man, who was entitled to command all that office could give, was thrown by with the Paymaster-Generalship. The office was lucrative, but that its lucre was not the temptation in the present instance is clear, from his employing his first efforts to lower the expenditure of the office, and to curtail those emoluments which by custom had been looked upon as the right of the Paymaster. The balance in the official hands had seldom amounted to less than a million, and the power of dealing with it had become the privilege of the Paymaster. The clothing of the Chelsea pensioners had been a profit of £700 a-year; this he equally gave up to the public, the whole forming a saving of £17,000 a-year, of which £25,300 had been the established profits of the officer at the head of the department. Those profits were doubtless enormous, but they had been sanctioned by time; and Burke, a poor man, and without any hope of a secure income, deserves all the praise for his surrender of them, that can be given to self-denial.

The Rockingham Administration was not made to last. The evident propensity of Fox to suffer no sharer of the supremacy to which he was rapidly advancing, must have roused discontent. His eagerness to be felt as a bold innovator, and the jealousy with which his impracticable theories inspired the grayer members of the Ministry, actually prohibited all unity in the Cabinet, and a secret but powerful cause existed in the royal aversion. Pitt, then rising into fame,—Shelburne, crafty, ambitious, and a favourite at Court,—the King, to whom the hauteur of the Marquis and his aristocratic party was an offence, altogether formed a strength of repugnancy, which must have broken down the rude, hasty, and ill-cemented fabric of administration. But a dictator more rapid than party, and more irresistible than kings, now interposed. The Premier was seized with an illness, (which fifty years ago was named the *influenza*,) and suddenly died, (1782.) While

the party were in the confusion naturally arising from this unexpected circumstance, the prize was seized by Lord Shelburne. The Secretary of the Home Department left his friends to wonder at his audacity, and their own defeat; lung Fox, Burke, Townshend, and all the leaders loose, and announced himself the master of a new administration. Time, which develops the secrets of Cabinets as well as of men, has explained the chief source of this extraordinary overthrow, by the King's displeasure. It has been subsequently observed, that artless as undoubtedly was the mind of George III., and incapable as his manly and honest spirit was of threading the mazes of political intrigue, no Cabinet against which he pronounced his displeasure was ever long-lived. The King had submitted to the Rockingham Cabinet as an usurpation. He had previously offered the Treasury to Lord Shelburne, and on his refusal had yielded only to necessity. A second opening was now made, and he availed himself of it instantly. The appointment of William Pitt as Chancellor of the Exchequer, at an age scarcely beyond boyhood, was the most striking feature of the change; and proudly and powerfully did that greatest of English statesmen vindicate the promise of his early years, and the predilection of the Empire for his name. Fox was indignant at his defeat, and haughtily rejected an offer to receive him into the new Cabinet. The negotiator was Pitt, but the condition being that Lord Shelburne should remain at the head of the Treasury, the interview was abortive, and the exiled party were driven to one of those fatal expedients which belong to politicians made for exclusion. A combination, which the Ministers called a conspiracy, and which has been stigmatized to all posterity by the name of the *Coalition*, was formed by Fox with Lord North. The Ministry were thrown out by a motion condemning the peace, (21st February, 1783,) and Opposition became once more masters of the Cabinet. The public wrath knew no bounds at the success of this daring experiment. Every man who had borne a share in it, was marked for a degree of contempt never excited before

by public tergiversation. With whom it originated is still doubtful, unless Mr Eden, afterwards Lord Auckland, is to be considered its author. But the more important question is, by whom it was approved. All the leading men of the party were now involved. Lord John Townshend, Lord Loughborough, Sheridan, Colonel Fitzpatrick, &c., were charged with various parts in the transaction. But the weight of public indignation fell upon Fox, whose rounding off this extraordinary contradiction to his pledges to "bring the noble Lord in the blue riband to the block," by the sentimental declaration, that "his enmities were momentary, but his friendships eternal," was so far from conciliating public opinion to the Orator, that it was pronounced to be only an aggravation of the offence of the intriguer. It is at once a strong evidence of the heats of the times, and of the uncontrollable rashness of Fox in debate, to find him, in his opposition to Lord North, declaring, that "he would be afraid to trust himself with him alone,—that he was the most obnoxious and guilty criminal in the State,—that his blood ought to expiate his misdeeds;" and last, and most *unlucky* of all, "that if *he ever acted with him*, he would be content to be thought for *ever infamous*." From those declarations, it was utterly impossible that any man could extricate himself. The attempt was made, but it only plunged all the parties in deeper and more helpless scorn.

But Fox, a man of eminent powers, was not to be crushed without signaling his fall. He conceived his India Bill, the most formidable and daring attempt at perpetual power ever made by a Ministry. By throwing the whole patronage of India into the hands of the Cabinet, he would have made that Cabinet irresistible by any force within the constitution. The concoction of the Bill has been attributed to Burke, who had once more taken possession of his office as Paymaster; but all the features of this bold measure bear the stamp of the theoretic, brilliant, but arbitrary mind of his celebrated friend. On the second reading of this Bill, Burke made one of his most magnificent speeches, (Dec. 1, 1783.) It must be acknowledged, that the failing

side of this great man's politics was India. He had adopted the subject at an early period, and cherished it as a peculiar possession, until it assumed a preternatural magnitude in his eyes. The remoteness of the land, the wild superstitions, the barbaric grandeur, and tragic catastrophes of its princes; the sweeping tides of Mongol invasion; the wealth, the sufferings, the vastness, and the helplessness of the population, all acted on the original poetic powers of his mind, until fancy was substituted for fact, and he felt himself the elected voice to proclaim the sorrows of India to mankind, the high-priest who was to stand at the propitiatory altar of British justice, and purify England from the last reproach of perfidy and blood.

Whether he saw the deeper purposes of the plan, or whether, if he had been conversant in the whole mystery, he would have drawn back, are questions which can be answered by none but those who know the fever and the fierceness with which some great idea seizes upon the whole frame of an imaginative mind. The language of the speeches strongly corroborates the impression that the chief object before his eyes was the welfare of a nation, whose injuries he had enthusiastically made his own. "By some gentlemen," said he, in the commencement of his speech, "the subject is taken up as a point of law, or a question of private property; by others, as the intrigue of a petty faction at Court. All the void has been filled up with invectives against the Coalition, allusions to the loss of America and the activity and inactivity of Ministers. The total silence of those gentlemen concerning the *interests and well-being of the people of India*, and the interest which this nation has in the commerce and revenues of that country, is a strong indication of the value which they set upon those objects."

The Bill and its supporters have now equally passed away, and the speech remains only as a monument of the superb eloquence of the statesman by whom it was given to the world. But India is now more than ever an engrossing topic; every year compels us to feel its importance more vividly; and until the British

banner to the south of the Himalah is torn down by a Cossack invasion, or England, by that sacred liberality which is the wisest of all expenditure, plants her institutions, her language, and her church, in every region of that mighty land, and establishes her right to the mastery by the noblest of all titles, the unrestrained communion of good, India must be at once the most perilous and the most important contemplation of the councils of England. The geographical glance at the extent of the English dependencies in India fifty years ago may help us to feel the extraordinary extent of dominion on which we are about to legislate. "With very few, and those inconsiderable intervals, the British dominion, in either the Company's name, or in the names of princes absolutely dependent on the Company, extends from the mountains which separate India from Tartary to Cape Comorin; that is, one-and-twenty degrees of latitude. In the northern parts, it is a solid mass of land about eight hundred miles in length and four or five hundred broad. As you go southward, it becomes narrower for a space; it afterwards dilates, but narrower or broader, you possess the whole eastern and north-eastern coast of that vast country, quite from the borders of Pegu, Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, with Bonares, measure 161,973 square English miles, a territory considerably larger than the whole Kingdom of France. Oude, with its dependent provinces, is 53,286 square miles, not a great deal less than England. The Carnatic, with Tanjore and the Circars, is 65,918 square miles, very considerably larger than England. The whole of the Company's dominions, comprehending Bombay and Salsette, amount to 281,412 square miles, which forms a territory larger than any European dominion, Russia and Turkey excepted. Through all that vast extent of country, there is not a man who eats a mouthful of rice but by permission of the East India Company." * * * * *

The Tartar Invasions.—"The several irruptions of Arabs, Tartars, and Persians, into India, were, for the greater part, ferocious, bloody, and wasteful in the extreme; and entrance into the dominion of that

country was, as generally, with small comparative effusion of blood. But the difference in favour of the first conquerors is this; the Asiatic conquerors very soon abated of their ferocity, because they made the conquered country their own. They rose and fell with the rise and fall of the territory they lived on. Fathers there deposited the hopes of their posterity, and children there beheld the monuments of their fathers. There their lot was finally cast, and it is the natural wish of all that their lot should not be cast in a bad land. Poverty, sterility, and desolation, are not a recreating prospect to the eye of man; and there are very few who can bear to grow old among the curses of a whole people. If their passion or their avarice drove the Tartar lords to acts of rapacity or tyranny, there was time enough even in the short life of man to bring round the ill effects of an abuse of power upon the power itself. If hoards were made by violence and tyranny, they were still domestic hoards; and domestic profusion, or the rapine of a more powerful and prodigal hand, restored them to the people. Even avarice and usury itself operated for both the preservation and the employment of national wealth. The husbandman and manufacturer paid heavy interest; but then they augmented the fund from which they were again to borrow. Their resources were dearly bought, but they were sure, and the general stock of the community grew by the general effort."

In contrasting the results of the Company's government with this necessary process by which the savage conquerors of India were compelled to make some return to the land, Burke drew from the state of affairs at the time; but a time when the Company was still struggling with the difficulties of a new dominion, and employed all its powers in self-

preservation! British India at this day would present a very different picture from that of 1783. "With us no pride erects stately monuments which repair the mischief which pride had produced, and adorn a country out of its own spoils. England has erected no churches, no hospitals, no palaces, no schools. England has built no bridges, made no highroads, cut no navigation, dug out no reservoirs. Every other conqueror of every other description has left some monument of either state or beneficence behind him. Were we to be driven out of India this day, nothing would remain to tell that it had been possessed during the inglorious period of our dominion, by any thing better than the ourang-outang or the tiger."

This philippic is justifiable no longer. The first secure possession of peace enabled the natural activity and benevolent spirit of the British mind to display itself in the erection of those churches, palaces, and schools, whose want the orator so strikingly deploras. A larger liberality will be wiser still; the extension of the Established Church of England must be the preliminary to the formation of a solid British interest in India, and by spreading the purest form of the purest religion, will confer a benefit on the whole vast peninsula greater than nation ever before conferred upon nation. But we must break off our extracts from this fine performance, which received the most universal plaudits from all parties, delighting the friends of Burke by the evidence that his powers were rising day by day, captivating his opponents by the vigour of his knowledge and the fertility of his argument, and forming a topic and a model to every man capable of feeling admiration for one of the most remarkable triumphs of ability ever witnessed in the legislature.

NIGHTS AT MESS.

CHAPTER II.

THE bottle went its rounds for some time with unfailing regularity. The Colonel seemed determined to recruit his exhausted frame by maintaining strict silence, and drinking as fast as he could. Our spirits rose with every bumper, and even the most silent and retired amongst us felt a wonderful inclination to take a leading part in the conversation. On this account I found it was somewhat difficult to fix my attention upon any speaker in particular, as I was sure to be distracted by some other little knot of orators discussing some point of military discipline, or hunting intelligence, close at my side. This is one of the disagreeables of a large party. Though you are in the same room, and at the same table, with the cleverest and most amusing fellow in the world, so far as you are concerned, he might just as well be lecturing a hundred miles off on political economy, for some cursed blockheads or other at your ear are sure to babble incessantly, so as to hinder you from hearing a syllable he is saying. In the meantime you see the three or four who have split off into a party, of which he is the centre, laughing like to split themselves at some joke, or listening delightedly to some story, while devil a word you can hear but the silly remarks of the drivellers between whom you are placed. This I have remarked is greatly the case at military and naval messes—but on this occasion it was less to be regretted, as all of us were pretty much on an equality, and it was as agreeable to listen to one as another. For my own part, I sat between two very pleasant fellows who never opened their lips. One, to whom I was introduced for the first time that day, was a tall man, prodigiously thin, and with so melancholy an expression of countenance that he irresistibly reminded me of Don Quixote. His politeness was unbounded—and his attentions, as I was a stranger, were directed in an especial manner to me. He touched me on the arm as each new magnum made its way to us, and

said without any change of countenance, "Capital! quite as good as the last; help yourself." His example aided his precept in the most winning manner imaginable; and I confess I was greatly taken with a gentleman whose kindness was so uniform, and whose conversation was so judiciously curtailed. He seemed about five-and-forty years of age, and his name was Captain Withers. I made several attempts to get him into more general conversation, but with very little success. His unceasing anxiety to see that I was not neglected, broke off every effort I made to draw him out, as he always interrupted me with his verdict on the quality of the wine, and recommendation to fill my glass before it passed. I was on the point of giving him up and applying to my neighbour on the left, when a discussion farther down the table arrested my attention.

"You may depend upon it," said a young lieutenant; "the fact is as I've told you—I think I ought to know pretty well, for my grandfather was a judge."

"What is the fact?" replied the other.

"Why, that the jury settle every thing,—provocation, damages, sentence"—

"I can't believe a word of it, even though your grandfather had been a Chancellor. The thing seems so ridiculous. What can a set of bakers and tailors know about the feelings and customs of gentlemen? They may be very good judges of two-penny loaves and leather breeches, but what should they know about the pleasures of twelve paces and a hair trigger? For instance, my dear fellow, I shoot you through the body!"—

"I had rather be excused, upon my honour—shoot Withers—the bullet will have less work to get through him."

"Well, I've no objections.—Withers! I shoot you at twelve paces—signal given—every thing fair—you are returned next morning

among the killed; now, what the deuce should a jury of twelve—or whatever their number is—mechanics know about the imperative causes that compelled me to have the disagreeable pleasure of turning your body into a riddle?"

"None, I should think," replied Withers, composedly, "unless some of them were sieve-makers, and thought you were interfering with their trade."

"Or wits who excel as manufacturers of conundrums," said the lieutenant.

"Ah, very good," returned the other; "but without any joke, do you think they would bring me in guilty of murder, whatever the provocation may have been?"

"Oh, I daresay they would," replied Withers, with more energy than I had yet seen him exert,—*"the rascals would do any thing. To the devil, I say, with all juries, unless they are assembled round a drum."*

"Why, Withers, you seem quite angry that twelve honest men should think it rather unfriendly in a gentleman to put a bullet into your body."

"And so I am," replied my neighbour. "Isn't that a private affair between Somers and myself?"

"Come, come, Withers," rejoined the lieutenant, "you must have some private pique against the jury-box. Out with it, man; all this rage against them can't arise merely from your being unwilling that they should haul up (or perhaps hoist up) this bloody-minded Somers for making a hole in your jacket."

"Don't you know," said Withers, "what cause I have to be angry? how I was!"

"No, not at all; let us hear; let us hear."

The idea of getting a story from Withers seemed to be considered almost as miraculous as the oratory of the prophet's ass, and every one prepared to listen with a due degree of attention to such a supernatural exhibition. My friend, however, began his narrative with as moveless a countenance as he had held his tongue, and I need scarcely say, that he found time without interfering with the main thread of his story, not only to help himself as often as his turn came, but also to continue his

criticisms and friendly attentions to me.

"Shortly after the glorious peace, as they called it, of eighteen hundred and fifteen," he thus began his story, "I went upon half-pay as a jolly lieutenant. I was very glad of the change, as everybody else was, at first. It was very pleasant to rise when one chose, to dine where he liked, and to run a comparatively trifling risk of having his brains knocked out before the evening. But rising at your own hour, dining at your own time, and even keeping your brains in safety, becomes very tiresome and fatiguing. In about a month I would have given the world to be back again to our hurried reveilles, uncertain dinners, and all the other glorious sufferings 'of grim-visaged war.' I tired of London in a very short time. They are such a set of chattering fellows those cockneys; they worried my life out with their questions. Even in my coffee-room, I never could finish my modicum of port in peace. Some inquisitive fellow or other was sure to sit down at the opposite side of the table, and ask me all about Waterloo and the Dook of Vellingon. I never was much given to talling, especially over my wine, and offended sundry patriotic enquirers by the shortness of my replies. At their persecution was too much for me at last. I was terrified to go any where; the moment the medal was seen, I was elevated into a hero, and had every opportunity given me of elevating myself into an orator at the same time. If I hid the medal, some coffee-room tormentor was sure to recognise me. I cursed the Duke, and the Peninsula and Waterloo as the disturbers of my peace, and resolved to hide myself in the country for a few months, till our fame should be in some measure forgotten. Luckily, I saw an advertisement in the newspapers of a cottage to be let furnished, in the most beautiful part of Warwickshire. 'Swelling hills and verdant lawns, flashing waterfalls and umbrageous trees combined,' the advertisement said—to form a scene fitted for the contemplative poet of nature, the melancholy recluse, or the enthusiastic lover of picturesque magnificence.' I soon settled the business

with Mr Robins, and started down for my new abode, having ordered a tolerable stock of genuine old port to precede me from the cellars of old Barnes. I arrived at last at the village of Hollywood, and enquired for the cottage I had taken. 'Minarets in the gothic style gave a degrec of castellated splendour,' so Mr Robins said, 'rarely to be met with in a cottage consisting of two small sitting rooms and three chambers. Situated in a small park-like enclosure, it contains every luxury within itself. Grecian couches, Arabian beds, and Turkey carpets, would add little to the convenience of this secluded paradise.' And in fact there is no saying what they might have done, for in this instance the experiment had not been tried. There were some good strong chairs and tables, a drugget on the floor, of a very comfortable appearance, and I must have looked like an innocent image of one of the babes in the wood, as I lay asleep in a little tent bed, about a foot and a half too short for me, with my complexion delicately whitened by the reflection of the clean white dimity bed-curtains. However, my old cook, who was as deaf as a post, had never heard either of Waterloo or the Duke of Wellington, and I was perfectly happy and contented. I picked up a stout natty sort of Suffolk punch, and a good strong domet, kept them both at the village inn, smoked my segar and drank my bottle, as we are told the patriarchs did long ago under their fig-trees. I actually began to grow fat, but in a few weeks my happiness was greatly interrupted. The clergyman of the parish called on me. He was a little old fellow about sixty, with a prodigious nose, surmounted by a pair of coloured spectacles. When he came in, he sat down and took off his spectacles without saying a word, and as I was never very talkative, I waited very quietly till he should commence the conversation. 'You have been at the wars, Captain?' he said. I bowed. 'Ah! bad things those wars, and this Waterloo, that the people talk so much of, was a bloody fight?' 'Yes,' I said. 'A bloody fight—a very oody fight—he went on—but that is that, sir, to the great battle

of Armageddon, hundreds of thousands upon either side—earth shaking—sea trembling—pray, are you a student of the apocalyptic commentaries?'

"Commentaries!' I said, glad to catch at least a word I had heard before—'oh, I recollect Caesar's Commentaries very well,—some good fights there, sir.'

"Yes, sir, but Armageddon is the greatest fight of all. Compared to it, this Waterloo is but a quarrel among some school-boys—the Duke of Wellington but the strongest bully of the school—but when the devil himself is let loose and placed at the head of an army'—

"I'll back the Duke against him for a rump and dozen," said I, 'horns, tail, and all.'

"The little old man looked quite confounded at my reply—put on his spectacles, and in a very short time got up and bade me good morning. He has published a huge book, giving a full description of the battle; he is a little cracked, I suppose, in the upper story, but not a bad fellow for all that,—he drank port wine like a gentleman, and did not trouble his friends with much conversation. Several other people called on me, but we did not find each other very delightful, so after I had returned their visits, we nodded very politely when we met in the country roads, but never troubled our heads about talking. At last a gentleman called on me, of the name of Jenkins—he was a fellow quite after my own heart,—had the best cellar in the county, said very little about it, but did his work after dinner like a man. Jenkins and I were sworn friends in a very short time. He was about fifty years of age, round, short, and ruddy. He had a capital house about half a mile from the village, and his elder sister, a widow, took care of his domestic concerns, as his daughter, a very pretty little girl of sixteen or seventeen, was thought too young to be installed as mistress of the family. Well, it was quite delightful, after driving through the beautiful scenery of that neighbourhood, or hearing my reverend friend's account of some new vision, or his interpretation of some old one, to walk quietly over to 'The Farm,' as Jenkins's villa was called, and have

a cozy dinner and a quiet bottle or two of port. The whole family were always so happy to see me—Mrs Meddleton, the widow, and little Julia, the daughter, seemed to contend which should be most hospitable. Sometimes they came down in the same way and visited me at my little box in the village. On these occasions Mrs Meddleton always did me the honour to preside at my table, and little Julia, with whom, as I had nothing else to do, I was very much inclined to fall in love, seemed to make herself quite at home. In the meantime, old Jenkins and I sat opposite to each other, and pushed the bottle between us, very often without saying more than a word or two by the hour. The ladies were both what is called romantic, and used to talk a great deal about moonlight and nightingales. I thought it a capital joke to hear the old lady discoursing so poetically, and Julia seemed to enjoy the fun of it as much as I. When they left my cottage, I generally shewed them through the fields, and often accompanied them the whole way home. Well, this sort of thing went on delightfully for I should think two years. Julia was now as charming a creature as I had ever taken the trouble to suppose women could be made. She was beautiful and merry; and I must say, I began to think that I was rather a favourite with her. To be sure I never paid her any compliments, or put myself greatly out of my way to shew my affection; but, by Jove, about the end of the second bottle, strange feelings used to find their way into my heart, and I thought so much of her lovely features, that often through the haze of my segar, I have fancied I saw her smiling and looking very gracious, when perhaps it was only her father whiffing away as fast as a volcano. In the meantime, the old lady continued to be as kind as ever. She kept on quoting nonsense out of novels or romances, and was very well pleased with the ‘yes’ or ‘no,’ as the case might be, with which I replied to her rhapsodies.

“About this time a former pupil of our clergyman, Frank Walton, came down from Oxford to visit his old preceptor. The old man was half mad with pride and vanity, as Frank

had taken some classes, or medals, or whatever they call their honours at the University, and invited us all to a dinner in celebration of the event. We went; upon my honour he was a very good fellow that Frank Walton for a young one, and a chap who had done nothing but turn over old musty parchment, instead of handling a sword. We managed to make old Armageddon as happy, and nearly as noisy as if he had been present at the battle; and saw the Jenkins’s safe across the fields with the steadiness of a couple of field marshals. He came home with me to my cottage, and we had a very agreeable chat over a glass of brandy and water and a segar,—that is to say, he had most of the chat to himself, and a devil of a fellow to talk he was. He spoke of the Jenkins’s. They had been old friends of his when he lived at the Rectory, and he really spoke so warmly and kindly of them all, that I could not resist hinting to him, in rather an obscure way, that I had some hopes of becoming one of Mr Jenkins’s family. Jenkins, I said, has been quite a brother to me already, so that we scarcely require any relationship to make us more intimate and friendly. The young collegian shook me by the hand, and congratulated me on my prospect. ‘He did not believe,’ he said, ‘there was a more amiable creature in the world than the object of my choice.’ We had some more segars with accompaniments, on the strength of our new acquaintance, and parted the best friends in the world. Next evening, as I sauntered up to the farm, I saw little Julia and Frank Walton straying slowly up the avenue before me. I got on the grass at the side, so as to make no noise, and got quite close upon them before they perceived my approach. In answer to something Walton said, I heard the young lady reply, in what I took to be rather an agitated tone—‘I have seen his attentions for some time, and my aunt, I fancy, sees them too.’ The devil she does, thought I.

“‘Do you think your father would approve of it?’ said Walton.

“‘I don’t see how he could make any objection. Mr Withers seems already a great favourite with him. I myself should be quite pleased,

and my aunt, I am sure, will be delighted.'

"Sweet angel!" I said to myself, 'she will be quite pleased.' I was just rushing up to thank her for the delightful discovery I had made, when Walton saw me, snatched my hand, and shook it very warmly. Julia, in the meantime, being very much startled by my unexpected appearance, made the best of her way to the house. 'I have done the business for you,' exclaimed Walton, with the most friendly warmth. 'Father, aunt, and daughter will all be delighted with whatever proposal you choose to make. As a very old friend of the family, I mentioned the subject to Miss Julia just as you came up, and I assure you, her heart is entirely on your side.' I never was so happy or proud in my life. I thanked the jolly young Oxonian as kindly as I could, and asked him to consult with me that evening, over some brandy and water and segars. When we arrived at Mr Jenkins's, the whole party were kinder to me than ever. Walton, by way of preventing any awkwardness which Julia might feel, under such interesting circumstances, took the care of entertaining her entirely upon himself. He whispered with her on the sofa; and once or twice, when I heard my name mentioned, I looked at her, and found such a beautiful and merry sort of smile upon her countenance, that I became more and more convinced that the young creature, by some means or other, had fallen desperately in love with me. Old Jenkins filled his glass, and drank my health with a look of very particular meaning. The old lady sat simpering beside me on the sofa, thinking it a capital thing, no doubt, to have something to say in so interesting a matter as a marriage. She sighed deeply every now and then; and as I supposed the business put her in mind of her own courtship, I did not like to take any notice of her proceedings. I merely told her to cheer up and look happy, for I had something to say to her brother, which she would be, perhaps, not very sorry to hear. 'Sweet creature! so kind, so compassionate!' she said, looking at me with such a curiously comical

leer upon her face—that I could scarcely keep from laughing—and then hiding her eyes in her handkerchief.

"Oh!" said old Jenkins, 'I guess something of the business, Withers. I give my hearty consent; but you had better settle the whole matter with my sister. The ladies know better about these things than we do.'

"Saying this, he finished his glass in a twinkling, and telling us he was going after Walton and Julia, who had gone down by the summer-house, he disappeared, leaving me alone with Mrs Meddleton.

"I filled up my glass, and sat silent for some time, not knowing very well how to open the business to such a silly, romantic sort of old lady. But in a little, she took up the subject herself.

"Have you been long unattached, Captain Withers,' she said in a very sentimental voice.

"About four years and a half,' I replied, 'ever since a very few months after the peace.'

"But previous to that time,' the old fool continued—'previous to that time, I think I could tell from your face and manners, you have been more than once engaged.'

"Here, thought I, this silly creature is going to bother my life out about Waterloo and the Duke of Wellington. 'Yes, madam,' I replied, 'I have had my share in nine serious engagements, besides ten or twelve trifling little affairs not worth speaking of.'

"Then, I perceive, you have been a man of very diffusive gallantry,' she said with a simper.

"Diffusive gallantry! thought I. There's a phrase! 'Why yes, Mrs Meddleton, we all of us did our best to follow the Duke's example, and he is a devil of a fellow to come up to the scratch.'

"Ah! Captain Withers,' she cried, 'you have a soul far, far above scratching! happiness, contentment, obedience, will far better become your quiet home, than the scratching, striving, and fighting you confess you were apt to meet with in your miscellaneous engagements.'

"Yes,' said, very drily, wishing to stop her nonsense; but all my attempts were vain.

"'You have a nice cottage in the village, Captain Withers; elegant, sumptuous, refined—fit for the abode of a retired warrior.'

"'I suspect, madam, you have been studying the advertisement—but it said something about the retirement of a poet—nothing that I recollect of about a warrior.'

"'A poet!—so, my heart's fondest longings at length are realized. You are a poet, Captain Withers; I have suspected it a long time. What a cheering employment for your lonely hours? The lines to a Robin Redbreast in the Warwick Mercury, are they yours? sweet, beautiful, delightful.'

"'No; I never wrote a line of any such cursed nonsense in my life.'

"'Ah! in a higher strain—an ode, perhaps, or an epic—grand, overwhelming, sublime.'

"'I took two or three gulps of the port, and did not answer a word: At last I said, 'Mr Jenkins, madam, left me here to consult you on a very tender subject. Your brother, as he told us, gives his consent: your niece has no objection—and I only wait your approval to consider myself the happiest of men.'

"'She held down her head and muttered, 'charming, eloquent, touching!' and then looking me in the face, said, 'Is it then possible that you can imagine for a moment that any selfish scrupulosity of mine should hinder an event which will give so much delight to every member of my family? no! away foolish forms, and useless dull delays! I here devote myself to your service!'

"'You are very obliging, Mrs Meddleton; would you do me the favour to name as early a day as, after consulting your niece, you conveniently can?'

"'Niece!' she exclaimed—'I consult no niece, nor brother, nor any one but myself. Whatever day is most agreeable to you, you will find no impedient cast in the way by any one in this family.'

"'You are very kind. I will let you know in a few days, as soon as I shall have completed my preparations. In the meantime I will just finish this bottle, and join the party on the lawn.'

"'Do; do, my captain!' exclaimed

ed the lady, with the tears actually standing in her eyes.

"'I am sorry, Mrs Meddleton, I am not a captain as you call me. A plain lieutenant's wife is all the rank I can offer.'

"'Happier in that capacity than as a general's lady—polite, courteous, enchanting!'

"'Well, madam, I may consider every thing satisfactorily settled?'

"'Yes, all, my Withers!'

"'D—n your Withers,' I muttered, and bolted out of the room.

"I and young Walton stayed to sup with the family that night. Love, I am sure, is a very healthful occupation, for I never ate with so ravenous an appetite in my life. Ham, turkey, tongue disappeared in no time, and as for drinking, curse me if I thought old Jenkins and I should ever have done swigging vast tumblers to each other's health. In fact, the old gentleman got as drunk as a lord. I can't say I myself was particularly sober, and the young Oxonian, though I perceived he shyed the bottle every time it came round, sang, and laughed, and reeled about as if he had been mad. I could not help thinking there was some little sham in it, but I thought if he was such an ass as to affect being merry, when he might be so in reality, the loss was his, not mine. Not a word was said on the subject of my offer. The ladies seemed both a little confused at old Jenkins's innuendos, and retired early to bed. We went on drinking to a late hour, and when I offered to go away, my old friend would not hear of the proposal. 'Body-o'-me, man—we don't turn near relations out at this hour o' the night. You shall sleep here, you shall! Frank can toddle home to the parsonage in a jiffy; but for you, my boy, you shan't stir a step! We'll have another tumbler, and this segar—so, good-night, Frank, my boy.'

"Walton got up to leave us. As I went with him to the door, and shook hands at parting, he whispered that he had intended to ask a favour of me in return for the use he had been of in my behalf. 'What is it?' I said.

"'Oh nothing—nothing,—only if there's an alarm of housebreakers to night, don't disturb yourself, 'tis only a frolic of mine.'

“ ‘What! Sally is it?—wild rogue—I’ll sleep as sound as Orpheus—off with you.’ ”

“ And away he went. In a short time after his departure, old Jenkins really became so foolish and unintelligible, that I was very glad when his old servant, William, came in to huddle him off to bed. I took my candle, and as I knew the house pretty well, no one thought of shewing me the way. I confess my exertions had scarcely been less than those of my future father-in-law, but luckily I had a stronger head. As I stalked with all the steadiness I could muster along the passage, I came suddenly,—at a side window which looked out upon the lawn,—upon the beautiful Julia herself. ‘Heavens!’ I cried, ‘how lucky I am!’ ‘Hush,’ she said, ‘you’ll alarm the house.’ ‘And what are you doing here, my pretty one,—drest, too, as if for a promenade,—you ought to have been sound asleep an hour ago.’ ‘I was tempted by this beautiful moon,’ she said,—(the devil a moon I could see),—‘but now I am hurrying off as fast as I can.’ I seized her hand as she attempted to pass me, and devoured it with kisses as gallantly as the hero of a novel. She pulled it suddenly, and rather angrily away from me. ‘For shame, Captain Withers,’ she said, holding up her finger upbraidingly, ‘what would my aunt say?’ ‘Your aunt, my dear Julia, may say what ever her old silly tongue thinks proper, but as for you and me, my darling——’ The young lady had disappeared, and I made such an unconscionable lurch as I enacted the lover, that I nearly put out my candle. I went to bed, and in about a couple of minutes was as fast as Gibraltar.

“ I can’t tell you how long I had been asleep, when I thought I heard a voice several times calling on me to get up. I recollected my promise to young Walton, and slipping up as gently as possible, and groping my way in the pitch darkness to the door, I turned the key without the slightest noise, and got quietly into my warm crib again. I had not been well asleep the second time, when such a devil of a row was kicked up in the passage, that it was impossible even to pretend not to be disturbed.

I heard old Jenkins, scarcely recovered from the effects of his potations, hollering at the top of his voice for Julia—then a prodigious knocking at another door in the passage, and exclamations for ‘Sister!—Sister Meddleton!’ In a moment my door was attacked as if by a battering-ram. ‘Withers! Captain Withers! for God-sake answer if you are within!—Julia and her aunt have disappeared—open the door.’ ”

“ Thus adjured, I could not refuse; I opened the door, and in walked Old Jenkins, and William close behind him, while two or three of the maid-servants peeped in with the utmost anxiety from the passage. ‘Hilloa, what’s the matter?’ I said. ‘Is the house robbed?’—‘Robbed!’ replied Old Jenkins, ‘I fear it is. Julia is no where to be found. Her clothes have all disappeared. I strongly suspect she has eloped.’ ‘Impossible!’ I cried, greatly perplexed, ‘after what happened yesterday, it would be madness to suspect it.’ ‘My sister, too, is no where to be found.’ ‘Ha, ha,’ I cried, ‘that’s too much of a joke. Do you think any body has run off with *her*, too?’ ”

“ ‘There’s no saying.’ ”

“ ‘I’ll warrant ye against that. Who the deuce would take the trouble to carry off such a silly chattering piece of rubbish?’ ”

“ ‘She’s certainly very silly,’ replied my friend; ‘but then she is so confoundedly romantic;—and you yourself, Captain Withers, made proposals for her not many hours ago.’ ”

“ ‘For *her*?—for Mrs Meddleton? by the Powers! you are facetious this morning. What! I make proposals for *her*?—such a queer, old, ridiculous vixen as that?’ ”

“ ‘And why not, sir?’ cried the lady herself, coming out from behind the curtain at the foot of my bed!—‘old, indeed?—ridiculous?—silly?’ ”

“ Old Jenkins nearly fainted at this unexpected apparition,—‘Captain Withers,’ he said, ‘this is too much. You shall answer for this, sir. What business has that lady in your bedroom?’ ”

“ ‘Upon my soul, I should like very much if you would ask her. I’ll take my oath it was not by *my* invitation,’ said I.

“ ‘I’ll tell you all about that,’ said

the lady, casting disdainful looks all the time at me; 'on the first alarm of Julia's elopement, I rushed into the passage, not knowing what I did; and anxious to get Captain Withers' assistance, I opened his door and called him; he was sound asleep, I went up to him and called louder and louder, but he seemed to take no notice. All of a sudden, he jumped out of bed, and ran and bolted the door. What was I to do? I hid myself behind the curtain till you came in,—and now to hear what the wretch says of me behind my back—false, inconstant, cruel, O! O! O!'

"'I don't believe a word of all this story of yours,' said Old Jenkins.—'Captain Withers, you are a rascal, sir. You have abused my hospitality, and dishonoured my family,—you shall pay for it, sir; you are a villain'—"

"'Very well, old gentleman,' I said, having now finished dressing, 'go on as much as you like, I shall have the honour, the moment I can procure a friend, of shooting you as dead as a herring. I certainly took a fancy to your daughter, and asked your consent to let me marry her. You said you were very happy—this old lady said the same;—but till we have had a meeting, of course all negotiations are at an end.'

"'We shall have no meeting, sir, rest assured of that, unless in presence of a jury,' he replied. I put on my hat, and walked quietly out of the house, leaving the old lady with her face hidden in her handkerchief, crying out, 'Oh my character, my poor character!—lost—ruined—miserable—undone!'

"Well, gentlemen,"—continued Withers, "I suppose you all guess what was the real truth of the matter. Walton and Julia had gone off together, getting me into a deuce of a scrape by their folly. Old Jenkins forgave them with all his heart, as he was anxious for their evidence against me. They raised an action of damages for breach of promise of marriage. The widow was examined by the jury at great length.

She swore to them I had asked her to marry—not in precise words, for I was the most silent gentleman she had ever met with—but that I had told her, I sighed for a friend's company—meaning her by the word 'friend.' I was only a lieutenant then, you'll remember, and had some thoughts of giving Jack Morrell the difference for a captaincy in the line.

"Old Armageddon swore that I had certainly given him to understand that I was soon to be a brother of Mr Jenkins's.

"Julia herself declared that she had looked upon her aunt as the cause of my frequent visits to their cottage, and related conversations, which she had understood in quite a different way from what I had meant them.

"Walton swore that I informed him positively I was going to marry Mrs Meddleton.

"But when old Jenkins told them, in addition to all that the others had said, the story of her being found, under very suspicious circumstances, in my bedroom, the whole jury rose up in an agony of indignation, returned a verdict for the full amount of the damages, and expressed great sorrow they had not been laid at a higher sum. What could twelve low fellows, shut up in a box, know of promises of marriage, tender feelings, harrowing distress, and all the nonsense a chattering fellow in a wig talked to them about? But still they nabbed me, you'll perceive. I had to pay two thousand pounds, besides a great deal more for expenses. I gave up my castellated cottage, used great exertions to get on full pay, and have never from that day to this said a civil word to a woman, especially to a widow."

"Did you call old Jenkins out?" said Somers.

"Oh, the old fellow would not come;—but, drink on, my boys, and ask me no more questions. I've told you the whole of my story, and not another syllable shall you get from me to-night."

PRUSSIA, OR THE PROGRESS OF RATIONAL REFORM.

THE condition of Germany since the commencement of what has been appropriately termed the *latest* but not the *last* French Revolution, furnishes some instructive lessons to all those who identify national prosperity, tranquillity, or improvement, with the possession of representative governments; and anticipate oppression, suffering, discontent, stagnation of intellect, and degradation of national character, as the necessary consequences of every government from which the popular element is excluded, in the shape of a direct controlling power. It is fortunate that as yet the subject is interesting, rather in its philosophical aspect than in a picturesque point of view. The revolutionary tragedy has not yet been tried on so great a stage, or brought out with the same splendour of machinery, dresses, and decorations, in Germany, as in France and England. The streets of Munich and Dresden have not yet been illuminated by a three days' conflagration; and the tumultuous assemblages in Brunswick, Cassel, and Rhenish Bavaria, shew rather poorly beside the masses of the Marseillaise and Lyonnese resisting the armed legions of Soult, or the hundred thousand Parisians contending with, and almost victorious over, the whole military force of Paris, aided by the National Guard, in the *emueutes* of June—the natural pendant to the glories of July. But though the excitement arising from such exhibitions as these be wanting, there are peculiar features in the case of Germany, which render the action of revolutionary principles in that country a subject of more than ordinary interest. Among a population such as that of France, vain, irreligious, inconstant, incapable of appreciating the blessings of order and tranquil government, revolutions hardly excite surprise; nor does any one who has watched the progress of her former revolutionary movement, feel much difficulty in foreseeing the course, and ultimate termination of the present. Given—a Monarch, the creature of a revolution, and compelled to rest his authority on

that basis; a vacillating Ministry, dependent on popular favour for their political existence; an unprincipled and ambitious population, sensible of its own giant strength, and determined to use it tyrannously as a giant:—and it requires no great sagacity to work out the remaining terms of the political equation—from the first glowing and triumphant anticipations of hope, through the anxiety, restlessness, and despondency that succeeds them; and so on, to the deepening distress, the violence which results from misery and terror, and to that universal sense of intolerable suffering which at last gradually expels the poison of democracy from society, and restores the frame, so *scarcely* shattered, indeed, and weakened, to comparative health.

But Revolution presents itself in a more novel character where it is inoculated into a healthier frame, instead of being generated there by its own evil tendencies;—when the infection is conveyed into the midst of a people, whose sounder habits we should have been disposed to think the most calculated to resist its influence; where religion, though *rationalized* away to nothing among the higher classes, still retains a firm and effective hold over the minds of the people in general; where the national character is as remarkable for earnestness and steadiness, as that of the French is conspicuous for the reverse; where old institutions, old habits, old feelings, old attachments, and old prejudices, exist in some force, all operating with a counteracting influence against the spread of such doctrines; and where it might be supposed that every national feeling and recollection would have been up in arms against any impulse emanating from a nation which had never been connected with Germany save in the character of a treacherous ally or an insulting and merciless oppressor. Such is the case with Germany at this moment. National character, manners, and habits of thinking,—the recollection of the sufferings and humiliation which the first French Revolution was the means of inflicting on the Ger-

manic body, every feeling, in short, in that country, appeared to combine against the successful propagation of revolutionary opinions; and yet, if we find that in the course of a few years, since the ill-omened revolution of 1830, the centre and south of Germany have been the constant theatre of tumults, insurrections, and bloodshed;—that the aid of France—of that power which had already trampled the liberties of Germany in the dust, and is ready to do so again—has been invoked and courted by the liberals of Germany;—that the character of its public press, once so remarkable for the sobriety and morality of its tone, has lately emulated all the indecencies and atrocities of Parisian journalism;—that at last the audacity of the democratic faction has reached such a height, that at a great meeting, openly convoked, and attended by thousands, at Hambach, the determination has been plainly avowed to overthrow the existing German constitution, to substitute a democratic government in each separate state, and form a new German body, from which the obnoxious states of Prussia and Austria are to be excluded;—that the result of this daring violation of law has lately appeared in the conspiracy and attempted revolt at Francfort, and the still later repetition of the same scenes this year at Hambach;—if such convulsive movements and destructive opinions have so suddenly succeeded to the general tranquillity and social order which formerly prevailed, and that in a country which has no material wants to complain of, it presents a proof of the insidious nature and tremendous activity of the democratic principle, more decisive and appalling than any thing which the twice-told tale of revolution in France can afford.

But the point of view in which perhaps its importance is most obvious is, that it affords an opportunity of comparing the action of the Revolutionary principle on the different forms of government of which the Germanic Diet is composed, from the Austrian, almost unlimited in theory, though perfectly limited in practice by immemorial usage, to the more limited monarchy of Prussia, the new-made constitutional states of Bavaria,

Baden, Cassel, and Wirtemberg, and the almost democratic constitutions of the free towns. If, for instance, it had been found that the destroying angel of Revolution, while he smote to the ground despotic empires and warlike monarchies in his progress through Germany, had everywhere passed over those whose lintel and door-post bore the protecting charm of “Constitutions,” we should begin to be converts towards the modern creed, which places the external security and internal tranquillity and prosperity of states in the machinery of popular elections, a representative chamber exercising a direct control over the functions of government, and the other constitutional checks, as they are called, upon the exercise of the prerogative. But if, on the contrary, we find this result precisely reversed;—if the storm which has convulsed or shaken to pieces those modern creations, has passed harmless over the older monarchical governments, the conclusion we think will not less naturally arise;—that however well the system of representative government may have been found to answer among a people who have become habituated to its exercise by slow degrees, and during periods of tranquillity, when no external impulse exists to disorder the quiet action of its machinery, yet that, when suddenly conferred on a State at the present day, and during the present fermentation of opinion, it leads infallibly, on the first revolutionary inroad from without, or the first attack of distress from within, to a contest between the governed and the government; to the exertion of a despotic authority to support the authority of the State, or of conspiracy and treasonable resistance to subvert it; and finally, to the restoration of an authority more uncontrolled than before, either by the slowly gained practical conviction of the miseries of popular rule, or by the speedier process of an armed interference by neighbouring Powers.

Is not this precisely what has taken place in Germany? Has the moral pestilence of Revolution—more fatal and more enduring, we fear, than that physical pestilence which has lately desolated her cities—found its chief focus in Austria and Prussia?

Is it in Vienna and Berlin that its natural accompaniments of bloodshed and burning have displayed themselves? No. In Austria and Prussia—despotic Austria! constitutionless Prussia!—tranquillity has prevailed; the revolutionary clamour has found no echo. There there have been no seditious assemblies, no burnings of palaces and custom-houses, no “leading into captivity, and no complaining in the streets.” The evils of Revolution—attacks on property, general insecurity, decreasing trade, and violence put down by violence—have been reserved for constitutional Baden, Wirtemberg, Cassel, and Bavaria. In the latter, in particular, where the enlightened and liberal character of the King had evinced itself in the most anxious desire, not only to improve the moral condition and physical comforts of his people, but to enlarge to the utmost their political rights, and whose love of literature had led him to patronize, to no ordinary extent, the free communication of opinion on all public questions; where popular rights enjoy all the protection which an elective Chamber of Representatives, controlling, as in England, the measures of Government or the Chamber of Peers, can bestow; where the necessities, and even the comforts of life, seem to be generally diffused; where no act of tyranny or treachery to the constitution, on the part of the Government, is even alleged; the history of the last three years presents nothing but a repetition of the system so successfully pursued in France during the “*comédie de quinze ans*,” which preceded the Revolution of 1830. By arbitrarily refusing the most necessary supplies to Government, and systematically thwarting all its measures, simply because they emanated from the Sovereign, the incessant struggle of the Liberal party was to compel the Government to some violent step which might place the movement party at advantage; and give to revolt the appearance of constitutional resistance. Every Ministry, as it came into power, and before it had an opportunity of acting, was assailed with invective and contumely; the audacity of the press reached a height utterly inconsistent with the very existence of all government; and when Government,

after having too long tolerated the dictatorship of this fourth estate, felt reluctantly compelled to stretch forth its hand, and to suppress some of the more indecent and inflammatory journals, “Associations for the support of the Press” were organized to assist with money and means the apostles of Revolution, and to embody in some new shape the destructive opinions which could no longer be veiled under the old. At last, under the very eye of the Government, and in defiance of its proclamations, a convocation of German revolutionists was called, and openly held at Hambach, near Neustadt, under the patronage of the Liberals of Bavaria;—the mask was there thrown off; the maintenance, or even the amelioration of the constitution, no longer formed the stalking horse of the party, but the determination was openly expressed to overturn every established government, to break up the existing Germanic constitution, to form a regenerated Germany, of which the connecting link was to be “liberal opinions;” all the usual incendiary engines of processions, banners, songs, and harangues were resorted to to inflame the mind of the audience, and apparently with too great effect,—as the late abortive attempt at insurrection in Francfort, and the widely-spread ramifications of revolutionary intrigues which it has already begun to develop, sufficiently shew. It is true the attempt in the case of Francfort, completely failed; but the result might have been very different indeed, if the peasantry had not misunderstood the signal of the alarm-bell, and arrived too late;—if an anonymous letter had not induced the chief magistrate of Francfort to have the civic guard in readiness to move upon the insurgents on the first symptoms of insurrection; or even if the conspirators had been able to make head against the authorities long enough to enable their ranks to be recruited by the hordes of profligates with which every large mercantile town is sure to abound. Had any of these circumstances been different—Francfort, the most flourishing commercial town in Germany, would assuredly have shared the fate of Bristol.

But the attempt on Francfort, we doubt not, was but the commence-

ment of a series of such conspiracies. At this very moment we see, by the German papers, that, in defiance of the prohibition of the Bavarian Government—a prohibition most amply justified by the treasonable doctrines vented on the last occasion—a new attempt has been made to hold a festival at Hambach on the anniversary of the last, and that tumult and bloodshed have been the result. Bavaria is obviously, if left to herself, on the eve of a bloody and desperate revolution. The history of Baden, Wirtemberg, and Cassel, during the same period, is, as it were, a repetition of that of Bavaria. The same system of causeless opposition, intemperate attacks on authority, and increasing audacity on the part of the press, and the same practical impossibility of carrying on the functions of government, from the determined resolution to withhold the means indispensable for that purpose, and thus to lead to a convulsion, occur in all. And the result has been, that the German Diet, who, under the powers vested in them as a body by the Congress of Vienna, are entitled to provide for the general safety, have felt themselves compelled to resort to the step of suspending for a time the exercise of a power which, instead of having been employed for the legitimate purpose of protecting the rights of subjects, had been converted into a mere engine of unprincipled attack upon the not less clear and well-founded rights of Sovereigns.

We are quite aware that the Liberal party (in this country at least) have a simple way of accounting for the tranquillity of Prussia and Austria, amidst the convulsions which have swept like a tempest over those favoured children of modern theory, the constitutional states, possessing a representative government. This tranquillity, say they, is, entirely forced; the people in both countries are groaning with indignation under the oppressive yoke of their respective governments; and, but for the iron hand of military power, would instantly shake off their fetters, and hurry to join the ranks of freedom. To say the truth, however, we do not find this opinion quite so current among the

continental Liberals, who, being a little better informed as to the facts, know better what the real feelings of the people in those countries are, and also know how impossible it would be, particularly in Prussia, (where the military system is placed upon a footing which gives to its army almost the character of a national guard, and blends, in the most intimate way, the soldier with the citizen,) to overpower public opinion by such an instrument, or to maintain a system of government opposed in any important point to the general habits and wishes of the people. On the contrary, they admit and lament the melancholy fact, that Prussia and Austria are insensible to the blessings which Liberalism holds out to them; and that they persist most unaccountably, and ignorantly, of course, in thinking themselves happier under the shelter of their own antiquated and worn out feudal edifice, than under that modern temple of liberty of which Messieurs Wirth, Siebenpfeiffer, Rey, and others, would fain be the architects. "The Prussian people," says one of the leading journals of the party, "supports its own system of government with an almost fanatical zeal, and is prepared to crush the hopes of Germany, and trample under foot the rising plant of liberty in the South. They are so degraded as to be deceived by views like this,—We have *bread* enough, and therefore we will have nothing to do with a free press, a national representation, popular institutions, or the regeneration of a free German Fatherland. *Such are the sentiments, the almost universal sentiments, of the Prussian people*,—and herein consists the degradation of Germany, and the curse of our people. * * * The Lord has so struck Prussia with blind pride, that its *happy subjects*, degraded as their political condition is, cannot be brought to confess it." * * * We might quote fifty such admissions from the same quarter, to the same purpose. Such, then, is the fact. Prussia is happy and contented; Prussia rejects the proffered boon of "liberal institutions;" Prussia turns a deaf ear to the strains of the revolutionary sirens, charm they never so wisely. Let us see whether a somewhat more satisfactory reason cannot be assigned for this "judicial

blindness," as our friend Herr Wirth would call it, than either the indifference arising from ignorance, or the forced acquiescence produced by the terrors of military power.

Were we to condense into a sentence what appears to us to be the true principle of the policy of Prussia, and the real cause, both of the rapid, and, at the same time, steady, advances which she has made in the path of social and moral improvement, and of the exemption she has lately enjoyed from the tumults and dangers by which the neighbouring states of Germany have been assailed, we should be disposed to state it thus: on the one hand, the removal of every real evil, and the furtherance of every real good; on the other, the steady denial of every increase of popular power. Without the former condition, Prussia never could have conciliated the attachment, and insured the loyalty of her citizens; without the latter, in these periods of convulsion, she never could have ensured the safety or permanency of any established institutions whatever. The Government which wishes to preserve the affections, and satisfy the judgment of the wise and the good, must address itself steadily to the removal of every real grievance; to the abolition of vexatious and unequal privileges; to the establishment of an equality of rights, and an equality of protection in the eye of the law; to the inflexible maintenance of justice and public principle; to the promotion of merit, and to the opening of a free path to the honourable exertion and ambition of all. But these important interests being once attended to—if they would on the other hand restrain the factious and unprincipled, and secure for the country the permanency of those advantages which their liberal and beneficent policy has procured for it—let them steadily set their faces against the clamour for popular power and popular institutions; let them allow no fulcrum on which the revolutionary press can rest its lever; and then, when they are assailed by the calumnies and abuse of its organs in other quarters, let them proudly point to a comparison of the respective institutions of the monarchy and the constitutional government, and ask, in which most

has been done for the promotion of religion, education, and justice, for the real happiness and security of all?

On the judicious combination of these principles Prussia has acted, and she may confidently refer to the position which she at present holds, not in Germany alone, but in Europe, as the most triumphant refutation of the calumnies by which she has been assailed, and to the immunity from revolutionary movements, which, during the late tempestuous times, she has enjoyed, as the most satisfactory vindication of the political wisdom by which her course has been guided.

We shall endeavour to sketch the outline of those great measures by which, since 1806, this calumniated monarchy has done more, we will venture to say, for the real advantage of its subjects, and the elevation of Prussia in the scale of Europe, than all the modern constitutional Governments are likely to do for their respective States in as many centuries.

In doing so we shall go no farther back than 1806, that period when Prussia had been humbled to the dust by the victorious arms of France, and when, to a superficial observer, it might have appeared that her importance as a European state was for ever at an end, by the large portions of her territory, never very large, of which she was then deprived. Stein, the able, though somewhat rash and overbearing Minister, who, by the direction of France, had been placed at the head of the councils of Prussia, but whose honest and patriotic conduct soon convinced Napoleon that he was not likely to be subservient to the ends for which he had been placed there, saw the necessity of resorting to extraordinary measures, suited to the extraordinary position in which the country was placed, in order to revive its almost extinguished energies. Many of them were in a high degree despotic. Some of them must be considered as a strong interference with the right of property; but they were justified by the exigency of the time,* and the magnitude of the social evils which they were intended to cure.

The first grand measure projected by Stein related to the condition of the peasantry, a class of men who

had been hitherto too much overlooked amidst the wars in which Prussia had been so long engaged. Their condition was that of villanage (with a few exceptions in the case of the royal domains;) they were attached to the property of their lord; they were obliged to give their services to him without compensation; they were themselves incapable of holding property; they could not change their place of residence; their children could not enter into other professions, nor their daughters marry without the consent of their superior.

Connected with this wretched condition on the part of the peasantry, were various absurd restrictions on the commerce of land, by which even landlords themselves, and still more the peasantry, were sufferers. For instance, none but a noble was entitled to purchase the estate of a noble; and, consequently, if an aspiring commoner inclined to become a proprietor, he could only do so by previously procuring or purchasing a patent of nobility, or waiting till chance threw in his way some of those properties which very seldom came into the market, which by some chance had never previously fallen into the hands of a noble proprietor. The consequences of such a system in suppressing all energy and improvement, and permanently injuring the interests both of proprietors and tenantry, are obvious. It is said to have been mainly promoted by Frederick the Great, under the idea, that by thus fettering the commerce of land, he would the more readily draw the capital of the kingdom into the channel of trade and manufactures, as if any one branch of national industry could in the end be benefited by degrading and injuring another.

Another restriction upon the rights of landlords was this:—The tenantry might be said to be divided into two classes; the tenants on hereditary leases, (*Erblicher Bauerhöfe*;) and tenants for life, or for a term of years certain. In the former case, the landlord was bound, on the death of the tenant, to admit his heir, or some near relative, to the vacant possession; he could not choose another tenant, however solid might be his objection to the family of the last;

and, as far as we can gather from any evidence we have seen on the subject, he had no power of raising the rent, which might have been fixed centuries before, and might be quite inadequate to the change which had taken place in the value of the farm. Even in the case of tenants for life, or for a time certain merely, the landlord, on the expiry of the lease, could not himself take possession as proprietor, but was bound to supply the vacancy by a new tenant.

All these restrictions, either on personal liberty, or on the free commerce of land, were removed by two of the most sweeping, yet, on the whole, successful measures, which ever yet were carried through by any Minister. By the famous law of 9th October, 1807, villanage was at once abolished,—in most cases, from that moment, and in all, after Martinmas day, 1810. Let our readers judge whether the sentiments, simply but nobly expressed in the preamble to this law, and its provisions themselves, may not be placed with advantage beside most of the attempts which, under more "*liberal*" Governments, have been made towards improving the social condition.

"It is agreeable to the demands of justice, and the principles of every well-ordered Government, to remove every obstacle which stands in the way of any individual attaining that prosperity which it is within his capacity to obtain. The previously existing limitations as to the possession and enjoyment of property, and the personal relations of the agricultural classes, have been the means of withdrawing a large portion of activity and strength from cultivation. A comprehensive measure is necessary to promote the common good of the state." A comprehensive measure certainly followed. By the first five of its provisions, the sale and purchase of land was thrown open to all; peasants might purchase the estates of nobles, nobles might acquire the possessions of peasants; all the privileges possessed by the nobility above any other citizen, in regard to succession to landed estates, were done away with; the nobleman might, without loss of rank, embark in trade; the citizen might be-

come an agriculturist, and *viceversa*; and certain rights of preemption in favour of particular classes of individuals were either extinguished or greatly limited. But the great and leading provisions of the law were those relating to the condition of villanage. By Art. 6th, it was enacted, "That from and after the 9th October, the relation of villanage should no longer be contracted, either by birth, marriage, the acceptance of a situation previously inferring that condition, nor even by contract." By the 7th, this principle was extended to all then in the condition of villanage, who held their properties hereditarily. And by the 8th, it was declared, that as to the whole country, the state of servitude should cease for ever after Martinmas, 1810.

This law was followed up by that of 27th July, 1808, a natural sequence of the former. By this law, the tenants who held hereditary leases were at once converted into *proprietors* to the extent of two-thirds, on giving up the remaining third to the landlord. Thus, instead of the barren right of supplying the place of the former tenant by his heir, the landlord obtained the solid advantage of getting possession of one-third of the whole farm, which he might deal with as he pleased. On the other hand, the tenant exchanged the mere right of tenancy in the whole, with all its accompanying inconveniences and uncertainties, for the surer right of property in the two-thirds which were left him. Again, in the case of tenants holding merely for life, or a time certain—though their right to compensation, as it expired with their lifetime, or the determination of their lease, might be much more doubtful—they also acquired a proprietary right in their respective farms, on giving up the one-half to the landlord.

One remark naturally occurs to any one on considering these rapid and comprehensive alterations, and that is, that supposing them to have been most imperatively called for, and founded on the wisest and deepest views as to the good of the community, they never could have been carried through in any save a properly monarchical country. Under a representative government, the smallest of their provisions would

have found matter of debate for months. In Baden or Bavaria one chamber would have probably been dissolved, and left the discussion of the proposed law a legacy to its successor. At this moment we believe the main points which were thus decided by Stein with a stroke of his pen, would still have been matter of debate. Such is one decided advantage of the Prussian Government—what it does, it can do quickly. True, it may be said, a measure hostile to liberty might be carried through with equal rapidity by the same means; but these assuredly are not the days when great dangers to the liberty of the people are to be apprehended from the side of the Crown; the true peril lies in the evident preponderance of the balance the other way; nor does the example of Prussia, which, ever since it emerged into a kingdom from an insignificant electorate, has gone on judiciously and moderately enlarging, and never contracting the sphere of popular influence, afford the least ground for believing that the powers possessed by Government will be made the means of impairing the liberties, or injuring the true interests, of its people. Neither, as will be afterwards seen, is there room for the objection, that laws which, though not hostile to liberty, are erroneous in their principle, or dangerous in their consequences, are thus likely to be hurried through without these errors or dangers being detected. It will be found, when we come to consider the common objection, that Prussia has unjustly refused a constitution to her subjects;—that though a direct control over the measures of Government has not been given to the Prussian representatives, the right of remonstrance, deliberation, and advice, on all measures of a public nature, is amply conceded to them. In regard to this particular measure, the best proof which can be given of its soundness, is the almost incredible improvement in the state of agriculture, which has taken place since it was passed. A new life and stimulus seems to have been given to it by the creation of a new order of small proprietors, the removal of the restraints which fettered the old, and throwing the estates of the nobles freely into the market. In ten

years, says one of the aristocracy, by no means favourable to the sweeping measures of the Ministry, it has carried us forward a whole century.

Stein did not live to see the magnificent career of improvement which he had thus opened, carried forth to its conclusion while he retained office. The influence of Bonaparte, which had been at first exerted to procure his appointment, was now employed for his dismissal. He retired, and Hardenberg succeeded him; a man worthy to be the successor of so bold and right-hearted a politician. But Hardenberg was a greater man than Stein: with the same perspicacity and boldness of view, he combined far more caution and knowledge of men, and a deeper acquaintance with the various springs of interest and feeling which would enable him to operate successfully on their minds. Few men, indeed, in any country, or in any age, are entitled to take precedence of him as a politician; liberal in his views, he carried along with him the feelings and wishes of the mass of the people; and firmly maintaining the authority of the laws and of the Crown, he stifled in the bud those seeds of discontent which, as long as human nature continues to exhibit its party-coloured aspect of good and evil, will prevail under any government, be it as mild or as liberal as it may.

What the laws of October 1807 and July 1808 had effected for the improvement of agriculture, and the condition of the peasantry, the famous *Städte Ordnung*, or constitution for the cities, the last of the great measures which Stein had been enabled to organize, and the *Gewerb Steuer*, or tax on trade, introduced by his successor Hardenberg, did for the civil and commercial rights of the community. Formerly the whole appointment of magistrates and judges in the towns and in the villages was vested in the feudal superior. The inhabitants had neither part nor lot in the matter. A system of privacy and concealment, and consequently, in many cases, of abuse, prevailed in the management of public institutions. In like manner, a multiplicity of guilds, monopolies, and corporation rights, extending to every branch of industry,

embarrassed trade, and kept prices at a ruinous height.

Stein at once decided on the bold measure of throwing open to the inhabitants themselves the choice of their magistrates and public officers, reserving merely to the Government a power of interference and control in certain established cases. From this privilege, no respectable householders were excluded by his municipal constitution; the only qualifications required in the persons elected, were general good character, ability, and acquaintance with business. In the smaller towns, Government exercises no control over the choice of the electors; in the larger, it merely enjoys a right of choice among three individuals named by the community. The appointments are triennial. The salaries of the magistrates (when they possess them, which is not always, though generally, the case) are defrayed out of the funds of the community. The duty of managing the common good, distributing and regulating the public burdens, and local institutions, is intrusted to a class of individuals (*Stadtverordneten*), chosen by and from the citizens themselves, whose appointment is merely honorary. Means are provided for giving the utmost publicity to their measures, and of enabling every one to judge, by the exhibition of their accounts, and the examination of their proceedings, how far they have merited that public confidence, to which they were indebted for the rank they hold.

No one can fail to be struck with the extremely democratic character of this municipal system, which, though framed on the model of the English, actually carried the principle farther than its prototype. We are, for our own part, by no means satisfied that a much greater limitation of the elective franchise would not have equally well effected the end which Stein had in view—that of giving the people an interest in public affairs; and at the same time prevented the too preponderating influence which it necessarily gives to the lower classes of the community. Mr Russell mentions in his excellent work on Germany, that persons of the upper ranks complain that the overpowering influence which it gives to the lower, renders

it useless for them to take any share in civic affairs, and that consequently they have entirely ceased to do so. This is evidently a great defect in the law; for the true object was to preserve its natural importance to property, while the circle within which it was to operate was to be enlarged. Of one thing we feel convinced, that with a municipal constitution, so democratic in its elements as this, the Prussian Government could not continue to exist, if the direct control of its measures were given to a representative Government chosen on similar principles.

The restraints on trade, arising from the privileges of guilds and corporations, were removed by Hardenberg's *Gewerb Steuer*, or law of taxation on trade, on 28th October, 1810, by which one general regulation for the whole kingdom was established, in place of the endless variety of oppressive local regulations. By this law, the privilege of exercising every trade was given to every individual qualified to do so, on payment of a certain fixed rate to Government; which merely exercised the same sort of control in bestowing the privilege, as our magistrates and justices of peace do in regard to licenses, that is to say, that reasonable evidence of character and capability for the exercise of the profession, whatever it may be, shall be furnished by the candidate; a necessary consequence of the practical extinction of those incorporations by which these requisites had formerly been decided on. In addition to the mere removal of restrictions, the Prussian Government have all along endeavoured to stimulate industry by prizes, and public exhibitions of manufactures of all kinds, which, it is admitted on all hands, have produced the most striking and beneficial effects.

This law was immediately followed by another of the most vital importance. The sufferings and losses produced by the war, rendered an increased taxation necessary. Hardenberg availed himself of this opportunity to put an end to those odious distinctions between different classes of the community, in regard to payment of taxes, which, more than any thing else, are the causes of discontent, and the heralds of revolution.

The nobility had hitherto enjoyed an immunity from taxation on land, but by the edict of 27th October, 1810, this exemption, notwithstanding the most strenuous opposition on their part, was taken from them, and the principle established, that all taxes should be paid by each individual, whatever might be his rank, in proportion to his means. Certain alterations have since been made on the details of this law, but the main principle remains the same.

This financial edict led to a revision of the laws as to trade, customs, and excise, which had previously stood in the greatest confusion. Our readers are aware, that Prussia has, since 1818, been an avowed patron of Free Trade, and that her law of 26th May, 1818, (*Zoll Gesetz*), has been applauded to the echo by Mr Canning in the British Parliament. It is to be observed, however, that it is not absolute free trade, but only reciprocity which Prussia advocates; because the law distinctly admits the principle of the necessity of taxing foreign commodities in certain cases, for the protection of domestic industry, and threatens retaliation where Prussian commodities are unduly taxed, or excluded by other nations. Upon the wisdom of her policy, even to this extent, opinions will be divided, but there can be but one opinion as to the propriety of extinguishing at once that wretched system which converted each separate province or district as it were into an independent kingdom, each with its own separate tariff, and its own posse of "pelting petty officers."

The attention of Hardenberg being thus directed towards the state of the finances of the country, it was impossible that he could overlook the inconvenience arising from the separate constitutions as to taxation, which prevailed among the different provinces. Even in the portion of Saxony acquired by Prussia after the war of liberation, there were, for example, no fewer than seven discordant systems of taxation. In Westphalia, the differences were still greater; each province having its own budget, and being subject to its own taxes, which frequently varied exceedingly in relative amount from those of its neighbour. Some had no indirect taxes; some had scarcely

any thing else; in all, the commodities on which taxes were laid, and the rate of taxation, were quite different from those which existed in old Prussia. About sixty different tariffs prevailed in the different provinces; and as it was practically impossible to place custom-house officers along the whole boundary of each province, smuggling prevailed to the greatest extent, particularly in the Saxon and Rhenish-Prussian provinces. By the law of 26th May, 1818, above alluded to, and that of 30th May, 1820, these evils were removed; one tariff for the whole kingdom, whether town, village, or country, was established, and the commerce of the interior freed from all restraint and imposition; illicit traffic put an end to within the kingdom; and the vexatious and most expensive system of a separate custom-house and police establishment for each province done away with. It is true the taxes, thus generally established, are on the whole high, but not unreasonably so, considering the energies which Prussia required to put forth during the war, the expenses which the struggle necessarily occasioned, and the many noble institutions for the promotion of public prosperity, wealth, and intelligence, of which her Government has always been the most zealous supporter. The nation itself admits, that they are not higher than the necessities of the state, conducted upon a liberal and generous policy, require; and entertain the most complete confidence—a confidence founded on the honesty and good faith which has hitherto characterised all the acts of Government—that if Prussia be allowed to enjoy a continuance of peace, every possible deduction will be made from these burdens. Already the duties leviable on roads (*Chaussée Abgaben*) have been diminished one-half since 1829; other reductions are in contemplation. And it is generally admitted that the expenditure of Government, though liberal in all that regards the furtherance of national industry or education, is characterised by the greatest economy in every thing which concerns the mere personal establishment of the monarch.

The fruits of these judicious ameliorations, and of this liberal encouragement since 1816, are astonishing.

Within the last fourteen years, about six hundred German miles (more than 3000 English) of road have been formed through the different provinces; the course of many of the rivers altered so as to make them navigable for shipping; others united by canals, and the principal harbours deepened and rendered accessible for the largest shipping. Manufactories, public buildings, and villages, have sprung up with unexampled rapidity. Sandy wastes have been reclaimed, forests planted, new lands brought into cultivation. From a state insignificant as an agricultural country, and, with all its efforts, hardly more important as a manufacturing one, Prussia, while she has augmented tenfold her military power, for which she has always enjoyed a European reputation, has within that short period emerged into an agricultural and commercial kingdom of the greatest influence and importance.

We now turn from the civil reforms of Prussia to the improvements which she effected in regard to her military establishments. The humiliation to which she had been subjected by the French invasion, instead of paralysing her energies, only increased her determination to carry into effect such a reform in this essential particular as might prevent the recurrence of so fatal a catastrophe. In organizing an effective military force, however, Prussia had the greatest difficulties to contend with. By the peace of Tilsit she had been deprived of nearly half her territory, and what remained was in the most exhausted and desponding condition. Farther, it was an imperative condition of the peace that the standing army should never be allowed to exceed 40,000,—a force perfectly inadequate for defence, and still more for any effective offensive operations.

One lesson at least Prussia had learned from her misfortunes;—that no reliance was to be placed in the hour of danger upon those hireling troops from other nations, of which great part of her armies during these disastrous campaigns had consisted. They had, with the first change of fortune, deserted to the victors, and being formed into regiments, under the name of Isenburgers, still "a name

unmusical to Prussian ears," coolly turned their arms against their former employers. Prussia now plainly perceived that in the strength and courage of her native youth alone lay her hopes of deliverance. The merit of suggesting the admirable scheme of military organization, to which Prussia owed her triumphs in the war of liberation, is due to Stein, aided by the military genius of Scharnhorst, though its execution was reserved for his successor, Hardenberg. In order to evade the obnoxious condition of the treaty, by which the standing army of Prussia was to be restricted to 40,000, bodies of the young men all over the country were everywhere assembled, who, after being trained to military exercises for a certain period, under experienced officers, were dismissed, and succeeded by others. In this way the whole rising population of Prussia became gradually trained to arms, and a most powerful militia was imperceptibly formed, animated by all the determination which patriotism and experience of suffering could produce, and only waiting the time when the dawn of Continental freedom began to appear above the blood-stained snows of Russia. The campaign of 1813 proved its valour and efficiency, and when the triumphs of 1814 had restored to Prussia the territory which had been taken from her, the scheme of military organization, which had been adopted during her days of suffering, was continued as her best security against their return.

By the existing law (September 3, 1814), every born subject of Prussia, with the exception of the mediatized German princes and their sons, is bound to enter on military training as soon as he attains the age of twenty. The military force consists of the standing army, the *Landwehr*, (*erster und zweiter Aufschub*), or militia of the first and second levy, and the *Landsturm*. The *landwehr* of the first levy, consisting of young men from twenty to twenty-two years of age, acts in concert with the standing army in time of war; that of the second levy, consisting chiefly of trained men, not exceeding thirty-nine years of age, is employed in garrison duty generally, or, where it is necessary, in reinforcing the army. The former is called out for a few

weeks each year; the latter only for a few days. The *landsturm*, consisting of veterans from thirty-nine to fifty, is reserved for cases of extreme necessity, and particularly the internal defence of the country. The period of actual service in the standing army is three years, after which each individual may retire, and is only subject to the occasional duty imposed on the *landwehr*. In the case of those whose wish it is to devote themselves to a military life, the strictest impartiality in regard to promotion was established by the law of 1814. Formerly none but the families of the nobility could attain the higher ranks in the army; with difficulty, indeed, could the inferior orders obtain even the lowest. These restrictions were at once swept away; the path of promotion was thrown open in every case to merit, to proficiency in the military profession, and those sciences which particularly bear upon military tactics. Rank could only be obtained after the most searching and rigorous examination of the qualifications of the individual; if he possessed these, his advancement was certain. The simplest means were provided for enabling the young men to pursue their scientific or classical studies during the period of service. In an army organized on such principles, consisting of the very *élite* of the country, degraded by no admixture of mere mercenaries, and resuming again, after a short period of service, its ordinary civil character, it may be easily supposed that all degrading punishments are unnecessary and unknown.

It will at once be apparent from this brief outline, how absurd and untenable is the idea that popular discontent is only suppressed in Prussia by military force. Where a large standing army is kept on foot, consisting of a class separated entirely from the people, and devoted for life to military service, such a result is conceivable; but in Prussia the portion of the standing army who are soldiers for life is insignificant, by far the greater portion of it consisting of those in whose lives their military service forms a mere interlude; who have entered the army from the bosom of civil society, who remain connected with it by un-

broken ties during their short military career, and who, after that is over, relapse into citizens again. The whole of the *landwehr* and *landsturm*, of course, consists of persons similarly situated; they form, in truth, just a species of national guard. To suppose, therefore, that this vast mass, themselves identified with, and forming part of, the people, should tolerate a government to which they were hostile, or could be the means of imposing submission to it upon others, is an absurdity too great to require any serious refutation. Prussia, we may be assured, whatever may be thought of such an anomaly by our English Liberals, reigns, in the eye of her own subjects, not by terror, but by love; not by the overpowering influence of her armed masses, but by the grateful recollections of benefits past, and the confident assurance, founded on experience, of wise and liberal measures to come.

But in no part of her policy has Prussia so eminently distinguished herself as by her unremitting zeal for the diffusion of knowledge and education. It is no exaggeration to say, that during the last twenty-four years more has been done in this respect in Prussia than in the whole of Europe besides. Amidst the depression occasioned by defeat, and the excitement of triumph, this object has alike been kept in view by the Government. Two years after the disastrous peace of Tilsit, the Prussian monarch founded the University of Berlin; even his own plate and jewels, and those of his family, were sacrificed by him to enable him to place the infant establishment on a footing worthy of Prussia. Its distinguished success has justified his efforts. In the same way, no sooner did the peace of 1814 afford a moment of tranquillity to Prussia, than the University of Bonn was established for the Rhenish provinces,—that university, whose character is sufficiently attested by numbering the names of Niebuhr and Augustus W. Schlegel among its professors.

It would completely exceed the bounds of a brief outline like the present to enter into detail as to the admirable system of education, intellectual, moral, and religious, which

prevails in Prussia, and which, as we shall immediately see, has excited the warmest admiration on the part of the eminent and accomplished French philosopher, Cousin, who lately visited that country on an official mission from his own Government, for the purpose of examining and reporting upon that system. We can afford time only for a few of the leading particulars by which it is honourably distinguished.

In Prussia, the duty of sending children to school is enforced by the law itself. By Art. 43 and 44 of the general code, it was provided, that "Every inhabitant who cannot or will not provide his children with education at home, is required to send them to school at the age of five. (44.) After that age, no child shall be allowed to be absent from school except for special reasons, and with the consent of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities." The details of the system of education, both as regards scholars and teachers, are provided for by the *Entwurf*, or *Projet de Loi*, of 1819.

To insist on parents sending their children to schools without providing for their instruction, where the parents were themselves unable to do so, would of course have been preposterous. For this purpose, every facility is given in Prussia. *Armen Schulen*, schools for poor children, exist in almost every village; and where the parents are so destitute as to be totally unable to defray the expense of their children's education, assistance is liberally furnished from the funds provided by Government for the purpose, in the shape of clothing, books, and necessaries for the children. Every village is bound by law to have a school of primary instruction (*elementar Schule*), furnished with every requisite for the public instruction; in districts, where the population is both Protestant and Catholic, a school for the children of each religion. Jews are at liberty, in the same way and on the same terms as Christians, to attend the public schools. The total number of primary schools in the towns amounts to 2462, of which 1696 are Protestant, and 766 Catholic. In the villages, the total amount is 17,623, of which 12,809 are Protestant, and 4814 Catholics; ma-

king the whole amount, for towns and villages, 20,085. * The choice of masters is particularly attended to. "In order rightly to fulfil his destination," says the law of 1819, "a schoolmaster must be pious and discreet, and penetrated with the feeling of his high and holy vocation. He must know the duties of that vocation according to the degree of primary instruction in which he is to be occupied; he must possess the art of teaching and guiding youth; he must be steadfast in his fidelity towards the State, conscientious in the discharge of his duty, and friendly and sensible in his intercourse with the parents of his pupils, or his fellow-citizens in general." In order to secure these qualifications, seminaries are directed by the law to be formed in each district, (*Schullehrer seminarien*.) the sole object of which is the education of schoolmasters. In these the future instructors of the youth of Prussia themselves receive instruction; and according to the certificates which they obtain, their chance of a future appointment as schoolmaster is rigidly regulated. The course of instruction in the elementary schools embraces,—1. Religious instruction; 2. German; or, in districts where other languages are spoken, German as well as the vernacular; 3. The elements of geometry, and general principles of drawing; 4. Arithmetic; 5. The elements of natural philosophy, geography, and history, particularly the history of Prussia; 6. Singing; 7. Writing and gymnastics; 8. The most common species of manual labour, and the elements of agriculture.

A peculiar spirit of religion and morality pervades the whole system of Prussian education. "The principal end of every school," says the law of 1819, "is to train up youth in such a manner as to produce in their minds a conviction of the relations in which man stands to God, and the power and the will to regulate his life according to the spirit and principles of Christianity. The schoolmaster must form the children early to piety, and for that purpose must endeavour to second and complete the first les-

sons of family instruction. The labours of each day shall therefore begin and end by a short prayer, and pious reflections, which the master should endeavour to treat in such a way as that this moral exercise shall never degenerate into a mere matter of habit. The masters must also observe, that the children attend divine service regularly on Sundays and festivals. Songs of a religious character shall be intermingled with all the solemnities of the schools. And, finally, the epoch of the communion ought to be, both to pupils and masters, an occasion for drawing more closely the links which unite them, and opening their hearts to the most generous and most exalted sentiments of religion. Care shall also be taken to inculcate upon the young the duty of obedience to the laws, and fidelity and attachment to the Prince and to the State, that these united virtues may awaken in them betimes the sacred love of their country."

We can easily imagine, that to the exclusive admirers of Mechanics' Institutions, Penny Magazines, and Societies for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge, who consider religion itself, or its practical application to the relations of the subject and the State, as matters with which education has nothing to do; all this careful attention to the religious education of youth in public schools, may appear a very needless or bigoted interference with the "rights of scholars." In England, the present maxim in high quarters seems to be, that as vice is but the product of imperfect knowledge, it is enough to give intelligence, and "then let virtue follow if she will." Alas! the every-day experience of every man must convince him how little security for goodness is afforded by mere intelligence, when unregulated by a sense of religion, and tempered by that humility which it inspires; how often, indeed, it becomes only a curse to that society to which, had it been better directed, it might have proved a blessing! The wise and amiable Cousin felt and admired the wisdom of the Prussian system, and ventured, even at the risk of that ridicule with which he seems to have anticipated

his observations would be received in France, thus warmly to express the feelings with which it had inspired him, and his anxiety to see a principle of the same kind introduced into the system of public education in France.*

"Is Christianity, or is it not, the religion of France? It must be admitted to be so. I ask, then, are we to respect the national religion, or to destroy it? If to destroy it, then I grant we could not do better than abstain from making it a branch of education in our schools. But if our aim be the reverse, we must teach our children the religion which civilized their forefathers, and the liberal spirit of which has prepared and can alone support our great modern institutions; we must allow our clergy to superintend religious instruction.

"Religion is in my eyes the best, perhaps the only basis of popular instruction. I know a little of Europe, and have never witnessed any good popular schools, where Christianity was wanting. Elementary instruction flourishes in three countries, in Holland, in Scotland, and in Germany; and in these it is profoundly religious. I am told it is the same in America. The little instruction which is to be met with in Italy is derived from the Priests. In France, with few exceptions, the best schools for the poor are those of the brethren of the Christian doctrine. There are some men to whom these things must incessantly be repeated. Let them enter the schools of the poor, and let them learn what patience and resignation are necessary to enable men to persist in that rude employment. Where shall we find better nurses than those poor nuns, who cherish poverty as eagerly as we love riches? Yes, sir, there are matters in human society, which can only be accomplished by the steady aid of virtue, of religion. The more I think on the subject, the more I converse with the directors of the Ecoles Normales† and the ministerial counsellors, the more I am convinced that we must go hand in hand with the clergy, in order to instruct

the people, and make religious education a special and distinguished branch of instruction in our primary schools.

"I am not ignorant, sir, that these suggestions will sound ill in the ears of some, and that in Paris I shall be looked on as *excessively devout*. It is from Berlin, however, and not from Rome, that I write. He who speaks to you is a philosopher, once looked on with an evil eye, and even persecuted, by the priesthood; but this philosopher has a heart superior to the recollection of any injuries offered to himself, and he knows human nature and history too well, not to regard religion as an indestructible power, and Christianity, when rightly inculcated, as an essential instrument for civilizing mankind, and a necessary support for those on whom society imposes hard and humble duties, uncheered by any hopes of future fortune, or any consolations of self-love."

These are, indeed, the sentiments of a philosopher, the words of truth and soberness uttered by a profound observer of human nature, who has studied it both in times of tranquillity and agitation, and who feels how much of the moral and political anarchy, by which France is at present distracted, is owing to the want of this general diffusion of religious education. Perhaps the time is not far off, when we may be destined to experience in our own country, how little those restraints, by which at present society is checked and controlled, and which, during periods of tranquillity, appear to perform their office so surely and steadily, are calculated to bridle the passions of the multitude, when that invisible, but not unfelt principle of religious veneration which lies behind them, and from which they derived their efficacy, is overlooked, or eradicated from the public mind; and to regret that, amidst all the machinery of cheap publications and scientific lectures, amidst so much attention, patronage, means, and money, lavished upon the cultivation of the head, so little should have been done for the improvement of the heart—

* Rapport, p. 227.

† The schools for the education of schoolmasters.

so little for the growth and promotion of those virtues, by which alone, under any form of government, however excellent, men are taught, in whatsoever state they are, therewith to be content.

When the system of primary instruction is thus admirably arranged, it may easily be imagined that the higher grades of education, in the Gymnasies and Universities, are placed upon a basis equally solid and satisfactory. On these we shall not enter: it is sufficient to observe, that they have met with the warmest approbation of Cousin, who, upon such a question, must be admitted to be a conclusive authority. He earnestly impresses upon the French Minister, Montalivet, to whom his Report is addressed, the admirable nature of these institutions, and the propriety of imitating them in many important particulars. "We imitate England," he observes, "in many things regarding the outward concerns of existence, and the industrial and mechanical arts. Shall we be ashamed to borrow from the good, the honest, the pious, the enlightened Germany, some hints in what regards the interior life, the culture of the soul?"

Over this comprehensive system of education, Government watches with the utmost vigilance. No sooner is intelligence communicated to the Minister of Public Instruction, that any thing of importance is afloat in a particular department, than a Commissioner is immediately appointed to enquire into the matter. He goes to the spot; makes his investigations most carefully, but rapidly; transmits them to head-quarters, and a decision follows almost immediately. In slighter cases of complaint, the intervention of the provincial authorities promptly produces the same effect. The consciousness of the extreme strictness with which the conduct of the humblest individual is watched, and the celerity and certainty with which punishment follows neglect of duty, secures a degree of activity and efficiency in this, as well as in every other public department, almost peculiar to Prussia.

It would far exceed our limits were we to enter upon any observations on the details of government,

or the promptitude, precision, and economy, with which, under the control of the *Regierungen*, or Executive Councils of each department, the public functionaries, from the highest to the lowest, discharge their duty. The machinery of Government works, indeed, with a smoothness and efficiency, which any other Government in Europe might envy; and at this moment, whether in regard to the administration of justice, of education, of trade, or of the public revenue, most valuable hints for the improvement of our own system, might be derived from that of Prussia. To the practical application of these we may probably, in a future article, return.

But all these advantages, moral, civil, commercial, are nothing, it seems, because Prussia unreasonably persists in refusing to her subjects a Representative Government. Like Aladdin's palace, all the solid treasures which the Prussian Government as it stands has to bestow, are nothing without the constitutional roc's egg, which must be hung in the centre. Till Prussia shall imitate the example of Baden, and Wurtemberg, and Bavaria, by admitting a *direct* power of control over the acts of Government, by popular representatives, and giving to popular demagogues the means of exalting themselves upon the ruin of established institutions, all that she has done for the advancement of society, the promotion of intelligence, the increase of the general happiness, are as dust in the balance. In regard to the charge which we have often heard made against Prussia, that the King had, in his hour of distress, actually come under an obligation to grant a representative constitution, and that he had violated his pledge, we shall merely say, in one word, that the charge is utterly without foundation. It rests entirely on the 14th Art. of the Congress of Vienna, and in that Article our readers will seek in vain for any thing else except an obligation on the part of the Sovereigns to give to their people—and that at no definite period—constitutions of estates (*Staende*.) As to any promise of a Representative Constitution—if by that be meant an Assembly of popular deputies, forming a Chamber, and exercising, along with

the monarch, the power of legislation—there is not a word to be found within the Act which countenances such a supposition. The term *Estates* was one which already bore a clear and recognised meaning in Germany:—the *Landstaende* had, in fact, formerly existed as an integral part of every German government; and reason and common sense dictate, that the term, when used in the Act of the Congress of Vienna, is to be interpreted in its former sense, unless distinctly shewn to have a different meaning. That the King of Prussia agreed, nay, volunteered to re-establish that degree of popular representation which had formerly existed, we believe to be true, and he has kept his word. But this much we must be allowed to add, that even if a representative constitution on the modern plan had been promised, the course of events latterly in those neighbouring countries, where a similar form of government had been established, has been such as to afford the most sufficient grounds for delaying the fulfilment of that intention, if not to justify its ultimate abandonment. We have already said that with so strong an infusion of the democratic element existing in all the lower departments of her political system, we do not believe that a government like Prussia could long maintain her existence, were a direct power of legislation conferred on the people, and the choice of their representatives placed on the same footing with the choice of their magistrates and local officers. The authority of the Crown, as it stands, and the check of a censorship, (which is, *de facto*, administered with singular discretion and mildness,) we believe to be absolutely necessary for maintaining the balance in the state. One thing at all events is clear, whatever may be the extent to which an addition may be made to the political privileges of the people, that by diffusing intelligence and morality among her subjects, and by pursuing a preliminary course of rational improvement in every department of government, before attempting any change on the great features of the constitution, Prussia has adopted the wisest, we may say the only, course by which such an

experiment, always a hazardous one, may be in some measure divested of its dangers.

The constitution proposed to be given to Prussia is nearly a renewal of that which formerly prevailed, not only in Prussia, but in most of the other Germanic states. Its nature and objects were defined by the law of 22d May, 1815. By § 1. It is decreed, that there shall be a representation of the people. By § 2. That for this purpose, the provincial Estates (*Provinzialstände*), where they already exist, shall be re-established, and arranged according to the wants of the time; and that where they do not already exist, they shall be organized. § 3. That out of the provincial Estates a general representative body shall be elected, which shall assemble at Berlin. § 4. That the Representative body shall have a *deliberative voice* (*Beirathung*) on all subjects of legislation which concern the personal rights and property of the subject. The right of advice and remonstrance they possess in the amplest manner; they are even understood, like the ancient *Staende*, to have certain powers of direct control in the case of the imposition of new taxes, but they have not the right of withholding the established supplies; a power which the example of those constitutional states, to which we have alluded, shews to be, in modern times, the instrument of which popular demagogues infallibly avail themselves in order to produce a crisis, and either force the Government into concessions, or into some violent stretch of the existing laws. As yet the experiment, we believe, has only been actually carried into effect in the Saxon Provinces, which return an assembly of sixty-six members, twenty-nine elected by the landed aristocracy, twenty-four by the cities, and thirteen by the rural communes. How far the business of the state is found to be better managed, either for the governed or the government, by the addition of this representative machinery, we have scarcely seen sufficient evidence to determine. Probably the inhabitants of Saxony may begin to find, after a few years' trial, like the honest burghers of Weimar, after the present made to them by

the late Duke, of a constitution, "that matters went on quite as well and more cheaply without them." *

If, on the whole, the true criterion by which the merits of any Government are to be tried, consist in its wise and successful efforts to better the condition of society, and the general confidence and attachment of its subjects, none has a better claim to honourable distinction than that of Prussia. In the course of the last twenty-four years, instead of deluding her subjects with the cheapest and the most worthless of all gifts—the boon of political power—fatal in general to the wearer as the robe of Nessus—she has been incessantly occupied in elevating the mental and moral character of her subjects; in promoting their material comforts and happiness; in securing to them the possession of those advantages,

by wise and equal laws; and the result is, that her Government is at this moment feared abroad, and loved and respected at home,—her national character for honour, fidelity, morality, intelligence, and learning, among the highest in Europe,—her industry and trade prospering,—the general standard of comfort and respectability among her inhabitants constantly on the rise—and her political horizon, instead of being darkened by those storms of lowering discontent which are visibly gathering in the sky of England, or those tempestuous whirlwinds which have long been raging in the social atmosphere of France, is illuminated by the mild sunshine of present content, and exhibits those tranquil and settled appearances in the sky, which, to the eye of hope, "give token of a goodly day to-morrow."

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE THIRD CRUISE OF THE WAVE.

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore,—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unkenn'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown."

Childe Harold.

I HAD been invited to breakfast on board the corfette, on the morning after this; and Captain N——, Mr Bang, and myself, were comfortably seated at our meal on the quarterdeck, under the awning, screened off by flags from the view of the men.

The ship was riding to a small westerly breeze, that was rippling up the Bight. The ports on each quarter, as well as the two in the stern, were open, through which we had an extensive view of Port-au-Prince, and the surrounding country.

"Now, N——," said our *amigo* Massa Aaron, "I am quite persuaded that the town astern of us there

must always have been, and is now, exceedingly unhealthy. Only reflect on its situation; it fronts the west, with the hot sickening afternoon's sun blazing on it every evening, along the glowing mirror of the calm Bight, under whose influence the fat black mud that composes the beach must send up most pestilent effluvia; while in the forenoon it is shut out from the influence of the regular easterly, sea-breeze, or trade-wind, by the high land behind. However, as I don't mean to stay here longer than I can help, it is not my affair; and as Mr S—— will be waiting for us, pray order your carriage; my dear fellow, and let us go on shore."

The carriage our friend spoke of, was the captain's gig, by this time alongside, ready manned,—each of the six seamen who composed her crew, with his oar resting between his knees, the blade pointed upwards towards the sky. We all got in—"Shove off"—dip fell the oars into the water—"Give way, men"—the good ash staves groaned, and cheeped, and the water buzzed, and away we shot towards the wharf. We landed, and having proceeded to Mr S——'s, we found horses ready for us, to take our promised ride into the beautiful plain of the *Cul de Sac*, lying to the northward and eastward of the town; the cavalcade being led by Massa Aaron and myself, while Mr S—— rode beside Captain N——.

Aforetime, from the estate situated on this most magnificent plain, (which extends about fifteen miles into the interior, while its width varies from ten to five miles, being surrounded by hills on all sides,) there used to be produced no less than thirty thousand hogsheads of sugar. This was during the *ancient regime*; whereas now, I believe, the only articles it yields beyond plantains, yams, and pot herbs for the supply of the town, are a few gallons of syrup, and a few punchons of *tafia*, a very interior kind of rum. The whole extent of the sea-like plain, for there is throughout scarcely any inequality higher than my staff, was once covered with well-cultivated fields and happy homes; but now, alas! with brushwood from six to ten feet high,—in truth, by one sea of jungle, through which you have to thread your difficult way along narrow, hot, sandy bridle-paths, (with the sand flies and mosquitoes flaying you alive,) which every now and then lead you to some old ruinous court-yard, with the ground strewn with broken boilers and mill rollers, and decaying hardwood timbers, and crumbling bricks; while, a little further on, you shall find the blackened roofless walls of what was most probably an unfortunate planter's once happy house, where the midnight brigand came and found peace and comfort, and all the elegancies of life, and left—blood and ashes; with the wild flowers growing on the window sills, and the prickly pear on the tops of the walls, while marble steps, and

old shutters, and window hinges, and pieces of china, are strewn all about; the only tenant now being an old miserable negro who has sheltered himself in a coarsely thatched hut, in a corner of what had once been a gay and well-furnished saloon.

After having extended our ride, under a hot broiling sun, until two o'clock in the forenoon, we hove about, and returned towards the town. We had not ridden on our homeward journey above three miles, when we overtook a tall good-looking negro, dressed in white Osna-burg trowsers, rolled up to his knees, and a check shirt. He wore neither shoes nor stockings, but his head was bound round with the usual handkerchief, over which he wore a large glazed cocked hat, with a most conspicuous Haytian blue-and-red cockade. He was goading on a jack-ass before him, loaded with a goodly burden apparently; but what it was we could not tell, as the whole was covered with a large sheep-skin, with the wool outermost. I was pricking past the man, when Mr S—— sung out to me to shorten sail, and the next moment he startled me by addressing the pedestrian as Colonel *Gabaroche*. The colonel returned the salute, and seemed in no way put out from being detected in this rather unmilitary predicament. He was going up to Port-au-Prince to take his turn of duty with his regiment. Presently up came another half-naked black fellow, with the same kind of glazed hat and handkerchief under it; but he was mounted, and his nag was not a bad one by any means. It was Colonel Gabaroche's Captain of Grenadiers, *Papatoe* by name. He was introduced to us, and we all rode jabbering along. At the time I write of, the military force of the Haytian Republic was composed of one-third of the whole male population capable of bearing arms, which third was obliged to be on permanent duty for four months every year; but the individuals of the quota were allowed to follow their callings as merchants, planters, or agriculturists, during the remaining eight months; they were, I believe, fed by Government during their four months of permanent duty. The weather, by the time we had ridden a couple of miles farther,

began to lower, and presently, large heavy drops of rain fell, and preserving their globular shape, rolled like peas, or rather like bullets, amidst the small finely pulverized dust of the sandy path. "Umbrella" was the word—but this was a luxury unknown to our military friends. However, the colonel immediately unfurled a blanket from beneath the sheepskin, and sticking his head through a hole in the centre of it, there he was like a herald in his tabard, with the blanket hanging down before and behind him. As for the captain, he dismounted, disencumbered himself of his trowsers, which he crammed under the mat that served him for a saddle, and taking off his shirt, he stowed it away in the capacious crown of his cocked hat, while he once more bestrode his *Bucephalus à la carte à la mode*—but conversing with all the ease in the world, and the most perfect *sans effort*, while the thunder shower came down in bucketful. In about half an hour, we arrived at the skirt of the brushwood or jungle, and found on our left hand some rice fields, which in appearance we could not have distinguished from a young wheat; but on a nearer approach, we perceived that the soil, which had been called on which there was no valuing, was a soft mud, the peasants treading through the loose mud along the ridges, borne by planks, on which several of the labourers were standing as we passed, one of whom turning to look at us, slipped off, and instantly sunk amidst the rotten slime up to his waist. The neighbourhood of these rice swamps is generally extremely unhealthy. At length we got on board the *Firebrand*, drenched to the skin, to a late dinner, after which it was determined by Captain N——,—of which intention, by the by, with all his familiarity, I had not the smallest previous notice,—that I should cross the island to Jamel, in order to communicate with the merchant-ships loading there; and by the time I returned, it was supposed the *Firebrand* would be ready for sea, when I was to be detached in the *Wave*, to whip in the craft at the different outposts, after which we were all to sail in a fleet to Port Royal.

"I say, skipper," quoth Mr Bang,

"I have a great mind to ride with Tom—what say you?"

"Why, Aaron, you are using me ill; that shaver is seducing you altogether; but come, you won't be a week away, and if you want to go, I see no objection."

It was fixed accordingly; and on the morrow Mr Bang and I completed our arrangements, hired horses and a guide, and all being in order, clothes packed, and every thing else made ready for the cruise, we rode out along with Mr S——, (we were to dine and sleep at his house,) to view the fortifications on the hill above the town, and the site of Christophe's operations when he besieged the place; and pretty hot work they must have had of it, for in two different places the trenches of the besiegers had been pushed on to the very crest of the glacis, and in one the counter-scarp had been fairly blown into the ditch, disclosing the gallery of the mine behind, as if it had been a cavern, the crest of the glacis having remained entire. We walked into it, and Mr S—— pointed out where the President's troops, in Fort Republicain, had countermined, and silently entered the other chamber from beneath, after the explosion, and, sword in hand, cut off the storming party, (which had by this time descended into the ditch,) and drove them up through the breach into the fort, where they were made prisoners.

The *assault* had been given three times in the night, and he trembled for the town; however, Petion's courage and indomitable resolution saved the mail. For by making a sally from the south gate at grey dawn, even when the firing on the hill was hottest, and turning the enemy's flank, he poured into the trenches, routed the covering party, stormed the batteries, spiked the guns, and that evening's sun glanced on the bayonets of King Henry's troops, as they raised the siege, and fell back in great confusion on their lines, leaving the whole of their battering train, and a great quantity of ammunition behind them.

Next morning we were called at daylight, and having accounted ourselves for the journey, we descended and found two stout ponies, the biggest not fourteen hands high, ready

saddled with old-fashioned demi-piques, and large holsters at each of the saddlebows. A very stout mule was furnished for Monsieur Pegtop; and our black guide, who had contracted for our transit across the island, was also in attendance, mounted on a very active well-actioned horse. We had coffee, and started. By the time we reached Leogane, the sun was high and fierce. Here we breakfasted in a low one-story building, our host being no smaller man than Major L—— of the Fourth Regiment of the line. We got our chocolate, and eggs, and fricassee fowl, and roasted yam, and in fact made, even according to friend Aaron's conception of matters, an exceedingly comfortable breakfast.

Mr Bang here insisted on being paymaster, and tendered a sum that the black major thought so extravagantly great, considering the entertainment we had received, that he declined taking more than one-half. However, Mr Bang, after several unavailing attempts to press the money on the man, who, by the by, was simply a good-looking blackamoor, dressed in a check shirt, coarse but clean white duck trousers, with the omnipresent handkerchief bound round his head, and finding that he could not persist without giving offence, was about pocketing the same, when Pegtop audibly whispered him,

"Massa, you ever seee black niger refuse money before? but don't take it heart, Massa; me Pegtop will pocket him, if dat foolis black person won't."

"Thank you for nothing, Master Pegtop," said Aaron.

We proceeded, and rode across the beautiful plain, gradually sloping up from the mangrove-covered beach, until it swelled into the first range of hills, that formed the pedestal of the high precipitous ridge that intersected the southern prong of the island, winding our way through the ruins of sugar plantations, with fragments of the machinery and implements employed in the manufacture scattered about, and half sunk into the soil of the fields, which were fast becoming impervious jungle, and interrupting our progress along the narrow bridle-paths. At length we began to ascend, and the comparative coolness of the climate soon evinced that we were

rapidly leaving the hot plains, as the air became purer, and thinner, and cooler at every turn. After a long hot ride, we reached the top of the ridge, and turning back had a most magnificent view of the whole Bight of Leogane, and of the Horse Shoe, and Aaron's Frog; even the tops of the mountains above the *Mole*, which looked like islands, and could not have been nearer than seventy miles, were visible, floating like blue clouds in the misty distance. Aaron took off his hat, reined up, and turning the head of his Bucephalus towards the placid waters we had left, stretched forth his hand—

"Ethereal air, and ye swift-winged winds,

Ye rivers springing from fresh founts, ye waves

That o'er th' interminable ocean wreath
Your crisped smiles, thou all-producing Earth,

And thee, bright Sun, I call, whose flaming orb

Views the wide world beneath.—See!—"

"Nearly got a stroke of the sun, Tom—what Whiffle would call a *cul de sac*—by taking off my chapeau in my poetical frenzy—so shove on."

We continued our journey through most magnificent defiles, and under long avenues of the most superb trees, until, deeply embosomed in the very heart of the eternal forest, we came to a shady clump of bamboos, overhanging with their ostrich-feather-like plumes a round pool of water, mantled or creamed over with a bright green coating, as if it had been a vegetable velvet, but nothing akin to the noisome scum that ferments on a stagnant pool in England. It was about the time we had promised ourselves dinner, and in fact our black guide and Pegtop had dismounted, to make their preparations.

"Why, we surely cannot dine here? you don't mean to drink of that stagnant pool, my dear sir?"

"*Siste paulisper*, my boy," said Mr Bang, as he stooped down, and skimmed off the green covering with his stick, disclosing the water below, pure and limpid as a crystal-clear fountain. We dined on the brink, and discussed a bottle of vin de gravo a-piece, and then had a small pull at brandy and water; but we ate very little,—not that I was not very hungry,

but Mr Bang would not let me feed largely.

"Now, Tom, you really do not understand things. When one rides a goodish journey on end—say seventy miles or so—on the same horse, one never feeds the trusty creature with half a bushel of oats; at least if any wooden spoon does, the chances are he knocks him up. No, no—you give him a *mouthful* of corn, but *plenty* to drink—a little meal and water here, and a bottle of porter in water there, and he brings you in handsomely. Zounds! how would you yourself, Tom, like to dine on turtle-soup and venison, in the middle of a hissing hot ride of sixty miles, thirty of them to be covered after the feed? Lord! what between the rich food and the punch, you would have fermented like a brewer's vat before you reached the end of the journey; and if you had not a boll imperial measure of carbonate of soda with you, the chances are you would explode like a catamaran, your head flying through some old woman's window, and capsizing her teapot on the one hand, while on the other your four quarters are scattered north, south, east, and west.—But *Gaudeamus*,—sweet is pleasure after pain, Tom, and all you sailors, and tailors—I love to class you together—are tender—not *hearted* creatures. Strange now that there should be three classes of his Majesty's subjects, who never can, by any possibility, be taught to ride,—to whom riding is, in fact, a physical impossibility; and these three are the aforesaid sailors and tailors, and dragoon officers. However, hand me the brandy bottle; and, Pegtop, spare me that black jack that you are rinsing—so.—Useful commodity, a cup of this kind"—here our friend dashed in a large qualifier of cognac—"it not only conceals the quality of the water, for you can sometimes perceive the animalcules hercabouts without a microscope, but also the strength of the libation. So—a piece of biscuit now, and the smallest morsel of that cold tongue—your health, Thomas"—a long pull—"speedy promotion to you, Thomas." Here our friend rested the jug on his knee. "Were you ever at a *Gaudeamus* of Presbyterian clergymen on the Monday af-

ter the sacrament Sunday, Tom,—that is, at the dinner at the manse?"

"No, my dear sir; you know I am an Episcopalian."

"And I am a Roman Catholic. What then? I have been at a *Gaudeamus*, and why might not you have been at one too? Oh the fun of such a meeting! the feast of reason, and the flow of Ferintosh, and the rich stories, aye, fatter than even I would venture on, and the cricket-like chirps of laughter of the probationer, and the loud independent guffaw of the placed minister, and the sly innuendos about the land round the Jordan, when our *freens* get half *foo*. Oh how I honour a *Gaudeamus*! And why," he continued, "should the excellent men not rejoice, Tom? Are they not the very men who should be happy? Is a minister to be for ever boxed up in his pulpit—for ever to be wagging his pow, bald, black, or grizzled, as it may be, beneath his sounding board, like a paddock below a paddock-stool? And like the aforesaid respectable quadruped or biped, (it has always puzzled me which to call it,) is he never to drink any thing stronger than water? 'Hath not a minister eyes? hath not a minister hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, that another man is? If you prick them, do they not bleed? If you tickle them, do they not laugh?' And shall we grudge them a *Gaudeamus* now and then? Shall *opera peracta ludemus* be in the mouths of all mankind, from the dirty little greasy-faced school-boy, who wears a red gown and learns the Humanities and Whiggery in the Nineveh of the west, as the Bailie glories to call it, to the King upon his throne, and a dead letter, as well as a dead language, to them, and them only? Forbid it, the Honourable the Lord Provost—forbid it, the Honourable the Lord Provost and all the Bailies—forbid it, the Honourable the Lord Provost and all the Bailies, and those who sit in Council with them! Forbid it,—the whole august aggregate of terror to evil-doers, and praise of them who do well! Forbid it, Dr Cleland!"

- By this time I had smuggled the jug out of our *amigo's* claw, and had done honour to his pledge. "Do you know, my dear Mr Bang, I have always been surprised that a man of your strong intellect, and clear views of most matters, should continue, in profession at least, a Roman Catholic?" Aaron looked at me with a seriousness, an unaffected seriousness in his manner, that possessed me with the notion that I had taken an unwarrantable liberty. "Profession," at length said he, slowly and deliberately, apparently weighing every word carefully as it fell from him, as one is apt to do when approaching an interesting subject, on which you desire not to be misunderstood.—"Profession—what right have you to assume this of me or any man, that my mode of faith is but profession?" and then the kind-hearted fellow, perceiving that his rebuke had mortified me, altering his tone, continued, but still with a strong tinge of melancholy in his manner—"Alas! Tom, how often will weak man, in his great arrogance, assume the prerogative of his Maker, and attempt to judge—honestly, we will even allow, according to his conception—of the heart and secret things of another, but too often, in reality, by the evil scale of his own! Shall the poshlerd say to his frail fellow, 'Thou art weak, but I am strong?' Shall the *mouthwort* say to his brother mole—(I say, Quashie, mind that mule of yons don't snort in the water, will ye?)—'Blind art thou, but, lo, I see?' Ah, Tom, I am a Roman Catholic; but is it thou who shall venture down into the depths of my heart, and then say, whether I be so in profession only, or in stern unswerving sincerity?"—I found I had unwittingly touched a string that vibrated to his heart.—"I am a Roman Catholic, but, I humbly trust, not a bigoted one; for were it not against the canons of both our churches, I fear I should incline to the doctrine of Pope—"

He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.'

My fathers, Tom, were all Catholics before me; they may have been wrong, but I am only my father's son,—not a better, and I fear, I fear, not so wise a man.—

Pray, Tom, did you ever hear of even a *good* Jew, who, being converted, did not become a *bad* Christian? Have you not all your life had a repugnance to consort with a sinner converted from the faith of his fathers, whether they were Jews or Gentiles, Hindoos or Mahomedans, dwellers in Mesopotamia, or beyond Jordan? You *have* such a repugnance, Tom, I know; and I have it too."

"Well," I proceeded, on the strength of the brandy grog, "in the case of an unenlightened, or ignorant, or half-educated man, I might indeed suspect duplicity, or even hypocrisy, at the bottom of the abjuration of his fathers' creed; but in a gentleman of your acquirements and knowledge"—

"There again now, Cringle, you are wrong. The clothopper *might* be conscientious in a change of creed, but as to the advantage I have over him from superior knowledge! — Knowledge, Tom! what do I know—what does the greatest and the best of us know—to venture on a saying somewhat of the tritest— but that he knows nothing? Oh, my dear boy, you and I have hitherto consorted together on the *deck* of life, so to speak, with the bright joyous sun sparkling, and the blue heavens laughing overhead, and the clear green sea dancing under foot, and the merry breeze buzzing past us right cheerily. We have seen but the fair-weather side of each other, Thomas, without considering that all men have their deep feelings, that lie far, far down in the *hold* of their hearts, were they but stirred up. Aye, you smile at my figures, but I repeat it—in the deep *hold* of their hearts; and may I not follow out the image with verity and modesty, and say that those feelings, often too deep for tears, are the *ballast* that keeps the whole ship in trim, and without which we should be every hour of our existence liable to be driven out of our heavenward course, yea, to broach to and founder, and sink for ever, under one of the many squalls in this world of storms? And here, in this most beautiful spot, with the deep, dark, crystal-clear pool at our feet, fringed with that velvet grass, and the green quivering leaf above, flickering between us and the bright

blue cloudless sky,—and the everlasting rocks, with those diamond-like tears trickling down their rugged cheeks, impending over us—and those gigantic knarled trees, with their tracery of black withes fantastically tangled, whose naked roots twist and twine amongst the fissures, like serpents trying to shelter themselves from the scorching rays of the vertical sun,—and those featherlike bamboos, high arching overhead, and screening us under their noble canopy,—and the cool plantains, their broad ragged leaves bending under the weight of dew-spangles, and the half-opened wild flowers,—yea, even here, the ardent noontide sleeping on the hill, when even the quick-eyed lizard lies still, and no longer rustles through the dry grass, and there is not a breath of air strong enough out of heaven to stir the gossamer that floats before us, or to wave that wild flower on its hair-like stem, or to rattle the fairy plumage of the humming-bird, that, against the custom of its kind, is now quietly perched thereon; and while the bills of the chattering paroquets, that are peering at us from the branches above are closed, and the woodpecker interrupts his tapping to look down upon us, and the only sound we hear is the moaning of the wood-pigeon, and the lulling buzz of myriads of happy insects booming on the ear, loud as the rushing of a distant waterfall—(Confound these mosquitoes, though!)—even here, on this

So sweet a spot of earth, you night, I ween,

Has some contrivance of the

To sport by summer means, had shaped
It for themselves;—

even in such a place could I look forward without a shudder, to set up my everlasting rest, to lay my weary bones in the earth, and to mingle my clay with that whereout it was moulded? No fear of being *haunted* here, Thomas, and preserved in a glass-case, like a stuffed woodcock, in Surgeons' Hall. I am a barbarian, Tom, in these respects—I am a barbarian, and nothing of a philosopher. *Quero Paz* is to be my epitaph. *Quero Paz*—Cursed be he who stirs these bones! Did not even Shakspeare write it?

“What poetry in this spot, Thomas! Oh,

‘There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,

There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes;
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I

steal

From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne’er express, yet cannot all
conceal.’

Yes, even here, where nature is all beautiful and *every thing*, and man abject and *nothing*—even here, Tom, amidst the loneliness of earth, rugged and half-mad as you must sometimes have thought me—a fellow wholly made up of quips and jests,

‘Yet deem not goodness on the savage
steal,

Of Ovid’s heart disdains to grow’—

even I at this moment could, like an aboriginal Charib of the land, ‘fling up my voice to the Great Spirit, and kneel, and weep, and pray.’

I was much moved.

“You have spoken of knowledge, Tom. Knowledge—what do I know? Of myself I know as little as I do of any other grub that crawls on the surface of this world of sin and suffering; and what I do know, adds little to my self-esteem, Tom, and affords small encouragement to enquire further.—Knowledge, say you? How is that particle of sand here? I cannot tell. How grow that blade of grass? I do not know. Even when I look into that jug of bloody grog, (I’ll trouble you for it, Thomas,) all that I know is, that if I drink it, it will make me drunk, and a more desperately wicked creature, if that were possible, than I am already. And when I look forth on the higher and more noble objects of the visible creation, abroad on this beautiful earth, above on the glorious universe, studded with shining orbs without number, numberless, what can I make of *them*? Nothing—absolutely nothing—yet they are all creatures like myself. But if I try—audaciously try—to strain my *finite* faculties, in the futile attempt to take in what is infinite—if I aspiringly, but hopelessly, grapple with the idea of the immensity of

space, for instance, which my reason yet tells me must of necessity be boundless—do I not fall fluttering to the earth again, like an owl flying against the noontide sun? Again, when I venture to think of eternity—aye, when, reptile as I feel myself to be, I even look up towards heaven, and bend my erring thoughts towards the Most High, the Maker of all things, who was, and is, and is to come; whose flaming minister, even while I speak, is pouring down a flood of intolerable day on one half of the dry earth, and all that therein is; and when I reflect on what this tremendous, this inscrutable Being has done for me and my sinful race, so beautifully shewn forth in both our creeds, *what do I know?* but that I am a poor miserable worm, crushed before the moth, whose only song should be the *miserere*, whose only prayer, ‘God be merciful to me a sinner!’—

There was a long pause, and I began to fear that my friend was shaken in his mind, for he continued to look steadfastly into the clear black water, where he had skimmed off the green velvet coating with his stick.

“Aye, and is it even so? and is it Tom Cringle who thinks and says that I am a man likely to profess to believe what he knows in his heart to be a lie? A *Roman Catholic*! Had I lived before the Roman Conquest I would have been a *Druid*, for it is not under the echoing domes of our magnificent cathedrals, with all the grandeur of our ritual, the flaming tapers, and bands of choristers, and the pealing organ, and smoking censers, and silver-toned bells, and white-robed priests, that the depths of my heart are stirred up. It is *here*, and not in a temple made with hands, however gorgeous—*here*, in the secret places of the everlasting forest,—it is in such a place as this that I feel the immortal spark within me kindling into a flame, and wavering up heavenward. I am superstitious, Thomas, I am superstitious, when left alone in such a scene as this. I can walk through a country churchyard at midnight, and stumble amongst the rank grass that covers the graves of those I have lived with and loved, even if they be ‘green in death, and fostering in their shrouds,’

with the wind moaning amongst the stunted yew-trees, and the rain splashing and scattering on the moss-covered tombstones, and the blinding blue lightning flashing, while the headstones glance like an array of sheeted ghosts, and the thunder is grumbling overhead, without a qualm—direness of this kind cannot once daunt me;—it is *here* and *now*, when all nature sleeps in the ardent noontide, that I become superstitious, and would not willingly be left alone. Thoughts too deep for tears!—aye, indeed, and there be such thoughts, that, long after time has allowed them to subside, and when, to the cold eye of the world, all is clear and smooth above, will, when stirred up, like the sediment of this fountain of the wood, discolour and embitter the whole stream of life once more, even after the lapse of long long years. When my heart-crushing loss was recent—when the wound was green, I could not walk abroad at this to me witching time of day, without a stock or a stone, a distant mark on the hill-side, or the outline of the grey cliff above, taking the very fashion of *her* face, or figure, on which I would gaze, and gaze, as if spell-bound, until I knew not whether to call it a grouping of the imagination, or a reality from without—of *her*, with whom I fondly hoped to have travelled the weary road of life. Friends approved—fortune smiled—one little month, and we should have been one; but it pleased *Him*, to whom in my present frame of mind I dare not look up, to blight my beautiful flower, to canker my rose-bud, to change the fair countenance of my Elizabeth, and send her away. She drooped and died, even like that pale flower under the scorching sun; and I was driven forth to worship Mammon, in these sweltering climes; but the sting remains, the barbed arrow sticks fast.”

Here the cleared surface of the water, into which he was steadfastly looking, was gradually contracted into a small round spot about a foot in diameter, by the settling back of the green floating matter that he had skimmed aside. His countenance became very pale; he appeared even more excited than he had hitherto been.

“By heavens! look in that water,

if the green covering of it has not arranged itself round the clear spot into the shape of a medallion—into *her* features! I had dreamed of such things before, but now it is a palpable reality—it is her face—her straight nose—her Grecian upper lip—her beautiful forehead, and her very bust!—even,

‘As when years apace
Had bound her lovely waist with wo-
man’s zone.’

Oh, Elizabeth—Elizabeth!”

Here his whole frame shook with the most intense emotion, but at length, tears, unwept tears, *did* come to his relief, and he hid his face in his hands, and wept bitterly. I was now convinced he was mad, but I durst not interrupt him. At length he slowly removed his hands, by which time, however, a most beautiful small black diver, the most minute species of duck that I ever saw—it was not so big as my fist—but which is common in woodland ponds in the West Indies, had risen in the centre of the eye of the fountain, while all was so still that it floated quietly like a leaf on the water, apparently without the least fear of us.

“The devil appeared in Paradise under the shape of a cormorant,” said Mr Bang, half angrily, as he gazed sternly at the unlooked-for visitor; “what imp art thou?”

Tip—the little fellow dived;—presently it rose again in the same place, and lifting up its little foot, scratched the side of its tiny yellow bill and little red-spotted head, shook its small wings, bright and changeable as shot silk, with a snow-white pen-feather in each, and then tipped up its little purple tail, and once more disappeared.

Aaron’s features were gradually relaxing; a change was coming over the spirit of his dream. The bird appeared for the third time, looked him in the face, first turning up one little sparkling eye, and then another, with its neck changing its hues like a pigeon’s. Aaron began to smile; he gently raised his stick—“Do you cock your *fad* at me, you tiny thief, you?”—and thereupon he struck at it with his stick. *Tip*—the duck dived, and did not rise again; and all that he got was a sprinkling shower in the face, from

the water flashing up at his blow, and once more the green covering settled back again, and the bust of his dead love, or what he fancied to be so, disappeared. Aaron laughed outright, arose, and began to shout to the black guide, who, along with Pegtop, had taken the beasts into the wood in search of provender. “*Ayez le boné de donnez moi mon cheval? Bringibus the horsos, Massa Bungo—vengulos quadrupedos—make haste, vite, mucho, mucho.*”

Come, there is my Massa Aaron once more, at all events, thought I; but oh, how unlike the Aaron of five minutes ago!

“So, now let us mount, my boy,” said he, and we shoved along, and presently the sun bid us good-bye, very abruptly I will confess. “Cheep, cheep,” sung the lizards—“chirp, chirp,” sung the crickets—“snore, snore,” moaned the tree toad—and it was night. “Dame Nature shifts the scene without much warning here, Thomas,” said Massa Aaron; “we must get along. *De-pechez, mon cher—de-pechez, diggez votre spurs into the flankibus of votre cheval, mon ami,*” shouted Aaron to our guide. “*Jui, Monsieur,*” replied the man, “*mais*”—I did not like this ominous “*but*,” nevertheless we rode on. No more did Massa Aaron—the guide repeated his *mais* again. “*Mais, mon filo—mais—que meanz vous, by baing comme un sheep, eh? Que vizzy vous, eh?*”

We were at this time riding in a bridle-road, to which the worst sheep-paths in Westmoreland would have been a railway, with our horses every now and then stumbling and coming down on their noses on the deep red earth, while we as often stood a chance of being pitched bodily against some tree on the path-side. But we were by this time all alive again, the dulness of repletion having evaporated; and Mr Bang, I fancied, began to peer anxiously about him, and to fidget a good deal, and to nymur and grumble something in his gizzard about “arms—no arms,” as, feeling in his starboard holster, he had detected a regular long cork of claret, where he had hoped to clutch a pistol, while in the larboard, by the praiseworthy forethought of our guide, a good roasted capon was ensconced. “I say, Tom—*Tohoo*—mind I don’t shoot you,”

presenting the bottle of claret. "If it had been soda water, and the wire not all the stronger, I might have a chance in this climate—but we are somewhat caught here, my dear—we have no arms."—"Poo," said I, "never mind—no danger at hand, take my word for it."—"May be not, may be not—but, Pegtop, you scoundrel, why did you not fetch my pistols?"

"Eigh, you go fight, Massa?"

"Fight! no, you booby; but could not your own umskull—the fellow's a fool—so come—ride on, ride on."

Presently we came to an open space, free of trees, where the moon shone brightly; it was a round precipitous hollow, that had been excavated apparently by the action of a small clear stream or spout of water, that sparkled in the moonbeams, like a web of silver tissue, as it leaped in a crystal arch over our heads from the top of a rock about twenty feet high, that rose on our right hand, the summit clearly and sharply defined against the blue firmament, while, on the left, was a small hollow or ravine, down which the rivulet gurgled and vanished; while ahead the same lupervious forest prevailed, beneath which we had been travelling for so many hours.

The road led right through this rugged hollow, crossing it about the middle, or, if any thing, nearer the base of the cliff; and the whole clear space between the rock and the branches of the opposite trees might have measured twenty yards. Right in front of us, the path took a turn to the left, as if again entering below the dark shadow of the wood; but beyond, with the moon shining brightly on it, there was a most beautiful bank, clear of underwood, and covered with the finest short velvet grass that could be dreamed of, as a fitting sward to be pressed by fairy feet. We all halted in the centre of the open space.

"See how the moonlight sleeps on yonder bank!" said I.

"I don't know what sleeps there, Tom," said Aaron; "but does that figure sleep, think you?" pointing to the dark crest of the precipitous eminence on the right hand, from which the moonlight fell was gushing, as if it had been smitten by the rod of the Prophet.

I started, and looked—a dark half-

naked figure, with an enormous cap of the shaggy skin of some wild creature, was kneeling on one knee, on the very pinnacle, with a carbine resting across his thigh. I noticed our guide tremble from head to foot, but he did not speak.

"*Vous avez des armes?*" said Bang, as he continued with great fluency, but little grammar; "*avez le bonté de cochez votre pistolettes?*"

The man gave no answer. We heard the click of the carbine lock.

"Zounds!" said Aaron, with his usual energy when excited, "if you won't use them, give them to me;" and forthwith he snatched both pistols from our guide's holsters. "Now, Tom, get on. Shove t'other blackie ahead of you, Pegtop, will you? Confound you for forgetting my Mantons, you villain. I will bring up the rear."

"Well, I will get on," said I; "but here, give me a pistol—so."

"*Re's-cons en avant, blackie! L'iswados—en avant*, you black rascal—*but soz le Capitan* and me *pour fichtes*—so!"—shouted Bang, as the black guide, guessing his meaning, spurred his horse against the moonlight bank.

"Ah—ah—ah!" exclaimed the man, as he wheeled about, after he had ridden a pace or two under the shadow of the trees—"Vedades aires, *legonds in?*"

"Where?" said I.

"There," said the man in an ecstasy of fear—"there"—and peering up into the forest, where the checkered dancing moonlight was flickering on the dum, heridless, foil, as the gentle night-breeze made the leaves of the trees twinkle to and fro, I saw three dark figures advancing upon us.

"Here's a catastrophe, Tom, my boy," quoth Aaron, who now had resumed all his wonted coolness in danger. "A-k that fellow who is enacting the statue on the top of the rock what he wants. I am a tolerable shot, you know; and if he means evil, I shall nick him before he can carry his carbine to his shoulder, take my word for it."

"Who is there, and what do you want?" No answer; the man above us continued as still as if he had actually been a statue of bronze. Presently one of the three men in the wood sounded a short snorting note on a bullock's horn,

It would seem that until this moment their comrade above us had not been aware of their vicinity, for he immediately called out in the *patois* of St Domingo, "Advance, and seize the travellers;" and thereupon was in the act of raising his piece to his shoulder, when—crack—Bang fired his pistol. The man uttered a loud *hah*, but did not fall. "Missed him, by all that is wonderful!" said my companion. "Now, Tom, it is your turn." I levelled, and was in the very act of pulling the trigger, when the dark figure fell over slowly and stiffly on his back, and then began to struggle violently, and to cough loudly, as if he was suffocating. At length he rolled over and down the face of the rock, where he was caught by a strong clump of brushwood, and there he hung, while the coughing and crowing increased, and I felt a warm shower, as of heated water, sputter over my face. It was hot hot and salt—God of my fathers! *it was blood!* But there was no time for consideration; the three figures by this had been reinforced by six more, and they now, with a most fiendish yell, jumped down into the hollow basin, and surrounded us.

"Lay down your arms," one of them shouted.

"No," I exclaimed; "we are British officers, and armed, and determined to sell our lives dearly; and if you do succeed in murdering us, you may rest assured you shall be hunted down by bloodhounds."

I thought the game was up, and little dreamed that the name of Briton would, amongst the fastnesses of Haiti, have proved a talisman; but it did so. "We have no wish to injure you, but you must follow us, and see our general," said the man who appeared to take the lead amongst them. Here two of the men scrambled up the face of the rock, and brought their wounded comrade down from where he hung, and laid him on the bank; he had been shot through the lungs, and could not speak. After a minute's conversation, they lifted him on their shoulders; and as our guide and Monsieur Peg-top had been instantly bound, we were only two to nine armed men, and accordingly had nothing for it but to follow the bearers of the wounded man, with our horses tum-

bling and scrambling up the river course, into which, by their orders, we had now turned.

We proceeded in this way for about half a mile, when it was evident that the jaded beasts could not travel farther amongst the twisted trunks of trees and fragments of rock with which the river-course was now strewn. We therefore dismounted, and were compelled to leave them in charge of two of the brigands, and immediately began to scramble up the hill-side, through a narrow foot-path, in one of the otherwise most impervious thickets that I had ever seen. Presently a black savage, half-naked like his companions, hailed, and told us to stand. Some password, that we could not understand, was given by our captors, and we proceeded, still ascending, until, turning sharp off to the left, we came suddenly round a pinnacle of rock, and looked down into a deep dell, with a winding path leading to the brink of it. It was a round cockpit of a place, surrounded with precipitous limestone rocks on all sides, from the fissures of which large trees and bushes sprang, while the bottom was a level piece of ground covered with long hay-like grass, evidently much trodden down. Close to the high bank, right opposite; and about thirty yards from us, a wood fire was sparkling cheerily against the grey rock; while, on the side next us, the roofs of several huts were visible, but there was no one moving about that we could see. The moment, however, that the man with the horn sounded a rough and most unmelodious blast, there was a buzz and a stir below, and many a short grunt arose out of the pit, and long yawns, and *cigh-cighs!* while a dozen splinters of resinous wood, at the fewest, were instantly lit, and held aloft, by whose light I saw fifty or sixty half-naked, but well-armed blacks, gazing up at us from beneath, their white eyes and whiter teeth glancing. Most of them had muskets and long knives, and several wore the military *shako*, while others had their heads bound round with the never-failing handkerchiefs. At length a fierce-looking fellow, dressed in short drawers, a round blue jacket, a pair of epaulets, and a most enormous cocked hat, placed a sort of rough ladder, a plank with

notches cut in it with a hatchet, against the bank next us, and in a loud voice desired us to descend. I did so with fear and trembling, but Mr Bang never lost his presence of mind for a moment; and again, in answer to the black chief's questions, I rested our plea on our being British officers, despatched on service from a squadron (and as I used the word, the poor little Wave and solitary corvette rose up before me) across the island to Jacmel, to communicate with another British force lying there. The man heard me with great patience, but when I looked round the circle of tattered malions, for there was ne'er a shirt in the whole company—Falstaff's men were a joke to them—with their bright arms sparkling to the red glare of the torches that flared like tongues of flame overhead, as they grinned with their ivory teeth, and glared fiercely with their white eyeballs on us—I felt that our lives were not worth an hour's purchase.

At length the leader spoke—"I am General Sanchez, driven to dispute President Petion's sway by his injustice to me—but I hope our quarrel is not hopeless; will you, gentlemen, on your return to Port-au-Prince, use your influence with him to withdraw his decree against me?"

This was so much out of the way; the idea of our being deputed to mediate between such great personages as President Petion and one of his rebel generals, was altogether so absurd, that, under other circumstances, I would have laughed in the black fellow's face. However, a jest here might have cost us our lives; so we looked serious, and promised.

"Upon your honours"—said the poor fellow.

"Upon our words of honour"—we rejoined.

"Then embrace me"—and the savage thereupon, stinking of tobacco and cocoa-nut oil, hugged me, and kissed me on both cheeks, and then did the agreeable in a similar way to Mr Bang. Here the coughing and moaning of the wounded man broke in upon the conference.

"What is that?"—said Sanchez. One of his people told him.—"Ah!" said he, with a good deal of savageness in his tone—"Aha! blood?"

We promptly explained how it happened; for a few moments, I did not know how he might take it.

"But I forgive you," at length he said—"however, my men may revenge their comrade. You must drink and eat with them."

This was said aside to us, as it were. He ordered some roasted plantains to be brought, and mixed some cruel bad tafia with water in an enormous gourd. He ate, and then took a pull himself—we followed—and he then walked round the circle, and carefully observed that every one had tasted also. Being satisfied on this head, he abruptly ordered us to ascend the ladder, and to pass on our way.

The poor fellow was mad, I believe. However, some time afterwards, the President hunted him down, and got hold of him, but I believe he never punished him. As for the wounded man—

Whether he did or die,
Tom Cringle does not know

We were reconducted by our former escort to where we left our horses, remounted, and, without farther let or hindrance, arrived by day-dawn at the straggling town of Jacmel. The situation is very beautiful, the town being built on the hill-side, looking out seaward on a very safe roadstead, the anchorage being defended to the southward by bright blue shoals, and white breakers that curl and roar over the coral reefs and ledges. As we rode up to Mr S—'s, the principal merchant in the place, and a Frenchman, we were again struck with the dilapidated condition of the houses, and the generally ruinous state of the town. The brown and black population appeared to be lounging about in the most absolute idleness; and here, as at Port-au-Prince, every second man you met was a soldier. The women sitting in their little shops, nicely set out with a variety of gay printed goods, and the crews of the English vessels loading coffee, were the only individuals who seemed to be capable of any exertion.

"I say, Tom," quoth Massa Aaron,—"do you see that old fellow there?"

"What! that old grey-headed negro, sitting in the arbour there?"

"Yes—the patriarch is sitting un-

der the shadow of his own *Lima bean*."

And so in very truth he was. The stem was three inches in diameter, and the branches had been trained along and over a sparred arch, and were loaded with pods.

"I shall believe in the story of Jack and the Beanstalk, henceforth and for ever," said I.

We were most kindly entertained by Mr S——, and spent two or three days very happily. The evening of the day on which we arrived, we had strolled out about nine o'clock to take the air—our host and his clerks being busy in the counting-house—and were on our way home, when we looked in on them at their desks, before ascending to the apartments above. There were five clerks and Mr S——, all working away, by the light of their brown home-made wax candles, on the top of their tall mahogany tripods; while three masters of merchantmen were sitting in one corner, computing bills of lading, making up manifests, and I do not know what besides.

"It is now about time to close," said Mr S——; "have you any objection to a little music, gentlemen? or are you too much fatigued?"

"Music—music," said Mr Bang; "I delight in good music, but"—— he was cut short by the whole bunch, the clerks and their master, closing their ledgers, and journals, and day-books, and cash-books with a bang, while one hooked up a fiddle, another a clarinet, another a flute, &c., while Mr S—— offered, with a smile, his own clarinet to Massa Aaron. To my unutterable surprise he took it—sucked in his lips—wet the reed of it in his mouth; then passing his hand across his muzzle, coolly asked Mr S—— what the piece was to be? "*Adieu, l'adieu*, if you please," said S——, rather taken aback. Mr Bang nodded—sounded a bar or two—gave another very scientific flourish, and then calmly awaited the opening. He then tendered a fiddle to me—altogether beyond my compass—but I offered to officiate on the kettle-drum, the drummer being competent to something else. At a signal from our host away they all launched in full *crash*, and very melodious it

was too, let me tell you, Aaron's instrument telling most famously.

The next day we went to visit a tafia property in the neighbourhood. On our way we passed a dozen miserable-looking blacks, cleaning canes, followed by an ugly Turk of a brown man, almost naked, with the omnipresent glazed cocked-hat, and a drawn cutlass in his hand. He was abusing the poor devils most lustily as we rode along, and stood so pertinaciously in the path, that I could not for the life of me pass without jostling him. "*Je vous demande pardon*," said I, with a most abject salutation to my saddlebow. He knitted his brows, and shut his teeth hard, as he ground out between the glancing ivory, "*Sacre! vous ces foutres blancs, là!*" clutching the hilt of his cut-throat firmly all the while. I thought he would have struck me. But Mr S—— coming up, mollified the savage, and we rode on.

The tafia state was a sore affair. It had been a prosperous sugar plantation, as the groen panes, and painted houses, blackened by fire, were melancholy vouchers for; but now the whole cultivation was reduced to about a couple of acres of waxy sugar cane, and the boiling and distilling was carried on in a small unrooted nook of the original wall.

Two days after this we returned to Port-au-Prince, and I could not help admiring the justness of Aaron's former description; for noisome exhalations were rising thick, as the evening sun shone hot and sickly on the long bank of fat black mud that covers the beach beneath the town. We found Captain N—— at Mr S——'s. I made my report of the state of the merchantmen loading on the south side of the island, and retired to rest, deucedly tired and stiff with my ride. Next morning Bang entered my room.

"Hillo, Tom—the skipper, has been shooting for you this half hour—get up, man—get up."

"My dear sir, I am awfully tired."

"Oh?" sung Bang, "I have a silent sorrow here—eh?"

It was true enough; no sailor rides seventy miles on end with impunity. That same evening we bid

adieu to our excellent host Mr S—, and the rising moon shone on us under weigh for Kingston, where two days after we safely anchored with the homeward bound trade.

“The roaring seas
Is not a place of ease,”

says a *Point* ditty. No more is the command of a small schooner in the West Indies. We had scarcely anchored, when the boarding-officer from the flag-ship, brought me a message to repair thither immediately. I did so. As I stepped on deck, the lieutenant was leaning on the drumhead of the capstan, with the signal-book open before him, while the signal-man was telling off the Semaphore, which was rattling away at the Admiral's Penn, situated about five miles off.

“Ah! Cringle,” said he, without turning his head, “how are you?—glad to see you—wish you joy, my lad. Here, lend me a hand, will you? it concerns you.” I took the book, and as the man reported, I pieced the following comfortable sentence together.

“Desire—Wave—fit—wood—water—instantly—to take convoy—to Spanish Main—to-morrow morning—Mr Cringle—remain on board—orders will be sent—evening.”

Heigh ho, *It*

sang I, Thomas, in great wrath and bitterness of spirit. “Damned hard—an I a duck, to live in the water altogether, entirely?”

“Tom, my boy,” sung out a voice from the water. It was Aaron Bang's, who, along with N—, had seen me go on board the receiving ship. “Come along, man—come along—N— is going to make interest to get you a furlough on shore; so come along, and dine with us in Kingston.”

“I am ordered to sea to-morrow morning, my dear sir,” said I, like to cry.—“No!”—“Too true, too true.” So no help for it, I took a sad farewell of my friends, received my orders, laid in my provisions and water, hauled out into the fairway, and sailed for Santa Martha next morning at daybreak, with three merchant schooners under convoy—one for Santa Martha—another for Carthagena—and the third for Porto-Bello.

We sailed on the 24th of such a month, and, after a pleasant passage, anchored at Santa Martha, at 8 A. M., on the 31st. When we came to anchor, we saluted, which seemed to have been a somewhat unexpected honour, as the return was fired from the fort after a most primitive fashion. A black fellow appeared with a shovel of live embers, one of which another *sans-ennote* caught up in his hand, chucking it from one palm to another, until he ran to the breech of the first gun, where, clapping it on the touch-hole, he fired it off, and so on, *sciatum*, through the whole battery, until the required number of guns were given, several of which, by the by, were shotted, as we could hear the balls whiz overhead. The town lies on a small plain, at the foot of very high mountains, or rather on a sand-bank, formed from the washings from these mountains. The summit of the highest of them we could see from the deck, was covered with snow, which at sunrise, in the clear light of the cool grey dawn, shone, when struck by the first rays of the sun, like one entire amethyst. Oh, how often I longed for the wings of the eagle, to waft me from the hot deck of the little vessel, where the thermometer in the shade stood at 95, far up amongst the shining glaciers, to be comforted with cold!

One striking natural phenomenon is exhibited here, arising out of the vicinity of this stupendous prong of the Cordilleras. The sea breeze blows into the harbour all day, but in the night, or rather towards morning, the cold air from the high regions rushes down, and blows with such violence off the land, that my convoy and myself were nearly blown out to sea the first night after we arrived; and it was only by following the practice of the native craft, and anchoring close under the lee of the beach,—in fact, by having an anchor high and dry on the shore itself—the *playa*, as the Spaniards call it,—that we could count on riding through the night with security or comfort.

There are several small islands at the entrance of the harbour, on the highest of which is a fort, that might easily be rendered impregnable; it commands both the town

and harbour. The place itself deserves little notice; the houses are mean, and interspersed with negro huts, but there is one fine church, with several tolerable paintings in it. One struck me as especially grotesque, although I had often seen queer things in Roman Catholic churches in Europe. It was a representation of Hell, with old Nicholas, under the guise of a dragon, entertaining himself with the soul of an unfortunate heretic in his claws, who certainly appeared far from comfortable; while a lot of his angels were washing the sins off a set of fine young men, as you would the dirt off *scabbit* potatoes, in a sea of liquid fire. But their saints!—I often rejoiced that Aaron Bang was not with me; we should unquestionably have quarrelled; for as to the manner in which they were dressed and decorated, the most fantastic *nude* a girl ever *did* up her doll in, was a joke to it. Still these wooden deities are treated with such veneration, that I do believe their ornaments, which are of massive gold and silver, *at the least*, are never, or very rarely stolen.

On the evening of the 2d of the following month we sailed again, but having been baffled by calms and light winds, it was the 11th before we anchored off the St Domingo gate at Carthagena, and next morning we dropped down to Boca Chica, and saw our charge, a fine dashing-schooner of 150 tons, safe into the harbour. About noon we had weighed, but we had scarcely got the anchor cat-ted, when it came on to blow great guns from the northwest—a most unusual thing hereabouts—so it was down anchor again; and as I had made up my mind not to attempt it again before morning, I got the gig in the water with all convenient speed; and that same forenoon I reached the town, and immediately called on the Viceroy, but under very different circumstances from the time poor Mr Splinter and I had entered it along with the conquering army.

We dined with the Magnate, and found a very large party assembled. Amongst others, I especially recollect that the *Inquisidor-General* was conspicuous; but every one, with the exception of the Captain-Gen-

ral and his immediate staff, was arrayed in gingham jackets; so there was not much style in the affair.

I had before dinner an opportunity to inspect the works of Carthagena at my leisure. It is unquestionably a very strong place, the walls, which are built of solid masonry, being armed with at least three hundred pieces of brass cannon, while the continued ebb and flow of the tide in the ditch creates a current so strong, that it would be next to impossible to fill it up, as fascines would be carried away by the current—so that, were the walls even breached, it would be impracticable to storm them. The appearance of Carthagena from the sea, that is, from a vessel anchored off the St Domingo gate, is very beautiful, and, I would almost venture to say, picturesque, beyond any thing I ever saw. It is situated on a sandy island, or, rather, a group of islands; and the beach here shoals so gradually, that boats of even very small draught of water cannot approach within musket-shot. The walls and numerous batteries have a very commanding appearance. The spires and towers on the churches are numerous, and many of them were decorated with flags when we were there; and the green trees shooting up amidst the red-tiled houses, afforded a beautiful relief to the prospect. A little behind the town, on a gentle acclivity, is the citadel, or fort *San Felipe*, whose appearance conveys an idea of impregnable strength; (but all this sort of thing, is it not written in Roderick Random?) and on the ship-like hill beyond it, the only other eminence in the neighbourhood, stands the convent of the Popa, like a poop lantern on the high stern of a ship, from which indeed it takes its name. This convent had been strongly fortified; and, commanding San Felipe, was of great use to Morillo, who carried it by assault during the siege, and held it until the insurgents shell-ed him out of it from the citadel. The effect, when I first saw it, was increased by the whole scene—city, and batteries, and Popa—being reflected in the calm smooth sea, as distinctly as if it had been glass; so clear, in fact, was the reflection, that you could scarcely distinguish the shadow from the reality. We weighed next morning—that is,

on the sixth of the month, and arrived safe at Porto-Bello on the 11th, after a tedious passage, during which we had continual rains, accompanied with vivid lightning and tremendous thunder. I had expected to have fallen in with one of our frigates here; but I afterwards learned that, although I had slid down cheerily along shore, the weather current that prevailed farther out at sea had swept her away to the eastward once more; so I ran in and anchored, and immediately waited on the Governor, who received me in what might once have been a barn, although it did not now deserve the name.

Porto-Bello was formerly called *Nombre de Dios*, having received the former name from the English when we took it. It is a miserable, dirty, damp hole, surrounded by high forest-clad hills, round which everlasting mists curl and obscure the sun, whose rays, at any chance moment when they do reach the steamy swamp on which it is built, or the waters of the lead-coloured, land-locked cove that constitutes the harbour, immediately exhale the thick sickly moisture, in clouds of sluggish white vapours, smelling diabolically of decayed vegetables, and slime, and mud. I will venture a remark that will be found, I am persuaded, pretty near the truth, that there were twenty carrion crows to be seen in the streets for every inhabitant—the people seem every way worthy of such an abode, sallow, dingy, miserable, emaciated-looking devils. As for the place itself, it appeared to my eyes one large hospital, inhabited by patients in the yellow fever. During the whole of the following day, there was still no appearance of the frigate, and I had in consequence now to execute the ulterior part of my orders, which were, that if I did not find her at anchor when I arrived, or if she did not make her appearance within forty-eight hours thereafter, I was myself to leave the Wave in Porto-Bello, and to proceed overland across the Isthmus to Panama, and to deliver, on board of H. M. S. *Bandera*, into the Captain's own hands, a large packet with despatches, as I understood, from the Government at home, of great importance, touching the conduct of our squadron, with reference to the vagaries of some of the

mushroom American Republics on the Pacific. But if I fell in with the frigate, then I was to deliver the said packet to the Captain, and return immediately in the Wave to Port Royal.

Having, therefore, obtained letters from the Governor of Porto-Bello to the Commandant at Chagres, I chartered a canoe with four stout canoe-men and a steersman, or *patron*, as he is called, to convey me to Cruces; and having laid in a good stock of eatables and drinkables, and selected the black pilot, Peter Mangrove, to go as my servant, accompanied by his never-failing companion, Sneezer, and with my hammock and my double-barrelled gun, and a brace of pistols, we shoved off at six A.M., on the morning of the 12th.

It was a run: sort of conveyance this said canoe of mine. In the first place, it was near forty feet long, and only five broad at the broadest, and hollowed out of one single wild cotton-tree; and how this was to be pulled through the sea on the coast, by four men, I could not divine. However, I was assured by the old thief who was the charterer, that it would be all right; whereas, had my innocence not been imposed on, I might, in a *cainco*, or smaller canoe, have made the passage in one half the time it took me.

About ten feet of the afterpart was thatched with palm leaves, over a frame-work of broad ash hoops; which awning was called the *tolito*, and was open both towards the steersman that guided us with a long broad-bladed paddle in the stern, and towards the men forward, who, on starting, stripped themselves stark naked, and, giving a loud yell every now and then, they began to pull their oars, or long paddles, after a most extraordinary fashion. First, when they lay back to the strain, they jumped backwards and upwards on to the thwart with their feet, and then, as they once more feathered their paddles again, they came crack down on their bottoms with a loud skelp on the seats, upon which they again mounted at the next stroke, and so on.

When we cleared the harbour it was fine and clear, but about noon it came on to blow violently from the north-east. All this while we were coasting it along about pistol-shot from the white coral beach, with the

heavy light green swell on our right hand, and beyond it the dark and stormy waters of the blue rolling ocean, and the snow-white roaring surf on our left. By the time I speak of, the swell had been lashed up into breaking waves, and after shipping more salt water than I had bargained for, we were obliged, about four p.m., to shove into a *cove* within the reef called *Naranja*.

I am not sure that I have selected the proper word here, for along this part of the coast there is a chain of salt-water *lagoons*, divided from the sea by the coral beach, the crest of which is covered here and there with clumps of stunted mangroves.

This beach, strangely enough, is higher than the land immediately behind it, as if it had been a dike, or natural breakwater, thrown up by the sea. Every here and there, there were gaps in this natural dike, and through one of these we shoved, and soon swung to our grappling in perfect security, but in a most outlandish situation certainly.

As we rode to the easterly breeze, there was the beach as described, almost level with the water, on our left hand, the land or lee side of it covered with most beautiful white sand and shells, with whole warrens of land crabs running out and in their holes like little rabbits, their little green bodies seeming to roll up and down, for I was not near enough to see their feet, or the mode of their locomotion, like bushels of grape-stone trundling all about on the shining white shore. Beyond, the roaring surf was flashing up over the green bushes, and thundering on the seaward face. On the right hand, ahead of us, and astern of us, the prospect was shut in by impervious thickets of mangroves, while in the distance, the blue hills rose, glimmering and indistinct, through the steamy atmosphere. We were anchored in a stripe of clear water, about three hundred yards long by fifty broad. There was a small cleared space abeam of us landward, of about half an acre in extent, on which was built a solitary Indian hut close to the water's edge, with a small canoe drawn up close to the door. We had not been long at anchor when the canoe was launched, and a monkey-looking, naked old man paddled off, and

brought us a most beautiful chicken turtle, some yams, and a few oranges. I asked him his price. He rejoined, "*por amor de dios*"—that it was his saint's day, and he meant it as a gift. However, he did not refuse a dollar when tendered to him before he paddled away. That night, when we were all at supper, master and men, I heard and felt a sharp crack against the side of the canoe. "Hillo, Peter, what is that, eh?" said I. "Nothing, sir," quoth Peter, who was enjoying his scraps abaft, with the headman, *patron*, or whatever you may call him, of my crew. There was a blazing fire kindled on a bed of white sand, forward in the bow of the canoe, round which the four *bogas* or canoeemen were seated, with three sticks stuck up triangularly over the fire, from which depended an earthen pot, in which they were cooking their suppers.

I had rigged my hammock between the foremost and aftermost hoops of the *toldo*, and as I was fatigued and sleepy, and it was now getting late, I desired to betake myself to rest; so I was just flirting with a piece of ham, preparatory to the cold grog, when I again felt a similar thump and rattle against the side of the canoe. There was a small aperture in the palm thatch, right opposite to where I was sitting, on the outside of which I now heard a rustling noise, and presently a long snout was thrust through, and into the canoe, which kept opening and shutting with a sharp rattling noise. It was more like two long splinters of mud-covered and half-decayed timber, than any thing I can compare it to; but as the lower jaw was opened, like a pair of Brobdignag scissors, a formidable row of teeth was unmasked, the snout from the tip to the eyes being nearly three feet long. The scene at this moment was exceedingly good, as seen by the light of a small, bright silver lamp, fed with spirits of wine, that I always travelled with, which hung from one of the hoops of the *toldo*. First, there was our friend Peter Mangrove, cowering in a corner under the afterpart of the awning, covered up with a blanket, and shaken as if with an ague-fit, with the *patron* peering over his shoulder, no less alarmed. Squeezer, the dog, was sitting on end, with his black nose resting on the table, waiting pa-

tiently for his crumbs; and the black boatmen were forward in the bow of the canoe, jabbering, and laughing, and munching, as they clustered round a sparkling fire. When I first saw the apparition of the diabolical-looking snout, I was in a manner fascinated, and could neither speak nor move. Mangrove and the *patron* were also paralysed with fear, and the others did not see it; so Sneezer was the only creature amongst us aware of the danger, who seemed to have his wits about him, for the instant he noticed it, he calmly lifted his nose off the table, and gave a short startled bark, and then crouched, and drew himself back as if in act to spring, glancing his eyes from the monstrous jaws to my face, and nuzzling and whining with a laughing expression, and giving a small yelp now and then, and again riveting his eyes with intense earnestness on the alligator, telling me as plainly as if he had spoken it—"If you choose it, master, I will attack it, as in duty bound, but really such a customer is not at all in my way"—and not only did he say this, but he shewed his intellect was clear, and no way warped through fear, for he now stood on his hind legs, and holding on the hammock with his fore paws, he thrust his snout below the pillow, and pulled out one of my pistols, which always garnished the head of my bed, on such expeditions as the present.

My presence of mind returned at witnessing the courage and sagacity of my noble dog. I seized the loaded pistol, and as by this time the eyes of the alligator were inside of the *toldo*, I clapped the muzzle to the larboard one, and fired. The creature jerked back so suddenly and convulsively, that part of the *toldo* was torn away; and as the dead monster fell off, the canoe rolled as if in a seaway. My crew shouted "*Que es esto?*" Peter Mangrove, cheered—Sneezer barked and yelled at a glorious rate, and could scarcely be held in the canoe—and looking overboard, we saw the monster, twelve feet long at least, upturn his white belly to the rising moon, struggle for a moment with his short paws, and after a solitary heavy lash of his scaly tail, he floated away astern of us, dead and still. To pro-

ceed—poor Peter Mangrove, whose nerves were consumedly shaken by this interlude, was seized during the night with a roasting fever, brought on in a great measure, I believe, by fear, at finding himself so far out of his latitude; and that he had grievous doubts as to the issue of our voyage, and as to where we were bound for, was abundantly evident. I dosed him most copiously with salt water, a very cooling medicine, and no lack of it at hand. We weighed at grey dawn, and on the morning of the 13th, at 11 o'clock A. M., we arrived at Chagres, a more miserable place, were that credible, even than Porto-Bello. The eastern side of the harbour is formed by a small promontory that runs out into the sea about five hundred yards, with a bright little bay to windward; while a long muddy mangrove-covered spit forms the right hand bank as you enter the mouth or estuary of the river Chagres on the west. The easternmost bluff is a narrow saddle, with a fort erected on the extreme point facing the sea, which, so far as situation is concerned, is, or ought to be, impregnable, the rock being precipitous on three faces, while it is cut off to landward by a deep dry ditch, about thirty feet wide, across which a moveable drawbridge is let down, and this compartment of the defences is all very regular, with scarp and counterscarp, covered way and glacis. The brass guns mounted on the castle were numerous and beautiful, but every thing was in miserable disrepair; several of the guns, for instance, had settled down bodily on the platform, having fallen through the crushed rotten carriages. I found an efficient garrison in this stronghold of three old negroes, who had not even a musket of any kind, but the commandant was not in the castle when I paid my visit; however, one of the invincibles undertook to pilot me to El Señor Torre's house, where his honour was dining. The best house in the place this was, by the by, although only a thatched hut; and here I found his Excellency the Commandante, a little shrivelled insignificant-looking creature. He was about sitting down to his dinner, of which he invited me to partake, and as I was very hungry, I contrived to do justice to the first dish, but my

stomach was grievously offended at the second, which seemed to me to be a compound of garlic, brick dust, and train oil, so that I was glad to hurry on board my canoe, to settle all with a little good Madeira.

At four p. m. I proceeded up the river, which is here about a hundred yards across, and very deep; it rolls sluggishly along through a low swampy country, covered to the water's edge with thick sedges and underwood, below which the water stagnates, and generates myriads of mosquitoes, and other troublesome insects, and sends up whole clouds of noxious vapours, redolent of yellow fever, and ague, and cramps, and all manner of comfortable things.

At ten p. m. we anchored by a grapnel in the stream, and I set Peter Mangrove forthwith to officiate in his new capacity of cook, and really he made a duced good one. I then slung my hammock under the *toldo*, and lighting a slow match, to smoke away the mosquitoes, at the end of it forwards, having previously covered the aftermost end with a mat, I wrapped myself in my cloak, and turned in to take my snooze. We weighed again about two in the morning. As the day dawned the dull grey steamy clouds settled down on us once more, while the rain fell in a regular water-pout. It was any thing but a cheering prospect to look along the dreary vistas of the dull Lethe-like stream, with nothing to be seen but the heavy lowering sky above, the red swollen water beneath, and the gigantic trees high towering overhead, and growing close to the water's edge, laced together with black snake-like wirhes, while the jungle was thick and impervious, and actually grew down into the water—for beach or shore, or cleared bank, there was none,—all water and underwood, except where a heavy soft slimy steaming black bank of mud hove its shining back from out the dead waters near the shore, with one or more monstrous alligators sleeping on it, like dirty rotten logs of wood, scarcely deigning to lift their abominable long snouts to look at us as we passed, or to raise their long scaly tails, with the black mud sticking to the scales in great lumps—oh—horrible—most

horrible! But the creatures, although no beauties certainly, are harmless after all. For instance, I never heard a well-authenticated case hereabouts of their attacking a human being; pigs and fowls they do tithe, however, like any parson. I don't mean to say that they would not make free with a little fat dumpling of a *piecanny*, if he were thrown to them, but they seem to have no ferocious propensities. I shot one of them; he was about twelve feet long; the bullet entered in the joints of the mail, below the shoulder of the forepaw, where the hide was tender; but if you fire at them *with* the scale, that is, with the monster looking at you, a musket-ball will glance. I have often in this my Log spoken of these Brodignag lizards, the guanas. I brought down one this day, about three feet long, and found it, notwithstanding its dragon-like appearance, very good eating. At eleven A. M., on the 16th, we arrived at the village of Cruzes, the point where the river ceases to be navigable for canoes, and from whence you take horse, or rather mule, for Panama. For about fifteen or twenty miles below Cruzes, the river becomes rapid, and full of shoals, when the oars are laid aside, and the canoes are propelled by long poles.

The town, as it is called, is a poor miserable place, composed chiefly of Negro huts; however, a Spanish trader of the name of Villaverde, who had come over in the Wave as a passenger, and who had preceded me in a lighter canoe, and to whom I had shewn some kindness, now repaid it, as far as lay in his power.

He lodged me for the night, and hired mules for me to proceed to Panama in the morning; so I slung my hammock in an old Spanish soldier's house, who keeps a kind of *Posada*, and was called by my friend Villaverde at day-dawn, whose object was, not to tell me to get ready for my journey, but to ask me if I would go and bathe before starting. Rather a rum sort of request it struck me; nevertheless, a purification, after the many disagreeables I had endured, could not come amiss, and slipping on my trowsers, and casting my cloak on my shoulders, away we trudged to a very beautiful spot, about a mile above Cruzes,

where, to my surprise, I found a score of *Crusnors*, all ploutering in the water, puffing and blowing and shouting. Now an alligator might pick and choose, thought I; however, no one seemed in the least afraid, so I dashed amongst them. Presently, about pistol-shot from us, a group of females appeared. Come, thought I, rather too much for a modest young man this too; and deuce take me, as I am a gentleman, if the whole bevy did not disrobe in cold blood, and squatter, naked as their mother Eve was in the garden of Eden, before she took to the herb-age, right into the middle of the stream, skirling and laughing, as if not even a male mosquito had been within twenty miles. However, my neighbour took no notice of them; it seemed all a matter of course. But let that pass. About eight o'clock A. M., I got under weigh, with Peter Mangrove, on two good stout mules, and a black guide running before me with a long stick, with which he sprung over the sloughs and stones in the road with great agility; I would have backed him against many a passable hunter, to do four miles over a close country in a steeple-chase.

Panama is distant from Cruzes about eleven leagues. The road is somewhat like what the Highland ones must have been before General Wade took them in hand, and only passable for mules; indeed, in many places where it has been hewn out of the rock in zigzags on the face of the hill, it is scarcely passable for two persons meeting.

But the scenery on each side is very beautiful, as it winds, for the most part, amongst steep rocks, overshadowed by magnificent trees, amongst which birds of all sizes, and of the most beautiful plumage, are perpetually glancing, while a monkey, every here and there, would sit grimacing, and chattering, and scratching himself in the cleft of a tree.

I should think, judging from my barometer—but I may have made an inaccurate calculation, and I have not Humboldt by me—that the ridge of the highest is fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, so that it would be utterly impossible to make a canal *with water in it*. However, I expect to see a Joint Stock Company

set a-going some fine day yet, for the purpose of cutting it, that is, when the national capital next accumulates (and Lord knows when that will be) to a plethora, and people's purses become so distended that they require bleeding.

After travelling about twenty miles, the scene gradually opens, and one begins to dream about Vasco Nunez and the enthusiastic first explorers of the Isthmus; but my first view of the Pacific was through a drenching shower of rain, that wet me to the skin, and rather kept my imagination under, for this said imagination of mine is like a barn-door chuckey, brisk and *crouse* enough when the sun shines, and the sky is blue, and plenty of grub at hand, but I can't write poetry when I am *could*, and hungry, and *dooked*. Still, when I caught my first glimpse of the distant Pacific, I felt that, even through a miserable drizzle, it was a noble prospect.

As you proceed, you occasionally pass through small open savannahs, which become larger, and the clear spaces wider, until the forest you have been travelling under, gradually breaks into beautiful clumps of trees, like a gentleman's park, and every here and there a placid clear pond spreads out, full of pond turtle, which I believe to be one and the same with the tortoise, and eels; the latter of which, by the by, are very sociable creatures, for in the clear moonlight nights, with the bright sparkling dew on the short moist grass, they frequently travel from one pond to another, wriggling along the grass like snakes. I have myself found them fifty yards from the water; but whether the errand was love or war, or merely to drink tea with some of the slippery young females in the next pool, and then return again, the deponent sayeth not.

As you approach the town, the open spaces before-mentioned become more frequent, until at length you gain a rising ground, about three miles from Panama, where, as the sun again shone out, the view became truly enchanting.

There lay the town of Panama, built on a small tongue of land, jutting into the Pacific, surrounded by walls, which might have been a formidable defence once, but I wish my

promotion depended on my rattling the old bricks and stones about their ears, with one single frigate, if I could only get near enough; but in the impossibility of this lies the strength of the place, as the water shoals so gradually, that the tide retires nearly a mile and a half from the walls, rising, I consider, near eighteen feet at the springs, while on the opposite side of the Isthmus, at Chagres for instance, there is scarcely any at all, the gulf stream neutralizing it almost entirely.

On the right hand a hill overhangs the town, rising precipitously to the height of a thousand feet or thereabouts, on the extreme pinnacle of which is erected a signal station, called the *Vigia*, which, at the instant I saw it, was telegraphing to some craft out at sea. As for the city, to assume our friend Mr Bang's mode of description, it was shaped like a tadpole, the body representing the city, and the suburb the tail; or a stewpan, the city and its fortifications being the pan, while the handle tending obliquely towards us, was the *Raval*, or long street, extending savannahward, without the walls. At the distance from which we viewed it, the red-tiled houses, Cathedral, with its towers, and the numerous monasteries and nunneries, seemed girt in with a white ribbon, while a series of black spots here and there denoted the cannon on the batteries. To the left of the town, there was a whole flotilla of small craft, brigs, schooners, and vegetable boats; while further out at sea; beyond the fortifications, three large ships rode at anchor; and beyond them again, the beautiful group of islands lying about five miles off the town, appeared to float on, and were reflected in the calm, glasslike expanse of the Pacific, like emeralds chased in silver; while the ocean itself, toward the horizon, seemed to rise up like a scene in a theatre, or a burnished bright silver wall, growing more and more blue, and hazy and indistinct, as it ascended, until it melted into the cloudless heaven, so that no one could tell where water and sky met.

"Thou glorious mirror,

- - - - - in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,

Iceing the pole, or in the terrid clime
Dark heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,

The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible."——

While a sperm whale every now and then rose between us and the islands, and spouted up a high double jet into the air, and then, with a heavy flounder of his broad tail, slowly sank again; and a boat here and there glided athwart the scene, and a sleepy sail rose with a slow motion and a fitful rattle, and a greasy cheep, on the mast of some vessel, getting all ready to weigh, while small floating trails of blue smoke were streaming away astern from the tiny cabooses of the craft at anchor, and a mournful distant "yo heave oh" came booming past us on the light air, and the everlasting tinkle of the convent bells sounded cheerily, and the lowing of the kine around us called up old associations in my bosom, as I looked forth on the glorious spectacle, from beneath a magnificent bower of orange-trees and shaddocks, while all manner of wild flowers blossomed and bloomed around us.

We arrived at Pauama, about three p. m., covered to the eyes with mud, and after some little difficulty I found out Señor ——'s house, who received me very kindly. Next morning I waited on the Governor, and made my bow, and told him my errand. He was abundantly civil; professing himself ready to serve me in any way, and promising to give me the earliest intelligence of the arrival of the *Bandera*. I then returned to mine host's, to whom I had strong letters of introduction from some Kingston friends.

I soon found that I had landed amongst a family of originals. Mine host was a little thin withered body, with a face that might have vied with the ponkey whom the Council of Dundee took for a sugar planter. He wore his own grey hair in a long greasy queue, and his costume, when I first saw him, was white cotton stockings, white jean small-clothes and waistcoat, and a little light blue silk coat; he wore large solid gold buckles in his shoes, and knee-buckles of the same. His voice was small and squeaking, and when

heated in argument, or crossed by any member of his family, and he was very touchy, it became so shrill and indistinct that it pierced the ear without being in the least intelligible. In those paroxysms he did not walk, but sprung from place to place like a grasshopper, with unlooked-for agility, avoiding the chairs and tables and other moveables with great dexterity. I often thought he would have broken whatever came in his way; but although his erratic orbit was small, he performed his evolutions with great precision and security. His general temper, however, was very kind, humane, and good-humoured, and he seldom remained long under the influence of passion. His character, both as a man and a merchant, was unimpeachable, and, indeed, proverbial in the place. His better half appeared to be some years older, and also a good deal of an original. She was a little short thick woman; but stout as she was, when I had the honour of an embrace, she must have been once much stouter, for her skin appeared from the colour and texture to have come to her at second-hand, and to have originally belonged to a much larger person, for it bagged and hung in flaps about her jowls and bosom, like an ill cut maintopsail, which sits clumsily about the clews. I think I could have reefed her with advantage, below the chin.

Her usual dress was a shift, with a whole sailroom of frills about the sleeves and bosom, and a heavy pink taffeta petticoat, (gowns being only worn by these fair ones as you put on a great-coat, that is, when they go abroad,) and a small round apron like a flap of black silk. Over these she wore a Spanish *aroba*, or 25 lbs. weight of gold chains, saints, and crucifixes, and a large black velvet patch, of the size of a wafer, on each temple, which I found, by the by, to be an ornament very much in fashion amongst the fair of Panama. Her hair, or rather the scanty remnant thereof, was plaited into two grizzled braids, with a black bow of ribbon at the end of each, and hung straight down her back. Like many excellent wives, she loved to circulate her spouse's blood, by a little well-timed opposition now

and then; but she never tried her strength too far, and she always softened down in proportion as he waxed energetic, and began to accelerate his motions, so that by the time he had given one or two hops she had either fairly given *in*, or moved *out*. They had no children, but had in a manner adopted a little black creature about four years old, which, being a female, the lady had christened by the familiar diminutive of *Diablita*.

Another curiosity was the maternal aunt of Don —, a little superannuated woman, about four feet high, if she could have stood erect, but old age had long since bent her nearly double; she was on the verge of eighty-five years of age, and had outlived all her faculties. This poor old creature, in place of being respectably lodged, and taken care of, was allowed to go about the house, tame, without any fixed abode so far as I could learn; nor did she always meet with that attention, I am sorry to say it, from the family, or even from the servants, that she was entitled to from her extreme helplessness. She had a droll custom of eating all her meals walking, and it was her practice to move round the dinner-table in this her dotage, and to commit pranks, that, against my will, made me laugh, and even in despite of the feelings of pity and self-humiliation that arose in my bosom at the sight of such miserable imbecility in a fellow-creature. Thus keeping on the wing as I have described, it was her practice to cruise about behind the chairs, occasionally snatching pieces of food from before the guests, so slyly, that the first intimation of her intentions was the appearance of her yellow shrivelled birdlike claw in your plate.

The brother of our host was a little stout man, but still very like Señor — himself—an illustration, *à la Bang*, if you please. For instance, I always gloried in likening the latter to a dried prune, then to conceive of his plump brother, pray boil him, or imagine him boiled, and so swell out or blow up the creases in his skin, and there you have him.

This little dumpling was very asthmatic, and used to blow like a

porpoise by the time he reached the top of the stairs. The only time he had ever been out of Panama was whilst he made a short visit to Lima, the wonders of which he used to chant unceasingly. But the continual cause of my annoyance—I fear I must write disgust—was the second wife of Señor ——'s father, that is, the stepmother of mine host, a large fat dirty old woman. She had a pouch under her chin like a pelican, while her complexion, from the quantity of oil and foul feeding in which she delighted, was a greasy mahogany. She despised the unnatural luxuries of knives and forks, constantly devouring her meat with her fingers, whatever its consistency might be; if flesh, she tore it with both hands; if soup, she scooped it up in the palm of one of them; and as the devil would have it, the venerable beauty chose to take a fancy to me. Oh, she was a balloon! I have often expected to see her rise to the roof.

These polished personages may be called Señor ——'s family, but it was occasionally increased by various others; none of whom, however, can I heave to, to describe at present.

The day after my arrival, the operation of covering dollar boxes with wet hides had been going on in the dinner saloon the whole forenoon, which drove me forth to look about me, but I returned about half-past two, this being the hour of dinner, and found all the family, excepting mine hostess, assembled, and my appearance was the signal for dinner being ordered in. I may mention here, that this worthy family were all firmly impressed with the idea, that an Englishman was an ostrich, possessing a stomach capable of holding and digesting four times as much as any other person; and under this belief they were so outrageously kind, that I was often literally stuffed to suffocation, when I first came amongst them, and when at length I resolutely refused to be immolated after this fashion, they swore I was sick, or did not like my food, which was next door to insulting them. El Señor ——'s fat dumpling of a brother thought medical advice ought to be taken, for when he was in Lima several seamen belonging to an Eng-

lish whaler had died, and he had remarked, the twaddling body, that they had invariably lost their appetites previous to their dissolution.

But to return. Dinner being ordered, was promptly placed on the table, and mine host insisted on planting me at the foot thereof, while he sat on my left hand; so the party sat down; but the chair opposite, that ought to have been filled by *Madama* herself, was still vacant.

"*Adonde esta su ama,*," quoth Don —— to one of the black waiting wenches. The girl said she did not know, but she would go and see. It is necessary to mention here that the worthy Señor's counting-house was in a back building, separated from the house that fronted the street by a narrow court, and in a small closet off this counting-house, my *quatre* had been rigged the previous night, and there had my luggage been deposited. Amongst other articles in my commissariat, there was a basket with half-a-dozen of champagne, and some hock, and a bottle of brandy, that I had placed under Peter Mangrove's care to comfort us in the wilderness. We all lay back in our chairs to wait for the lady of the house, but neither did she nor *Tomasita*, the name of the handmaiden who had been despatched in search of her, seem inclined to make their appearance. Don —— became impatient.

"*Josefa,*,"—to another of the servants—"run and *desce* your mistress to come here immediately." Away she flew, but neither did this second pigeon return. Mine host now lost his temper entirely, and spluttered out, as loud as he could roar, "*Somos comiendo Fanchita, somos comiendo;*" and forthwith, as if in spite, he began to fork up his food, until he had nearly choked himself. Presently a short startled scream was heard from the counting-house, then a low suppressed laugh, then a loud shout, a long uproarious peal of laughter, and the two black servants came thundering across the wooden gangway or drawbridge, that connected the room where we sat with the out-house, driven onwards by their mistress herself. They flew across the end of the dining-room into the small balcony fronting the street, and began without ceremony to shout across

the narrow street to a Carmelite priest, who was in a gallery of the opposite monastery, "that their mistress was possessed."

Presently in danced our landlady, *in propria persona*, jumping and screaming and laughing, and snapping her fingers, and spinning round like a Turkish dervish,—"mira el fandango, mira el fandango—*dexa me baylar, dexa me baylar*—See my fandango, see my fandango—let me dance—let me dance—ha, ha, ha!"

"Panchita," screamed Don—in extreme wrath, "*tu es loco*, you are mad—sit down, *por amor de dios—seus decenete*—be decent."

She continued gambolling about, "*Joven soy, y virgin*—I am young and a virgin—*y tu Viejo diablo que queres tu*,—and you, old devil, what do you want, eh?—*Una virgin por dios soy*—I am young," and seizing a boiled fowl from the dish, she let fly at her husband's head, but missed him fortunately, whereupon she made a regular grab at him with her paw, but he slid under the table, in all haste, roaring out,—"Ave Maria, que es esso—manda por el Padre—Send for the priest, *y trae una puerco, en donde echar el demonio, manda, manda*—send for a priest, and a pig, into which the demon may be cast,—send—" "*Dexa me, dexa me baylar*"—continued the old dame—"tu no vale, Bobo viejo,—you are of no use, you old block-head—you are a forked radish, and not a man—let me catch you, let me catch you," and here she made a second attempt, and got hold of his queue, by which she forcibly dragged him from beneath the table, until fortunately the ribbon that tied it slid off in her hand, and the little Señor instantly ran back to his burrow, with the speed of a rabbit, while his wife sung out, "*Tu gastas calzones, eh? para que, dame los calzones, you los quitare?*" and if she had caught the worthy man, I believe she would really have shaken him out of his garments, peeled him on the spot, and appropriated them to herself as her threat ran. "I am a cat, a dog, and the devil—hoo—hoo—hoo—let me catch you, you miserable wretch, you forked radish, and if I don't peel off your breeches,—I shall wear them, I shall wear them, —Ave Maria." Here she threw her-

self into a chair, being completely blown; but after a gasp or two, she started to her legs again, dancing and singing and snapping her fingers, as if she had held castanets between them, "*Venga—venga—dexa me baylar—dankee, dankee lu—dankee, dankee la—mi guitarra—mi guitarra—dankee, dankee la—ha, ha, ha!*"—and away she trundled down stairs again, where she met the priest who had been sent for, in the lower hall, who happened to be a very handsome young man. Seeing the state she was in, and utterly unable to account for it, he bobbed, as she threw herself on him, eluded her embraces, and then bolted up stairs, followed by Mrs Potiphar, at full speed.—"Padre, father," cried she, "stop till I peel that forked radish there, and I will give you his breeches—Dankee, dankee lu." All this while, Don — was squeaking out from his lair, at the top of his pipe—"Padre, padre, trae el puerco, venga el puerco—echar el demonio—echar el demonio—bring the pig, the pig, and cast out the devil." "*Canta, canta y bayle, viejo Diablito, canta o yo te matarase*—Bring my guitar, dance, dance and sing, you little old devil you, or I'll murder you,—dankee, dankee la."

In fine, I was at length obliged to lend a hand, and she was bodily laid hold of, and put to bed, where she soon fell into a sound sleep, and next morning awoke in her sound senses, totally unconscious of all that had passed, excepting that she remembered having taken a glass of the Englishman's small beer.

Now the secret was out. The worthy woman, like most South American Spaniards, was distractedly fond of *cervesa blanca*, or small beer, and seeing the Champagne bottles with their wired corks (beer requiring to be so secured in hot climates) in my basket, she could not resist making free with a bottle, and, as I charitably concluded, small beer being a rarity in these countries, she did not find out the difference until it was made evident by the issue; however, I have it from authority, that she never afterwards ventured on any thing weaker than brandy, and from that hour, utterly eschewed that most dangerous liquor, *cervesa blanca*.

STATE AND PROSPECTS OF FRANCE. *

THE affairs of France, and the tendency of political change among its inhabitants, can never be sufficiently made the subject of thought and discussion in this country. Paris is the great centre of Democracy: it is there, during the last half century, that that turbulent spirit has been engendered, which, under the varying forms of Revolutionary Propagandism and military ambition, has never ceased to agitate and distract the adjoining states; and it is thence that those terrific columns have so long issued which have struck the iron, not only into the bodies, but the souls of men, and overturned society as much by the seducing principles they diffused, as the redoubtable blows which they struck. All the revolutions and all the calamities of Europe since the year 1789, have emanated from that great fountain of democratic ambition; and though closed for a time by the strong hand of Wellington, it has again been opened by the infatuation of succeeding times, and like the genie in the Eastern tale, which was imprisoned by the seal of Solomon, it is spreading far and wide, when the signet was removed, and from amidst the mist with which it at first overspread the earth, the awful form of the giant is again appearing to mankind.

England, long the leader of European civilisation, and the first-born of modern freedom, has been content to fall back into the second line, behind the leaders of Revolution. The liberty which had struck its root a thousand years ago in the Saxon soil—the institutions which had stood the test of centuries of glory—the general protection which had overspread a northern land with riches unknown to the regions of the sun, were regarded with scorn by the advocates of French equality: and amidst the tears and the wretchedness of France, new theories were broached, as alluring in the outset to the imagination, as they are in the end ruinous to the happiness of man. Eng-

land, however, was at first too strong for the spoiler; her ancient bulwarks long rolled back the attack; and it was not till infatuation had paralysed, and faction had blinded their defenders, that a vulnerable point was discovered, and that the poison of French principles, issuing from the revolt of the Barricades, so weakened the ancient garrison, that the venerable fabric was overturned.

As it is from France, therefore; that all our danger has arisen, so it is in France that our remedy, if a remedy exists, is to be sought. The illusions of French democracy have blinded the eyes and perverted the judgment of the English people: and till experience has demonstrated the vanity and falsehood of their principles, no adequate antidote to the poison will be found. It is by beholding the fruit of democracy in the quarter where it first arose, and where its triumph has been most complete,—by seeing those who first inhaled the poison, wasting away under its influence,—by witnessing generations perishing under an exhalation more deadly than that which arises from the Upas-tree, that the nations who have been seduced can alone be restored to their former health, and the most terrible calamity which ever has fallen on modern Europe, be mitigated in its influence on future times.

After the battle of Waterloo and the capture of Paris, we, in common with all the world, were deceived as to the effects and the termination of the French Revolution. We thought the drama was finished, when the first act only was concluded: we flattered ourselves that regulated freedom was about to be established, when, in fact, the chains of servitude awaited a people who had proved themselves unworthy of its blessings. The Whigs, in particular, took advantage of this general mistake to divest the Revolution of its worst consequences, and blind men as to its ultimate effects. "The Revolution," it was said, "certainly ran at first

* De l'Etat Actuel de la Société, par M. Le General Donnadieu. Paris. 1833.

into great excesses : but no man can doubt that its ultimate effects were eminently favourable to the cause of freedom. Compare France now with what it was in 1789, and no hesitation can exist as to the immense blessings it has conferred upon mankind." This language was universal, not only among the Whig, but the Liberal Party, in this country ; and in this way all classes were blinded as to the ultimate tendency of that deplorable convulsion. It was considered as a storm, terrible indeed, but salutary ; and an insurrection of the people, stained by a degree of crime unexampled in the history of the world, held forth as the unavoidable ebullition of popular passion, not only unattended by any permanent disaster, but productive, in the end, of the utmost benefits to themselves and their children.

The unexampled prosperity of France under the Restoration went far to render this delusion more general and lasting. Travellers went from England to France, and they beheld a realm so prosperous that it was difficult to believe that the seeds of evil were germinating in its bosom. Cities teeming with inhabitants, and resplendent with architectural decoration—fields smiling with plenty, or waving with gold—vineyards clothing the slopes—and sails whitening the ocean, gave the impression of the highest degree of public prosperity, and effectually concealed the poison which was lurking in the system, and was destined to destroy the very elements of freedom in no distant age. France was free under the Restoration. She possessed a degree of liberty, and enjoyed a prosperity, unknown since the days of Clovis ; and the English, deceived by these brilliant appearances, fondly believed that another State had been admitted within the pale of constitutional freedom—that the guilt of the Revolution had been expiated by the destruction of its authors—and that, how bloody soever had been the commencement of the drama, it had terminated in the happiness even of the guilty actors on the stage.

But this is not the system of nature. The sudden extinction of vice and triumph of virtue is the dream of the poet, or the hope of the mo-

ralist, but not the march of human events. Seed sown in the political, as the natural world, must yield its destined fruit ; and it is not by a single generation that the ultimate effects, either of good or evil, of great public changes, are to be experienced. The moral government of mankind, too often hid to the philosopher and the statesman, is familiar to the peasant, who draws his principles from a higher source. It was announced three thousand years ago on Mount Sinai, and we are witnessing a signal instance of its eternal application. " For I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of those that hate me ; and shew mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments." It is under this law of nature that France is now passing. The crying injustice of the Revolutionists—the torrents of blood which were shed—the fearful confiscation of property which was accomplished—the universal irreligion which prevailed—are now beginning to work out their inevitable effects ; and France, as the punishment for the crimes she committed in the infancy of freedom, is destined to an old age of bondage. The revolt of the Barricades, the subject of such unmeasured exultation to the Liberals all over the world, is the commencement of another act in the drama of the Revolution—of servitude without the alloy of glory, and tyranny unmitigated by a ray of hope.

The great changes introduced by the National Assembly were, the destruction of the Nobility, and the ruin of the Church. These are the measures which excited the transports of the Revolutionists throughout the globe ; and these are the changes which have rendered liberty impracticable in France, and have doomed that guilty country to the chains and ignominy of the Byzantine empire.

" The passion of France," says Napoleon, " being more for equality than liberty ; and the principle of the Revolution being founded on the equality of all classes, there was, after its termination, an absolute want of aristocracy. If a Republic was difficult to constitute on any solid basis without an aristocracy, the difficulty was far greater for a

Monarchy. To make a constitution in a country, while it is destitute of any species of aristocracy, is to attempt to navigate on a single element. The French Revolution has undertaken the solution of a problem as insoluble as that of directing the course of balloons.* "A Monarchy," says Lord Bacon, "where there is no nobility at all, is *ever a pure and absolute tyranny*; for nobility attempers sovereignty, and draws the eyes of the people somewhat aside from the line royal."† In the profound observations of these great men is to be found the key to the present state of France, and the explanation of the fact that, since the revolt of the Barricades, its inhabitants have been subjected to different species of servitude, but never enjoyed one hour of freedom. They have groaned alternately under the despotism of the Parisian populace and of Marshal Soult's soldiers—of the heroes of the Barricades, and the Prætorian guards, who consigned these heroes to dungeons; but never tasted that freedom which they enjoyed under the sway of the Restoration.

The addition of the burdens of France since the three glorious days has been prodigious. The national expenditure has been raised from £40,000,000 to above £60,000,000 a-year, and the army from 80,000 to more than 100,000 soldiers; and what has France gained in exchange for these enormous impositions? A military government, which derides the principles of freedom which it invoked to obtain its elevation—which prosecutes the press with unrelenting rigour—which carries arrest and imprisonment, with severity unexampled since the Reign of Terror, into the bosom of families—which imprisoned, in June, 1832, 1500 citizens—and has recently erected the gloomy fortress of St Michel in the midst of the sea, with its dungeons and oubliettes, framed by the jealousy of Louis XI., into a Bastille, capable of containing a hundred times as many State prisoners as that which fell on the 14th July, 1789. There the heroes of the Barricades, stigmatized as rebels for

their accession to the great revolt of June, 1832, mourn and pine in forgotten solitude, doomed to perpetual imprisonment amidst the silence of the ocean; while the remnant of their party at Paris, crushed by the Prætorian guards of the military despot, seek, in the excesses of sensual pleasure, the means of forgetting the thralldom and servitude of their country.

The irreligion of the people since the Revolution, the direct consequence of the long cessation of public worship during its continuance, and the confiscation of the property of the Church by its ardent enthusiasts, is the second great feature of modern France, and it too is utterly inconsistent with any thing like public freedom. Who ever heard of a nation of atheists or deists having any liberty? or who ever heard of freedom existing among a people of whom the influential classes were of an infidel character? But the French are now essentially an irreligious people, and if there is any one proposition more certain in politics than another, it is that such a disposition is not only inconsistent with liberty, but is the first step to despotism. For what is it that stimulates and upholds the spirit of freedom, but a sense of public duty, and a feeling of moral obligation which leads men to sacrifice their separate interests and private gratifications on the altar of their country? Infidelity and corruption dry up the fountains of this elevated feeling by leading to nothing but a continued regard to the enjoyments and the luxuries of present existence. Men who do not believe in futurity, or who yield to it only a cold and unwilling assent, which has no practical influence on their character, never have been and never will be, capable of the sustained efforts which the establishment of freedom requires. It can be produced only by the elevated and spiritual feeling which leads them to sacrifice the present to the future, whereas the whole tendency of infidel profligacy is to sacrifice the future to the present. This single point is decisive; whenever this corner has been turn-

* Napoleon. i. 145.

† Bacon's Essays, 14.

ed by a nation, its subsequent history is a rapid descent to servitude and degradation. Liberty has often arisen from the enthusiasm of the fanatic, but never from the selfishness of the infidel: Tyranny has had many supporters, but none so effectual as the destroyers of national faith. Constitutional freedom became hopeless in France from the moment that the property of the Church was confiscated, and its members were exiled and scattered by a presumptuous and faithless generation.

The forms of a free monarchy were given to France at the Restoration, and the deluded world thought they were fitted to receive it, and anticipated a succession of ages of liberty and glory to the people under the shadow of the fabric cemented by the blood and the tears of the Revolution. What prevented freedom from taking root? What overturned a constitution apparently as firm and stable as that of England? What but the natural fruits of the injustice and violence of the Revolution—the vehement desires excited by unbridled passion—the extravagant expectations awakened by reckless innovation—the fatal ascendancy given to plebeian ambition? The Constituent Assembly knocked away the scaffolding by which alone freedom can be erected in an old State, when they annihilated the Church, destined to coerce the passions, and the Nobility, fitted to moderate the ambition of the people. What counterpoise can exist, after their destruction, to the frenzy of the people in one age, the tyranny of the soldiery in a second, or the corrupted enjoyments of a Court in a third? Where will you find, among thirty millions of men, the greater part of whom are of equal fortune and consideration, the elements of resistance to four hundred thousand soldiers, or the means of withstanding the seduction of a Government, having at its disposal a revenue of sixty millions sterling a-year? How can you long expect to find, among a youth ardent in the pursuit of pleasure, insatiable in the desire for gratification, corrupted and irreligious in its principles, the enduring fortitude and high resolve which can maintain for centuries a

contest, not only with the power, but the enjoyments at the disposal of Government; and resist alike the storms of adverse, and the seductions of prosperous fortune? As well might you expect to find military courage among the Sybarites, enervated by the luxuries of Naples, or public virtue among the Pachalics of Oriental despotism.

The swords of Alexander and Wellington were thrown into the balance in 1815, and for fifteen years they preserved the equilibrium. The recollection of the Cossacks and the Prussians, of the Moscow retreat, and the disaster of Leipsic, of the rout of Vittoria, and the carnage of Waterloo, long restrained the ardour, and subdued the passions of the Parisian populace. The moral impression produced by these great events, supplied for a time the want of a third estate in the realm, and concealed the truth, now painfully apparent, that by having destroyed the aristocracy and the church, the political and religious weights in the machine, the balance of its parts has been rendered impossible, and nothing left but the intemperance of the populace, and the despotism of the throne, in fierce and unequal hostility. In such a contest, in an old State, it is not difficult to perceive which party will ultimately prove victorious. During the first burst of popular fervour, the populace may overturn every species of established authority, but all institutions founded on passion, are necessarily ephemeral in their duration. After the consequences of democratic fervour have developed themselves, and public suffering has tamed the passions of the people, the transition is necessary and immediate to absolute despotism, and in its degradation the national history finally closes. The French Revolution has left only to the people of that country the alternative of American equality or Asiatic servitude; it is not difficult to see in which the history of an old, corrupt, and irreligious people must finally terminate.

These considerations are naturally suggested by the astonishing change which has taken place in the public mind in Paris, and over all France, since the great triumph of Revolu-

tionary principles by the revolt of the Barricades. This change is so great and so bewildering, that it almost induces the belief that we have passed at once into a different age of the world; from the fervour of Gracchus, to the corruption and profligacy of the Byzantine empire. The republican transports,* the dreams of liberty, the fervour of democracy, have now as completely passed off as if a century had rolled away since the triumph of the Barricades; and in the bitter suffering which has followed that event, have been washed away, as by the waters of Lethe, all recollections of the public enthusiasm by which it was occasioned. The French people, ever prone, from the liveliness and fickleness of their disposition, to extraordinary and unforeseen changes, have, in these latter days, fairly outstripped themselves in volatility of character. Democracy, the principles of the Barricades, are already at as low a discount among them as ever they were in the days of Imperial Rome; and the immuring the heroes of July in the dungeons of St Michel, excites as little attention as if the Bastille had never been stormed amidst the transports of France, or the cloister of St Mary never been carried, a year ago, by as great a force as combated Russia and Austria on the field of Austerlitz.* Even the forms of a constitutional monarchy seem to be fast sinking into oblivion; the debates in the Chamber of Deputies excite hardly any attention; almost every thing there passes unanimously; and the authority of Government is almost as irresistible as it was in the days of Napoleon or Louis XIV.

Of all the works which give an account of the present state of society and public feeling in France since the revolt of the Barricades, there is none more valuable than the essay now before us. General Donnadieu was one of the many Frenchmen who were thrown into the career of arms by the convulsion of 1793, and he served with distinction in the Republican armies till the accession of Napoleon in 1799. He was highly esteemed by that great commander, but on account of the independence

of his principles, and the unbending firmness of his character, he was not so much employed as he otherwise would have been by the Imperial Government. On the restoration of the Bourbons, he became a warm supporter of the Constitutional Monarchy, as affording the only chance of freedom to France which yet remained; and he often raised his warning voice in vain in the Chamber of Deputies, to point out the danger of the course which infatuated advisers recommended to that noble and beneficent, but unhappy family. He has now proclaimed to all Europe, in the able and interesting work under review, the inevitable tendency of the measures which the insane advocates of Revolution are daily pursuing on both sides of the Channel; and faithful to the principles of freedom in the close, as the opening of life, denounces the conduct of the tyranny which has been elevated on the shoulders of the democracy, as fearlessly as he opposed that which was dreaded from the bayonets of the European Powers in the outset of the Revolution.

Of the consequences of the destruction of the aristocracy, that great and irremediable work of the National Assembly, our author gives the following account: how applicable, alas! to the corresponding insanity which now pervades the public mind in this country!

“God forbid that I should accuse the Constituent Assembly: many virtues, and the most generous sentiments, existed in its bosom; but its situation was beyond its strength. The ruling feeling among its members was admiration for the English Constitution; that had long been a fashionable mania, like all those which prevail in our country, in the most serious, as the most trivial affairs. Every one forgot that we were not English; that we were not situated in an isle detached from the Continental States; that we were neither an industrious nor a mercantile State; that our character, our necessities, our affections, all conspired to bind us peculiarly to the soil; finally, that on that soil an aristocracy no longer existed. In the delirium of popular enthusiasm, every

one forgot that it was the *most perilous of all things to destroy the little of the nobility which yet remained*; since the slightest attention to the situation of our neighbours must have been sufficient to convince us that the whole scaffolding of their political system reposed on the power of the aristocracy; that their Government was essentially aristocratic, and tempered only by the popular voice: *whereas France, being destitute of that element, could not fail to fall into the jaws of extreme democracy*, and from it into all the changes, more or less terrible, which lead to absolute despotism. This is just what has occurred. The vessel of the State, launched into the midst of the tempest, has been the sport of the winds until the day when it fell into the guidance of a powerful hand, which offered it the shelter which was so much required. But that shelter, too, was of short duration; issuing from the midst of the tempest, by the tempest it was destroyed. An inconceivable fatality prompted that extraordinary man—who possessed within himself power and genius enough to reconstruct the shreds of society, found new interests, and restore our affections to the monarchical government—to engage in perilous and boundless enterprises, and lose in a few hours the fruits of fourteen years of glory, which might have been spread over fourteen centuries in the ordinary course of human events.”—P. 35.

The justice of the first part of this paragraph cannot be questioned; and it would be well if our hot-headed democrats, who clamour for the extinction or degradation of the House of Peers, would recollect the ages of servitude which must follow such a change on the elements of English freedom. But in ascribing the career of Napoleon to fatality, or infatuation, General Donnadieu shews that he is not aware of the unavoidable tendency of revolutionary passion. That terrible conqueror was a scourge to the surrounding nations, more from necessity, and the principles on which his throne was founded, than either ambition or fanaticism. His power was founded on passion, on revolutionary ardour, changed into the thirst for military glory, not cooled down to the occu-

pations or interests of ordinary life. He knew well that he must constantly advance; that the instant he stopped, he would begin to fall; and that without a constant dazzling of the eye of the people by military success, his throne would shake to its foundation. The military career, therefore, and unheard of reverses of Napoleon, were the consequences and the punishment of the revolutionary passions of France; but they are neither its only consequence, nor do they embrace its final retribution. Ages of servitude, the degradation and suffering of the Byzantine Empire, will, in a course of ages, develop the effects and exhaust the punishment of the concentrated guilt of those days of blood. Marshal St Cyr's views of the impelling force which drove Napoleon into the career of conquest, are both more sound and more philosophical.—“His power, both within and without,” says he, “was entirely founded on the eclat of his victories, and the prestige of his destiny. When he committed himself without reserve to his fortune, he imposed upon himself the necessity of following it wherever it would go. Unheard-of success had crowned enterprises, the tenacity of which was continually increasing; but thence arose the necessity of awakening without intermission, by fresh victories, the feeling of admiration and terror with which Europe was struck. The more colossal his power became, the more did his projects require to be unbounded, in order that he might preserve the same sway over the minds of the vulgar. Admiration, enthusiasm, all those keen emotions of which Napoleon knew so well the influence on the masses of mankind, are not durable in their nature; they must be incessantly fed with fresh fuel, and for that end the stimulants applied must be daily more energetic. In a word, the extraordinary has no limits; and from the moment that the character of Napoleon, and the nature of his throne, had thrown him into that career, he had no alternative but to follow it out to the uttermost. His powerful mind clearly perceived this principle, and thence it was that he so often did what was evil, knowing all the time, better than any one else,

that it was evil, overruled by a power from which he found it impossible to escape. The rapid movement which he had imprinted on the affairs of Europe, was not of a kind to remain stationary; a single retrograde step, one pause in the career of conquest, would have been the signal of his fall. If the smallest attempt which the surrounding nations made to shake off their chains had not been on the instant and severely repressed—if one head in Europe could with impunity conceive projects of ambition, all was lost. Far, therefore, from conceiving it to be a just subject of reproach to Napoleon, that he undertook an enterprise so gigantic as the expedition to Russia, I think he is rather to be pitied for having been dragged into it by the necessities of his situation; and this furnishes the true answer to those who would ascribe to hazard, or the rigour of the elements, or an excess of temerity, what was in truth the necessary result of the false position in which France had so long been placed.”

General Donnadieu justly traces the decline of the Government of the Bourbons, after the Restoration, to the inevitable effect of the chasm left in the frame of society in France, by the destruction of the Church and the Aristocracy.—“That Restoration,” says he, “which should have been to France a new creation of probity, piety, and every religious and civil virtue, has proved nothing but a series of the most deplorable deceptions. The successive administrations who have been placed at the helm, have occupied themselves with themselves, their families, their friends: every one has sought to make the most of his brief tenure of office; every one has burrowed in the coffers of the State, and the nation has been left to shift for itself. Much has been borrowed; and much has been spent; this enormous expenditure created a temporary prosperity, which might well be mistaken for a real one, so brilliant were the colours in which it was arrayed. We lived fifteen years in delusive confidence, only to be undeceived by a universal national and political overthrow.

“How indeed could it be otherwise? If the monarchical fabric in France, so strongly based in the affections and habits of the people, could not withstand the democratic fury of 1789, how was it to be expected that a reconstruction of the same edifice, without any of the elements of solidity, could possibly have any duration? They thought they had made an Upper Chamber when they had joined a few courtiers to the Senate of Napoleon; that they had reconstructed the Aristocracy when they had made Peers of the favourites of every successive administration without either fortune, influence, or celebrity in the country. They believed—no, they believed nothing, but trusted every thing to the Chapter of Accidents, and lived from day to day. The utmost effort of genius, during these fifteen years, was to find a temporary expedient for every new accident; an expedient which in general consumed capitals and resources, and devoured the resources of morality and political wisdom as well as private fortune.”—P. 40.

The weak and vacillating measures of the Restoration are not surprising; the history of the Ministries of Great Britain during the same period, were characterised by the same features. In both countries there was a dereliction of *principle*; a substitution of the suggestions of expedience for the dictates of duty; a miserable succession of expedients in finance, legislation, and policy, for the steadfast resolution and high resolve of former times. The policy of both produced their natural results; in the one, the Revolution of 1830, in the other, that of 1832. But there was this essential difference between the two countries, that the weak and vacillating policy of France was the necessary result of the destruction of the influential classes during the Revolution, and the overthrow of all religious establishments and principles by its devastation; that of England was the voluntary degradation of successive Administrations, from the desire to gain the applause, or disarm the hostility, of an unprincipled and ambitious democratic faction. History will portray

in very different colours the comparative culpability of the public men by whom the two catastrophes were induced upon the world.

There is one truly admirable point in General Donnadieu's writings, and that is the firm and uncompromising manner in which he uniformly asserts for religion and morality the first place in the causes of the prosperity of nations. It is refreshing to hear such principles maintained in the country of Diderot and Voltaire, and amidst the sneers of an infidel age, by a gallant soldier; and if they were general among his countrymen, the days of prosperity and glory might possibly not be altogether lost to France. Of the dreadful effects of the irreligion of France, he gives the following striking and admirable account, written at the time when the cholera was making such ravages in the French capital:—

“It is in the religious virtues, in the morality of the Gospel, in the practice of the gentle charities which it prescribes to men, in the sublime maxims of mutual assistance which it proclaims, that the true and only foundation of the happiness of nations is to be found. It is at this moment, in the midst of the terrible scourge which spreads death through every rank, that the absence of that foundation is most cruelly felt. What a new and extraordinary spectacle do we exhibit in the world! Who could believe that, in the midst of that terrible calamity, when every people are frozen with terror, the Government does not venture to address a prayer to Heaven to mitigate the distress? The Angel of Death is less terrible in their eyes, than the shafts of infidel ridicule. What is chiefly worthy of observation, and must inspire the most serious reflections on the spirit and manners of the age, is to behold the few persons whom the scourge has not reached, dancing and singing beside the dying, in the midst of the rolling of the cars who convey the dead to their long homes. Religion no longer exists in France; its temples are closed. The Government ventures to do nothing. The soul is awanting, which could alone prompt to great enterprises. Founded in a moment of public delirium, having obviously failed in its desti-

nation, forced to submit to the law rather than form it, all it can effect is to drag on a contemptible existence from day to day, prolonged only because, in the general disorganization, the elements of a more stable Administration do not exist.”—P. 60.

Of the tendency of the existing state of public opinion, and the utter impossibility of freedom emerging from the chaos to which society is now reduced in France, our author gives us the following striking account:—

“France, it is said, wishes a democracy; that is the tendency of the public mind at this epoch. But how can a democracy subsist without simple manners and austere virtues? To attempt it in an old State, is to plunge into anarchy, and from it into absolute despotism. Democracy can exist only with simple manners; an equality in fortunes, as well as conditions; and how can such manners subsist in an old State, far advanced in the career of luxury, deeply plunged in the excesses of corruption? Simplicity of manners, equality of fortunes, are high-sounding names; but with them, we must bid adieu to the luxuries, the fine arts, the manufactures, the workshops, which now minister to the pleasures of existence, and alone give life and animation to the immense cities which overspread our country. To make room for such a change, we must uproot our old population, and introduce in its stead one which is new; we must recommence society, abandon the drawing-rooms, the theatres, the opera, to renew the toils of rural life, and the enjoyments of patriarchal existence. Is this practicable? Every one will answer it is not. As impossible is it to reconcile with commerce, the arts, and manufactures, and the state of society consequent upon their prosperity, and the inequality of fortunes, the passions, or the privileges of democratic freedom.

“What have we done since the last Revolution, after all the cries which were raised against the abuses and corruption of the Restoration? We have followed its example; gambling houses, lotteries, taxes on prostitution, all exist on the same scale to gain money. What do I say?—

on the same scale!—they have doubled, tripled, quadrupled on that system. This might be expected; the attraction increases in an accelerated ratio as it approaches its term. And the men who have fallen into this abyss of corruption, are the very men who, for fifteen years, have been invoking the thunders of Heaven upon the heads of those who were pursuing a similar system. It is the men who have given the formal lie to all their former professions, who now pursue a system of selfishness in the face of an indignant people, who live for themselves alone, come what will to their country. Places, employments for families and friends; to overrule the law, by corrupting its administrators; to subjugate the nation, by subjecting it to the yoke of necessity; this is the consequence, and the only consequence which has resulted from the rapid moon-march of the gravitation of democracy. We pretend to bring liberty to others: let us commence by exhibiting fair fruits from it among ourselves: If we can lay our hands on our hearts and assert, that it is on the path of prosperity that we have entered, we may be warranted in seeking to extend our principles; but if, instead of that, every man in France knows that general misery, and every public and private calamity, the annihilation of all the fountains of riches and repose—the destruction of national glory, and the degradation of national character have resulted from the triumph of democracy, with what countenance can we propose our institutions for the imitation of our neighbours? The statesmen in other countries have done an essential service to humanity, by preventing the overflow of these devastating principles. For elsewhere, as well as at Paris, the masses of men are eager for change, and ever imagine that a Revolution will better their circumstances, when in truth it is aggravating all the evils of their condition.

“What principally strikes the impartial observer of society in France, is the degradation of character which has invaded every public functionary. Money, money must be had at all hazards; that is the sole object of idolatry—the sole polar star of

ambition—the sole resource of Government. Under that ignoble empire every thing is degraded—every noble sentiment is extinguished;—not a generous feeling has a chance of surviving. Immorality rules the legislature—shame is unknown—the political bodies with a lavish hand scatter the wealth which is to corrupt mankind, and with the men whom money has corrupted, fresh treasures will be obtained. This is the poison which creates everything;—alike the hand which corrupts, and that which receives the wages of infamy.”—P. 87–89.

In contrasting this woeful state of degradation with the condition of England, General Donnadieu justly ascribes to the balance of the three estates, which resulted from her long and resolute struggle for freedom, the unexampled glory and prosperity of its latter annals: Now, alas! become an object of history, and of fond and unavailing regret to every lover of his country.

“Since the close of the 17th century, Europe, as it grew in successive ages more enlightened, has never ceased to regard with a sort of superstitious admiration, that people, who, in an isle of the Atlantic, have subjected to their sway all the fairest portions of the earth. A hundred millions of subjects in India, the most important islands which encircle the globe, the points which give the command of the seas, the depots of commerce over the whole earth, form part of the mighty dominion. Rome in its best days presented nothing so astonishing as the gigantic power of that nation. It is not surprising that this spectacle should have dazzled every imagination, and induced the general belief that there was something in its political organization to which its extraordinary prosperity was to be ascribed. This powerful feeling, joined to the desire for independence which is so natural to men, have produced the universal passion for imitating the institutions of that country, which have produced such fatal effects on the prosperity of Continental Europe. The French never perceived what is now painfully apparent, that in the whole course of the struggles which for so many centuries have torn the intestines of England, it was by the

aid of the aristocracy that the nation emerged victorious—that all its institutions were erected or modelled on that base—and that, even after its greatest crisis, that body was still the ruling power in the State. Whereas in France, Italy, and Spain, where that hereditary nobility is in a great measure wanting, the civil wars and catastrophes through which you must pass to make the transition from one social organization to another, instead of producing the effects which have resulted in that country, can lead to no other result but misfortunes without end, and that anarchy which, through bloody catastrophes, leads inevitably to despotic power.”—P. 92-3.

This is the true secret of the prosperity of England. We have emerged unshaken through the great Rebellion and Revolution of 1688, because on both these occasions the weight of the aristocracy was preserved. In the civil wars of Charles I., the great body of the landed proprietors were arrayed on the side of the Crown; but no confiscation or transfer of power followed the triumph of the Parliament; and so far was Cromwell from making any great change in the political franchise to establish his own power, that he could never venture through his whole reign to keep a Parliament assembled more than a few weeks, so strongly did the current of feeling in the electors run against his usurpation. The Revolution of 1688 was not a Revolution in the sense in which we now understand the word, or as later calamities have explained its import. It was no Democratic movement—no elevation of the populace at the expense of the higher orders—but a mere change of dynasty, brought about by an effort of all classes, in which each preserved its due place in the political scale. And now, after having tasted for a century and a half, the admirable effects of this due subordination of all classes—of the tempering of aristocratic triumph by popular vigour, and restraining of democratic excesses by Patrician caution—we are engaged in the dissolution of the admirable fabric; and the self-styled patriots of the day loudly clamouring for that virtual or actual extinction of the nobility, which is gene-

rally felt as the cause of the countless calamities which have fallen on France since the commencement of her Revolution, and which has rendered durable freedom impracticable in its blood-stained soil. What a pioneer for ultimate tyranny is democratic ambition!

On the dynasty of July, and the career into which it is thrown, our author makes the following striking observations:—

“Inheriting a part, which has damaged or endangered all our institutions, what can the power now in possession of the reins effect? Issuing from the bosom of disaster, struck out in a few seconds, without any connexion with the great interests or permanent affections of France, it has disappointed, from the very outset, the hopes which were formed by all parties from its career. Struggling from its very commencement with the imperious necessity of self-preservation, it has been compelled to descend from degradation to degradation, similar to that imposed by the Praetorian Guards at each successive election of an emperor. There it was an additional sum which was required at every change for the suffrage of each soldier; here it is greater abuses which are to be tolerated, more formidable strokes which are to be levelled at every species of authority, a step nearer towards anarchy; in other words, a larger proportion of the public spoil which is to be shared by each individual, which constitutes the bribe by which his support is to be obtained. In this fatal career, the Government exists as it best can, defends itself from day to day, concedes to strangers everything which they demand, and employs all its resources to uphold its authority in the interior, where so many ambitious projects hourly menace its existence. It hesitates—it vacillates alternately between the law, which would, if enforced, destroy so disgraceful a Government, and the popular force on which it depends for its support; and in the midst of its vibrations, oppresses the country with a load of burdens, which are tolerated only from the hope which each individual has, that he will realize something out of the general wreck. Behold the present Government! Fifteen hun-

dred millions of taxes, (L. 64,000,000 sterling.) Four hundred thousand soldiers are at its disposal ! What a prodigious power in the hands of Government ! Yet it will probably perish, and perish after having immensely enlarged the wound, which is devouring the social system. It will perish after the discussions of the Tribune and the press have finally eradicated from men's minds all the little remains of respect for the throne. Every hierarchy, every authority, every moral tie is rapidly dissolving in the civil and political body ; there remains but one aggregation of men in which these qualities of subordination and order still maintain any ascendancy, and it must in consequence speedily obtain irresistible dominion. This body is the army ; the body which, as Montesquieu observes, alone upheld, amidst the degradation and corruption of Rome, the fortunes of the Empire."—P. 130, 131.

" Since the fall of our military power, in the hands of the man who had raised it to such a pitch of grandeur, our situation presents many points of analogy with the Byzantine Empire. These also, in proportion as the respect for military glory diminished, the authority of sophists and rhetoricians increased. It is well worthy of observation what progress that class of men has made in France, since the nation has ceased to appear in the fields of war with the lustre which once belonged to it. This change has been sensibly increasing ever since the fall of Napoleon ; and if we go still farther back, it would be too easy to demonstrate, that on every occasion since the commencement of our civil dissensions, the decline of the army has been simultaneous with the greatest increase of the internal corruption and selfishness of the people. At least in camps, if you often find violence usurping the place of justice, you rarely find that which still more vilifies and degrades mankind, hypocrisy and bad faith, fraud substituted instead of truth, the characteristic mark of the last days of the empire of the East and the West. With grief we must acknowledge, that nothing affords so striking an analogy to that epoch, as the state of society which has existed in France for the last seventeen years : as that

multitude of men, without either valour or consideration, all giving, the moment they entered into power, the most complete lie to all their professions when in opposition ; all destitute alike of genius to conceive, or force to execute, great enterprises ; careless of glory, destitute of patriotism, solicitous only for the preservation of office and the gratification of private and sordid interests." —P. 130, 131.

This is the penultimate stage of revolution : the stage of selfishness, egotism, and cupidity—of love of place without the passion for glory—and desire for private gratification without public distinction. Whence is it that this base and wretched state of public feeling has so speedily succeeded in a country so recently teeming with patriotism, abounding with energy, radiant with glory ? Because that patriotism, that energy, that glory, were not founded on right principle, or regulated by right feeling. They were founded on passion, not on duty : on the exaltation of the imagination, not the improvement of the heart : on the affections of life, not the hopes of eternity—on the world, and not on religion. Hence, with the decay of the circumstances which called forth all these generous passions, and excited all these ennobling desires, they have been extinguished, or taken a new direction, and cupidity exercises the same sway now which patriotism did at an earlier period. Passion is ever fickle in its affections, volatile in its desires, changeable in the objects of its pursuit : it is a sense of duty alone which is unchangeable in its feelings, steadfast in its resolutions, unswerving in its integrity. The transition is easy from the passion for democratic power to the desire of gain, or the lust of power, because both have for their object a private gratification ; but it is difficult from religious feeling to such selfish objects, because the latter is founded on the base passions of our nature, the former on their subjugation. The revolutionists effectually stifled the growth of freedom in France when they extinguished religion, the great instigator to the generous, and the only effectual curb on the selfish, passions of our nature.

Mr Burke long ago prophesied that after France had emerged from

its Revolution, it would be completely under the dominion of the monied men and attorneys in the towns; a class who possessed the exclusive feeling of an aristocracy without its dignity, and the selfishness of a democracy without its energy. "The landed gentleman, the yeoman, the peasant," says that great man, "have none of them habits, inclinations, or experience which can lead them to any share in the sole source of power and influence now left in France. In towns, combination is natural. The habits of burghers, their occupations, and business, continually bring them into mutual contact. Their virtues and their vices are sociable: they are always in garrison, and they come embodied and half disciplined into the hands of those who mean to form them for civil or military action. All these considerations leave no doubt on my mind, that if this monster of a constitution can continue in France, it will be governed wholly by agitators in corporations, societies in the towns, formed of directors in assignats, and trustees for the sale of church lands, moneyjobbers, speculators, and adventurers, composing an ignoble aristocracy, founded on the destruction of the crown, the church, the nobility, and the people. There will end all the deceitful dreams and visions of the equalities and rights of man. In the Serbo-nian bog of this base oligarchy, they will be absorbed, sunk, and lost for ever. Though human eyes cannot trace them, one would be tempted to think some great offences in France must cry to Heaven, *which has thought fit to punish it with a subjection to a vile and inglorious domination*, in which no comfort or compensation is to be found in any even of those false splendours, which, playing about other tyrannies, prevent mankind from feeling themselves dishonoured even while they are oppressed." * These words were written in 1789: let us now listen to General Donnadieu forty-four years after, describing the fulfilment of the prophecy:—

"All nations are sensibly gravitating towards a new order of things. A new world, created by mercantile

interests, has invaded the world of feudality. The aristocracy of names, of titles, of hereditary succession, such as the last age has bequeathed to its children, has disappeared in the presence of the aristocracy of wealth. The power of coin has superseded that of the soil; the true princes of the earth are now the bankers. Every day the sovereigns place themselves under their control by the system of borrowing, which they might easily dispense with if they only knew their own resources. To this new hierarchy is attached a suite of manufacturers, merchants, artisans, who all have a body of clients who look up to them for employment; while the princes and paladins of ancient times are totally destitute either of influence or consideration. You will see in France a duke, the first officer of the crown, the president of the electoral college of his department, who cannot command a single vote; while the tax-gatherer of the commune, where the chateau of the duke is situated, with the notary public of the district, direct the whole *arrondissement*. This is the real revolution which has been in progress in Europe for the last century, and it is from this change that all the others have emanated. It is now vigorously at work in England, and it will inevitably spread into the other states of Europe with the increase of civilisation, commerce, and luxury. Join to that the continual irritation kept up by a race of men who have sprung up in the central situations of society, and are actuated by an incessant desire to pull down their superiors, and you have the true secret of the revolutionary spirit which is now so active in Europe."—P. 168, 169.

The history of human affairs does not exhibit a more striking example of the anticipation by prophetic wisdom of the final result of changes which, in their first origin, swept away the intellects of the greatest of the human race.

The progress of knowledge is the great panacea which the movement party everywhere propose as the remedy of all the evils which afflict society. There never was a greater mistake—Lord Bacon said truly,

"Knowledge is Power," he did not say it is either virtue, or happiness, or prosperity. Like the Amreeta Cup in Kehama, it is the greatest of all blessings, or the greatest of all curses, according to the character of the people among whom it is established. As much as it adds to the prosperity, and aids the advance of a virtuous and religious, so much does it hasten the downfall of a corrupted and profligate, state. Unless the moral improvement of mankind keeps pace, and more than keeps pace, with its intellectual cultivation, vice and corruption will only be the more disseminated by the spread of knowledge. To extend knowledge among an irreligious people is only to add to the length of the lever by which vice overturns the fabric of society. These important truths are placed in a clear point of view by General Donnadieu.

"A certain degree of knowledge and intelligence requires an equal addition of wisdom and virtue; and without them they will turn into poison, which will speedily corrupt and destroy society. The self-sufficiency derived from a certain degree of information inevitably leads men to shake off the yoke of authority, if it is not accompanied by great judgment and sound principles of virtue. This is the proof which no nation has yet been able to stand, and unfortunately its cause is as simple as it is irremediable. It consists in this, that in proportion as the knowledge of managements,—in proportion as he advances in the career of science, and of the arts which follow in their train; in the same proportion his desires and his passions increase, and this induces the terrible crisis, which is the commencement of his fall—the combat between the physical and intellectual parts of our nature. On the one hand, are the appetites and the passions, pampered and inflamed to the highest degree; on the other, the intellectual faculties, perfectly aware of the path of duty, but destitute of the firmness to pursue it among the numerous seductions by which they are surrounded, and by which they are enslaved. After that period has arrived, knowledge no longer assumes the veil of generous and noble sentiments, but as a means of giving a greater zest or delicacy to physical

enjoyment. Every thing is changed and perverted in that state of the human mind; sophisms, subtleties, falsehood, are invented to conceal that favourite object; words are perverted from their proper sense; virtue is no longer virtue; honour is no longer honour; the laws cease to be any thing but a snare laid for the unsuspecting part of mankind. Farewell after that to probity and good faith; truth flies from the earth, which becomes the patrimony of falsehood and vice. This is the term assigned by nature to nations; this state of public corruption has obtained at the time of the destruction of Assyria, Persia, Egypt, Carthage, Rome, and Byzantium. This is the limit fixed by Providence to social existence; it appears when the human mind falls into anarchy and confusion, because knowledge has made it shake off the restraints of virtue, and it is too proud to submit to any other authority.

"What is it which induces this deplorable corruption of opinion, which makes the human mind separate itself from the model to which it is still constrained to render homage, even when it practises it the least? It is the want of virtue in an equal proportion with knowledge; it is the pride which information first inspires in the human mind; it is the shaking off of the restraints of order, because the innumerable luxuries which the arts and civilisation have brought to mankind, have given to our senses and desires an irresistible ascendancy over the elevated moral feelings, which are the only basis, either of virtue or political subordination. Heaven, futurity, can speak only to the spiritual part of our nature; and if they stand in the way of his present enjoyment, what does man do? He attacks their authority—he denies their existence; and thence the general unhinging of belief which has preceded the fall of all empires; for without doubt, if the eye of scepticism and incredulity has dared to penetrate into the abode of eternity, it will not hesitate to despise the authority which is established in this lower world."—P. 186—189. •

Melancholy as these views are, there is no man can survey the present state of society, either in France or England, without feeling their justice. Great as the changes are

which have recently taken place in the government and society of both countries, the alteration of public opinion is still greater. Corruption, irreligion, and profligacy are now advancing with accelerated steps, especially among the lower orders of society; and the press is drawing off into a thousand little rills the great rivers of iniquity which have been let loose from the cities of the empire. The distracted state of society; the painful state of transition in which we are all placed, is rather the result of a previous unhinging of opinions, than of the recklessness and insanity even of the Whig Administration. The rapid growth of crime in every part of the empire, contemporaneous with the extension of the democratic spirit, the profligacy and duplicity of the press, the open irreligion of a large portion of the people, are all symptoms, and unerring ones, of the approaching dissolution of the fabric of society. The passion for democracy is, in such circumstances, totally different from the love of freedom; it is the result of impatience at restraint, aversion to industry, and a thirst for immediate sensual enjoyments.

Of all the measures of the Revolution, there was none more fatal to the ultimate interests of freedom, than the concentration of all the offices and power of the State in Paris. So far has this been carried, that the elements even of resistance to the metropolis, do not exist in France; and throughout all the changes of the Revolution, the people in the Provinces were compelled to submit to the tyranny of its central government, as completely as if it had been that of Louis XI. or XIV. The motives and consequences of this monstrous concentration, which is invariably the policy of democracy, are thus justly given by our author:—

“The ruling object with all men who have arrived by the chances of a revolution at the height of power, is to secure themselves from a catastrophe similar to that to which they owed their elevation. All their efforts are, in consequence, directed to weaken the power, and diminish the authority, of every other body in the State. This was the motive for the monstrous agglomeration of all the interests and powers of the republic in the capital, which was so

early effected in the Revolution; its leaders felt, that if all the leading men in the State were assembled in the capital, they might reasonably hope to sway them by the double engine of their enjoyments and their fears. Napoleon adroitly followed up the same system. Large salaries were given to the Chamber of Deputies, and all public functionaries under his Administration. Luxury, and expense in consequence, increased beyond the proportion of private fortunes; and it was by the silken cords of pleasure that the nation was prepared for the chains of servitude.”—P. 272.

The concentration of power and authority in Paris has continued through every successive government; and this of itself is amply sufficient to extinguish any thing like freedom in France. Nothing can be done in the provinces but at the suggestion, or in obedience to the mandate, of the capital. If a bridge is to be repaired, or a road constructed, authority must be obtained from the Bureaus in Paris. All the public functionaries are appointed by the Crown; and the passion for employments under Government, is a leprosy which has spread universally, and fatally for freedom, throughout the whole country. This mania for places, as General Donnadieu justly observes, is an evil which must rapidly corrupt and extinguish every institution founded on a generous sentiment. Luxury is so generally diffused, the passion for enjoyment and excitation so universal, that the Government which disposes of the means of obtaining them must speedily become irresistible. This corruption is systematically established—it has been brought, under successive Governments, to the very highest degree of perfection; and it is not counterbalanced, as in England, by great proprietors or mercantile establishments, which afford objects of attraction, or the means of subsistence, independently of Government. Individuals in every rank in France find that they can succeed in no profession, exist in no line, without the aid of the power which disposes of the milliard and a half (L.66,000,000 sterling) which now constitutes the revenue of the State. There the electors are kept in a state of dependence on the deputies, and

the deputies on the Government; and in the end, independence is nowhere to be found.

"It is well worthy of observation, that in that political Constitution, whose life annually reposes on a vote, and they vote on the distribution of offices, then offices in every department speedily become the prey of the electors or their deputies, and are sought for in vain by those who have made the duties they involve their peculiar study; and thence there arises a choice of persons for situations totally disqualified to discharge its duties, by birth, education, or character, but recommended by some political influence in the department from which they come. How often do we see ignorant country men become the first magistrates in their departments or deputies in the Legislature: Merchants and manufacturers, who have grown into administrators and ministers, and even obliged to take lessons upon their entering into office, from the clerks, as to the very rudiments of their duties. France has become, in this way, the prey of adventurers and commissioners. There is not a hamlet which is not inundated by their circulars—not a town which is not overloaded with their writings. Oh! how blind have been our countrymen; they aspire after liberty, and they never see that, in the infinite subdivision of land which they have produced in the struggle, they have established the state of things of all others the most favourable to despotic power. Is it not evident that there can be no lasting resistance in bodies of men, any more than individuals, unless where there is independence of fortune? If the romance of Voltaire was realized, 'the man with forty crowns a-year,' (a ten-pounder,) the most perfect despotism would be established. The old Parliaments, the Magisterial bodies who made so honourable a stand in favour of freedom, owed all their lustre and consideration to the riches they possessed. Where shall we find their successors among the departments in these times, where the Prefect, with his salary of 4000 francs (L. 176) a-year, is the richest man in his department? The fiscal laws also, brought to such perfection in these

latter days, with the innumerable duties established on alienations or successions, have rendered Government, in fact, the sole proprietor of the State. The cultivator labours only for its behoof. In China, the Emperor is, by law, the proprietor of all the lands in the State: here he is so in substance. What alone maintains the freedom of England, and has so long preserved that country from the abuses of authority, is the independence of the aristocratic body."—P. 277.

These observations suggest more than one important reflection. They demonstrate, in the first place, how utterly inconsistent the democratic régime, unaccompanied by a powerful aristocratic body, is with a proper selection of persons to fill all the important situations in society, or prevent the choice of the very worst persons to discharge the most momentous duties. In every free country, the stream of promotion must, in a great degree, flow in the channels of Parliamentary influence. But in those where a firm aristocratic body exists, and wields the most material part of the power of Government, a class rises up in their connexions, who are trained as for a separate profession, for the discharge of these public duties, and consequently acquire in that line a degree of skill to which no person ignorant of the subject, and habituated to other employments, can possibly arrive. The common complaint, that in England, under the old Constitution, all situations under Government were monopolized by the aristocracy or their connexions, proves that a class had arisen who were educated and bred to the *profession of a statesman*—a profession requiring not less persevering study and unbroken experience than either that of a sailor, a lawyer, or a physician. But in a representative country such as France, where the aristocracy is destroyed or placed in abeyance, this preparation of young men for public duties cannot possibly take place, because the changes of popular favour are so perpetual, that no one class is for any length of time called to the helm; and thus the result is a perpetual filling of appointments by incompetent persons. Nothing but this can explain the paucity

of talent, either for eloquence or business, both in the French Chamber of Deputies and the English Reformed House of Commons. The observation that there is less talent and business power in the Reformed Parliament, than in any House of Commons in the annals of England, is universal; and the reason is obvious. The House is chosen in such a way, at haphazard, by the 1,200,000 legislators who now give law to Britain, that it is a hundred chances to one if the choice of the electors falls on a person capable of discharging the duties of a legislator. Men of all descriptions, professions, and habits, are brought together by the caprice of that lightest of created things—the multitude—in such a way that a stable efficient legislature is out of the question. From such a Parliament, we grieve to say, neither firmness, nor wisdom, nor resolution, can be permanently expected. They will ever, we fear, be disposed to yield to the storm; in moments of agitation or movement, to the demands of the populace; in ages of corruption, to the seductions of the Government.

But General Donnadieu's remarks suggest a still more important reflection, and that is, on the absolute necessity of aristocratic influence and authority, to resist the ascendancy which the Government must, in the end, acquire in every European state without their support; and the utter inability of a democratic society, in which property is minutely subdivided, and influence much separated, to maintain a lasting contest with the power or the seductions at the command of the executive. This is a consideration of vital importance in these days of democratic ambition, when the slightest resistance on the part of the nobility to the popular wish, or the slightest reflection on the popular leaders, is made the instant ground for a loud and tyrannical demand for their abolition, as a separate branch of the Legislature. It is well in such days to look to what has resulted from the annihilation of the nobility in a neighbouring kingdom; to see the effects of the fusion of all the legis-

lative power in one Chamber in France; and to meditate on the utter prostration which has thence arisen in that country of all interests in the state, before the mob of the capital, or the prætorian guards of the sovereign. The ablest men in France now perceive, with bitter and unavailing regret, that the destruction of the aristocracy and of the church has rendered the formation of a constitutional monarchy impracticable; and that they have no alternative but the anarchy of democracy, or the oppression of despotism. In this country, it is not as yet too late to stop short in the career of servitude. The premonitory symptoms are strong upon us; but we have not yet fallen into the collapse, and the elements of long and healthful existence are still to be found in the state. But let us beware in time—the aristocracy received a blow all but fatal by the Reform Bill; the strongest bulwark of freedom was overthrown by that stroke. Another such shock, and the elements of constitutional freedom will not exist, and we too shall have no alternative, but American equality, or Asiatic servitude. All warnings and lessons from history will probably be thrown away; we, too, to all appearance, will rush upon our fate; the aristocratic class, the only lasting defenders of freedom, will be overthrown; and our children and children's children will weep, in the degradation and servitude of the Byzantine empire, the infatuation and insanity of their guilty forefathers.

In another paper in this Number,* we have traced the progress of rational and constitutional Reform, under the firm and able government of Prussia. As a contrast, nothing can be more remarkable than the picture now afforded of the fatal tendency of democratic power in France. The one country, under a resolute and enlightened government, is rapidly advancing in prosperity, and in the acquisition of all the habits which fit it for constitutional freedom; the other, tossed about by the passions of a jealous democracy, is fast descending through years of suffering to centuries of servitude.

* Prussia, or the Progress of Rational Reform.

HYMNS OF LIFE. BY MRS HEMANS.

No. III.

BURIAL OF AN EMIGRANT'S CHILD IN THE FORESTS.

SCENE.—*The banks of a solitary river in an American Forest. A tent under pine-trees in the foreground. AGNES sitting before the tent with a child in her arms, apparently sleeping.*

Agnes. Surely 'tis all a dream—a fever-dream !
The desolation and the agony—
The strange red sunrise—and the gloomy woods,
So terrible with their dark giant boughs,
And the broad lonely river ! all a dream !
And my boy's voice will wake me, with its clear,
Wild, singing tones, as they were wont to come
Through the wreath'd sweet-brier, at my lattice panes,
In happy, happy England ! Speak to me !
Speak to thy mother, bright one ! she hath watch'd
All the dread night beside thee, till her brain
Is darken'd by swift waves of fantasies,
And her soul faint with longing for thy voice.
Oh ! I *must* wake him with one gentle kiss
On his fair brow !

(*Shudderingly*) The strange damp thrilling touch !
The marble chill ! Now, now it rushes back—
Now I know all !—dead—*dead* !—a fearful word !
My boy hath left me in the wilderness,
To journey on without the blessed light
In his deep loving eyes—he's gone—he's gone !

[*Her HUSBAND enters.*]

Husband. Agnes, my Agnes ! hast thou look'd thy last
On our sweet slumberer's face ? The hour is come—
The couch made ready for his last repose.

Agnes. Not yet ! thou canst not take him from me yet !
If he but left me for a few short days,
This were too brief a gazing-time, to draw
His angel image into my fond heart,
And fix its beauty there. And now—oh ! *now*,
Never again the laughter of his eye
Shall send its gladdening summer through my soul—
Never on earth again. Yet, yet delay !
Thou canst not take him from me.

Husband. My belov'd !
Is it not God hath taken him ? the God

That took our first-born, o'er whose early grave
Thou didst bow down thy saint-like head, and say,
"His will be done !"

Agnes. Oh ! that near household grave,
Under the turf of England, seem'd not half,
Not half so much to part me from my child
As these dark woods. It lay beside our home,
And I could watch the sunshine, through all hours,
Loving and clinging to the grassy spot,
And I could dress its greensward with fresh flowers,
Familiar, meadow-flowers. O'er *the* my babe,
The primrose will not blossom ! Oh ! that now,
Together, by thy fair young sister's side,
We lay, 'midst England's valleys !

Husband. Dost thou grieve,
 Agnes! that thou hast follow'd o'er the deep
 An exile's fortunes? If it *thus* can be,
 Then, after many a conflict cheerily met,
 My spirit sinks at last.

Agnes. Forgive, forgive!
 My Edmund, pardon me! Oh! grief is wild—
 —Forget its words, quick spray-drops from a fount
 Of unknown bitterness! Thou art my home!
 Mine only and my blessed one! Where'er
 Thy warm heart beats in its true nobleness,
 There is my country! *there* my head shall rest,
 And throb no more. Oh! still by thy strong love
 Bear up the feeble reed!

[*Kneeling down with the child in her arms.*

And thou, my God!
 Hear my soul's cry from this dread wilderness,
 Oh! hear, and pardon me! If I have made
 This treasure, sent from thee, too much the ark
 Fraught with mine earthward-clinging happiness,
 Forgetting Him who gave, and might resume,
 Oh! pardon me!

If nature hath rebell'd,
 And from thy light turn'd wilfully away,
 Making a midnight of her agony,
 When the despairing passion of her clasp
 Was from its idol stricken at one touch
 Of thine Almighty hand—Oh, pardon me!
 By thy Son's anguish pardon! In the soul
 The tempests and the waves might know thy voice—
 Father, say, "Peace, be still!"

[*Giving the child to her Husband.*
 Farewell, my babe!

Go from my bosom now to other rest!
 With this last kiss on thine unsullied brow,
 And on thy pale calm cheek these contrite tears,
 I yield thee to thy Maker!

Husband. Now, my wife,
 Thine own meek holiness beams forth once more
 A light upon my path. Now shall I bear,
 From thy dear arms, the slumberer to repose—
 With a calm, trustful heart.

Agnes. My Edmund, where—
 Where wilt thou lay him?

Husband. Seest thou where the spire
 Of yon dark cypress reddens in the sun
 To burning gold?—there—o'er yon willow-tuft?
 Under that native desert-monument
 Lies his lone bed. Our Hubert, since the dawn,
 With the grey mosses of the wilderness
 Hath lined it closely through; and there breathed forth,
 E'en from the fulness of his own pure heart,
 A wild, sad forest-hymn—a song of tears,
 Which thou wilt learn to love. I heard the boy
 Chanting it o'er his solitary task,
 As wails a wood-bird to the thrilling leaves,
 Perchance unconsciously.

Agnes. My gentle son!
 Th' affectionate, the gifted!—With what joy—
 Edmund, rememberest thou?—with what bright joy
 His baby-brother ever to his arms

Would spring from rosy sleep, and playfully
 Hide the rich clusters of his gleaming hair
 In that kind youthful breast!—Oh! now no more—
 But strengthen me, my God! and melt my heart,
 Even to a well-spring of adoring tears,
 For many a blessing left.
(Bending over the Child.) Once more farewell!
 Oh! the pale piercing sweetness of that look!
 How can it be sustained? Away, away!

[After a short pause.]

Edmund, my woman's nature still is weak—
 I cannot see thee render dust to dust!
 Go thou, my husband, to thy solemn task;
 I will rest here, and still my soul with prayer
 Till thy return.

Husband. Then strength be with thy prayer!
 Peace on thy bosom! Faith and heavenly hope
 Unto thy spirit! Fare thee well a while!
 We must be Pilgrims of the Woods again,
 After this mournful hour.

[He goes out with the child. Agnes kneels in prayer. After a time voices without are heard singing]

THE FUNERAL HYMN

Where the long reeds quiver,
 Where the pines make moan,
 By the forest-river,
 Sleeps our babe alone.
 England's field-flowers may not deck his grave,
 Cypress-shadows o'er him darkly wave.

Woods unknown receive him,
 'Midst the mighty wild;
 Yet with God we leave him.
 Blessed, blessed child!
 And our tears gush o'er his lovely dust,
 Mournfully, yet still from hearts of trust.

Though his eye hath brighten'd
 Oft our weary way,
 And his clear laugh lighten'd
 Half our hearts' dismay;
 Still in Hope we give back what was given,
 Yielding up the Beautiful to Heaven.

And to Her who bore him,
 Her who long must weep,
 Yet shall Heaven restore him
 From his pale, sweet sleep!
 Those blue eyes of Love and Peace again
 Through her soul will shine, undimmi'd by pain.

Where the long reeds quiver,
 Where the pines make moan,
 Leave we by the river
 Earth to earth alone!
 God and Father! may our journeyings on
 Lead to where the blessed boy is gone!

From the Exile's sorrow,
 From the Wanderer's dread
 Of the night and morrow,
 Early, brightly fled;
 Thou hast called him to a sweeter home
 Than our lost one o'er the Ocean's foam.

Now let Thought behold him
 With his angel look,
 Where those arms enfold him,
 Which benignly took
 Israel's babes to their Good Shepherd's breast,
 When his voice their tender meekness bless'd.

Turn thee, now, fond Mother !
 From thy dead, oh ! turn !
 Linger not, young Brother,
 Here to dream and mourn :
 Only kneel once more around the sod,
 Kneel, and bow submitted hearts to God !

SONG.

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

1

In the time of blossoms and of birds,
 We wept our whisper'd farewell-words !—
 Those haunting sounds that oft return
 To dreaming ears, and hearts that mourn !

2

The air was one charm'd world of sound ;
 A waste of colours seem'd the ground ;
 Rich was the greensward's rainbow'd breast,
 With flowers by their own sweets oppress'd.

3

In the time of blossoms and of birds,
 We wept our whisper'd farewell-words !
 But Hope still linger'd—sweetly near,
 And charm'd away the gathering tear.

4

Life was one hurrying burning dream—
 One chainless and exulting stream—
 Of witcheries, glories, and delights,—
 Doom'd to endure time's cankering blights !

5

Ah ! fearful was the awakening hour,
 Fearful its trace of withering power !
 And Memory's whispers, sadly still—
 Through all my trembling being thrill !

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.*

No. II.

OUR own poetry, rich in all departments, possesses numberless fair and fragrant flowers of feeling and fancy, of the same kind with those that compose the Greek Anthology. But the many beautiful little compositions which, under that name, have been garlanded by different collectors, have a melancholy charm to us, as in many cases the sole remains of some of the finest spirits of the ancient world. They are epigrams; and it is hardly necessary, at this time of day, to mention the impropriety (to use the judicious language of Mr Bland) of "combining in our minds with the word epigram, when applied to the poetry of the Greeks, any of the ideas which that term is apt to excite in the mind of a mere English reader." The origin of the Greek epigram is indicated by its name. They who devoted offerings to the gods, says Grotius, "nomen suum deique breviter signabant aut soluta oratione aut sermone vincto." The most ancient verses in Greece, which we now call heroic, were then called Pythian, because in them the prophet uttered the Pythian responses. From Delphic the inscriptions were naturally transferred to the gates of temples—from them to every great public work—to the statues of gods and heroes—to the tombs of men who had died fighting for their country. But, in time, the use of the word was greatly extended; for "*grata res legentibus manavit longius in epistolia quibus amici aut amice salutarerentur, semelque recepto hoc velut colloquii invitamento, nulla jam materia luit seria seu jocosa, que non epigrammata admitteret, nec aliud jam a prima origine mansit quam brevis.*" Above all other qualities, he justly says, the more antique Greek epigrams are distinguished by perspicuous elegance, and by lively expression of the strongest affections, such as love

and grief. The mightiest power in elevating the minds of men belongs to those which breathe of the passion of love, and to their sepulchral inscriptions. But their subjects are infinite; and Grotius finely says, "*felicitatis nostræ est quod non unus hic alterve Epigrammatum scriptor, sed innumeri, et ipsa quoque varietate, ut distincta floribus prata, spectabilis.*" He mentions, among them, with enthusiasm, many illustrious names—of a later age—kings and emperors—Philippus Macedo, Cesar Germanicus, Adrianus Imperator, Julianus Magnus, "if indeed he had not destroyed his greatness by his apostasy from the Christian faith;" and others who were even more famous, because they owed their celebrity to their genius and wisdom, Plato, Aristoteles, Crates, and Themistius. By the study of such compositions were the knowledge and use of the utmost elegance of the Greek language to be attained, and the genius of all such students strengthened, and prepared to utter its conceptions in the noblest speech. He then elegantly describes the wide range of subjects which they embrace; and especially dwells with delight on the countless important precepts they so beautifully express, on every part of morals, the duties of private and of public life. It was not surprising, therefore, that so many men, as well in ancient as modern days, had been happy to make versions of those epigrams, and he gives a long list of the names of the most distinguished translators, whose number and splendour had not deterred him from venturing to essay the like achievement.

De Bosch, in an animated address to the genius of Grotius, in an edition of his Latin Versions from the Anthology, characterises very finely the subjects and the style of the Greek epigrams.

* Collections from the Greek Anthology. By the late Robert Bland and Others. A New Series; comprising the fragments of Early Lyric Poetry, with Specimens of the Poets included in Meleager's Garland. Longman and Co. and John Murray, London. 1833.

"Historia si quis capiatur temporis acti,
 Invenit hic studiis pabula opima suis.
 Qualia fata Deum, fuerint quæ fata Dearum,
 Voce sacri vates liberiore canunt.
 Sæpius austero incedat sapientia vultu,
 Est tamen a blandis non aliena jocis.
 Hic Venus atque Charis certant de laude triumphi,
 Telaque ab Idalio vertice fugit Amor.
 Nunc disco aut jaculo media certatur arena,
 Nunc pede; nunc cursu palma refertur equi.
 Luminibus nutuque loquax quid femina possit,
 Ingeniosa brevi carmine Musa docet;
 Monstrat et exemplis prudentia quanta virorum,
 Nota quibus patriæ gloria et aucta fuit.
 Oppida, ruderibus quamvis submersa vetustis,
 Surgere in antiqua sede videntur humo.
 Templorum manifesta vides vestigia et aras,
 Quas pia detrivit munere larga manus.
 Tristis amicorum luctus perfertur ad aures,
 Quæque parentis aiant ora, fluunt lacrymæ.
 Clamor et auditur, quem conjux, conjugis urnam
 Dum tenet, abruptis edit anheles sonis."

Jacobs, in his eloquent preface to his edition of the Anthology, in which he follows the order of Brunck's *Apuleia*, does not fear that, in the light of letters which we now enjoy, any apology will be necessary for his having devoted so much labour to the elucidation of such compositions. Their beauty is his defence. But were he to take his stand on utility—on the utility of such labours as his, regarding literature, knowledge, and humanity, he could easily point to many a "wise saw" and salutary precept, to many things worthy of note and knowledge appertaining to history, the manners and morals of the Ancients, and indeed to all ancient life. But not even thus ought men to judge of the exceeding worth of poetry. For, setting all these considerations entirely aside, we ought, independently of all utility, to admire, love, and embrace whatever shines forth by its own beauty, dignity, and grace.

Such sentiments and opinions, thus nobly expressed by such minds, are decisive on the merits of such collections. In our own day, Samuel Johnson, the wise, pious, and tender-hearted, filled up the intervals of pain, during his last illness, in translating Greek epigrams into Latin. Of him it may be said, in the words De Bosch, addressed so feelingly to the spirit of Grotius, who died before he had completed his whole scheme of a Latin Anthology,

"Hæc indefessi postrema fuere laboris
 Munera!"—

And after such "praise of poetry," from the "protectors of the Greek epigrams," what shall we think of the scorn of their enemies? "From bad specimens of the later poets. 'Lord Chesterfield,' (Lord Chesterfield!!) says Mr Bland, 'was probably led to utter his *interdict* against the whole body. Nay, such was that nobleman's vivacity in thinking and speaking, that he not improbably formed his opinion from a hint dropped in conversation, and not from any intimate acquaintance with the species of composition which he has most inconsiderately reviled.' Very like. In the first place, he was not able to construe correctly the easiest epigram in the Anthology; and in the second place, if he had been able to do so, he had not heart, or soul, and probably not mind, to feel their virtue. A pretty judge of the strong or sweet simplicity of a Greek epigram must he have been, who, in his highest flight and loftiest aspirations, could get no greater gulp of empyrean air than what he breathed forth in this poetical advice to young ladies and gentlemen—

"The dews of the evening most carefully
 shun,
 They are the tears of the sky for the loss
 of the sun!"

There is puling sentimentality for you with a vengeance, from a noble-

man who was said truly, by no very sarcastic person, to unite "the morals of a gambler with the manners of a dancing-master." And on that model he was anxious, as may be gathered from his letters, to build up his own cub of a son. He has uttered—he has indeed—"his interdict against the whole body." Mr Merivale is a man of other metal; and he says, "I am well convinced that no genuine scholar will ever regard the bulk of the poems which constitute what is called the Greek Anthology in a point of view so disparaging" (as his friend Bland had inconsiderately done in an accidental passage in his excellent preface, where he speaks of them as "trifles,") "or refuse to admit that it forms an essential portion of what remains to us of Grecian literature."

In his preface, Mr Bland has given a slight sketch (from Jacobs' *Prolegomena*) of the history of the different collections known by the name, from Meleager to Brunck. Meleager, a Syrian, flourished under the last of the Seleucidae, and Mr Fynes Clinton has shewn that he is not to be confounded with another Meleager who was a native of Gadara, and the companion of the cynic Menippus, who barked a century before Meleager the poet sung. The poet collected the numerous fragments of Greece, which were intrusted before his time to the memory of men, engraved on marbles, or dispersed as fugitive pieces. These he named his Garland; and in what Jacobs calls "*nobilissimum illud Proemium*," a set of elegant and ingenious verses, he characterises each of the writers by a flower or plant, emblematical of his peculiar genius. "His own compositions bespeak a mind," says Mr Bland, "woven of the finest texture—shaded but not darkened by melancholy—easily affected by change of place or season—soft and pliable to guilty excess—but in no one instance do they betray a propensity to sneer, or a struggle to conceal it." As a composer of Greek epigrams, Mr Merivale considers him superior to any of those inserted in his Garland, and his style has been characterised "as purely Grecian, well

adapted to the nature of his subject, bold in the composition of words, and capable of exciting the most tender as well as the most vehement affections; so distinguished, at the same time, for acuteness of argument, and playfulness of amorous fancy, that the poet may be said to have paid himself no unmerited compliment, when he boasts of having united Love with the Muses, and called in the aid of the Graces to temper the severity of Philosophy." His epigrams, as first brought together by the industry of Brunck, and reprinted by Jacobs, are one hundred and thirty-one in number; and Mr Merivale and his friends have furnished us with many specimens of his genius.

After an interval of 150 years, the work was continued by Philip of Thessalonica. "During the lapse of more than 500 years the lyre of Greece had hung silent and unstrung; and when Agathias, in the sixth century, attempted to give it a sound, a feeble tinkling was returned to the touch, before it lay mute for ever." That language of Mr Bland's is rather too strong, and still more so, when he says, "this collector raked together the loose miscellanies and scattered fragments of his time; and knew not that by his exertions he was bequeathing and perpetuating to succeeding ages the figure of his country, enfeebled, helpless, exhausted, and nearly sunk into dotage." Mr Bland, however, allows that some of his own productions may be brought forward to redeem it from this second childishness; that in some of his works a tenderness and justness of expression are perceivable which would have done honour to better times; and he adds, "that the tribute offered to the Ereutho of Agathias, would not have been disregarded by the Heliodora of Meleager." We have looked over with pleasure some of his compositions; and at our request, our friend William Hay has given us versions of the lines Mr Bland speaks of, and of another epigram. To these he has added something elegant from Agathias' friend, Paul the Silentiary (Παύλος ὁ Σιλωτάριος), who at the court of Justinian held an office corresponding to that of Gentleman Usher.

I.

EREUTHO.

Στευδων εἰ φίλεις με.—κ. τ. λ.

I long'd to try Ereutho's heart,
 If me alone she loved ;
 And by a sleight of crafty art,
 My doubts I thus removed.
 " I go to foreign lands," I said,
 " Be constant aye to me,
 And ne'er forget, my lovely maid,
 The love I bear to thee."
 She started, shriek'd, her forehead smote,
 And her locks of clustering hair

She scattered—and, " Oh leave me not,"
 She cried with frantic air.
 Then I, like one full loath to brook
 Entreaty, answer'd—" Nay ;"
 But yet my faltering downcast look,
 Declared that I would stay.
 How happy is my love ! since she
 Should thankfully receive,
 What was to happy, happy me,
 The greatest bliss to give.

II.

ON DEATH, AND DISEASE.

Τον θάνατον τί φοβείσθαι, τον ἐκυχίνης γενετῆρα ;—κ. τ. λ.

Of Death, rest's parent, leech of all disease,
 And poverty's deep pangs,—what mean our fears ?
 Death—before whom all human sorrow flees ;
 Death—who but once, but only once appears :
 Whereas disease is multiform,—again
 And oft it comes,—yea, Fear, Disease and Pain.

FROM PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

Οὔτε ῥόδον στεφάνων ἐπιδενεται.—κ. τ. λ.

No garlands needs the rose, nor thou, my fair,
 That gem-bespangled net-work for thy hair.
 On thee that robe is but an useless cost,
 Who art " when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."
 Thy skin bedims the pearl ; oh, dim the glare
 Of gold,—beside thy wild luxuriant hair.
 The Indian gem its flaming grace may prize,
 But pale its lustre when before thine eyes.
 Thy dewy lips,—harmonious form and soul
 Homed as Venus zone,—thy perfect whole
 O'erwhelm me all : thine eyes alone, my fair—
 Oh, their soft language !—bid me not despair.

In the tenth century, the manuscripts, from the combined effects of time, discord, and superstition, were either nearly destroyed, or falling greatly into oblivion ; when Constantinus Cephalus, the friend and relation of the Emperor Leo, the philosopher, collected a new Anthology, from all the poets who before that age had written epigrams. An obscure person, says Jacobs, of whose very name the most learned men had never heard, till Salmasius discovered his "magnum opus," which, by the singular benignity of fortune, had escaped the tooth of time. The next collector was Maximus Planudes, a monk of the 11th century, to whose imperfect and tasteless abridgment (mutilated and castrated) the scholars of Europe were

referred, until the 17th century, when the famous Salmastus put together that collection, which has ever since been known by his name. From a vast mass of materials, Brunck undertook, towards the close of last century, to supply the deficiencies of all former editions of the Anthology ; and on his *Analecta* was founded the edition of Jacobs. Let this slight sketch suffice.

From this wide field Mr Merivale has shewn fine taste in his selection of specimens ; and we shall now direct attention to a few of these, with the double object of enabling our readers to judge of their merit, and that of the several versions by some of our most elegant scholars. We were delighted to receive this very day a letter from Chester, enclosing

a few versions by Wrangham, once the "Star of Cam," and the successful competitor in Greek scholarship with Tweddell, the "Marcellus;" and we feel highly honoured by such kindness and courtesy from one who adorns a character dignified by the discharge of the highest duties belonging to the sacred profession, by the cultivation of the "literæ humaniores" which were so bright an ornament of his accomplished youth. We are not without hopes that others of our classical friends may follow his example; and that our third article may be better than our second, and only inferior to our fourth.

In the Museum Criticum (No. II. October, 1813) there is a review of the second edition of this work, attributed by Mr Merivale to that distinguished scholar, now Bishop of London. It is acute, and generally just. He there says that the editor (Mr Bland) thinks the following epicedium (by the virgin Anyte) recommended but by its simplicity, and that he seems to have forgotten "the efficacy inherent in the charms of poetical expression, and the melody of numbers." He therefore gives a version of his own, in which such qualities may perhaps be found. Let us see how the matter stands.

Παρθένον Ἀντίβιον κατοδύρομαι, ἧς ἐπὶ πολλοὶ
 Νυμφιοὶ ἰέμενοι πατρὸς ἱκόντο δομεῖον,
 Καλλεὸς καὶ πινυτῆτος ἀγχαλεὸς· ἀλλ' ἐπὶ πάντων
 Ἐλπίδας οὐλομένα Μοῖρ' ἐκυλίσσε προση.

LITERALLY. BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

The maid Antibia I lament, for whom many
 Wooers came to her father's house;
 For beauty and prudence very-renowned (*was she*); but of all
 Destructive Fate overwhelmed the hopes.

BLAND (Edit. 1813.)

Unblest Antibia calls this mournful strain,
 The noblest virgin of Diana's train;
 Gay gallant youths adored her as their god,
 And lordly suitors waited at her nod.
 But to resist the power of Fate, how vain
 Is Beauty; slow awoke my mournful strain.

BLOOMFIELD.

I mourn Antibia, whose paternal gate
 Unnumber'd suitors throng'd, her love to gain!
 For she was fair and wise; but envious Fate
 Forbade, and all their amorous hopes were vain.

MERIVALE (1833.)

Drop o'er Antibia's grave a pious tear,
 For Virtue, Beauty, Wit, lie buried here.
 Full many a suitor sought her father's hall,
 To gain the virgin's love; but death o'er all
 Claim'd dire precedence; who shall death withstand?
 Their hopes were blasted by his ruthless hand.

WILLIAM HAY.

The maid Antibia I lament; for whom
 Full many a suitor sought her father's hall;
 For Beauty, Prudence, famed was she; but doom
 Destructive overwhelm'd the hopes of all.

The Bishop (at that time Mr Bloomfield) observes, in his short critique, that it is rather singular that translators, admiring the above

lines solely for their simplicity, should deprive them of their only merit in their paraphrase. Besides its diffuseness and quaintness of ex-

pression, "there is surely some degree of impropriety," he adds, "in calling upon a strain to flow afresh, just when the poem is come to a conclusion; tears might have been exhorted to break forth afresh, but not verses." Very true. The paraphrase is thoroughly bad, and, coming from such a pen, it astounds us. It not only bears no sort of resemblance whatever to the Greek, but is so unlike it in thought, feeling, and expression, that it might have been passed off, without incurring suspicion, as a little unhappy failure, weak in its own demerits. But is its substitute much better? We fear not. Perhaps it is—if possible—worse; for it lays claim to the high praise of being a literal translation. Mr Merivale honours it with a note.—"We here gladly substitute a far closer version in the room of that in a former edition which received a merited castigation by the author of a review in the *Museum Criticum*, ascribed to Bishop Bloomfield; trusting, that the Right Reverend Critic—if indeed it was himself to whom we are indebted for it—will pardon us for not inserting the specimen, which he proposes as an example of literal translation, for the reason of no less than four instances, occurring in so many lines, of departure from the sense of the original; as, first, the total omission of the word *περθεῖν*, that on which the whole distinctive force of the thought depends; secondly, the metaphorical word 'gate' being placed in the room of the vital expression *ἄρμον*; thirdly, the use of the vague and hyperbolic term 'unnumbered,' instead of the modest and probable *πολλοί*, as ascribed to the virgin's suitors; and, fourthly, the epithet 'wise,' used as synonymous with *πινυτα* (in the original, *πινυτητος*;) which, with great submission, we venture to think applicable rather to the intellectual than the moral qualities of the person to whom it is attributed. Our apology for this piece of counter-

criticism, which might else appear trifling, must be found in our wish to shew the real difficulties of the task undertaken by a translator, especially of Greek epigrams." We have our doubts of the soundness of the fourth objection—but the others are fatal; and we, with equal "great submission," beg leave to add other four. "Thronged," joined to "unnumbered," presents an absolutely ludicrous image, such as is found in an old Scotch song, "The tocher'd lass," in which we are told that the wooers "were a' puin', puin' at her;" *σγκαλῆσος* is omitted, though "vital;" in the original, Fate is not said to be "envious," but destructive (*συνδυνα*); *εκυλῆσι* is the "fundamental feature on which the whole hinges," yet his Lordship does not appear to have observed that; and "amorous" is an intolerable word in an epicedium.

In the narrow bounds of four lines, his Lordship, with all his eyes about him, and in the Christian and clerical act of correction, has committed seven, perhaps eight errors, and we cannot take leave of his version without alluding to a ninth, of a very comprehensive character. He has not only "forgotten the efficacy inherent in the charms of poetical expression, and the melody of numbers," but sputtered out words as hard and dry as chips. Mr Merivale's second version is very elegant; but even in it he has not attained the exquisite simplicity of the original. That simplicity is somewhat marred by "who shall death withstand?" "Claimed dire precedence" is nothing like Anyte, nor yet "blasted by his ruthless hand." Here we have one thought, which in the Greek is given by one word, *εκυλῆσι*, occupying three separate forms of expression. Mr Hay's version, we venture to say, is perfect.

The Bishop rather finds fault with another effort of Mr Merivale's in the former edition, and supplies its place too with one of his own. It is the well-known Anacreontic of Julian.

Στεφῆος πλεῖων ποθ' εὔρον
 Ἐν ταῖς ροδαῖς ἔρωτα,
 Καὶ τῶν πτερῶν κατασχών
 Ἐδάπτισ' ἐς τὸν οἶνον.
 Λαβὼν δ' ἐπινόησεν αὐτόν.
 Καὶ νῦν ἴσῳ μέλει μοι
 Πτεροῖσι γαργαλίζει.

LITERALLY—CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Once on a time, while wreathing a garland, I found
 Cupid among the roses,
 And having seized him by the wings,
 I plunged him into the (*my*) wine,
 And having taken I drank it.
 And now within my members
 With his wings he tickles me.

MERIVALE.

While for my fair a wreath I twined
 Of all the flowers which spring discloses,
 It was my evil fate to find
 Cupid lurking in the roses.

I seized the little struggling boy,
 I plunged him in the mantling cup,
 Then pledged it with a rapturous joy,
 And mad with rapture drank him up.

But ever since, within my breast,
 All uncontroll'd the mirthin rages,
 Disturbs my labour, breaks my rest,
 And an eternal warfare wages.

BLOOMFIELD.

While for my fair a wreath I twined,
 Love in the roses lay reclined;
 I seized the boy; the mantling cup
 Received him; and I drank him up.
 And now confined, the feather'd guest
 Beats, storms, and flutters in my breast.

WILLIAM HAY.

Once on a time while wreathing
 A garland for the hair,
 Cupid among the roses
 I found, and seiz'd him there.
 And by the wings I plunged him,
 And drank him in my wine,
 And ever since he tickles
 With his wings this heart of mine.

The Bishop says, that Julian's anacreontic "contains a pretty story, told with great simplicity, but that this simplicity seems to have been sacrificed to ornament in the (Mr Merivale's) translation, which, in itself, is not unpoetical." The simplicity is not sacrificed, we think, by Mr Merivale; but either finding it difficult to deal with, or thinking it rather tame or bare, and that it might be enriched and enlivened, he has expanded and adorned Julian, and, certainly, his paraphrase is "not unpoetical," but very poetical, and in itself exceedingly graceful. The Bishop's is very bad. He leaves out *ἐν τῷ ποτηρίῳ*, which deadens the life of the lines; "the mantling cup received him," is a miserable murder of *ἑλκυσσάμενος ἐν τῷ ποτηρίῳ*; "feathered guest" is so far

correct, that Cupid had wings, but he was not feathered like a sparrow; and never was there in this world so remote "a near resemblance to an original" as to *πτερόεντος ἑλκυσσάμενος*. "Beats, storms, and flutters in my heart." It makes us, in spite of ourselves, think on the cruel employment of a goose, or the more humane substitute of a couple of ducks, in the sweeping of a chimney. Cupid did not beat and storm in Julian's breast; he fluttered, but not much; his object was just to tickle the members of the Emperor, and he kept doing so day and night, so that there was no rest on couch or bed for the Apostate. We correct ourselves—for we believe he was but Prefect of Egypt. Mr Hay is Julian himself. Let us return to Meleager, and see

how the various accomplished trans-
lators have succeeded in transfusing
into their several versions the mourn-
ful spirit that breathes through two
of his most beautiful sepulchral in-
scriptions :

Οὐ γάμον, ἄλλ, Αἴδαν ἐπινυμφίδιον Κλειρίσα
διέζατο, παρθενίας αἵματα λυομένα.
ἀρτι γὰρ ἐσπέρησι νύμφας ἐπὶ δικλίσιν ἄχεν
λατοί, καὶ θαλάμων ἐπλαταγαῖντο Σύραι·
ἥῳς δ' ὀλολυγμὸς ἀνέκραγεν, ἐν δ' Ὑμέναιος
σιγαδείς γοερόν φθίγμα μεδαρμόσατο.
αἱ δ' αὐταὶ καὶ φέγγος ἰθαδέχον παρὰ πασῶ
πεῦκκι καὶ φθιμένας νέρθεν ἔφαινον ὁδόν.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Not a marriage, but a nuptial Ades did Clearista
Receive, having loosed the clasp of her virginity ;
For now at the doors of the bride were breathing the evening
Flutes, and the closing doors of the bridal-chamber sounded.
On the morning they shouted up the shout of joy, and amid the Hymenean,
(The shout) being silenced, was exchanged for a wailing noise ;
And the same torches that had torch-lighted a lustre to the bed-chamber,
Also illumined the path of the dead to the shades.

HUGO GROTIUS.

Pronuba non Juno, Clearista, sed infera Juno,
Tunc, tibi virginitas cum repetetur, orat.
Vix dum desierat nocturnos tibia cantus ;
Fervebat thalami postis uterque sono.
Cum matutinos jam non Hymeneus ad aures,
Sed truce sub gemitu nœnia nostra venit.
Atque eadem lectum quæ duxerat usque puellam,
Duxit ad infernos pinea tæda domos.

MERIVALE.

Cleara, when she loosed her virgin zone,
Found in the nuptial bed an early grave ;
Death claim'd the bridegroom's right ; to death alone
The treasure guarded for her spouse she gave.

To sweetest sounds the happy evening fled,
The flute's soft strain and hymeneal choir ;
At morn sad howlings echo round the bed,
And the glad hymns on quivering lips aspire.

The very torches that at fall of night
Shed their bright radiance o'er the bridal room ;
Those very torches, with the morning's light,
Conduct the victim to her silent tomb.

WRANGHAM.

Her virgin zone unloosed, Cleara's charms
Death clasp, stern bridegroom ! in his iron arms.
Hymns at the bridal valves last night were sung ;
Last night the bridal roof with revels rung—
This morn the wail was raised ; and, hush'd and low,
The strains of joy were changed to moans of woe ;
And the bright torch, to Hymen's hall which led,
With mournful glare now lighted to the dead.

HAY.

Not Hymen,—it was Ades self alone
 That loosened Clearest's virgin zone ;
 And now the evening flutes are breathing round
 Her gate ; the closing nuptial doors resound.
 The morning spousal song was raised—but, oh !
 At once 'twas silenced into thrines of woe ;
 And the same torches that the bridal bed
 Had lit, now shew'd the pathway to the dead.

Which, think you, is the best ?
 Grotius is good, but it is not one of
 his happiest versions ; we miss the
 melancholy music of Meleager. Me-
 rivale is far better ; and having chosen
 advisedly, on his own fine feeling of
 the original, to depart somewhat
 from its peculiar expression, his
 English is almost as pathetic as the
 Greek. There is, we think, one
 fault in his version. The second
 line contradicts the last—for in the
 one the "nuptial bed" is called
 "her early grave," and in the other,
 she is borne from that bed to her "si-
 lent tomb." Nor is this remark hy-
 percritical ; for a fault there is ;
 and it is not in the Greek epi-
 gram. Wrangham is as happy as
 Merivale ; nor in his lines do we see
 any imperfection. Hay is more true
 to the original than either of his ri-
 vals ; while his version appears to
 us equally elegant.

"Twould be easy to produce vari-
 ous ancient parallels ; but among
 them all not one perhaps equal to
 Capulet's relation of the death of
 Juliet.

"Oh ! son, the night before thy wedding
 day,

Hath Death lain with thy bride ; see, there
 she lies,

Flower as she was, deflower'd by him !

Death is my son-in-law ; Death is my heir ;
 My daughter he hath wedded.

All things that we ordained festival,
 Turn from their office to black funeral—
 Our instruments to melancholy bells ;
 Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast ;

Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;
 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse."

In his epigram, Meleager restricted
 himself to a few touches of one
 feeling—but here Shakespeare luxu-
 riates among a profusion of images
 of woe. There is a little composi-
 tion of Herrick's, in his *Hesperides*,
 much like the Greek.

UPON A MAID THAT DIED THE DAY
SHE WAS MARRIED.

That morn which saw me made a bride
 The evening witness that I dy'd.
 Those holy lights, wherewith they guide
 Unto the bed the bashful bride,
 Stay'd but a tapers fire to burne
 And light my reliques to their urne.

The torch which here you see,
 Supply'd the Lymphadic.

There are two very mournful in-
 scriptions for the tomb of one who
 thus died, by Erinna, a poetess, to
 whom, in the Garland of Meleager, is
 assigned, as her emblem, the crocus
 or saffron-flower, on account of its
 maiden paleness, as in *Cymbeline*—

"The flower that's like thy face, pale
 primrose."

Tradition says, that she "was a
 contemporary, perhaps companion,
 of Sappho, and attributes to her the
 praise of beauty and genius, with the
 tender accompaniment of an early
 death." There are some touching
 lines on Erinna herself, by Antipater
 of Sidon, and these and two or three
 other funeral strains read sadly in
 succession, thus—

ON A BELOVED COMPANION. ERINNA. BLAND.

Say, ye cold pillars, and thou wasting urn,
 And sculptured syrens that appear to mourn,
 And guard, within, my poor and senseless dust,
 Consign'd by fondest memory to your trust—
 Say to the stranger, as he huses nigh,
 That Ida's ashes here lincoted lie,
 Of noble lineage, that Erinna's love
 Thus mourns the partner of her joys above.

THE SAME.—ELTON.

Pillars of death ! carved syrens ! tearful urns !
 In whose sad keeping my poor dust is laid ;
 To him that near my tomb his footstep turns,
 Stranger, or Greek, bid hail ! and say a maid
 Rests, in her bloom, below : her sire the name
 Of Myrtis gave : her birth and lineage high :
 And say, her bosom-friend Erinna came,
 And on this marble graved her elegy.

THE SAME SUBJECT.—ERINNA.—MERIVALE.

I am the tomb of Ida, hapless bride !
 Unto this pillar, traveller, turn aside ;
 Turn to this tear-worn monument, and say,
 " O envious Death ! to charm this life away !"
 These mystic emblems all too plainly shew
 The bitter fate of her who sleeps below ;
 The very torch that laughing Hymen bore
 To light the virgin to the bridegroom's door,
 With that same torch the bridegroom lights the fire
 That dimly glimmers on her funeral pyre.
 Thou too, O Hymen, bid'st the nuptial lay
 In elegiac moanings die away.

THE SAME.—ELTON.

The virgin Myrtis' sepulchre am I ;
 Creep, softly, to the pillar'd mount of woe,
 And whisper to the grave, in earth below,
 " Grave ! thou art envious in thy cruelty !"
 To thee, now gazing here, her barbarous fate
 These bride's adornments tell ; that, with the fire
 Of Hymen's torch, which led her to the gate,
 Her husband burn'd the maid upon her pyre :
 Yes, Hymen ! thou didst change the marriage song
 To the shrill wailing of the mourners' song.

ON A BELOVED COMPANION.—SAPPHO.—ELTON.

This dust was Timas : ere her bridal hour
 She lies in Proserpina's gloomy bower :
 Her virgin playmates from each lovely head
 Clip with sharp steel their locks, the strewnments of the dead.

THE SAME.—SAPPHO.—CHARLES MERIVALE.

Deep in the dreary chambers of the dead
 Asteria's ghost bath made her bridal bed.
 Still to this stone her fond compeers may turn,
 And shed their cherish'd tresses on her urn.

ON ERINNA.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON.—MERIVALE.

Few were thy notes, Erinna, short thy lay—
 But thy short lay the Muse herself has given ;
 Thus never shall thy memory decay,
 Nor night obscure thy fame, which lives in heaven
 While we, the unnumber'd bards of after times,
 Sink in the melancholy grave unseen,
 Unhonour'd reach Avernus' fabled climes,
 And leave no record that we once have been !

ANYTE.—MERIVALE.

In this sad tomb where Clino sleeps, sweet maid !
 Her mother oft invokes the gentle shade,
 And calls, in hopeless grief, on her who died
 In the full bloom of youth and beauty's pride ;
 Who left, a virgin, the bright realms of day,
 On gloomy Acheron's pale coasts to stray.

EPITAPH BY A MOTHER ON HER SON.—LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.—BLAND.

Unhappy child! unhappy I, who shed
 A mother's sorrows o'er thy funeral bed!
 Thou'rt gone in youth, Amyntas; I, in age,
 Must wander through a lonely pilgrimage,
 And sigh for regions of unchanging night,
 And sicken at the day's repeated light.
 O guide me hence, sweet spirit, to the bourne
 Where in thy presence I shall cease to mourn.

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.—BLAND.

Sweet maid, thy parents fondly thought	For us remains a journey drear,
To strew thy bride-bed not thy bier;	For thee a blest eternal prime,
But thou hast left a being fraught	Uniting in thy short career
With wiles and toils and anxious fear.	Youth's blossom with the fruit of time.

JULIAN.—WRANGHAM.

Thine, Laura—thou, of every grace the bloom!
 Were timely spousal, and untimely tomb.
 Tears, bitter tears, thy Sire, thy husband shed;
 In tears shall melt the boatman of the dead—
 Scarce one short year to marriage-joys allow'd,
 Thy sixteenth summer wraps thee in thy shroud.

Mournful all! And some of them felt by us to be "beautiful exceedingly." Heart-broken, hopeless sighs over the grave from which there might be no blessed resurrection! A lament as of the passing wind over the monumental stone! No bright gleam from above—as with us—cheering the gloom below! On the tomb-stone of the Christian maiden no words are graved utterly forlorn—much grief, but no despair—being dead, she yet speaketh—and the inscription is as a blessing on the survivors, who are bade weep no more for the happy. With every deep emotion arising from our contemplation of young and innocent beauty, whether in joy or sadness, health, decay, or death, is there not always profoundly inteffused a sense of the soul's spirituality, which silently sheds over the emotion something celestial and divine, rendering it not only different in degree, but altogether distinct in kind, from all feelings that things merely perishable can inspire! So that the spirit is satisfied, and the feeling of beauty is but a vivid recognition of its own deathless being and ethereal essence. This is a feeling of beauty which was but faintly known to the human heart in those ages of the world, when all

other feelings of beauty were most perfect; and, accordingly, we find in the most pathetic strains of their elegiac poetry, lamentations over the loveliness, intensely worshipped in the dust, which was to lie for ever over its beamless head. But to us who may have seen the living light leave the eye of some beloved friend or child, there must have shone a beauty in life's latest smile, which spoke not alone of a brief scene closed, but of an endless scene unfolding; while its cessation, instead of leaving us in utter darkness, seemed to be accompanied with a burst of light.

True it is, as Mr Merivale has feelingly said, "that most of the reliques of Grecian poetry, which we possess, are of a cast of thought the most melancholy, whenever they touch on the mournful subjects of death and the grave. There are nevertheless a few which present us with brighter prospects, and bring us nearer to the Elysium described by the more cheerful poets of Italy, particularly by Virgil and Tibullus." And he refers to a very beautiful epitaph, translated by him from an uncertain author. We quote it—with one or two others of a kindred character.

Thou art not dead, my Protè, though no more
 A sojourner on earth's tempestuous shore;
 Fled to the peaceful islands of the blest,
 Where youth and love, for ever beaming, rest;

Or joyful wandering o'er Elysian ground,
 Among sweet flowers where not a thorn is fou
 No winter freezes there, no summer fires,
 No sickness weakens, and no labour tires;
 No hunger, poverty, or thirst oppress,
 Nor envy of man's boasted happiness;
 But Spring for ever glows serenely bright,
 And bliss immortal hails the heavenly light.

ON THE TOMB OF AN INFANT.—NICIAS.—CHARLES MERIVALE.

Stay, weary traveller, stay!
 Beneath these boughs repose!
 A step out of the way,
 My little fountain flows.

And never quite forget
 The monumental urn,
 Which Sorrow here hath set
 His buried child to mourn.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.—AUTHOR UNCERTAIN.—ROBERT BLAND, JUNIOR.

Too soon, grim Monarch, with unholy hand,
 You snatched this infant to your dreary land,
 Like some fair rose-bud, pluck'd from mortal sight
 Ere all its beauties op'd into light.
 Cease, wretched parents! cease your wailings wild,
 Nor mourn for ever your departed child!
 Her youthful graces, and her form so fair,
 Deserv'd a dwelling in the realms of air.
 As Hyl's care—believe the soothing lay!—
 The Nymphs—not I—could have borne your child away.

We have, not unpleasingly, we hope, been carried away from one of Meleager's epitaphs, over many others of the same sad spirit; but we promised to turn our reader's attention to two of his, and here is the other.

Δάκρυά τοι καὶ νήριε δ' ἂν γήρονος, Ἡλιοδόρα,
 δακρῶμαι, χορηγία λυψαίων εἰς Αἴαν,
 δάκρυα δυσδάκρυτα πολυκλαύτη δ' ἐπὶ τῷ μνήμῃ
 σπένδω γάρ με πόθων, μῦθον Φιλαργουσίης.
 οἰκτρά γάρ, οἰκτρά φίλαν τέ καὶ ἐν φθιμένοις Μελίαργος
 αἰδῶ, κενεὴν εἰς Ἀχέρωντα γῆριν.
 αἰ αἰ, πῆ τὸ ποθινὸν ἐνὶ θάλασσῃ ἔρπασιν Αἰδᾶς;
 ἔρπασιν, ἀνυκλὸν δ' ἄνδρος ἔρρει κόινς.
 ἀλλὰ σὲ γοῶμαι, γὰρ πανιέρβει, γὰρ πανόδυρτον
 ἡρώμεν οὐκ ἐλπίσιν, μῦθον, ἐν γὰρ ὕλησι.

* EPITAPH ON HELIODORA—BY HER HUSBAND MELEAGER.

Tears to thee, even under the ground, Heliodora,
 I present, (*tears*), all that remains of yearning love (*an offering*) for Ades;
 Tears most rueful, and on a loudly-lamented tomb
 I pour out a memorial of longings, a memorial of fond-affection;
 Miserably, miserably,—thee, the loved-one, even among the dead, I, Me-
 leager,
 Deplore; thee—(an empty favour)—an unprized gift to Acheron.
 Alas! alas! where is my much-longed-for blossom? Ades hath spoiled it,
 Hath spoiled it, and the flower in-its-prime, dust hath defiled.
 But thee I supplicate, oh Earth! the-all-nourishing, my much-lamented one
 Softly clasp to thy bosom, oh mother!

HUGO GROTIUS.

Ipsam subter humum monumenta fidelis amoris
 Has nullo lachrymas, Heliodora, tibi.
 Heu dignas lachrymis lacrymas ! ad flebile bustum
 Hæc tibi amicitie pignora certa fero.
 Nam misere nimium, misere Meleager adeptam
 Te gemo : sed gemitus nil Acheronta movent.
 Ah ! ubi dilectus mihi flos meus ? abstulit Orcus,
 Abstulit ; in cinerem corporis ivit honos.
 At tu depositum placide complectere nostrum,
 Maternoque fove, te rogo, Terra, sinu.

BLAND.

Tears o'er my Heliodora's grave I shed,
 Affection's fondest tribute to the dead.
 Oh, flow my bitter sorrows o'er her shrine,
 Pledge of the love that bound her soul to mine !
 Break, break, my heart, o'ercharged with bursting woe,
 An empty offering to the shades below.
 Ah ! plant regretted ! Death's remorseless power
 With dust ungrateful cloaked thy full-blown flower !
 Take, Earth, the gentle inmate to thy breast,
 And, soft entombed, bid Heliodora rest !

MERIVALE.

Tears, Heliodora ! on thy tomb I shed,
 Love's last libation to the shades below,
 Tears, bitter tears, by fond remembrance fed,
 Are all that Fate now leaves me to bestow.
 Vain sorrows ! vain regrets ! yet, loveliest, thee,
 Thee still they follow in the silent urn,
 Retracing hours of social converse free,
 And soft endearments never to return.
 How thou art torn, sweet flower, that smiled so fair !
 Torn, and thy honour'd bloom with dust defiled ;
 Yet, holy Earth, accept my suppliant prayer,
 And in a Mother's arm- enfold thy child.

CRITIC IN THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Tears o'er my Heliodora's grave I shed,
 All that love has to offer to the dead.
 Sad tears ! but o'er her mournful tomb they prove
 The streaming records of paternal love.
 Even in thy tomb I sigh for thee, dear maid,
 An empty tribute to thy parted shade.
 Where is my darling plant ? Death, plundering power,
 Death in the dust has laid that fresh-blown flower.
 Yet take her, Earth, lamented to her rest,
 And gently fold her to a mother's breast.

A FRIEND OF THE CRITIC IN THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Oh, Heliodora ! for thy loss I shed
 These tears, my last sad offering to the dead :
 Tears on thy tomb, which, sadly falling, prove
 The vain memorials of my hopes and love.
 In vain I mourn thee, dearest, and in vain
 To the dread powers of Acheron complain.
 Where is my much-loved flower ? The reckless hand
 Of Death has pluck'd, and mix'd it with the sand.
 Earth ! Nurse of all ! I pray thee, on thy breast,
 Bid, mother ! softly bid this form lamented rest.

WILLIAM HAY AND CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Tears, Heliodora! tears for thee, companion of the dead,
 Last yearnings of thy husband's love to Ades now I shed;
 Tears from a heart by anguish wrung for her whom I deplore—
 Memorials of regretful love upon her tomb I pour.
 For thee, beloved, even with the dead, thy Meleager sighs,
 Now parting with a precious gift, which Acheron will not prize.
 Where my desired blossom now? Its bloom hath Ades spoil'd,
 And my consummate flower, alas! the cruel dust hath soil'd.
 Thou all-sustaining Mother Earth! oh, clasp her to thy breast,
 My evermore-lamented one, and softly let her rest.

Let us again hear the Bishop. "One of Mr Bland's least fortunate efforts is his version of that beautiful epitaph of Meleager, &c. *We are, however, inclined to think*, that the subject of this poem was not Heliodora, the wife of Meleager, as the translators suppose, but a daughter of the same name. The words *στραγῆς*, and *φιλοφροσύνης*, seem to imply this, and more particularly the phrase, *που τὸ παθὲν ἐμοὶ ἔαλε*; Eurip. Phœn. 88. *Ἦ κλινὴν ἰλνις Ἀντιγόνη θαλὸς πατρὶ*, where Valckenaer observes, 'Bis tantum apud Euripidem hoc usu figurato *θαλὸς* reperitur, alibi nusquam apud Tragicos; sed aliquoties in Orphei hymnis et apud alios; in filiam, *ni fallor*, Heliodoram Meleager, Αἰ. αἰ. *που τὸ παθὲν ἐμοὶ θάλε*; ἄρπασεν Αἰδης.' The words *ἀκμαῖον ἄνθρω*, also, are clearly more applicable to his daughter than to his wife." So far is the question from being all conjecture, as Mr Bland supposes, "*that on the mind of every scholar, versed in the language of the Greek poets, no doubt will remain as to the truth of Valckenaer's remark.*" This is rather too dictatorial, and not perhaps very civil. It is as much as to say that Mr Bland was no "scholar," that he was not "versed in the language of the Greek poets." He was a fine scholar, and a good Grecian. The Bishop is not consistent with himself in the above ambitious and pedantic passage. At the beginning he says, "*we are, however, inclined to think;*" and certain words "*seem to imply;*" and others "*are more applicable;*" expressions which admit the case to be doubtful, and Mr Bland to be perfectly right in saying that "*all is conjecture.*" Yet at the end he asserts that "*no doubt will remain,*" forgetting his own doubt, and the courtesy usual between scholars. There is nothing, either one way or other, in *φιλοφροσύνης*. And though

στραγῆς does commonly express the natural yearning of parent towards offspring, yet in another composition by Meleager, in which nobody does or can doubt that he speaks of his wife or mistress, he uses this very word. *Θαλὸς* and *ἀκμαῖον ἄνθρω* may appear rather more applicable to a daughter than a wife, but they are not *inapplicable* to a young wife; and Meleager, we think, might have blamelessly so applied them, without the positive authority of Euripides. He has many other epigrams on Heliodora, not his daughter; and had this Heliodora been his daughter, we cannot help thinking it more than probable that the epigram would have been pervaded with a paternal feeling, and that there would have been some touching and tender allusion to the other Heliodora, her mother. The question, as Mr Bland said, is "all conjecture."

Mr Bland's version is not "one of his least fortunate efforts," but one of his most fortunate, though it is not perfect. Mr Merivale's is, like his friend's, and like all his own translations, easy, elegant, and graceful; nor can we well tell what is wanting either in the one or the other, if it be not that there are some needless changes in the form of expression which should have been avoided, as the original is allowed by all to be "a gem of purest ray serene." The two versions from the Monthly Review are very good. Hay's and ours we liked much on first getting it into its present shape, and we still think it true to the feeling and to the words of Meleager. But there are, we fear, one or two imperfections which we are sorry for, though unwilling to point out. But who will shew a better than the best of them all, and which, pray, is that? We call on the Bishop.

The affecting epigram of Callima-

thus on his friend Heraclitus of Halicarnassus, the elegiac poet, is one of the instances, Mr Merivale truly says, "which most strikingly illustrates the extreme difficulty of doing any thing like justice to the exquisite grace and simplicity of the genuine Greek epigram. Three versions are accordingly presented, of each of which, we fear, it must be

said, that it affords but a faint resemblance to the original, however far superior one may be thought to the rest, or all to either of the old translations." We are unacquainted with any old translations, except one by Dr Tytler, which we shall give along with a fine one by Wrangham, and another as good by Hay.

Εἰς Ἡράκλειτον τὸν Ἀλικαρνησσέων ἐλεγίαις ποιητὴν.
 Εἰπέ τις, Ἡράκλειτε, τὸν μόρον, ἐς δ' ἐμὲ δάκρυ
 ἤγαγεν, ἐμνήσθην δ' ὅσάκις ἀμφοτέροι
 ἥλιον λίσσῃ κατεδύσαμεν. ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν πῦρ,
 εἶν' Ἀλικαρνησσεῦ, τετράπαλαι σποδίῃ·
 αἱ δὲ τῶι ζώουσιν ἀηδόνες, ἥσιν ὁ πάλιν
 ἀρπακτὴρ Αἴδης ἐκ ἐπὶ χεῖρα βαλεῖ.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL.—NORTH.

One told me, Heraclitus, of thy death, and tears
 Hurried me away, when I called to mind how often we two
 In talk made the sun to set: 'Thou, indeed,
 Oh! (*my*) Halicarnassian guest! long since art ashes;
 But thy Nightingales (*i.e. thy Elegiac poems,*) live,—on these, of all things,
 Ales, the plunderer, will not lay a hand.

TYTLER.

I hear, O friend, the fatal news of Heraclitus' death,
 A sudden tear my cheek bedews, and sighs suppress my breath;
 For I must often call to mind, how from the crowds we run,
 And how to jesting much inclined we sported in the sun.
 Alas! he's gone, and part we must, and repartee's no more;
 But, though my friend be sunk in dust, his muse shall ever soar.
 The dart of death shall never fly to stop her waving wings;
 Like Philomel she mounts on high, and still, like her, she sings.

HODGSON.

I heard thy tale, old comrade, not unmoved;
 A bitter tear my recollection proved,
 How oft conversing with my parted friend,
 I scarce have seen the summer sun descend:
 And thou, dear guest! cold ashes art become,
 In an unknown, a last, eternal home!
 Yet, like sad Philomel's, thy tuneful breath
 Survives, triumphant o'er the robber Death.

CHARLES MERIVALE.

They told me of thy death, my Heraclite,
 And much it grieved me; for it brought to mind
 Our free and frequent converse—noon to night;—
 But thou art dust, far scatter'd by the wind.
 Yet shall thy songs, like birds in tuneful flight,
 Sail on, and leave the robber, Death, behind.

HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE.

They told me, Heraclitus, thou wert dead;
 And then I thought, and tears thereon did shed,
 How oft we two talk'd down the sun: but thou,
 Halicarnassian guest! art ashes now.
 Yet live thy nightingales of song; on these
 Forgetfulness her hand shall ne'er impose.

WRANGHAM.

I heard thy fate, loved friend, and dropp'd a tear :
 Rush'd on my mind the scenes of many a year,
 When on our chat sun after sun went down—
 But thou hast long been dust—thy days are flown !
 Yet still thy songs survive ; nor those shall Doom,
 All-spoiler he, with withering touch consume.

HAY.

I wept, my Heraclitus, when they told
 That thou wert dead ; I thought of days of old—
 How oft, in talk, we sent the sun to rest :
 Long since hast thou, my Halicarnassian guest,
 Been dust ; yet live thy Nightingales—on these
 The all-plundering hand of Death shall never seize.

Tytler is almost ludicrous ; and such wretched work, by a man who was reckoned something of a scholar in his day, was well fitted to turn the laughter of Englishmen upon the classical literature of Scotland. The lamenting and the lamented elegiac poets are both, by the touch of his harlequin's wand, converted into a brace of buffoons,—“Sporting in the sun !” “Jesting !” and “repartee ! !” Philomel may sometimes mount on high, for she is a bird of passage ; but she, “in shadiest covert hid, sings darkling,” and is not a skylark. But vulgar vices are swarming over all the lines, like big sick blue-bottle flies. Hodgson, the admirable translator of Juvenal, is not here eminently successful, but he is elegant ; and he manages, at least gracefully, the difficulty about the “Nightingales.” The line about the sun is good ; but not so “in an unknown, a last, eternal home,” which is unduly elaborate, and all

unlike the simple touch in the original. Charles Merivale is, on the whole, better ; but “noon to night” is not very good English, (pardon Scotsmen for daring to say so,) and he ought not to have omitted the name of the gracious luminary. “For scattered by the wind” won't do, and shews that rhyme, like necessity, has no law. Nevertheless, 'tis a fine effort, and much superior to one of our own, which we suppress. Henry Nelson Coleridge's is a gem. So is Hay's. Hold them up between your eyes and the light, and you see no speck. Wrangham's version, like all that flows purely from his pen, is very classical ; but why did he omit the tender invocation, “Heraclitus !” And why the musical spiritualities—the “Nightingales ?”

We cannot here deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting a very touching epitaph, by an uncertain writer, most beautifully translated by Merivale and Wrangham.

Τοῦτο σοὶ ἡμετέρας μνηστεῖον, ἱσθ' ἅς Σελήνη,
 ἢ λυδὸς μικρὴ, τὴς μεγάλης φίλη.
 αὖτις ζήτοσσι σὶ' εὐδ', εἰ θέμις, ἐν φθιμένουσιν
 Τῇ Ἀθῆνι ἐπ' ἱμοὶ μὴ τι πῖνις ὕδατος.

MERIVALE.

How often, Lycid, shall I bathe with tears
 This little stone which our great love endears !
 Thou, too, in memory of the vows we made,
 Drink not of Lethe in the realms of shade.

WRANGHAM.

Memorial of our loves, this slender stone
 Records a mighty friendship past and gone !
 Still shall I weep thee—thou, if so 't may be,
 Sip not of Lethe as thou think'st on me.

In our former article on the *Anthology*, we quoted some fine, simple, strong and solemn funeral inscriptions for Heroes and Deliverers. It elevates the spirit to read a number of them in succession, as if we were wandering over the sepulchral places of the land of freedom. Cheerless the shores of Acheron, and dim the realm of those unsubstantial shades.

But the love of their country, and their passion for posthumous fame, are breathed devoutly from their tombs by the illustrious and consecrated dead. They had done their duty; and they inspire from the dust their compatriots to whom fate may have destined deeds of equal renown in after ages, and, like their own, a glorious immortality in death.

ON THOSE WHO FELL AT THERMOPYLÆ.—ÆSCHYLUS.—CHARLES MERIVALE.

These, too, defenders of their country, fell,—

Their mighty souls to gloomy death betray'd :

Immortal is their fame, who, suffering well,

Of Ossa's dust a glorious garment made.

EPITAPH FOR HIMSELF.—ÆSCHYLUS.—CHARLES MERIVALE.

Athenian Æschylus, Euphorio's son,

Buried in Gela's fields, these lines declare :

His deeds are register'd at Marathon,

Known to the deep-hair'd Mede who met him there.

ON SOPHOCLES.—SIMMIAS OF THERES.—ANONYMOUS.

Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade

Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid.

Sweet ivy, lend thine aid ; and intertwine

With blushing roses, and the clustering vine.

Thus shall thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,

Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung.

ON DION OF SYRACUSE.—PLATO.—CHARLES MERIVALE.

For Priam's queen and daughters at their birth

The Fates weaved tears into the web of life :

But for thee, Dion, in thy hour of mirth,

When triumph crown'd thy honourable strife,

Thy gathering hopes were pour'd upon the sand :

Thee, still, thy countrymen revere, and lay

In the broad precincts of thy native land.

But who the passion of my grief can stay ?

ON THE SHIELD OF ALEXANDER.—MNASALCUS.—MERIVALE.

A holy offering at Diana's shrine.

See Alexander's glorious shield recline ;

Whose golden orb, through many a bloody day

Triumphant, ne'er in dust dishonour'd lay.

ON HESIOD.—ASCLEPIADES.—HAYGARTH.

Sweet bard of Asara ! on thy youthful head

The Muses erst their laurel-branches spread,

When on the rugged summits of the rocks

They saw thee laid amidst thy sultry flocks.

Ev'n then to thee, o'er fair Castalia's wave,

Their sacred powers unbounded empire gave.

By this inspired, thy genius soar'd on high,

And ranged the vaulted azure of the sky ;

With joy transported, view'd the blest abodes,

And sang th' ecstatic raptures of the gods.

ON THE MACEDONIANS SLAIN AT CYNOSCEPHALÆ.—ALCÆUS OF MESSENE.—

MERIVALE.

Unmourn'd, unburied, passenger, we lie,

Three myriad sons of fruitful Thessaly.

In this wide field of monumental clay.
 Ætolian Mars had mark'd us for his prey ;
 Or he, who bursting from th' Ausonian fold,
 In Titus' form, the waves of battle roll'd ;
 And taught Æmathia's boastful lord to run
 So swift, that swiftest stags were by his speed outdone

SPARTAN VIRTUE.—DIOSCORIDES.—MERIVALE.

When Thrasybulus from th' embattled field
 Was breathless borne to Sparta on his shield,
 His honour'd corse disfigur'd still with gore
 From seven wide wounds, (but all received before,)
 Upon the pyre his hoary father laid,
 And to th' admiring crowd triumphant said,
 " Let slaves lament—while I without a tear
 Lay mine and Sparta's son upon his bier."

THE PERSIAN SLAVE TO HIS MASTER.—DIOSCORIDES.—CHARLES MERIVALE.

O master ! shroud my body, when I die,
 In decent ceremonies, from the vulgar eye.
 But burn me not upon your funeral pyre,
 Nor dare the gods, and desecrate their fire :
 I am a Persian ; 't were a Persian's shame
 To dip his body in the sacred flame.
 Nor o'er my worthless limbs your waters pour ;
 For streams and fountains Persia's sons adore ;—
 But give me to the clods which gave us birth,
 For dust should go to dust, and man to earth.

SPARTAN VIRTUE.—TYMNEUS.—MERIVALE.

Demetrius, when he basely fled the field,
 A Spartan born, his Spartan mother kill'd ;
 Then stretching forth the bloody sword, she cried,
 (Her teeth fierce gnashing with disdainful pride,)
 " Fly, cur'd off-spring, to the shades below,
 Where proud Eurotas sh'ld no longer flow
 For timid hinds like thee !—Fly, trembling slave.
 Abandon'd wretch, to Pluto's darkest cave !
 This womb so vile a monster never bore ;
 Disown'd by Sparta, thou 'rt my son no more."

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF CORINTH.—POLYSTRATUS.—CHARLES MERIVALE.

Acrcæan Acrocorinth, the bright star
 Of Hellas, with its narrow Isthmian bound,
 Lucius o'ercame ; in one enormous mound
 Piling the dead, conspicuous from afar.

Thus, to the Greeks denying funeral fires,
 Have great Æneas' later progeny
 Perform'd high Jove's retributive decree,
 And well avenged the city of their sires.

EPITAPH ON TWO THEBAN BROTHERS SLAIN IN THRACE.—DAMAGETES.—MERIVALE.

By Jove, the God of strangers, we implore
 Thee, gentle pilgrim, to the Æolian shore
 (Our Theban home) the tidings to convey,
 That here we lie, to Thracian wolves a prey.
 This to our father, old Charinus, tell ;
 And, with it, this,—We mourn not that we fell
 In early youth, of all our hopes bereft ;
 But that his darkening age is lonely left.

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF CORINTH.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON.—BLAND.

Where has thy grandeur, Corinth ! shrunk from sight,
Thy ancient treasures, and thy rampart's height,
Thy godlike fanes and palaces—O where
Thy mighty myriads and majestic fair ?
Relentless war has pour'd around the wall,
And hardly spared the traces of thy fall.
We nymphs of Ocean deathless yet remain,
And sad and silent sorrow near thy plain.

EPITAPH ON A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.—ANTIPATER OF SIDON.—BLAND.

Here sleeps a daughter by a mother's side ;
Nor slow disease nor war our fates allied :
When hostile banners over Corinth waved,
Preferring death we left a land enslaved !
Pierced by a mother's steel, in youth I bled,
She nobly join'd me in my gory bed :—
In vain ye forge your fetters for the brave,
Who fly for sacred freedom to the grave.

The Greeks were a glorious race. So are we. Our heroes are as theirs—so are our poets. Liberty ! where had she ever nobler worship than in our fatherland ? In Greece, “ pure the air and light the soil ;” in Britain, thick often the air with vapours and heavy the soil with moisture ; but, conquering climate, here the unclogged spirit heavenwards aspires. And has not Albion had for ages, too, the dominion of the sea ? Praise to her noble dead ! Religion speaks from their tombs—Genius consecrates their monuments—a grateful Country, preserved by their valour, venerates their virtues—and Patriotism kindles at the thoughts of their everlasting fame. Peace to the souls of her heroes !

But turn we now to livelier lights ; and let us look on genius playing with quaint conceits and airy fancies, in dreamy leisure graciously given from the carking cures of ordinary life—sunshiny trifles among gloomy troubles—beautiful butterflies wing-

ing their wavery way, up and along, careeringly, the blue silence—alas ! how transient ! between storm and storm !

There is a little composition attributed by Mr Merivale to Euenus the elder, *Ἀττὶ Κίχου, μὲν θύεττι*, which, he justly says, is characterised by “ exquisite grace and elegance.” The difficulty of finding an appropriate version for this very pretty and fanciful epigram, he thinks consists in the mythologic identity of the bird (the Swallow) and the “ Attic Maiden,” Philomela, who was metamorphosed into that animal. It does not so strike us ; it lies rather in the exquisite ingenuity of the parallel between the characters and modes of life of the bird and the insect (the Cicada). The Greek and Latin languages possess powers in their inflexions which ours does not ; and from that arises the chief and peculiar difficulty—we had almost said impossibility—of converting this epigram into English. Let us see how it is.

THE SWALLOW AND GRASSHOPPER.—FROM EUENUS.

Ἀττὶ Κόρου, μελίθρεττι, λίλος λαλὼν ἀεπάζεσσιν
τίττις, ἀπτησὶν δαΐτα φέρεις τέκισιν,
τὸν λίλον λαλοῖσσαν, τὸν εὐαττὸν ἀττὶ κίχου.
τὸν ξένον ἀ ξείνισιν, τὸν θέρων θέρων.
οὐχὶ παρὸς ῥίψεις ; ἢ γὰρ θέμις, ὅδ' ἀδικαίει,
ὅλλονσ' ὑμῖν πέλους, ἱμεροπλόους ἁπταμένους.

LITERALLY.—BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Attic Maiden (Philomela), honey-fed, (*thou*) the prattler, having seized the prattling Grasshopper, bearest it away as a feast to thine unledged offspring ; (*Thou*) the prattler (*bearest away*) the prattling,—the winged, the beautifully winged.—The visitant, the visitant—the summer (*bird*), the summer (*fly*) :
Wilt thou not quickly let it go ? for it is not lawful nor just
That the song-conversant should perish by the mouths of the song-conversant.

GROTIUS.

Cecropi dulces sonans resonantem dulces Cicadam
 Abripis, et pullis fers alimenta tuis.
 Quid facis ah ! Capta quid avi precor hospite gaudes,
 Hospes avis, verna verna, loquace loquax ?
 Quin cito demittis ? Vates ut vatibus esca
 Fiat, id haud quaquam jura piumque sinunt.

MERIVALE.

Attic Maiden, breathing still
 Of the fragrant flowers that blow
 On Hymettus' purpled hill,
 Whence the streams of honey flow ;
 Wherefore thus a captive bear
 To your nest the grasshopper ?

Noisy prattler, cease to do
 To your fellow-prattler wrong ;
 Kind should not its kind pursue,—
 Least of all the heirs of song.

Prattler ! seek some other food
 For your noisy prattling brood.

Both are ever on the wing,
 Wanderers both in foreign bowers ;
 Both succeed the parting spring,
 Both depart with summer hours.
 —Those who love the minstrel lay
 Should not on each other prey.

BY W. HAY.

Attic Maiden, honey-fed, why seize and bear away
 Thy fellow-prattling grasshopper, to thy callow young a prey ?
 Fellow-prattlers, winged both, both visitants together,
 The summer-bird,—the summer-fly, both fond of summer weather.
 Oh let it go !—it is not just, 'tis surely very wrong,
 That the conversant-in-song should die, by the conversant-in-song.

What exquisite felicity in the fanciful and ingenious Greek of Euenus ! How much of the same qualities in the Latin of Grotius ! Merivale shuns what he thought or felt, perhaps rightly, to be an insuperable difficulty, and in his graceful English gives the spirit of the original, but not its happy form. Hay tries to do both, and with success ; yet some-

thing—nay much—there is in the Greek (Euenus may thank his stars for its wondrous construction) which is not—cannot be given in any other tongue.

We wonder if Wordsworth ever saw this epigram. There is the same feeling thought in his exquisite little poem, the Robin-redbreast and Butterfly.

What ail'd thee, Robin, that thou cou'dst pursue
 A beautiful creature,
 That is gentle by nature !
 Beneath the summer sky
 From flower to flower let him fly ;
 'Tis all that he wishes to do.
 The cheerer thou of our indoor sadness,
 He is the friend of our summer gladness ;
 What hinders, then, that ye should be
 Playmates in the sunny weather,
 And fly about in the air together !
 His beautiful bosom is drest
 In crimson as bright as thine own ;
 If thou wouldst be happy in thy nest,
 O pious bird ! whom man loves best,
 Love him, or leave him alone !

Many charming little poems are scattered through the Anthology about birds and bees and grasshoppers, and "such small deer." It is delightful to feel how much is said

in so very few words of the characters and habits of the happy creatures. We shall probably quote several in our next paper ; but here, meanwhile, is one to a Bee, by Nicias the phys-

cian, and friend of Theocritus. Fear not, fair maiden, the music of its wings; for innocent is the flower-feeder; settled at its work, silent is the creature, that, when flying, cannot choose but sing; nor would it hurt thee, for all the honey on Hybla, were it, attracted by the fragrance,

to deviate from its path in the sunshine, into those roses among lilies; any more than Melissa, when "that extravagant and erring spirit hied," and in its bliss was sung by Meleager, into the paradise of his Heliodora's incense-breathing breast.

Λιολι, ἡμεροβαλεις εαρ φαινυσα, Μελισσα
 ξεθα, ἐφ' ὥραισις ανθεισι μαιναμεσαν,
 ζωσαν ἐφ' ἑδυπνοον πωτωμενα, ἑρτα τιθισσο,
 ἴφρα πτος πληθη κηροπαγης ὠλλυμερος.

LITERALLY.—CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Nimble Bee! making to appear the softly-blooming spring,
 Yellow one, for primy flowers maddened,
 Fluttering o'er a sweetly-breathing field, ply thy labours
 Until thy wax-compacted chambers be filled.

A.

Many-coloured, sunshine-loving, spring-betokening Bee!
 Yellow Bee, so mad for love of early blooming flowers!
 Till thy waxen cells be full, fair fall thy work and thee,
 Buzzing round the sweetly-smelling garden-plots and flowers.

GROTII'S.

O quæ perpetuo florum tentaris amore,
 Flava reidentis nuntia veris, Apis!
 Prata supervolitans bene olentia pone quod hauris,
 Ut domus aerias cœrea portet opes!

HAY.

Thou nimble yellow Bee, that bring'st the softly-blooming spring,
 Thence the love of primy flowers is ever maddening,
 Fluttering o'er sweetly-breathing fields, increase thy honied store,
 Until thy wax-compacted cell at length can hold no more!

Plato was a poet in verse as well as in prose, and we have a pleasant epigram of his on a—Frog. You will see the Greek in Jacobs. Here are the translations.

ON A BRAZEN FROG, CONSECRATED TO THE NYMPHS BY A TRAVELLER.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL.—CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

The Servant of the Nymphs, shower-loving, the moist singer,
 The one pleased with clear springs, the Frog,
 A certain way-faring man having fashioned of brass, hath consecrated as an offering,
 Because it cured a violent thirst caused by the heat;
 For to him while wandering about, it pointed out the water by singing seasonably,
 With amphibious mouth, from its dewy grot;
 And the way-faring man, not heedless of the guiding voice,
 Found a draught from the sweet longed-for spring.

MERIVALE.

Servant of the Nymphs who dwell In the fountain's deepest cell, Lover of shades—hoarse frog, that carol free, Where streamlets run, my rustic minstrelsy—	A grateful offering to the powers who gave, To slake his burning thirst, the welcome wave.
Me the thirsty traveller Hath in brass ensculptured here,	Croaking minstrel—faithful guide— I reveal'd the hidden tide Of waters, bubbling from the reedy lake, That agony of burning thirst to slake.

HAY.

The Servant of the Nymphs—the singer dank,
 Pleased with clear fountains,—the shower-loving frog,
 Imaged in brass,—hath a way-faring man
 Placed here a votive gift,—because it served
 To quench the fever of the traveller's thirst.
 For the amphibious creature's well-timed song,
 Croak'd from its dewy grot, the wandering steps
 Of him who search'd for water, hither drew :
 Not heedless of the guiding voice, he found
 The longed-for draught, from the sweet cooling spring

How cool the air it breathes ! How cold the still water ! Merivale's version is all it could be, perhaps, in rhyme ; blank verse being more suitable for such an inscription, Hay's to our senses is more refreshing.

In our former article on the Anthology we spoke of the late Dr Haygarth (in words of dubious import) as one of Mr Merivale's contributors ; and in one sense he is so ; the editor having adopted two or three translations of his from a volume published a good many years ago, to which the principal poem

gave its name, Greece. He was an accomplished scholar, and a man of fine talents ; but we cannot approve the principle on which he translated these specimens. He loses sight of the true character—the tone and spirit of his original, and smooths all down into harmonious but uncharacteristic elegance. This will be manifest on looking with a classical eye on his version of some truly pastoral lines by Leonidas of Tarentum, (see Jacobs, vol. i. page 150,) entitled the Dying Shepherd to his Companions. They run literally thus :

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Ye shepherds who lonely-dwell on this ridge of a mountain,
 Making-to-traverse-it goats, and well-woolled sheep,
 A small but acceptable boon, by the Earth ! to Chitagoras
 Pay, for the sake of infernal Proserpine.
 Bleat may (*my*) sheep, and may a shepherd on a craggy rock pipe softly to them blow ;
 And in early spring plucking a meadow-flower,
 Let a peasant crown my grave with a garland,
 And let some-one make-use-of the milk of a well-lambéd
 Sheep, pressing a milky udder,
 Moistening the basis of my tomb ; there are for the dead,
 There are even to those among the shades, mutual charities.

HAYGARTH.

List, all ye swains, whose thirsty flocks
 In silence wander o'er these rocks ;
 And oh ! let my sad spirit share
 Your constant love, your tender care.
 In parching summer's fervid heat
 May you, young lambs, a requiem bleat ;
 Whilst on the rock the shepherd swain
 In mournful murmurs swells his strain !
 To my lone shade, in early spring,
 Ye pilgrims ! grateful offerings bring ;
 And o'er my solitary grave
 With reverence pour the milky wave ;
 Then rifle every floweret's bloom
 To deck the turf that forms my tomb.
 For think not that, when life is fled,
 No hopes or fears can reach the dead—
 Even then their shades your cares approve,
 And own with gratitude your love.

HAY.

Lone shepherds, who your goats and well-wool'd sheep
 Teach to climb up this mountain's ridgy steep ;
 By earth adjured and dark Persephone,
 Oh ! grant this small but grateful boon to me
 Chitagoras ! that on yon craggy rock
 A piping swain my browsing bleating flock
 May soothe ; and meadow flowers of early spring
 Wreath, for my grave a rustic offering.
 Pressing the milky teats of teeming ewe,
 With milk-libations may the swain bedew
 My tomb : There are, there are, those charities
 Of mutual love which even in Ades please.

Who feels not at once the charming simplicity of Mr Hay's lines, so perfectly true to the picturesque of Leonidas?—Who does not sicken at the namby-pamby of Dr Haygarth, poor

as the feeblest falsettos of Shennstone! Dr Haygarth has attempted, in a better spirit, a version of some lines on Homer by Alcæus of Mæcene. Literally, they run thus:

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Homer, the Bard of Heroes, did the sons of Ios
Sorely afflict, in having devised a riddle from the Muses.
But the sea-dwelling Nereids anointed with nectar
And placed the corpse under a cliff by the sea-shore,
Because he had ennobled Thetis, and her Son, and the fights of the other
Heroes, and the actions of the son of Laertes of Ithaca.
Ios is the happiest of the islands of the sea, because it conceals,
Though small, the star of the Muses and the Graces.

HAYGARTH.

The visionary dream of life is o'er;
The Bard of Homer sleeps on Ios' shore.
Fair Ios' sons their lamentations pay,
And wake the funeral dirge or solemn lay.
O'er his pale lifeless corse and drooping head
Ambrosial sweets the weeping Nereids shed,
And on the shore their slumbering poet laid
Beneath the towering mountain's peaceful shade.
Nor undeserved their care—his tuneful tongue
Achilles' wrath and Thetis' sorrows sung;
His strains Laertes' son in triumph bore,
Though wars unnumber'd, to his native shore.
Blest Isle of Ios! on thy rocky steep
The Star of Song—the Grace of Graces—leaps.

HAY.

Sorely afflicted was the Heroes' Bard,
When Ios' sons devised that riddle hard.
Upon their Homer's corse the Nereids pour
Nectar, when stretch'd upon its cliffy shore.
Thetis, her Son, Ulysses' deeds, the Pains
Of Heroes live in his ennobling strains.
Ios, though small, most blest of Isles! since he
The Muses' and the Graces' stat now sleeps in thee!

Can there be any comparison?

But we must bring our Article, interesting, if for nothing else, for its quotations, to a close, and we wish to say farewell in merry measures.

What a pity it is that Athenæus has not preserved some of the popular Greek songs! He tells us that there was the song of the grinders of corn, *Ιμαῖος* and *Επιμύλιος*; of the weavers, *Ελινος*; of the workers in wool, *Ιουλος*; of the nurses, *Κατακυκληστis*; of the reapers, *Λυττερος*; of the shepherds or herdsmen, *Βουκολιασμος*. The labourers in the field, and the persons who attended the public baths, had likewise their peculiar songs. Then there were songs on the subject of death, or any unfortunate event, *Ὀλοφύρμοι*, and *Ιαλιμοι*. There was the song in honour of Erigone, sung at the

feast of the *Δωρος*, called *Δελφis*, or the Song of the Wanderer; *Ψαλμοι* particularly dedicated to Ceres and Proserpine—songs dedicated to Apollo, *Φιλητασι*—to Diana, *Ουπιγγοι*—and many songs on traditionary stories of the joys or sorrows of "mortal or immortal minds." Phœnicus of Colophon, an Iambic poet (quoted in the 8th book), speaks of certain persons who went about begging for the Crow, singing a song suitable to the disposition of that bird. "The crows," says Mr Mitchell, the admirable translator of Aristophanes, "appear to have been in great disfavour with the Athenians; they had the fee-simple of all that society wished to eject from itself; and thus stood to the Greeks somewhat in the relation of that malignant person, who, ac-

ording to Rabelais, breakfasts on the souls of sergeants-at-arms fricasseed. But this song will shew, that this dislike to the crow did not prevail universally among the Greeks, but that the same use was made in some parts of the crow, as in others was made of the swallow." In the same book of Athenæus is preserved the Song of the Swallow, who, as the harbinger of spring, was a great favourite among the Greeks, by which

too the little mendicants used to levy contributions on the good nature of their fellow-citizens. Both have been charmingly paraphrased by Mr Mitchell, and likewise by a fine scholar, in a manuscript collection from Athenæus now lying before us, and we do not see we can do better than, by way of interlude, present all the four to our readers. These were the *guisards* of Greece.

SONG OF THE CROW.—MITCHELL.

Lords and ladies, for your ear,
We have a petitioner,
Name and lineage would you know :
'Tis Apollo's child, the Crow ;
Waiting till your hands dispense
Gift of barley, bread, or pence.
Be it but a lump of salt ;
His is not the mouth to halt.
Nought that's proffer'd he denies :
Long experience makes him wise.
Who to-day gives salt, he knows,
'Next day, fig or honey throws.
Open, open gate and door :
Mark ! the moment we implore,
Comes the daughter of the squire.
With such figs as wake desire.

Maiden, for this favour done,
May thy fortunes, as they run,
Ever brighten—he thy spouse
Rich, and of a noble house ;
May thy sire, in aged ease,
Nurse a boy who calls thee mother ;
And his grandam on her knees
Rock a girl who calls him brother ;
Kept as bride in reservation,
For some favour'd near relation.
But enough now ; I must tread,
Where my feet and eyes are led ;
Dropping at each door a strain,
Let me lose my suit, or gain.

Then search, worthy gentles, the cupboard's close nook ;
To the lord, and still more to the lady, we look :
Custom warrants the suit—let it still then bear sway ;
And your Crow, as in duty bounden, shall pray.

SONG OF THE CROW.—ANON.

I pray, good people, your alms bestow,
A handful of barley to the poor crow ;
Or gratefully scatter before her bed,
A trifle of wheat, a morsel of bread ;
The smallest coin from your purses take,
And freely give for the poor crow's sake ;
A cake, or a grain of salt, give me,
For she loves to feed most daintily ;
Who gives but a grain of salt to-day,
A measure of honey to-morrow may pay.
I prithee, sweet boy, the door unbar,
For Plutus smiles ; and, see, from afar
The virgin comes, most gracefully slow,
With a present of figs, for the poor old crow.
Gentle virgin ! mayst thou be
Dear to all who shall behold thee ;
Happy shall that husband be
In his arms who shall enfold thee.
Rich and fair, and good and kind,
Gentle birth and polished mind,

Inward worth and heart so true,
Virgin, thou shalt never rue.
Time may come, when thou shalt see
Thy aged sire thy boys caressing,
And thy girls shall rival thee
To partake a mother's blessing.
Meantime, I, though blind and poor,
Chant my songs from door to door,
Nor the slightest gift refuse,
Grateful tribute to the muse.
Good people, of your plenty throw
A pittance to the poor old crow ;
And, gentle sir, and lady dear,
The customary tribute spare ;
Freely and cheerfully impart,
With open hand and liberal heart,
For if you prove the poor crow's friend,
Fair fortune shall your steps attend.

SONG OF THE SWALLOW.—MITCHELL.

The swallow, the swallow has burst on the sight,
 He brings us gay seasons of vernal delight ;
 His back it is sable, his belly is white.
 Can your pantry nought spare,
 That his palate may please,
 A fig, or a pear,
 Or a slice of rich cheese ?
 Mark, he bars all delay :
 At a word, my friend, say,
 Is it yes—is it nay ?
 Do we go ? Do we stay ?
 One gift and we're gone :
 Refuse, and anon
 On your gate, and your door,
 All our fury we pour.
 Or our strength shall be tried

On your sweet little bride ;
 From her seat we'll tear her ;
 From her home we will bear her ;
 She is light, and will ask
 But small hands to the task.
 Let your bounty then lift
 A small aid to our mirth ;
 And whatever the gift
 Let its size speak its worth.
 The swallow, the swallow,
 Upon you doth wait :
 An almsman and suppliant
 He stands at your gate :
 Yet open, yet open,
 Your gate and your door ;
 Neither giants nor grey-beards,
 We your bounty implore.

SONG OF THE SWALLOW.—ANON.

The swallow comes with twitt'ring song,
 And brings the happy hours along ;
 The swallow comes with breast of snow.
 And jetty back as black as crow.
 Do not withhold your wealthy store,
 Nor turn the swallow from your door ;
 Bring juicy figs and dainty cheese,
 And fermenty ; and if you please,
 Bring mellow wine, and eggs, and say,
 The swallow shall not starve to-day ;
 Must we your silence still deplore,
 And go thus empty from your door ?

If you are bountiful and kind,
 A blessing we shall leave behind.
 If, like a churl, you say us nay,
 Like sturdy beggars we shall stay,
 And bear away, in spite of din,
 The little maid that sits within.
 If freely you your gifts dispense,
 You shall not want due recompense.
 If fortune's favours you would win,
 Rise quick and let the swallow in ;
 Nor think it is a greybeard's song,
 For we are buxom, gay, and young.

How inspiring ! We must sing.
 Ha ! here is our friend Hay. His bass
 is as strong as our tenor is sweet,
 and we must have a stave. It shall
 be an Anacreontic. Justice has never
 yet been done to the Teian bard.
 Yet Cowley, Prior, and Moore have
 been his worshippers. Thou alone,
 dear Hay, hast had the skill to pre-
 serve his measures accordant to his
 meanings, and now let us make his
 melodies harmonies—take thou the

second—for thou knowest, nor ever
 dost thou grudge the old man his
 vanities, that we still love in all
 things, gay or grave, to say, sing,
 and do, in private as well as public—
 heaven pity and forgive us—the First.
 The usual tune. You know it, Wil-
 liam—and you shall hear—'tis quite
 original—what even you, Will, may
 not refuse to call pleasant—an ac-
 companiment of our own, on the
 guitar.

ANACREON.

ON THE LYRE.

I wish to sing the Atrida,
 And of Cadmus I would sing,
 But love alone comes sounding
 Of my lyre from every string.

My lyre I altogether
 Exchanged,—with every string,

And the labours of Alcides
 Forthwith I tried to sing,
 But aye the chords rebellious,
 'The notes of love would ring.

Farewell, henceforth, ye heroes,
 Now and ever fare ye well ;
 For the notes of love—no other
 From my wayward lyre will swell.

TO A GIRL.

Although my locks be hoary,
 Fly not, my love, from me;
 And though the flower of beauty
 Be in its bloom with thee,
 Treat not with scorn my wooing;
 Those fair white lilies see,
 When garlanded with roses,
 How suitable they be.

ON HIMSELF.

Upon the tender myrtles
 And the lotus' leaves reclined,
 To indulge myself in drinking
 To my friends, I have a mind.

Let Cupid with papyrus
 Round his neck his tunic tie,
 And my cup with flowing bumpers
 Let him constantly supply.

On—onward life is rolling,
 Like a chariot wheel it wend—
 And the bony strength of mortals
 In a little ashes ends.

On the earth, no vain libations,
 Pour no unguents on a stone,
 But my temples crowned with roses
 While I live, perfume alone.

And pray thee, little Cupid,
 Call my mistress in to me,
 For my cares, it is my purpose
 To disperse in jollity;
 Ere the gloomy choirs infernal,
 I thither go to see.

ON CUPID.

'Twas midnight—when Bootes
 Sees the turning of the Bear;
 And voice-dividing mortals
 Sleep, subdued by toil and care.

'Twas at this hour of midnight
 When Cupid stoppen before

Would that Merivale, and Hodgson,
 and Wrangham, and Denman, and
 Sandford, and Elton, and the Adelphi,
 and young Bland, and H. N. Cole-
 ridge, and Keene, and "the rest"
 were here; then might we indeed

My house, and fell a knocking
 At the fastenings of my door.

"Who strikes the door,—disturbing
 My dreams, by such a din?"
 "I'm but a child," says Cupid,
 "Fear not, but let me in."

"For I am drenched by wandering
 Through the damp and moonless night."
 I pitied when I heard him,
 And forthwith got a light.

I opened, and before me
 An infant I behold,
 With wings, a bow, and quiver,
 All shivering from the cold.

Then near the fire I placed him,
 With my palms I warmed him there,
 And the dripping water squeezing,
 I wrung it from his hair.

Now when the cold had left him,
 "Come let us try," said he,
 "How far by being moistened
 This string is harmed for me."

He stretched it, and he struck me,
 Like a gad-fly, through and through
 The liver, and loud-laughing
 He said, while up he flew—

"Mine host, thy gratulation,
 Give, give, before we part;
 My bow, indeed, is skaitless,
 But thou'lt be sick at heart."

have a Noctes; and while all our
 brows were bound with roses, each
 mouth would be an Anthology, and
 however various our utterance,
 'twould be all one in the Greek.

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VOL. XXXIV.

Contents.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG. CHAP. XXIII. THE LAST OF THE LOG—TOM CRINGLE'S FAREWELL,	141
THE REV. CHARLES BOYTON, OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN,	171
SIR EUSTACE. BY THE HON. AUGUSTA NORTON,	172
HYMNS OF LIFE. BY MRS HEMANS. NO. IV. WOOD-WALK AND HYMN,	174
THE WATER LILY. BY MRS HEMANS,	177
DEPARTURE. BY C.	178
ON THE FINANCIAL POLICY OF MR PITT AND HIS SUCCESSORS,	179
NIGHTS AT MESS. CHAP. III.	196
THE LIFE OF A DEMOCRAT—A SKETCH OF HORNE TOOKE. PART II.	206
BRITISH TROPICAL COLONIES—LETTERS TO THE RIGHT HON. E. G. STANLEY, FROM JAMES M'QUEEN, ESQ. LETTER I.	231
THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. NO. III.	258

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TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

CHAP. XXIII.

THE LAST OF THE LOG.—TOM CRINGLE'S FAREWELL.

"And whether we shall in the end, I know not!"
B. B. "O'Connor," said the Captain.

LIKE all Portuguese towns, and most Spanish, Panama does not realize the idea which a stranger forms of it from the first view, as he descends from the savannah. The houses are generally built of wood, and three story high: in the first or ground-floor are the shops; in the second, the merchants have their warehouses; and in the third, they usually live with their families. Those three different regions, sorry am I to say it, are all very dirty; indeed they may be said to be the positive, comparative, and superlative degrees of uncleanness. There are no glazed sashes in the windows, so that when it rains, and the shutters are closed, you are involved in utter darkness. The furniture is miserably scanty—some old-fashioned, high-backed, hardwood chairs, with a profusion of tarnished gilding; a table or two in the same style, with a long grass hammock slung from corner to corner, intersecting the room diagonally, which, as they hang very low, about six inches only from the floor, it was not *once*, that, entering a house during the *siesta*, when the windows were darkened, I have tumbled headlong over a Don or Doña, taking his or her forenoon nap. But if *more-*

ables were scarce, there was no paucity of silver dishes; basins, spit-boxes, censers, and utensils of all shapes, descriptions, and sizes, of this precious metal, were scattered about without any order or regularity, while some needless articles, also of silver, were thrust far out of their latitude, and shone conspicuously in the very centre of the rooms. The floors were usually either of hardwood plank, ill kept; or terraced, or tiled; some indeed were flagged with marble, but this was rare; and as for the luxury of a carpet, it was utterly unknown, the nearest approach to it being a grass mat planted prettily enough, called an *estera*. Round the walls of the house are usually hung a lot of dingy-faced, worn-out pictures of saints, and several crucifixes, which appear to be held in great veneration. The streets are paved, but exceedingly indifferent; and the frequent rains, or rather waterspouts, (and from the position of the place, between the two vast oceans of the Atlantic and Pacific, they have considerably more than their own share of moisture,) washing away the soil and sand from between the stones, render the footing for *bestias* of all kinds extremely

insecure. There are five monasteries of different orders, and a convent of nuns, within the walls, most of which, I believe, are but poorly endowed. All these have handsome churches attached to them; that of *La Merced* is very splendid. The cathedral is also a fine building, with some good pictures, and several *lag* relics of Pizarro, Almagro, and Vasco Nuñez, that riveted my attention; while their fragments of the *Vera Cruz*, and arrow points that had quivered in the muscles of St Sebastian, were passed by as weak inventions of the enemy. The week after my arrival was a fast, the men eating only once in the twenty-four hours, (as for the women, who the devil can tell how often a woman eats?) and during this period all the houses were stripped of their pictures, lamps, and ornaments, to dress out the churches, which were always beautifully illuminated in the evening, while a succession of friars perform service in them continually. High mass is unquestionably, even in the eye of a heretic, a very splendid ceremony; and the music, even here in this outlandish corner, was very good, every thing considered; in the church of *La Merced*, especially, they had a very fine organ, and the congregation joined in the *Jubilate* in good taste enough. By the way, in this same church, on the right of the high altar, there was a deep and lofty recess, covered with a thick black veil, in which stood concealed a figure of our Saviour, as large as life, hanging on a great cross, with the blood flowing from his wounds, and all kinds of horrible accompaniments. At a certain stage of the service, a drum was beaten by one of the brethren, upon which the veil was withdrawn, when the whole congregation prostrated themselves before the image, with every appearance of the greatest devotion. This was not so much to be wondered at; but even the passengers in the streets within ear-shot of the drum, stopped and uncovered themselves, and muttered a prayer; but if they heard it within their houses, they knelt, and crossed themselves, with all the externals of deep humility; although, very probably, they were at the moment calculating in their minds the profits on the last ad-

venture from Kingston. There is one custom which particularly struck me as being very beautiful. As the night shuts in, after a noisy prelude on all the old pots of the different steeples throughout the city, there is a dead pause; in a second or two the great bell of the cathedral tolls slowly, once or twice, at which every person stops from his employment, whatever that may be, or wherever he may be, uncovers himself, and says a short prayer—all hands remaining still and silent, for a minute or more, when the great bell tolls again, and once more every thing rolls on as usual.

On the fourth evening of my residence in Panama, I had retired early to rest. My trusty knave, Peter Mangrove, and, trustier still, my dog Sneezer, had both fallen asleep on the floor, at the foot of my bed, if the piece of machinery on which I lay deserved that name, when in the dead of night I was awakened by a slight noise at the door. I shook myself and listened. Presently it gradually opened, and the old woman that I have already described as being part and portion of Don *Hombrecillo Justo's* family, entered the room in her usual very scanty dress, with a lighted candle in her hand, and led by a little naked negro child. I was curious to see what she would do, but I was not certain how the dog might relish the intrusion; so I put my hand over my *quatr*, and snapping my finger and thumb, Sneezer immediately rose and came to my bedside. I immediately judged, from the comical expression of his face, as seen by the taper of the intruder, that he thought it was some piece of fun, for he walked quietly up, and confronting the old lady, deliberately took the candlestick out of her hand. The little black urchin thereupon began shouting, "*Perro Demonio—Perro Demonio*"—and in their struggle to escape, she and the old lady tumbled headlong over the sleeping pilot, whereby the candle was extinguished, and we were left in utter darkness. I had therefore nothing for it but to get out of bed, and go down to the cobbler, who lived in the *entresol*, to get a light. He had not gone to sleep, and indeed I gave him no small alarm, for he was near absconding at my unsea-

sonable intrusion, but at length I obtained the object of my visit, and returned to the scene of my alarm, when, on opening the door, I saw poor Mangrove lying on his back in the middle of the floor, with his legs and arms extended, as if he had been on the rack, his eyes set, his mouth open, and every faculty benumbed by fear. At his feet sat the negro child, almost as much terrified as he was, and crying most lamentably; while, at a little distance, sat the spectre of the old woman, scratching its head with the greatest composure, and exclaiming in Spanish, "A little brandy for love of the Holy Virgin." But the most curious part of it was the conduct of our old friend Sneezer. There he was sitting on end upon the table, grinning and shewing his ivory teeth, his eyes of jet sparkling like diamonds with fun and frolic, and evidently laughing after his fashion, like to split himself, as he every now and then gave a large sweeping whisk of his tail, like a cat watching a mouse. At length I got the cobbler and his sable rib to take charge of the wanderers, and once more sank into the "*hairs of Murphy*," as Alderman Wood used to say.

On my first arrival, I was somewhat surprised at my Spanish acquaintances always putting up their umbrellas when abroad after night-fall in the streets; the city had its evil customs, it seemed, as well as others of more note, with this disadvantage, that the devil a one had the discretion ever to sing out *gardylow*.

There was another solemn fast about this time, in honour of a saint having had a tooth drawn, or some such equally important event. Don *Hombrecillo* and I had been at the evening service in the church of the convent of *La Merced*, situated, as I have already mentioned, directly opposite his house, on the other side of the lane; and this being over, we were on the eve of returning home, when the flannel-robed superior came up and invited us into the refectory, whereunto, after some palaver, we agreed to adjourn, and there we had a duced *good* supper, and some very *bad* Malaga wine, which, however, seemed to suit the palates of the *Frailes*, if taking a very decent quantity thereof were any

proof of the same. Presently two of the lay-brothers produced their fiddles, and as I was determined not to be outdone, I volunteered a song and, as a key-stone to my politeness, sent to Don *Hombrecillo's* for the residue of my brandy, which, coming after the bad wine, acted most cordially, opening the hearts of all hands like an oyster-knife, the Superior's especially, who in turn drew on his private treasure also, when out came a large green vitrified earthen pipkin, one of those round-bottomed jars that won't stand on end, but must perforce lie on their sides, as if it had been a type of the predicament in which some of us were to be placed through its agency; ere long the large cork, buried an inch deep by green wax, was withdrawn from the long neck, and out gurgled most capital old *Xeres*. So we worked away until we were all pretty well *fon*, and anon we began to dance; and there were half-a-dozen friars, and old *Justo* and myself, in great glee, jumping and gamboling about, and making fools of ourselves after a very fantastic fashion—the witches in *Macbeth* as an illustration.

At length, after being a month in Panama, and still no appearance of the *Bandera*, I received a letter from the Admiral, desiring me to rejoin the *Wave* immediately, as it was then known that the line-of-battle ship had returned to the *river Plate*. Like most young men, who have hearts of flesh in their bosoms, I had in this short space begun to have my likings—may I not call them friendships?—in this, at the time I write of, most primitive community; and the idea of bidding farewell to it, most likely for ever, sank deep. However, I was his Majesty's officer, and my services and obedience were his, although my feelings were my own; and, accordingly, stilling the latter, I prepared for my departure.

On the very day whereon I was recalled, a sister of mine host's—a most reverend mechanic, who had been fourteen years married without chick or child—was brought to bed, to the unutterable surprise of her spouse, and of all the little world in Panama, of a male infant. It had rained the whole day, notwithstanding which,

and its being the only authenticated production ever published by the venerable young lady, the *picnicking* was carried to the Franciscan church, a distance of half a mile, at nine o'clock at night, through a perfect storm, to be christened, and the evil star of poor Mangrove rose high in the ascendant on the occasion. After the ceremony, I was returning home chilled with standing uncovered for an hour in a cold damp church, and walking very fast, in order to bring myself into heat, when, on turning a corner, I heard a sound of flutes and fiddles in the street, and from the number of lanterns and torches that accompanied it, I conjectured rightly that it was a *Fuñcion* of no small importance—no less, in fact, than a procession in honour of the Virgin. Poor Mangrove at this time was patting close to my heels, and I could hear him chuckling and laughing to himself,—“What dis can be—I say, Sneezer!”—to his never-failing companion—“what you tink, *John Canoe*, after Spanish fashion, it most be, eh?” The dog began to jump and gambol about. “Ah,” continued the black pilot, “no doubt, it must be *John Canoe*—I may dance—why not—eh?—oh, yes—I shall dance”—and as the music struck into rather a quicker tune at the moment, our ebony friend began to caper and jump about as if he had been in Jamaica at Christmas time, whereupon one of the choristers, or music boys, as they were called, a beautiful youth, about forty years of age, six feet high, and proportionably strong, without the least warning, ineffectually smote our *amigo* across the pate with a brazen saint that he carried, and felled him to the earth; indeed, if *El Señor Justo* had not been on the spot to interfere, we should have had a scene of it in all likelihood, as the instant the man delivered his blow, Sneezer’s jaws were at his throat, and had he not fortunately obeyed me on the instant, and let go at the sound of my voice, we should have had a *double* of Macaire and the dog of Montargis. As it was, the noble animal, before he let go, brought the culprit to the ground like a shot. I immediately stood forward, and got the feud soldered as well as I could, in

which the worthy *Justo* cordially lent me a hand.

Next morning I rode out on my mule, to take my last dip in the *Quebrada* of the *Loseria*, which was a rapid in a beautiful little rivulet, distant from Panama about three miles, and a most exquisite bath it was. Let me describe it. After riding a couple of miles, and leaving the open savannah, you struck off sharp to the left through a narrow bridle-path into the wood, with an impervious forest on either hand, and proceeding a mile farther, you came suddenly upon a small rushing, roaring, miniature cascade, where the pent-up waters leaped through a narrow gap in the limestone rock, that you could have stooped across, down a tiny fall about a fathom high, into a round foaming buzzing basin, twenty feet in diameter, where the clear cool water bubbled and eddied round and round like a boiling cauldron, until it rushed away once more over the lower ledge, and again disappeared, murmuring beneath the thick foliage of the rustling branches. The pool was about ten feet deep, and never was any thing more luxurious in a hot climate.

After having performed my morning ablutions, and looking with a heavy heart at the sweet stream, and at every stock and stone, and shrub and tree, as objects I was never to see again, I trotted on, followed by Peter Mangrove, my trusty man-at-arms, who bestrode his mule most gallantly, to Don *Humbucillo*’s Pen, as he delighted to call his country-house, situated about five miles from Panama, and which I was previously informed had been given up to the use of his two maiden sisters. I got there about half-past ten in the forenoon, and found that *El Señor Justo* had arrived before me. The situation was most beautiful; the house was embosomed in high wood; the lowest spurs put forth by the gigantic trees being far above the ridge pole of the wooden fabric. It was a low one-story building of unpainted timber, which, from the action of the weather, had been bleached on the outside into a whitish grey appearance, streaked by numerous green weather-stains. It was raised about five feet on wooden

posts, so that there was room for a flock of goats to shelter themselves below it. Access was had to the interior by a rickety rattletrap of a wooden ladder, or stair of half a dozen steps, at the top of which you landed in an unceiled hall, with the rafters of the roof exposed, and the bare green vitrified tiles for a canopy, while a small sleeping apartment opened off each end. In this centre room there was no furniture but two grass hammocks slung across the room, and three or four old-fashioned leather, or rather *hide*, covered chairs, and an old rickety table; while overhead the tiles of the roof were displaced in one or two places, where the droppings from the leaves of the trees, and the *sough* of their rustling in the wind, came through. There were no inmates visible when we entered but a little negro girl, of whom *El Señor Hombrecillo* asked, "where the *Senoras* were." "*En Capillo*," said the urchin. Whereupon we turned back and proceeded to a little tiny stone chapel, little bigger than a dog-house, the smallest affair in the shape of a church I had ever seen, about a pistol-shot distant in the wood, where we found the two old ladies and *Señor Justo's* natural son engaged at their devotions. On being aware of our presence, they made haste with the service, and, having finished it, arose and embraced their brother, while the son approached and kissed his hand.

One of the ancient *demons* thus appeared in bad health; nevertheless, they both gave us a very hearty reception, and prepared breakfast for us; and a very comfortable meal we had of it—fricassied fowls, a little too much of the lard, but still — fish from the neighbouring stream, &c., and I was doing the agreeable to the best of my poor ability, when *El Señor Justo* asked me abruptly if I would go and bathe. A curious country, thought I, and a strange way people have of doing things. After a hearty meal, instead of giving you time to ruminate, and to allow the gastric juices to operate, away they lug you to be plumped over head and ears into a pool of ice-cold water. I rose, confoundedly against my inclinations, I will confess, and we proceeded to a small rocky wa-

terfall, where a man might wash himself certainly, but as to swimming, which is to me the grand desideratum, it was impossible, so I prowled away down the stream, to look out for a pool, and at last I was successful. On returning, as I only took a dip to swear by, the situation of my venerable Spanish ally was entertaining enough. There he was the most forlorn little maudrake eye ever rested on, cowering like a large frog under the tiny cascade, stark naked, with his knees drawn up to his chin, and his grey quene gathered carefully under a green gourd or calabash that he wore on his head, while his natural son was laving water on his face, as if the shower-bath overhead had not been sufficient. "*¡Soy banoento—soy banoento, capitan—fresco—fresquito!*" squealed *Hombrecillo*; while, splash between every exclamation, his dutiful son let fly a gourdfull of *agua* in his face.

That same evening we returned to Panama; and next morning, being the 22d of such a month, I left my kind friends, and, with Peter Mangrove, proceeded on our journey to Cruces, mounted on two stout mules. I arrived there late in the evening, the road, from the heavy rains, being in sad condition; and next morning the *carro*, or convoy of silver, which was to follow me for shipment on merchants' account to Kingston, had not arrived. Presently I received a letter from Don Justo, sent express, to intimate that the muleteers had proceeded immediately after we had started for about a mile beyond the suburbs, where they were stopped by the office of a kind of military post or barrier, under pretence of the passport being irregular; and this difficulty was no sooner cleared up, than the accounts of a bull-fight, that was unexpectedly to take place that forenoon reached them; when the whole bunch, half-drunk as they were, started off to Panama again, leaving the money with the soldiers; nor would they return, or be prevailed on to proceed, until the following morning. However, on the 24th, at noon, the money did arrive, which was immediately embarked on board of a large canoe that I had provided; and, having shipped a beautiful little mule also, of which I had made a purchase at Panama, we proceeded

down the river to the village of Gorgona, where we slept. My apartment was rather a primitive concern. It was simply a roof or shed, thatched with palm-tree leaves, about twelve feet long by eight broad, and supported on four upright posts at the corners, the eaves being about six feet high. Under this I slung my grass hammock transversely from corner to corner, tricing it well up to the rafters, so that it hung about five feet from the ground; while beneath Mangrove lit a fire, for the twofold purpose, as it struck me, of driving off the mosquitoes, and converting his Majesty's officer into ham or hung beef; and after having made *mulo* fast to one of the posts, with a bundle of *malojo*, or the green stems of Indian corn or maize, under his nose, he borrowed a plank from a neighbouring hut, and laid himself down on it at full length, covered up with a blanket as if he had been a corpse, and soon fell fast asleep. As for Sneezer, he lay with his black muzzle resting on his fore paws, that were thrust out straight before him, until they stirred up the white embers of the fire; with his eyes shut, as if he slept, but from the constant nervous twitchings and pricking up of his ears, and his haunches being gathered up well under him, and a small quick switch of his tail now and then, it was evident he was broad awake, and considered himself on duty. All was quiet, however, except the rushing of the river hard by, in our bivouac until midnight, when I was awakened by the shaking of the shed from the violent struggles of *mulo* to break loose, his strong trembling thrilling to my neck along the taut cord that held him, as he drew himself in the intervals of his struggles as far back as he could, proving that the poor brute suffered under a paroxysm of fear. "What noise is that?" I roused myself. It was repeated. It was a wild cry, or rather a loud shrill *mew*, gradually sinking into a deep growl. "What the deuce is that, Sneezer?" said I. The dog made no answer, but merely wagged his tail once, as if he had said, "Wait a bit now, master; you shall see how well I shall acquit myself, for this is in my way." Ten yards from the shed under which I slept, there was a pigsty,

surrounded by a sort of small stockade a fathom high, made of split cane, wove into a kind of wicker-work between upright rails sunk into the ground; and by the clear moonlight I could, as I lay in my hammock, see an animal larger than an English bull-dog, but with the stealthy pace of the cat, crawl on in a crouching attitude until within ten feet of the sty, when it drew itself back, and made a scrambling jump against the cane defence, hooking on to the top of it by its fore-paws, while the claws of its hind feet made a scratching rasping noise against the dry cane splits, until it had gathered its legs into a bunch like the aforesaid puss on the top of the enclosure; from which elevation the creature seemed to be reconnoitering the unclean beasts within. I grasped my pistols. Mangrove was still sound asleep. The struggles of *mulo* increased; I could hear the sweat raining off him; but Sneezer, to my great surprise, remained motionless as before. We now heard the alarmed grunts, and occasionally a sharp squeak, from the piggery, as if the beauties had at length become aware of the vicinity of their dangerous neighbour, who, having apparently made his selection, suddenly dropped down amongst them; when *mulo* burst from his fastenings with a yell enough to frighten the devil, tearing away the upright to which the lanyard of my hammock was made fast, whereby I was pitched like a shot right down on Mangrove's corpus, while a volley of grunting and squeaking split the sky, such as I never heard before. And now, in the very nick, Sneezer, starting from his lair with a loud bark, sprang at a bound into the enclosure, which he topped like a first-rate hunter; and Peter Mangrove, awakening all of a heap from my falling on him, jumped upon his feet as noisy as the rest. "Garamighty in a trap—wurra all dis—my tomach bruise home to my backbone like one pancake;" and, while the short fierce bark of the noble dog was blended with the agonized cry of the *gatto del monte*, the shrill treble of the poor porkers rose high above both, and the *mulo* was galloping through the village with the post after him, like a dog with a pan at his tail, ma-

king the most unearthly noises—for it was neither bray nor neigh. The villagers ran out of their huts, headed by the *Padre Cura*, and all was commotion and uproar. Lights were procured. The noise in the sty continued, and Mangrove, the warm-hearted creature, unsheathing his knife, clambered over the fence to the rescue of his fourfooted ally, and disappeared, shouting, "Sneezer often fight for Peter, so Peter now will fight for he;" and soon began to blend his shouts with the cries of the enraged beasts within. At length the mania spread to me upon hearing the poor fellow shout "Tiger here, Captain—tiger here—tiger too many for we—Lud-a-mercy—tiger too many for we, sir,—if you no help we, we shall be torn in piece." Then a violent struggle, and a renewal of the uproar, and of the barking, and yelling, and squeaking. It was now no joke; the life of a fellow-creature was at stake. So I scrambled up after the pilot to the top of the fence, with a loaded pistol in my hand, a young active Spaniard following with a large brown wax candle, that burned like a torch; and looking down on the *milce* below, there Sneezer lay with the throat of the leopard in his jaws, evidently much exhausted, but still giving the creature a cruel shake now and then, while Mangrove was endeavouring to throttle the brute with his bare hands. As for the poor pigs, they were all huddled together, squeaking and grunting most melodiously in the corner. I held down the light. "Now, Peter, cut his throat, man—cut his throat." And Mangrove, the moment he saw where he was, drew his knife across the leopard's *weasand*, and killed him on the spot. The glorious dog, the very instant he felt he had a dead antagonist in his fangs, let go his hold, and, making a jump with all his remaining strength, for he was bleeding much, and terribly torn, I caught him by the nape of the neck, and, in my attempt to lift him over and place him on the outside, down I went, dog and all, amongst the pigs, and upon the bloody carcass; out of which mess I was gathered by the *Cura* and the standers-by in a very beautiful condition; for, what between the filth of the sty and blood

of the leopard, and so forth, I was not altogether a fit subject for a side-box at the Opera.

This same tiger or leopard had committed great depredations in the neighbourhood for months before, but he had always escaped, although he had been repeatedly wounded; so Peter and I became as great men for the two hours longer we sojourned in Gorgona, as if we had killed the dragon of Wantley. Our quarry was indeed a noble animal, nearly seven feet from the nose to the tip of the tail; so at daydawn I purchased his skin for three dollars, and shoved off, and, on the 25th, at five in the evening, having had a strong current with us the whole way down, we arrived at Chagres once more. I found, in consequence of my letters, a boat from the Wave waiting for me; and to prevent unnecessary delay, I resolved to proceed with the canoe, along the coast to Porto Belio, as there was a strong weather current running, and no wind; and, accordingly, we proceeded next morning, with the canoe in tow, but towards the afternoon it came on to blow, which forced us once more into a small cove, where we remained for the night in a very uncomfortable situation, as the awning proved but an indifferent shelter from the rain, that descended in torrents.

We had made ourselves as snug as it was possible to be in such weather, under an awning of boat sails, and had kindled a fire in a tub at the bottom of the boat, at which we had made ready some slices of beef, and roasted some yams, and wert, all hands, master and men, making ourselves comfortable with a glass of grog, when the warp by which we rode suddenly parted from a sudden puff of wind that eddied down on us over the little cape, and before we could get the oars out, we were tailing on the beach at the opposite side of the small bay. However, we soon regained our original position, by which time all was calm again where we lay; and this time, we sent the end of the line ashore, and made it fast round a tree, and once more rode in safety. But I could not sleep, and the rain having ceased, the clouds broke away, and the moon once more shone out cold,

bright, and clear. I had stepped forward from under the temporary awning, and was standing on the thwart, looking out to windward, and endeavouring to judge of the weather at sea, and as to whether it would be prudent to weigh before daylight, or remain where we were; but all in the offing, beyond the small headland, under the lee of which we lay, was dark and stormy water, and white-crested howling waves, while our snug little bay continued placid and clear, with the moonbeams dancing on the twinkling ripple, that was lap-lapping, and sparkling like silver on the snow-white beach of sand and broken shells; while the hills on shore, that rose high and abrupt close to, were covered with thick jungle, from which, here and there, a pinnacle of naked grey rock would shoot up like a gigantic spectre, or a tall tree would cast its long black shadow over the waving sea of green leaves beneath.

As the wind was veering about rather capriciously, I was casting my eye anxiously along the warp, to see how it bore the strain, when to my surprise it appeared to my eye to thicken at the end next the tree, and presently something like a screw, about a foot long, that occasionally shone like glass in the moonlight, began to move along the taught line, with a spiral motion. All this time one of the boys was fast asleep, resting on his folded arms on the gunwale, his head having dropped down on the stem of the boat. But one of the Spanish boatmen in the canoe that was anchored close to us, seeing me gazing at something, had cast his eyes in the same direction—the instant he caught the object, he thumped with his palms on the side of the canoe—exclaiming, in a loud alarmed tone—“*culebra—culebra*,” “a snake, a snake,”—on which the reptile made a sudden and rapid slide down the line towards the bow of the boat where the poor lad was resting his head, and immediately afterwards dropped into the sea.

The sailor rose and walked aft, as if nothing had happened, amongst his messmates, who had been alarmed by the cries of the Spanish canoe-man, and I was thinking little of the matter, when I heard some anxious whispering amongst them.

“Fred,” said one of the men, “what is wrong, that you breathe so hard?”

“Why, boy, what ails you?” said another.

“Something has stung me,” at length said the poor little fellow, speaking thick, as if he had laboured under sore throat. The truth flashed on me, a candle was lit, and, on looking at him, he appeared stunned, complained of cold, and suddenly assumed a wild startled look.

He evinced great anxiety and restlessness, accompanied by a sudden and severe prostration of strength—still continuing to complain of great and increasing cold and chilliness, but he did not shiver. As yet no part of his body was swollen, except very slightly about the wound; however, there was a rapidly increasing rigidity of the muscles of the neck and throat, and within half an hour after he was bit, he was utterly unable to swallow even liquids. The small whip-snake, the most deadly asp in the whole list of noxious reptiles peculiar to South America, was not above fourteen inches long; it had made four small punctures with its fangs, right over the left jugular vein, about an inch below the chin. There was no blood oozing from them, but a circle about the size of a crown-piece of dark red surrounded them, which gradually melted into blue at the outer rim, which again became fainter, until it disappeared in the natural colour of the skin. By the advice of the Spanish boatman, we applied an embrocation of the leaves of the *palma Christi*, or castor oil nut, as hot as the lad could bear it, but we had neither oil nor hot milk to give internally, both of which they informed us often proved specifics. Rather than lie at anchor, until morning, under these melancholy circumstances, I shoved out into the rough water, but we made little of it, and when the day broke, I saw that the poor fellow's fate was sealed. His voice had become inarticulate, the coldness had increased, all motion in the extremities had ceased, the legs and arms became quite stiff, the respiration slow and difficult, as if the blood had coagulated, and could no longer circulate through the heart; or as if, from some unaccountable effect of the poison on the

nerves, the action of the former had been impeded;—still the poor little fellow was perfectly sensible, and his eye bright, and restless. His breathing became still more interrupted—he could no longer be said to breathe, but gasped—and in half an hour, like a steam-engine, when the fire is withdrawn, the strokes or contractions and expansions of his heart became slower and slower, until they ceased altogether.

From the very moment of his death, the body began rapidly to swell and become discoloured; the face and neck, especially, were nearly as black as ink, within half an hour of it, when blood began to flow from the mouth, and other symptoms of rapid decomposition succeeded each other so fast, that by nine in the morning we had to sew him up in a boat sail, with a large stone, and launch the body into the sea.

We continued to struggle against the breeze until eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the 27th, when the wind again increased to such a pitch, that we had to cast off our tow, and leave her on the coast under the charge of little Reefpoint, with instructions to remain in the creek where he was, until the schooner picked him up—we then pushed once more through the surf for Porto Bello, where we arrived in safety at five p.m. Next morning at daylight we got under weigh, and stood down for the canoe, and having received the money on board, and the Spaniards who accompanied it, and poor *mulo*, we made sail for Kingston, Jamaica, and, on the 4th of the following month, we were off Carthagena once more, having been delayed by calms and light winds. The captain of the port shoved out to us, and I immediately recognised him as the officer to whom poor old Deadeye once gave a deuced fright, when we were off the town, in the old Torch, during the siege, and about a fortnight before she foundered in the hurricane. Let me tell the story.

The night before had been gusty and tempestuous—all hands had been called three times, that at last, thinking there was no use in going below, I lay down on the stern sheets of the boat over the stern—an awkward berth certainly, but a spare tarpauling had that morning been

stretched over the afterpart of the boat to dry, and I therefore ensconced myself beneath it. Just before daylight, however, the brig, by a sudden shift of wind, was taken aback, and fetching stern-way, a sea struck her. How I escaped I never could tell, but I was pitched right in on deck over the poop, and much bruised, where I found a sad scene of confusion, with the captain and several of the officers in their shirts, and the men tumbling up from below as fast as they could—while, amongst other incidents, one of our passengers who occupied a small cabin under the poop, having gone to sleep with the stern port open, the sea had surged in through it with such violence as to wash him out on deck in his shirt, where he lay sprawling among the feet of the men. However, we soon got all right, and in five minutes the sloop was once more tearing through it on a wind; but the boat where I had been sleeping was smashed into staves, all that remained of her being the stem and sternpost dangling from the tackles at the ends of the davits.

At this time it was gray dawn, and we were working up in shore, without dreaming of breaking the blockade, when it fell stark calm. Presently the Spanish squadron, anchored under Punto Canoas, perceived us, when a corvette, two schooners, a cutter, and eight gun-boats, got under weigh, the latter of which soon swept close to us, ranging themselves on our bows and quarters; and although we shewed our colours, and made the private international signal, they continued firing at us for about an hour, without, however, doing any damage, as they had chosen a wary distance. At length some of the shot falling near us, the skipper cleared for action, and with his own hand fired a 32-pounder at the nearest gun-boat, the crew of which bobbed as if they had seen the shot coming. This opened the eyes of the *Dons*, who thereupon ceased firing; and as a light breeze had now set down, they immediately made sail in pursuit of a schooner that had watched the opportunity of their being employed with us, to run in under the walls, and was at this moment chased by a ship, and a gun-boat, who had got within gun-shot

and kept up a brisk fire on her. So soon as the others came up, all hands opened on the gallant little hooker who was forcing the blockade, and peppered away; and there she was, like a hare, with a whole pack of harriers after her, sailing and sweeping in under their fire towards the doomed city. As the wind was very light, the blockading squadron now manned their boats, and some of them were coming fast up, when a rattle of musketry from the small craft sent them to the right about, and presently the chase was safely at anchor under the battery of Santa Catalina. What will the reader say when I tell him this vessel was the *Wave*, commanded by the same intrepid fellow who afterwards kidnapped me?

But the fun was to come—for by this time some of the vessels that held her in chase, had got becalmed under the batteries, which immediately opened on them cheerily; and down came a top-gallant mast here, and a topsail yard there, and a studding sail t'other place—and such a squealing and creaking of blocks and rattling of the gear—while yards braced hither and thither, and topping lifts let go, and sheets let fly, shewed that the Dons were in a devil of a quandary; and no wonder, for we could see the shot from the long 32-pounders on the walls, falling very thick all round several of them. However, at four p.m. we had worked up alongside of the *Commodore*, when the old skipper gave our present friend such a rating, that I don't think he will ever forget it. But in the present case, the aforesaid captain of 'the port was all civility.

At the period I speak of, on the day following our being fired at, I was sent, being a good Spaniard, along with the second Lieutenant—poor Treenail—to Morillo's headquarters. We got an order to the officer commanding the nearest post on shore to provide us with horses; but before reaching it, we had to walk, under a roasting sun, about two miles, through miry roads, until we arrived at the Barrier, where we found a detachment of artillery, but the commanding officer could only give us one poor broken-winded horse, and a jackass, on which we

were to proceed to headquarters on the morrow; and here, under a thatched hut of the most primitive construction, consisting simply of cross sticks and palm branches, we had to spend the night, the poor fellows being as kind as their own misery would let them.

Next morning we proceeded, accompanied by a hussar, through dreadful roads, where the poor creatures we bestrode sunk to the belly at every flounder, until about four p.m., when we met two negroes, and found, to our great distress, that the soldier who was our guide and escort, had led us out of our way, and that we were in very truth then travelling towards the town. We therefore hove about and returned to Palanquillo, a village that we had passed through that very morning, leaving the hussar and his horse sticking fast in a slough. We arrived about night-fall, and as the village was almost entirely deserted, we were driven to take up our quarters in an old house, that seemed formerly to have been used as a distillery. Here we found a Spanish lieutenant and several soldiers quartered, all of them suffering more or less from dysentery; and after passing a very comfortless night on hard benches, we rose at grey dawn, with our hands and faces blistered with mosquito bites, and our hair full of wood ticks, or *garrapatos*. We again started on our journey to headquarters, and finally arrived at *Tomerilla* at two o'clock in the afternoon. Both the Commander-in-Chief, Morillo, and Admiral Enrile, had that morning proceeded to the works at *Baca Chica*, so we only found El Señor Montalvo, the Captain-General of the Province, whom I have already described as a little kiln-dried diminutive Spaniard. Morillo used to call him "*uno moneco Creollo*," but withal a gentlemanlike man in his manners.

He received us very civilly; we delivered our despatches; and the same evening we made our bow, and having obtained fresh horses, set out on our return, and arrived at the village of Santa Rosa at nine at night, where we slept; and next morning continuing on our journey, we got once more safely on board of the old brig at twelve o'clock at noon, in a miserable plight, not ha-

ving had our clothes off for three days. As for me I was used to roughing it, and in my humble equipment any disarrangement was not particularly discernible, but in poor Treemail, one of the nattiest fellows in the service, it was a very different matter. He had issued forth on the enterprise, cased in tight blue pantaloons that fitted him like his skin, over which were drawn long well-polished Hessian boots, each with a formidable tassel at top, and his coat was buttoned close up to the chin, with a blazing swab on the right shoulder, while a laced cocked hat and dress sword completed his equipment. But, alas! when we were accounted for on board of the old *Torch*, there was a fearful dilapidation of his external man. First of all, his inexpressibles were absolutely torn into shreds by the briars and prickly bushes through which we had been travelling, and fluttered from his waistband like the stripes we see depending from an ancient Roman or Grecian coat of armour; his coat had only one skirt, and the bullion of the epaulet was reduced to a strand or two, while the tag that held the brim, or flaps of the cocked-hat up, had given way, so that, although he looked fierce enough, stem on, still, when you had a stern view, the after part hung down his back like the tail of the hat of one of Landseer's flying dustmen.

However, to return from this digression, and get on board the *Wave* again, we arrived at Kingston, safe and sound, in the unusually short passage of sixty hours from the time we left Carthage. Here the first thing I did was to call on some of my old friends, with one of whom I found a letter lying for me from Mr Bang, requesting a visit at his domicile in St Thomas in the *Vale* so soon as I arrived; and through the extreme kindness of my Kingston allies, I had, on my intentions of accepting it being known, at least half a dozen gigs offered to me, with servants and horses, and I don't know what all. I made my selection, and had arranged to start at day dawn next morning, when a cousin of mine, young S——, came in where I was dining, and said that his mother and the family had arrived in town that very day, and were bound on a picnic party next morning to visit the

Falls in St David's. I agreed to go, and to postpone my visit to friend Aaron for the present; and very splendid scenery did we see; but as I had seen the Falls of Niagara, of course I was not *astonished*. There was a favourite haunt and cave of Three-fingered Jack shown to us, by the by, in the same neighbourhood, very picturesque and romantic; but I was escorting my Mary, and the fine scenery and roaring waters, and all that sort of thing, were at this time thrown away on me. However, there was one incident amusing enough, which I must stop to relate. Mary and I had wandered away from the rest of the party, about a mile above the cascade, where the river was quiet and still, and divided into several tiny streams or pools, by huge stones that had rolled from the precipitous banks down into its channel, when on turning an angle of the rock, we came unexpectedly on my old ally Whiffle, with a cigar in his mouth, seated on a cane-bottomed chair, close to the brink of the water, with a little low table at his right hand, on which stood a plate of cold meat, over which his black servant held a green branch, with which he was brushing the flies away, while a large rummer of cold brandy grog was immersed in the pool at his feet, covered up with a cool plantain leaf. He held a long fishing-rod in his hands, eighteen feet at the shortest, fit to catch salmon with, which he had to keep nearly upright, in order to let his hook drop into the pool, which was not above five feet wide—I would as soon have thought of angling for gold fish in my aunt's glass globe—and there he sat fishing with great complacency. However, he seemed a little put out when we came up. "Ah, Tom, how do you do?—Miss, your most obsequious—no rain—mullet deucedly shy, Tom—ah! what a glorious nibble—there—there again—I have him!" and, sure enough, he had hooked a fine mountain mullet, weighing about a pound and a half, and in the ecstasy of the moment, and his hurry to land him handsomely, he regularly capsize in his chair, upset the rummer of brandy grog and table and all the rest of it. We had a good laugh, and then rejoined our party, and that evening we all sojourned at Lucky

Valley, a splendid coffee estate, with a most excellent man and an exceedingly obliging fellow, for a landlord.

Next day we took a long ride, to visit a German gentleman, who had succeeded in a wonderful manner in taming fish. He received us very hospitably, and after lunch, we all proceeded to his garden, through which ran a beautiful stream of the clearest water. It was about four feet broad, and a foot deep, where it entered the garden, but gradually widened, from a dam with stakes at the top having been erected at the lower part of it, until it became a pool twelve feet broad, and four feet deep, of the most beautiful crystal-clear water that can be imagined, with the margin on both sides fringed with the fairest flowers that Europe or the tropics could afford. We all peered into the stream, but could see nothing except an occasional glance of a white scale or fin now and then.—“Liverpool!” shouted the old German, who was doing the honours,—“Liverpool, come bring de food for de fis.” Liverpool, a respectable-looking negro, approached, and stooping down at the water’s edge, held a piece of roasted plantain close to the surface of it. In an instant, upwards of a hundred mullet, large fine fish, some of them above a foot long, rushed from out the dark clear depths of the quiet pool, and jumped, and walloped, and struggled for the food, although the whole party were standing close by. Several of the ladies afterwards tried their hand, and the fish, although not apparently quite so confident, after a tack here and a tack there, always in the end came close to and made a grab at what was held to them.

That evening I returned to Kingston, where I found an order lying for me to repair as second lieutenant on board the Firebrand once more, and to resign the command of the Wave to no less a man than Moses Yerk, esquire; and a happy man was Moses, and a gallant fellow he proved himself in her, and he earned laurels and good freights of specie, and is now comfortably domiciled amongst his friends.

The only two *Waves*, that I successfully made interest at their own

request to get back with me, were Tailtackle, and little Reefpoint.

Time wore on—days and weeks and months passed away, during which we were almost constantly at sea, but incidents worth relating had grown scarce, as we were now in piping times of peace, when even a stray pirate had become a rarity, and a luxury denied to all but the small craft people. On one of our cruises however, we had been working up all morning to the southward of the Pedro shoals, with the wind strong at east, a hard fiery sea-breeze. We had hove about, some three hours before, and were standing in towards the land, on the starboard tack, when the look-out at the mast-head hailed.

“The water shoals on the weather bow, sir;” and presently, “breakers right ahead.”

“Very well,” I replied—“all right.”

“We are nearing the reefs, sir,” said I, walking aft and addressing Captain N—; “shall we stand by to go about, sir?”

“Certainly—heave in stays as soon as you like, Mr Cringle.”

At this moment the man aloft again sung out—“There is a wreck on the weathermost point of the long reef, sir.”

“Aye! what does she look like?”

“I see the stumps of two lower masts, but the bowsprit is gone, sir—I think she must be a schooner, or a brig, sir.”

The captain was standing by, and looked up to me, as I stood on the long eighteen, at the weather gangway.

“Is the breeze not too strong, Mr Cringle?”

I glanced my eye over the side—“Why, no, sir—a boat will live well enough—there is not so much sea in shore here.”

“Very well—haul the courses up, and heave to.”

It was done.

“Pipe away the yawlers, boat-swain’s mate.”

The boat over the lee-quarter was lowered, and I was sent to reconnoitre the object that had attracted our attention. As we approached, we passed the floating swollen carcasses of several bullocks, and some pieces of wreck; and getting into smooth water under the lee of the reef, we

pulled up under the stern of the shattered hull which lay across it, and scrambled on deck by the boat tackles, that hung from the davits, as if the jolly-boat had recently been lowered. The vessel was a large Spanish schooner, apparently about one hundred and eighty tons burden, nearly new; every thing strong and well fitted about her, with a beautiful spacious flush-deck, surrounded by high solid bulwarks. All the boats had disappeared; they might either have been carried away by the crew, or washed overboard by the sea. Both masts were gone about ten feet above the deck; which, with the whole of their pars and canvass, and the wreck of the bowsprit lumbering and rattling against the lee-side of the vessel, and splashing about in the broken water, being still attached to the hull, by the standing rigging, no part of which had been cut away. The mainsail, fore-sail, fore-top-sail, fore-top-mast-staysail, and jib were all set, so she must most likely have gone on the reef, either under a press of canvass in the night, in ignorance of its vicinity, or by missing stays.

She lay on her beam-ends across the coral rock, on which there was about three feet water where shallowest. She had fallen over to leeward, presenting her starboard broad-side to the sea, which surged along it in a slanting direction, while the lee gunwale was under water. The boiling white breakers were dashing right against her bows, lifting them up with every send, and thundering them down again, against the flint-hard coral spikes, with a loud gritting rumble; and every now and then the sea made a fair breach over them, flashing up over the whole deck aft to the taffril, in a snow storm of frothy flakes. Forward in the bows there lay, in one horrible fermenting and putrifying mass, the carcasses of about twenty bullocks, part of her deck-load of cattle, rotted into one hideous lump, with the individual bodies of the poor brutes almost obliterated and undistinguishable, while streams of decomposed animal matter was ever and anon flowing down to leeward, although as often washed away by the hissing waters. But how shall I describe the scene of horror that presented itself in the after part

of the vessel, under the lee of the weather bulwarks!

There, lashed to the ring-bolts, and sheltered from the sun and sea by a piece of canvass, stretched across a broken oar, lay, more than half naked, the dead bodies of an elderly female, and three young women; one of the latter with two dead children fastened by handkerchiefs to her waist, while each of the other two had the corpse of a dead infant firmly clasped in her dead arms.

It was the dry season, and as they lay in the wake of the windward ports, exposed to a thorough draft of air, and were defended from the sun, and the spray, no putrefaction had taken place; the bodies looked like mummies, the shrunken muscles, and wasted features, being covered with a hard dry horny skin, like parchment; even the eyes remained full and round, as if they had been covered over with a hard dim scale. On looking down into the steerage, we saw another corpse, that of a tall young slip of a Spanish girl, surging about in the water, which reached nearly to the deck, with her long black hair floating and spread out all over her neck and bosom, but it was so offensive and decayed, that we were glad to look another way. There was no male corpse to be seen, which, coupled with the absence of the boats, evinced but too clearly that the crew had left them on the wreck to perish. There was a small round-house on the after part of the deck, in which we found three other women alive, but wasted to skeletons. We took them into the boat, but one died in getting her over the side, the other two we got on board, and I am glad to say, that they both recovered. For two days neither could speak; there seemed to be some rigidity about the throat and mouth that prevented them; but at length the youngest—(the other was her servant)—a very handsome woman, became strong enough to tell us, "that it was the schooner *Caridad* that we had boarded, bound from Rio de la Hache to Savana la Mar, where she was to have discharged her deck-load of cattle, and afterwards to have proceeded to Batabano, in Cuba. She had struck, as I surmised, in the night, about a fortnight before we fell in with her; and next morning, the crew and male passengers

took to the boats, which with difficulty contained them, leaving the women with a promise to come back that evening, with assistance from the shore, but they never appeared, nor were they ever after heard of." And here the poor thing cried as if her heart would break. "Even my own Juan, my husband, left me and my child to perish on the wreck. Oh God! oh God! I could not have left *him*, I could not have left *him*!"

There had been three families on board with their servants, who were emigrating to Cuba, all of whom had been abandoned by the males, who, as already related, must in all human probability have perished after their unmanly desertion. As all the provisions were under water, and could not be got at, the survivors had subsisted on raw flesh so long as they had strength to cut it, or power to swallow it; and, strange to tell, no sea-bird ever came near them.

It were harrowing to repeat the heart-rending description given by this poor creature, of the sickening of the heart when the first night fell, and still no tidings of the boats; the second sun set—still the horizon was speckless; the next dreary day wore to an end, and three innocent helpless children were dead corpses; on the fourth, madness seized on their mothers, and—but I will not dwell on such horrors.

During these manifold goings and comings I naturally enlarged the circle of my acquaintance in the island, especially in Kingston, the mercantile capital; and often does my heart glow within me, when the scenes I have witnessed in that land of fun and fever rise up before me after the lapse of many years, under the influence of a good fire and a glass of old Madeira. Take the following sample of Jamaica High Jinks as one of many. On a certain occasion I had gone to dine with Mr Isaac Shingle, an extensive American merchant, and a most estimable man, who considerably sent his gig down to the wherry wharf for me. At six o'clock I arrived at my friend's mansion, situated in the upper part of the town, a spacious one-story house, overshadowed by two fine old trees, and situated back from the street about ten yards; the intervening space being laid out in a beautiful

little garden, raised considerably above the level of the adjoining thoroughfare, from which it was divided by a low parapet wall, surmounted by a green painted wooden railing. There was a flight of six brick steps from the street to the garden, and you ascended from the latter to the house itself, which was raised on brick pillars, a fathom high, by another stair of eight broad marble slabs. The usual verandah, or piazza, ran along the whole front, beyond which you entered a large and lofty, but very darksome hall, answering to our European drawing-room, into which the bedrooms opened on each side. It did strike me at first as odd, that the principal room in the house should be a dark dungeon of a place, with nothing but borrowed lights, until I again recollected that darkness and coolness were convertible terms within the tropics. Advancing through this room you entered by a pair of folding doors, on a very handsome dining-room, situated in what, I believe, is called a back jamb, a sort of out-rigger to the house, fitted all round with moveable blinds or *jealousies*, and open like a lantern to all the winds of heaven except the west, in which direction the main body of the house warded off the sickening beams of the setting sun. And how sickening they are let the weary sentries under the pillars of the Jamaica viceroy's house in Spanish Town tell, reflected as they were there from the hot brick walls of the palace.

This room again communicated with the back-yard, in which the negro houses, kitchen, and other offices were situated, by a wooden stair of the same elevation as that in front. Here the table was laid for dinner, covered with the finest diaper, and snow-white napkins, and silver wine-coolers, and silver forks, and fine steel, and cut glass, and cool green finger-glasses with lime leaves floating within, and tall wax-lights shaded from the breeze in thin glass barrels, and an epergue filled with flowers, with a fragrant fresh-gathered lime in each of the small leaf-like branches, and salt-cellars with red peppers in them, &c. &c., that made the *tout ensemble* the most captivating imaginable to a hungry man.

I found a large party assembled in the piazza and the dark hall, to whom I was introduced in due form. In Jamaica, of all countries I ever was in, it is a most difficult matter for a stranger to ascertain the real names of the guests at a bachelor party like the present, where all the parties were intimate—there were so many *soubriquets* amongst them; for instance, a highly respectable merchant of the place, with some fine young women for daughters, by the way, from the peculiarity of a prominent front tooth, was generally known as the grand Duke of Tuscany; while an equally respectable elderly man, with a slight touch of paralysis in his head, was christened Old Steady in the West, because he never kept his head still, so, whether some of the names of the present party were real or fictitious, I really cannot tell.

First there was Mr. Seco, a very neat gentlemanlike little man, perfectly well-bred, and full of French phrases. Then came Mr Eschylus Stave, a tall raw-boned well-informed personage; a bit of a quiz on occasion, but withal a pleasant fellow. Mr Isaac Shingle, mine host, a sallow, sharp, hatchet-faced small homo, but warm-hearted and kind, as I often experienced during my sojourn in the west, only sometimes a little peppery and argumentative. Then came Mr Jacob Bumble, a sleek fat-pated Scotchman. Next I was introduced to Mr Alonzo Smoothpate, a very handsome fellow, with an uncommon share of natural good-breeding and politeness. Again I clapperclawed, according to the fashion of the country, a violent shake of the paw being the Jamaica inflection to acquaintanceship, Mr Percales, whom I took for a foreign Jew somehow or another, at first, from his uncommon name, until I heard him speak, and perceived he was an Englishman; indeed his fresh complexion, very neat person, and gentlemanlike deportment, when I had time to reflect, would of themselves have disconnected him from all kindred with the sons of Levi. Then came a long dark-complexioned curly-pated slip of a lad, with white teeth, and high strongly marked features, considerably pitted with small-pox. He seemed the great promoter of fun and wickedness in the party, and

was familiarly addressed as the Don, although I believe his real name was Mr Lucifer Longtram. Then there was Mr Aspen Tremble, a fresh-looking, pleasant, well-informed man; and an exceedingly polite old gentleman, wearing hair-powder and a queue, ycleped Nicodemus; and a very devil of a little chap, of the name of Rubiochico, a great ally in wickedness with Master Longtram; and the last in this eventful history was a staid sedate-looking elderly young man of the name of Onyx Steady, an extensive foreign merchant, with a species of dry caustic readiness about him that was dangerous enough. We sat down, Isaac Shingle doing the honours, confronted by Eschylus Stave, and all was right and smooth and pleasant.

When the second course appeared, I noticed that the blackie, who brought in two nice tender little ducklings, with the concomitant green peas, both just come in season, was chuckling, and grinning, and shewing his white teeth most vehemently, as he placed both dishes right under Jacob Bumble's nose. Shingle and Longtram exchanged looks. I saw there was some mischief toward, and presently, as if by some preconcerted signal, every body asked for duck, duck, duck. Bumble, with whom the dish was a prime favourite, carved away with a most stern countenance, until he had got half through the second bird, when some unpleasant recollection seemed to come over him, and his countenance fell; and lying back on his chair, he gave a deep sigh. But "Mr Bumble, that breast, if you please—thank you,"—"Mr Bumble, that back, if you please,"—succeeded each other rapidly, until all that remained of the last of the ducklings was a beautiful little leg, which, under cover of the following story, Jacob cannily smuggled on to his own plate.

"Why, gentlemen, a most remarkable circumstance happened to me while dressing for dinner. You all know I am next-door neighbour to our friend Shingle—our premises being only divided by a brick wall, about eight feet high. Well, my dressing-room window looks out on this wall, between which and the house, I have my duck pen"—

"Your what?" said I.

"My poultry yard, as I like to see the creatures fed myself; and I was particularly admiring two beautiful ducklings which I had been carefully fattening for a whole week"—(here our friend's voice shook, and a tear glistened in his eye)—"when first one and then another jumped out of the little pond, and successively made a grab at something which I could not see, and immediately began to shake their wings, and struggle with their feet, as if they were dancing, until, as with one accord—deuce take me!"—(here he almost blubbered aloud)—"if they did not walk up the brick wall with all the deliberation in the world, merely helping themselves over the top by a small flaff of their wings; and where they have gone, none of Shingle's people know."

"I'll trouble you for that leg, Julius," said Longtram, at this juncture, to a servant, who whipped away the plate from under Bumble's arm, before he could prevent him, who looked after it as if it had been a pound of his own flesh. It seemed that Longtram, who had arrived rather early, had found a fishing-tackle in the piazza, and knowing the localities of Bumble's premises, he had, by way of adding his quota to the entertainment, baited two hooks with pieces of raw potatoes, and throwing them over the wall, had, in conjunction with Julius the Black, hooked up the two ducklings out of the pen, to the amazement of Squire Bumble.

By and by, as the evening wore on, I saw the Longtram lad making demonstrations to bring on a general drink, in which he was nobly seconded by Rubiochico; and I grieve to say it, I was noways loth, nor indeed were any of the company.—There had been a great deal of mirth and frolic during dinner—all within proper bounds, however; but as the night made upon us, we set more sail—more, as it turned out, than some of us had ballast for—when lo! towards ten of the clock, up started Mr Eschylus to give us a speech. His seat was at the bottom of the table, with the back of his chair close to the door that opened into the yard; and after he had got his breath out, on I forget what topic, he sat down, and lay back on his

balanced chair, stretching out his long legs with great complacency. However, they did not prove a sufficient counterpoise to his very square shoulders, which, obeying the laws of gravitation, destroyed his equilibrium, and threw him a somersault, when exit Eschylus Stave, Esquire, head foremost, with a formidable rumble-tumble and hurry-scurry, down the back steps, his long shanks disappearing last, and clipping between us and the bright moon like a pair of flails.

However, there was no damage done; and after a good laugh, Stave's own being loudest of all, the Don and Rubiochico righted him, and helped him once more into his chair.

Jacob Bumble now favoured us with a song, that sounded as if he had been barrelled up in a puncheon, and was *cantando* through the bung-hole; then Rubiochico sang, and the Don sang, and we all sang and bumped away; and Mr Seco got on the table, and gave us the newest quadrille step, and in fine we were all becoming dangerously drunk. Longtram, especially, had become uproarious beyond all bounds, and getting up from his chair, he took a short run of a step or two, and sprang right over the table, whereby he smashed the epergne full of fruit and flowers, scattering the contents all about like hail, and driving a volley of preserved limes like grapeshot, in all their syrup and stickiness, slap into my face—a stray one spinning with a sloppy *whit* into Jacob Bumble's open mouth as he sang, like a musket-ball into a winter turnip; while a fine preserved pine-apple flew bash on Isaac Shingle's sharp snout, like the bursting of a shrapnel shell. "D—n it," hiccupped Shingle, "won't stand this any longer, by Ju-Ju-Jupiter! Give over your practicals, Lucifer. Confound it, Don, give over—do, now, you mad longlegged son of a gun!"—Here the Don caught Shingle round the waist, and whipping him bodily out of his chair, carried him kicking and spurring into the hall, now well lit up, and laid him on a sofa, and then returning, coolly installed himself in his seat.

In a little we heard the squeaking of a pig in the street, and our friend Shingle's voice high in oath. I sallied

forth to see the cause of the uproar, and found our host engaged in single combat, with a drawn sword-stick that sparkled blue and bright in the moonbeam, his antagonist being a strong porker that he had taken for a town-guard, and had hemmed into a corner formed by the stair and the garden wall, which, on being pressed, made a dash between his spindle-shanks, and fairly capsized him into my arms. I carried him back to his couch again; and thinking it was high time to be off, as I saw that Smoothpate, and Steady, and Nicodemus, and the more composed part of the company, had already absconded, I seized my hat, and made sail in the direction of the former's house, where I was to sleep, when that devil Longtram made up to me.

"Hillo, my little man of war, heave to a bit, and take me with you. Why what *is* that? what the deuce *is* that?" We were at this time staggering along under the dark piazza of a long line of low wooden houses, every now and then thundering against the thin boards or bulkheads that constitute the side next the street, making, as we could distinctly hear, the inmates start and snort in the inside, as they turned themselves in their beds. In the darkest part of the piazza, there was the figure of a man, in the attitude of a telescope levelled on its stand, with its head as it were countersunk or morticed into the wooden partition. Topsy as we both were, we stopped in great surprise.

"D—n it, Cringle," said the Don, his philosophy utterly at fault, "the trunk of a man without a head,—how is this?"

"Why, Mr Longtram," I replied, "this is our friend Mr Smoothpate, or I mistake greatly."

"Let me see," said Longtram,—"if it be him, he used to have a head somewhere, I know.—Let me see.—Oh, it is him; you are right, my boy; and here *is* his head after all, and a devil of a size it has grown to since dinner-time to be sure.—But I know his features—bald pate—high forehead, and cheekbones."

Nota Bene.—We were still in the piazza, where Smoothpate was unquestionably present in the body, but the head was within the house, and

altogether, as I can avouch, beyond the Don's ken.

"Where?" said I, groping about—"very odd, for deuce take me if I can see his head.—Why, he has none—a phenomenon—four legs and a tail, but no head as I am a gentleman—lively enough too, he is,—don't seem to miss it much." Here poor Smoothpate made a violent wallowing in a vain attempt to disentangle himself.

"Here—here, Cringle," persisted Longtram,—"here *is* his head."

"Zounds, man, don't bother," cried I,—"that is not his head any how, it is his but-end—his stern, man."

We could now hear shouts of laughter within, and a voice, that I was sure belonged to Master Smoothpate, begging to be released from the pillory he had placed himself in by removing a board in the wooden partition, and sliding it up, and then thrusting his caput from without into the interior of the house, to the small amazement of the brown fiddler and his daughter, who inhabited the same, and who had immediately secured their prize by slipping the displaced board down again, wedging it firmly on the back of his neck, as if he had been fitted for the guillotine, thus nailing him fast, unless he had bolted, and left his head in pawn.

We now entered, and perceived it was really Don Alonzo's flushed but very handsome countenance, that was grinning at us from where it was fixed, like a large peony rose stuck against the wall. After a hearty laugh we relieved him; and being now joined by Percales, who came up in his gig, with Mr Smoothpate's following in his wake, we embarked for an airing at half-past one in the morning—Smoothpate and Percales, Longtram and Tom Cringle. Amongst other exploits, we broke into a proscribed conventicle of drunken negroes—but I am rather ashamed of this part of the transaction, and intended to have held my tongue, had Aaron managed his, although it was notorious as the haunt of all the thieves and slight ladies of the place, and here we found parson Charley, a celebrated black preacher, *three parts drunk, exhorting a number of devotees, male and female, altogether*

so, in a most blasphemous fashion, the table being covered with rummers of punch, and fragments of pies and cold meat; but all this did not render our conduct more excusable, I will acknowledge. Finally, as a trophy, Perciales, who was a wicked little chap than I took him for, with Longtram's help, unshipped the bell of the Conventicle from the little belfry, and fastening it below Smoothpate's gig, we dashed back to Mr Shingle's with it clanging at every jolt. In our progress the horse took fright, and ran away; and no wonder.

"Zounds, Don, the weather-rein has parted—what shall we do?" said I.

"Do?" rejoined Lucifer, with drunken gravity,—"haul on the other to be sure—there is one left, an't there?—so hard aport, and run him up against that gun at the street corner, will ye? That will stop him, or the devil is in it."

Crash—it was done—and over the horse's ears we both flew like sky-rockets; but, strange to tell, although we had wedged the wheel of the ketureen fast as a wreck on a reef, with the cannon that was stuck into the ground postwise between it and the body, there was no damage done beyond the springing of the starboard shaft, so, with the assistance of the negro servant, who had been thrown from his perch behind, by a shock that frightened him out of his wits, we hove the *voiture* off again, and arrived in safety at friend Shingle's once more. Here we found the table set out with deviled turkey, and a variety of high-spiced dishes; and, to make a long story short, we had another set-to, during which, as an interlude, Longtram capsized Shingle out of the sofa he had again lain down on, in an attempt to jump over it, and broke his arm, and being the soberest man of the company, I started off, guided by a negro servant, for Doctor Greyfriars. On our return, the first thing that met our eyes, was the redoubted Don himself lying on his back where he had fallen at his leap, with his head over the step at the door of the piazza. I thought his neck was broken, and the Doctor, considering he was the culprit to be carved, forthwith had him carried in, his coat taken off, and was about striking a phlema into him, when Isaac's voice sounded from the inner apartment, where he had lain

all the while below the sofa like a crushed frog, the party in the back-ground, who were *boosing* away, being totally unconscious of his mishap, as they sat at table in the room beyond, enjoying themselves, impressed apparently with the belief that the whole affair was a lark.

"Doctor, doctor," shouted he in great pain,—"here, here—it is me that is murdered—that chap is only *dead* drunk, but I am really *dead*, or will be, if you don't help."

At length the arm was set, and Shingle put to bed, and the whole crew dispersed themselves, each moving off as well as he could towards his own home.

But the cream of the jest was richest next day. Parson Charley, who, drunk as he had been overnight, still retained a confused recollection of the parties in the morning, applied to Mr Smoothpate to have his bell restored, when the latter told him with the greatest gravity that Mr Onyx Steady was the culprit, who, by the by, had disappeared from Shingle's before the bell interlude, and, in fact, was wholly ignorant of the transaction. "Certainly," quoth Smoothpate, with the greatest seriousness, "a most unlikely person, I will confess, Charley, as he is a grave, respectable man; still, you know, the most demure cats sometimes steal cream, Charley; so Parson, my good man, Mr Onyx Steady has your bell, and no one else."

Whereupon, away trudged Charley to Mr Steady's warehouse, and pulling off his hat with a formal salaam, "Good Massa Onyx—sweet Massa Teady—pray give me de bell." Here the sable *clerico* gathered himself up, and leant composedly on his long staff, hat still in hand, and ear turned towards Mr Steady, awaiting his answer.

"Bell!" ejaculated Steady in great amazement, "bell," (*bell-ah, horrida bell-ah*, as Bang would have said,) "what bell?"

"Oh, good, sweet Massa Onyx, dear Massa Onyx Teady, every body know you good person—quiet, wise, somebody you is—all person sabe dat," whined Charley; then slipping near our friend, he whispered to him—"But de best of we lob bit of fon now and den—de best of we lef to himshesf sometime."

"Confound the fellow!" quoth

Onyx, rather pushed off his balance by such an unlooked-for attack before his clerks; "get out of my house, sir—what the mischief do I know of you or your infernal bell? I wish the tongue of it was in your stomach—get out, sir, away with you!"—

Charley could stand this no longer, and, losing patience, "Dem me eye, you is de tief, sir—so give me de bell, Massa Teady, or I sall pull you go befo de Mayor, Massa Teady, and you sall be shame, Massa Teady; and it may be you sall be export to de Bay of Botany, Massa Teady. Aha, how you will like dat, Massa Teady? you sall be export, maybe, for break into chapel during service, and teal bell—aha, teal bell—who ever yeerie one crime equal to dat!"

"My good man," quoth Onyx, who now felt the absurdity of the affair, interrupting him, "I know nothing of all this—believe me there is a mistake. Who sent you here?"

"Massa Smoothpate," roared Charley, "Massa Smoothpate, he who neber tell lie to nobody—Massa Smoothpate sent me, sir, so de devil if you nogive up de bell I sall!"—

"Mr Smoothpate—oh ho!" sung out Steady, "I see, I see." Finally, the affair was cleared up. Charley got his bell, and a little hush-money made all snug.

One fine morning about this time, we had just anchored on our return from a cruise. I received, as I was dressing, a letter from the Secretary, desiring me instantly to wait on the Admiral, as I was promoted to the rank of commander, (how I did dance and sing, my eye!) and appointed to the *Lotus Leaf*, of 18 guns, then refitting at the dockyard, and under orders for England.

I accordingly, after calling and making my bow, proceeded to the dockyard to enter on my new command, and I was happy in being able to get Tailtackle and Reefpoint once more removed along with me.

The gunner of the *Lotus Leaf* having died, Timotheus got an acting warrant, which I rejoice to say was ultimately confirmed, and little Reefy, now a commander in the service, weathered it many a day with me afterwards, both as midshipman and lieutenant.

After seeing every thing in a fair train on board, I applied for a fortnight's leave, which I got, as the

trade which I was to convoy had not yet congregated, nor were they likely to do so before the expiry of this period.

So I returned, after a three days' sojourn on board, to Kingston, and next afternoon mounted my horse, or rather a horse that a friend was fool enough to lend me, at the agent's wharf, with the thermometer at 95 in the shade, and cantering off, landed at my aunt's, Mrs S—, mountain residence, where the mercury stood at 62, at nightfall, just in time to dress for dinner. I need not say that we had a pleasant party, as Mary was there; so having rigged very killingly as I thought, I made my appearance at dinner, a mighty man indeed *with my two epaulets*—but to my great disappointment, when I walked into the piazza, not a soul seemed to acknowledge my promotion. How blind people are! thought I. Even my cousins, little Creole urchins, dressed in small transparent cambric shifts, tied into a knot over their tails, and devil the thing else, seemed to perceive no difference, as they pulled me about, with a volley of "Cousin Taam, what you bring we?"

At length, dinner was announced, and we adjourned from the dark balcony to the dining-room. "Come, there is light enough here; my rank will be noticed now, surely—but no, so patience." The only males of the party were the doctor of the district, two Kingston gentlemen, and Colonel B— of the Guards; the ladies at dinner being my aunt, Mary, and her younger sister. We sat down all in high glee; I was sitting opposite my dearie, "Deuced strange—neither does *she* take any notice of my two epaulets;" and I glanced my eye, to be sure that they were both really there. I then, with some small misgiving, stole a look towards the Colonel—a very handsome fellow, with all the ease and polish of a soldier and a gentleman about him. "The devil, it cannot be, surely," for the black-eyed, and black-haired pale face seemed annoyingly attentive to the *militaire*. At length this said officer addressed me, "Captain Cringle, do me the honour to take wine." Mary started at the *Captain*—

"She gazed, she reddened like a rose,
Syne pale as ony lily."

"Aha," thought I, "all right still." She trembled extremely, and her mother at length noticed it, I saw; but all this while, B—— was balancing a land-crab on his silver fork, while, with a wine-glass in his other claw, he was ogling me in some wonderment. I saw the awkwardness of the affair, and seizing a bottle of ketchup for one of sercual, I filled my glass with such vehemence, that I spilt a great part of it; but even the colour and flavour did not recover me; so, with a face like a north-west moon, I swilled off the potion, and instantly fell back in my chair—"Poisoned! by all that is nonsensical—poisoned—ketchup—oh Lord!" and off I started to my bedroom, where, by dint of an ocean of hot water, I got quit of the sauce, and clinching the whole with a caulker of brandy, I returned to the dinner-table a good deal abashed, I will confess, but endeavouring most emphatically all the while to laugh it off as a good jest. But my Mary was flown; she had been ailing for some days, her mother alleged, and she required rest. Presently my aunt rose, and we were left to our bottle, and sorry am I to say it, that I bumpered away, from some strong unaccountable impulse, until I got three parts drunk, to the great surprise of the rest of the party, for guzzling wine was not certainly a failing of mine, unless on the strong provocation of good fellowship.

Mary did not appear that evening, and I may as well tell the whole truth, of her being pledged to marry me whenever I got my step; and next morning all this sort of thing was duly communicated to mamma, &c. &c. &c., and I was the happiest, and so forth—all of which, as it concerns no one but myself if you please, we shall say no more about. So I shall have a touch at descriptive.

The beautiful cottage where we were sojourning was situated about three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and half way up the great prong of the Blue Mountains, known by the name of the Liguanea range, which rises behind, and overhangs the City of Kingston. The road to it, after you have ridden about five miles over the hot plain of Liguanea brings you to Hope estate, where an anatomy of an old watchman greeted me with the negro's constant solici-

tation. "Massa, me beg you for one fee-penny." This youth was, as authentic records shew, one hundred and forty years old *only*. The Hope is situated in the very gorge of the pass, wherein you have to travel nine miles farther, through most magnificent scenery; at one time struggling among the hot stones of the all but dry river-course; at others, winding along the breezy cliffs, on mule-paths not twelve inches wide, with a perpendicular wall of rock rising five hundred feet above you on one side, while a dark gulf, a thousand feet deep, yawned on the other, from the bottom of which arose the hoarse murmur of the foliage-screened brook, while noble trees spread their boughs overhead, and the most beautiful shrubs and bushes grew and blossomed close at hand, and all was moist, and cool, and fresh, until you turned the bare pinnacle of some limestone rock, naked as the summit of the Andes, where the hot sun, even through the thin attenuated air of that altitude, would suddenly flash on you so fiercely, that your eyes were blinded and your face blistered, as if you had been suddenly transported within the influence of a sirocca. Well, now, since you know the road, let us take a walk after breakfast. It shall be a beautiful clear day—not a speck or cloud in the heavens. Mary is with me.

"Well, Tom," says she, "you were very sentimental last evening."

"Sentimental! I was deucedly sick, let me tell you—a wine glassful of cold ketchup is rather trying even to a lover's stomach, Mary. Murder, I never was so sick, even in my first cruise in the old Torch! Bah! Do you know I did not think of you for an hour afterwards? not until that bumper of brandy stayed my calamity. But come, when shall we be married, Maria? Oh! have done with your blushing and botheration—to-morrow or next day? It would not be quite the thing this evening, would it?"

"Tom, you are crazy. Time enough, surely, when we all meet in England."

"And when may that be?" said I, drawing her arm closer through mine. "No, no—to-morrow I will call on the Admiral, and as you are all going to England in the fleet at any rate, I

will ask his leave to give you a passage, and—and—and”—.

All of which, as I said before, being parish news, we shall drop a veil over it—so a small touch at the scenery again.

Immediately under foot rose several lower ranges of mountains—those nearest us, covered with the laurel-looking coffee-bushes, interspersed with negro villages, hanging amongst the fruit-trees like clusters of birds' nests on the hill-side, with a bright green patch of plantain suckers here and there, and a white painted overseer's house peeping from out the wood, and herds of cattle in the Guinea-grass pieces. Beyond these stretched out the lovely plain of Liguanea, covered with luxuriant cane-pieces, and groups of negro houses and Guinea-grass pastures of even a deeper green than that of the canes; and small towns of sugar works rose every here and there, with their threads of white smoke floating up into the clear sky, while, as the plain receded, the cultivation disappeared, and it gradually became sterile, hot, and sandy, until the Long Mountain hove its back like a whale from out the sea-like level of the plain; while to the right of it appeared the city of Kingston, like a model, with its parade, or "*place d'armes*," in the centre, from which its long lines of hot sandy streets stretched out in every direction, with the military post of Uppark camp, situated about a mile and a half to the northward and eastward of the town. Through a tolerably good glass, the church-spire looked like a needle, the trees about the houses like bushes, the tall cocoa-nut trees like hare-bells; while a slow crawling black speck here and there denoted a carriage moving along, while waggons, with their teams of eighteen and twenty oxen, looked like so many centipedes. At the camp, the two regiments drawn out on parade, with two nine-pounders on each flank, with their attendant gunners, looked like a red sparkling line, with two black spots at each end, surrounded by small black dots. Presently the red line wavered, and finally broke up, as the regiments wheeled into open column, when the whole fifteen hundred men crawled past three little scarlet spots; deno-

ting the general and his staff. When they began to manœuvre, each company looked like a single piece in a game at chess; and as they fired by companies, the little tiny puffs of smoke floated up like wreaths of wool, suddenly surmounting and overlaying the red lines, while the light companies, breaking away into skirmishers, seemed, for all the world, like two red bricks suddenly cast down, and shattered on the ground, whereby the fragments were scattered all over the green fields, and under the noble trees, the biggest of which looked like *small cabbages*. At length the line was again formed, and the inspection being over, the red line broke up once more, and the minute red fragments presently vanished altogether like a nest of ants under the long lines of barracks, that looked no bigger than houses in a child's toy. As for the other arm, we of the Navy had no reason to glorify ourselves. For, while the review proceeded on shore, a strange man-of-war hove in sight in the offing, looming like a mussel-shell, although she was a 11-gun frigate, and ran down before the wind, close to the palisadoes, or natural tongue of land, which juts out like a bow from Rock Fort, to the eastward of Kingston, and hoops in the harbour, and then lengthens out, trending about five miles due west, where it widens out into a sandy flat, on which the town and forts of Port Royal are situated. She was saluting the admiral when I first saw her. A red spark and a small puff on the starboard side—a puff, but no spark, on the larboard, which was the side farthest from us, but no report from either reached our ears; and presently down came the little red flag, and up went the St George's ensign, white, with a red cross, while the sails of the gallant frigate seemed no larger than those of a little school-boy's plaything. After a short interval, the flag ship, a seventy-four, lying at Port Royal, returned the salute. She, again, appeared somewhat loftier; she might have been an *oyster-shell*; and the squadron of four frigates, two sloops of war, and several brigs and schooners, looked like ants in the wake of a beetle. As for the dear little Wave, I can compare her to nothing but a mus-

quito, while the large 500 ton West Indiamen lying off Kingston, five miles nearer, were but small cock-boats to the eye. In the offing the sea appeared like ice, for the waves were not seen at all, and the swell could only be marked by the difference in the reflection of the sun's rays as it rose and fell, while a hot haze hung over the whole, making every thing indistinct, so that the water blended into sky, without the line of demarcation being visible. But even as we looked forth on this most glorious scene, a small black cloud rose to windward. At this time we were both sitting on the grass on a most beautiful bank, beneath an orange-tree—the ominous appearance increased in size, the sea-breeze was suddenly stilled—the swelling sails of the frigate that had first saluted fell, and as she rolled, flattened in against the masts—the rustling of the green leaves overhead ceased.

The cloud rolled onward from the east, and gradually spread out and out, as it sailed in from seaward, and on, and on, until it covered the whole scene from our view, (shipping, and harbour, and town, and camp, and sugar estates,) boiling and rolling in black eddies under our feet. Anon the thunder began to grumble, and the zig-zag lightning to fork out from one dark mass into another, while all, where we sat, was bright and smiling under the unclouded noon-day sun. This continued for half an hour, when at length the sombre appearance of the clouds below us brightened into a sea of white fleecy vapour like wool, which gradually broke away into detached masses, discovering another layer of still thinner vapour underneath, which again parted, and disclosed through the interstices a fresh gauze-like veil of transparent mist, through which the lower ranges of hills, and the sugar estates, and the town and shipping, were once more dimly visible; but this in turn vanished, and the clouds, attracted by the hills, floated away, and hung around them in festoons, and gradually rose and rose until presently we were enveloped in mist, and Mary spoke—"Tom, there will be thunder here—what shall we do?"

"Poo, never mind, Mary, you have a conductor on the house."

"True," said she; "but the servants, when the post that supported it was blown down t'other day, very judiciously unlinked the rods, and now, since I remember me, they are, to use your phrase, '*stowed away below the house*;' " and so they were, sure enough. However we had no more thunder, and soon the only indications of the spent storm were the red discoloured appearance of the margin of the harbour, from the rush of muddy water off the land, and the chocolate colour of the previously snow-white sandy roads, that now twisted through the plain like black snakes, and a fleecy dolphin-shaped cloud here and there stretching out, and floating horizontally in the blue sky, as if it had been hooked to the precipitous mountain tops above us.

Next day it was agreed that we should all return to Kingston, and the day after that, we proceeded to Mr Baug's Pen, on the Spanish Town road, as a sort of half-way house, a stepping-stone to his beautiful residence in St Thomas in the Vale, where we were all invited to spend a fortnight. Our friend himself was on the other side of the island, but he was to join us in the valley, and we found our comforts carefully attended to; and, as the day after we had set up our tent at the Pen was to be one of rest to my aunt, I took the opportunity of paying my respects to the admiral, who was then careening at his mountain retreat in the vicinity with his family. Accordingly I took horse, and rode along the margin of the great Lagoon, on the Spanish Town road, through tremendous defiles, which I cannot stop to describe; and after being driven into a watchman's hut by the rain, I reached the house, and was most graciously received by Sir Samuel Semaphore and his lady, and their lovely daughters. Oh, the most splendid women that ever were built! The youngest is now, I believe, the prime ornament of the Scottish Peerage; and I never can forget the pleasure I so frequently experienced in those days in the society of this delightful family. The same evening I returned to the Pen. On my way I fell in with three officers in white jackets, and broad-brimmed straw hats, wading up to the waist amongst the reeds of the Lagoon, with guns

held high above their heads. They were shooting ducks, it seemed; and their negro servants were heard ploutring and shouting amidst the thickets of crackling reeds, while their dogs were swimming all about them.

"Hillo!" shouted the nearest—"Cringle, my lad—whither bound? how is Sir Samuel and Lady Semaphore, eh? Capital sport, ten brace of teal—there"—and the spokesman threw two beautiful birds ashore to me. This wise man of the bulrushes was no less a personage than Sir Jeremy Mayo, the commander of the forces, one of the bravest fellows in the army, and respected and beloved by all who ever knew him, but a regular dare-devil of an Irishman, who, not satisfied with his chance of yellow fever on shore, had thus chosen to hunt for it with his staff, in the *Caymanas Lagoon*.

Next morning, we set out in earnest on our travels for St Thomas in the Vale, in two of our friend Baug's gigs, and my aunt's ketchum, laden with her black maiden and a lot of bandboxes, while two mounted servants brought up the rear, and my old friend Jupiter, who had descended, not from the clouds, but from the excellent Mr Fyall, who was by this time gathered to his fathers, to Massa Aaron, rode a musket-shot a-head of the convoy to clear away, or give notice of any impediments, of waggons or carts, or droves of cattle, that might be in the way.

After driving five miles or so, we reached the seat of Government, Spanish Town. Here we stopped at the *Speaker's* house—by the way, one of the handsomest and most agreeable men I ever saw—intending to proceed in the afternoon to our destination. But the rain in the forenoon fell so heavily, that we had to delay our journey until next morning; and that afternoon I spent in attending the debates in the House of Assembly, where every thing was conducted with much greater decorum than I ever saw maintained in the House of Commons, and no great daring in the assertion either. The room itself, fitted with polished mahogany benches, was handsome and well aired, and between it and the grand court, as it is called, occupying the other end of the building, which was

then sitting, there is a large cool saloon, generally in term time well filled with wigless lawyers and their clients. The House of Assembly (this saloon and the court-house forming one side of the square) is situated over against the Government House; while another side is occupied by a very handsome temple, covering in a statue erected to Lord Rodney, the saviour of the Island, as he is always called, from having crushed the fleet of Count de Grasse. At length, at grey-dawn the next day, as the morning gun came booming along the level plain from Port Royal, we weighed, and finally started on our cruise. As we drove up towards St Thomas in the Vale, from Spanish Town, along the hot sandy road, the plain gradually roughened into small rocky eminences, covered with patches of bushes here and there, with luxuriant Guinea-grass growing in the clefts; the road then sank between abrupt little hills—the Guinea-corn fields began to disappear, the grass became greener, the trees rose higher, the air felt fresher and cooler; and proceeding still farther, the hills on either side swelled into mountains, and became rocky and precipitous, and drew together as it were, until they appeared to impend over us. We had now arrived at the gorge of the pass, leading into the valley, through which flowed a most beautiful limpid clear blue stream, along the margin of which the road wound, while the tree-clothed precipices rose five hundred feet perpendicularly on each brink. Presently we crossed a wooden bridge, supported by a stone pier in the centre, when Jupiter pricked ahead to give notice of the approach of waggons, that our cavalcade might haul up out of danger, into some nook in the rock, to allow the lumbering teams to pass. "What is that?"—I was driving my dearie in the leading gig—"is that a pistol shot?" It was the crack of the long whip carried by the negro waggoner, reverberated from hill to hill, and from cliff to cliff; and presently the father of gods came thundering down the steep acclivity we were ascending.

"Massa, draw up into dat corner; draw up."

I did as I was desired, and presently the shrill whistle of the negro

waggoners, and the increasing sharpness of the reports of their long whips, the handles of which were as long as fishing-rods, and their wild exclamations to their cattle, to whom they addressed themselves by name, as if they had been reasonable creatures, gave notice of the near approach of a train of no fewer than seven waggons, each with three drivers, eighteen oxen, three hogsheads of sugar, and two puncheons of rum.

Come, thought I—if the negroes are overworked, it is more than the bullocks are, at all events. They passed us with abundance of yelling and cracking, and as soon as the coast was clear, we again pursued our way up the ravine, than which nothing could be more beautiful or magnificent. On our right hand rose, almost perpendicularly, the everlasting rocks, to a height of a thousand feet, covered with the richest foliage that imagination can picture, while here and there a sharp steeple-like pinnacle of grey stone, overgrown with lichens, shot up, and out from the face of them, into the blue sky, mixing with the tall forest trees that overhung the road, festooned with ivy and withes of different kinds, like the rigging of a ship, round which the tendrils of many a beautiful wild flower crept twining up, while all was fresh with the sparkling dew that showered down on us, with every breath of wind, like rain. On our left foamed the roaring river, and on the other brink the opposite bank rose equally precipitously, clothed also with superb trees, that spread their blending boughs over the chasm, until they wove themselves together with those that grew on the side we were on, turning the noonday fierceness of a Jamaica sun into a green cool twilight, while the long misty reaches of the blue river, with white foaming rapids here and there, and the cattle wading in them, lengthened out beneath in the distance. Oh! the very look of it refreshed one unspeakably.

Presently a group of half-a-dozen country *Buccras*—overseers, or coffee-planters most likely, or possibly larger fish than either—hove in sight, all in their blue-white jean trousers, and long Hessian boots pulled up over them, and new blue square-cut, bright-buttoned coatees,

and thread-bare silk broad-brimmed hats. They dashed past us on goodish nags, followed at a distance of three hundred yards by a convey of negro-servants, mounted on mules, in white Osnaburg trowsers, with a shirt or frock over them, no stockings, each with one spur, and the stirrup-iron held firmly between the great and second toes, while a snow-white sheep's fleece covered their Massa's portmanteaus, strapped on to the mail pillion behind. We drove on for about seven miles, after entering the pass, the whole scenery of which was by far the finest thing I had ever seen,—the precipices on each side becoming more and more rugged and abrupt as we advanced, until all at once we emerged from the chasm on the parish of St Thomas in the Vale, which opened on us like a magical illusion, in all its green luxuriance and freshness. But by this time we were deucedly tired, and Massa Aaron's mansion, situated on its little airy hill above a sea of canes, was the most consolatory object in the view; and thither we drove as fast as our wearied horses could carry us, and found every thing most carefully prepared for our reception. Having dressed, we had a glorious dinner, lots of good wine; and, the happiest of the happy, I tumbled into bed, dreaming of leading a division of line-of-battle ships into action, and of Mary, and of our eldest son being my first lieutenant, and—

"Massa," quoth Jupiter, "you take cup of coffee, dis morning, Massa?"

"Thank you—certainly."

It was by this time grey dawn. My window had been left open the evening before, when it was hot and sultry enough, but it was now cold and damp, and a wetting mist boiled in through the open sash, like rolling wreathes of white smoke.

"What is that—where are we—in the North Sea, or the top of Mont Blanc?—Why, clouds may be all in your way, Massa Jupiter, but"—

"Cloud!" rejoined the Deity—"him no more den marning fog, Massa; always hab him over de Vale in de morning, until de sun melt him. And where is you?—why, you is in Massa Aaron house, here in St Thomas in de Vale—and Miss"—

"Miss," said I—"what Miss?"

"Oh, for you Miss," rejoined Jupiter with a grin; "Miss Mary up and dress already, and de horses are at de door; him wait for you to ride wid him before breakfast, Massa, and to see de clearing of de fag."

"Ride before breakfast!—see the clearing of the fog!"—grumbled I. "Romantic it may be, but consumedly inconvenient." However, my knighthood was at stake; so up I got, drank my coffee, dressed, adjourned to the Piazza, where my adorable was all ready rigged with riding-habit and whip; and straightway we mounted, she into her side-saddle with her riding-habit, and who knows how many petticoats beneath her, while I, Pilgrarlic, embarked in thin jean trousers upon a cold, damp, indeed wet, saddle, that made me shiver again. But I was understood to be in love; ergo, I was expected to be agreeable. However, a damp saddle and a thin pair of trousers allay one's ardour a good deal too. But if any one had seen the impervious fog in which we sat—why, you could not see a tree three yards from you—a cabbage looked like a laurel bush, and Sneezer became a dromedary, and the negroes passing the little gate to their work were absolute Titans.—Boom—a long reverberating noise thundered in the distance, and amongst the hills, gradually dying away in a hollow rumble.—"The admiral tumbling down the hatchway, Tom—the morning gun fired at Port Royal," said Mary; and so it was.

The fire-flies were still glancing amongst the leaves of the beautiful orange-trees in front of the house; but we could see no farther, the whole view being shrouded under the thick watery veil which rolled and boiled about us, sometimes thick, and sometimes thinner, hovering between a mist and small rain, and wetting your hair, and face, and clothes most completely. We descended from the eminence on which the house stood, rode along the level at the foot, and, after a canter of a couple of miles, we began to ascend a bridle-path, through the Guinea-grass pastures, which rose rank and soakingly wet, as high as one's saddle-bow, drenching me to the skin, in the few patches where I was not wet before. All this while the fog continued as thick as ever;

at length we suddenly rose above it—rode out of it, as it were.

St Thomas in the Vale is, as the name denotes, a deep valley, about ten miles long by six broad, into which there is but one inlet passable for carriages—the road by which we had come. The hills by which it is surrounded on all sides are, for the most part, covered with Guinea-grass pastures on the lower ranges, and with coffee plantations and provision grounds higher up. When we had ridden clear of the mist, the sun was shining brightly overhead, and every thing was fresh and sparkling with dewdrops near us; but the vale was still coucealed under the wool-like sea of white mist, only pierced here and there by a tall cocoa-nut tree rising above it, like the mast of a foundered vessel. But anon the minor ridges of the grass pieces appeared, as the fog undulated in fleecy waves in the passing breeze, which, as they rose and sank like the swell of the ocean, disclosed every now and then the works on some high lying sugar estate, and again rolled over them like the tide covering the shallows of the sea, while shouts of laughter, and the whooping of the negroes in the fields, rose from out the obscurity, blended with the signal cries of the sugar boilers to the stockholemen of "Fire, fire—grand copper, grand copper," and the *ca ca'ing*, like so many rooks, of the children driving the mules and oxen in the mills, and the everlasting splashing and panting of the water-wheel of the estate immediately below us, and the cracking of the wain and waggomen's long whips, and the rumbling of the machinery of the mills, and of the carriage-wheels; while the smoke from the unseen chimney-stalks of the sugar-works rose whirling darkly up through the watery veil, like spinning waterspouts, from out the bosom of the great deep. Anon the veil rose, and we were once more gradually enveloped in clouds. Presently the thickest of the mist floated up, and rose above us, in a gauze-like canopy of fleecy clouds overhanging the whole level plain, through which the red quenched sun, which a moment before was flaming with intolerable brightness overhead, suddenly assumed the appearance of a round red globe in an apothecary's window,

surrounded by a broad yellow sickly halo, which dimly lit up, as if the sun had been in eclipse, the cane-fields, then *in arrow*, as it is called, (a lavender-coloured flower, about three feet long, that shoots out from the top of the cane, denoting that it is mature, and fit to be ground,) and the Guinea-grass plats, and the nice-looking houses of the Bushas, and the busy mill-yards, and the noisy gangs of negroes in the fields, which were all disclosed, as if by the change of a scene. At length, in love as we were, we remembered our breakfast; and beginning to descend, we encountered in the path a gang of about three dozen little glossy black picaninies going to their work, the oldest not above twelve years of age, under the care of an old negress. They had all their little *pachies*, or calabashes, on their heads, full of provisions; while an old cook, with a bundle of fagots on her head, and a fire stick in her hand, brought up the rear, her province being to cook the food which the tiny little work-people carried. Presently one or two bookkeepers, or deputy white superintendents on the plantation, also passed,—strong healthy-looking young fellows, in stuff jackets and white trousers, and all with good cudgels in their hands. The mist, which had continued to rise up and up, growing thinner and thinner as it ascended, now rent overhead about the middle of the vale, and the masses, in scattered clouds, drew towards the ledge of the hills that surrounded it, like floating chips of wood in a tub of water, sailing in long shreds towards the most precipitous peaks, to which, as they ascended, they attached themselves, and remained at rest. And now the bright sun, reasserting his supremacy, shone once more in all his tropical fierceness right down on the steamy earth, and all was glare, and heat, and bustle.

Next morning I rode out at daylight along with Mr Bang, who had arrived on the previous evening. We stopped to breakfast at a property of his about four miles distant, and certainly we had no reason to complain of our fare—fresh fish from the gully, nicely roasted yams, a capital junk of salt beef, a dish I always glory in on shore, although a hint of it at sea makes me quake; and, after our re-

past, I once more took the road to see the estate, in company of my learned friend. There was a long narrow saddle, or ridge of limestone, about five hundred feet high, that separated the southern quarter of the parish from the northern. The cane-pieces, and cultivated part of the estate, lay in a dead level of deep black mould, to the southward of this ridge, from out which the latter rose abruptly. The lower part of the ridge was clothed with the most luxuriant orange, and shaddock, and lime, and star-apple, and breadfruit, and custard apple-trees, besides numberless others, that I have no time to particularize, while the summit was shaded by tall forest timber. Proceeding along a rough bridle-path for the space of two miles, we attained the summit of the saddle, and turned sharp off to the right, to follow a small footpath that had been *billed in the bush*, being the lines recently run by the land-surveyor between Mr Bang's property and the neighbouring estate, the course of which mine host was desirous of personally inspecting. We therefore left our horses in charge of the servants, who had followed us, running behind, holding on by the tails of our horses, and began to brush through the narrow path cut in the hot underwood. After walking a hundred yards or so, we arrived at the point where the path ended abruptly, abutting against a large tree that had been felled, the stump of which remained, being about three feet high, and at least five in diameter. Mr Bang immediately perched himself on it to look about him, to see the *lay* of the land over the sea of brushwood.

I remained below, complaining loudly of the heat and confined air of my situation, and swabbing all the while most energetically, when I saw my friend start.

"Zounds, Tom, look behind you!"

We had nothing but our riding switches in our hands. A large snake, about ten feet long, had closed up the path behind us, turning slowly from one branch to another, and hissing and striking out its forked tongue, as it twisted itself, at the height of my head from the ground, amongst the trees and bushes, round and round about, occasionally twining its neck round a tree as thick as

my body, on one side of the path, and its tail round another, larger in girth than my arm, (I dare not say thigh, or old Colman would be at me,) on the other; when it would, with prodigious strength, but the greatest ease, and the most oily smoothness, bend the smaller tree like a hoop, until the trunks nearly touched, although growing full six feet asunder, as if a tacklefall, or other strong purchase, had been applied; but continuing all the while it was putting forth its power, to glide soapily along, quite unconcernedly, and to all appearance as pliant as a leather thong,—shooting out its glancing neck, and glowering about with its little blasting fiery eyes,—and sliding the forepart of the body onwards without pausing, as if there had been no strain on the tail whatsoever, until the stems of the trees were at length brought together, when it let the smaller go with a loud spunk, that shook the dew off the neighbouring branches, and the perspiration from Tom Cringle's forehead—whose nerves were not more steady than the trees—like rain, and frightened all the birds in the neighbourhood; while it, the only unstartled thing, continued steadily and silently in its course,—turning and looking at us, and poking its head within arm's length, and raising it with a loud hiss, and a threatening attitude, on our smallest motion.

“A modern group of the Laocoon—lord, what a neckcloth we shall both have presently!” thought I. Meanwhile, the serpent seemed to be emboldened from our quietude, and came so near, that I thought I perceived the hot glow of its breath, with its scales glancing like gold and silver, and its diamond-like eyes sparkling; but all so still and smooth, that unless it were an occasional hiss, its motions were noiseless as those of an apparition.

At length the devil came fairly between us, and I could stand it no longer. We had both up to this period been really and truly *fascinated*; but the very instant that the coast was clear in my *wake*, by the snake heading me, and gliding between me and Mr Bang, my manhood forsook me all of a heap, and, turning tail, I gave a loud shout, and started off down the path at speed, leaving

Bang to his fate, perched on his pedestal, like the laughing satyr, never once looking behind; however, the next moment I heard him thundering in my rear. My panic had been contagious, for the instant my sudden motion had frightened the snake out of his way, he started forth after me at speed, and away we both raced, until a stump caught my foot, and both of us, after flying through the air a couple of fathoms or so, trundled head over heels, over and over, shouting and laughing. Pegtop now came up to us in no small surprise; but the adventure was at an end, and we returned to Mr Bang's to dinner.

Here we had a most agreeable addition to our party in my old friend Sir Jeremy Mayo, and the family of the Admiral Sir Samuel Semaphore, his lady, his two most amiable daughters, and the husband of the eldest.

Next morning, we rode out to breakfast with a most worthy man, Mr Stornaway, the overseer of Mount Olive estate, in the neighbourhood of which there were several natural curiosities to be seen. Although the extent of our party startled him a good deal, he received us most hospitably. He ushered us into the piazza, where breakfast was laid, when up rose ten thousand flies from the breakfast table, that was covered with marmalade, and guava jelly, and nicely roasted yams, and fair white bread; and the fragrant bread-fruit roasted in the ashes, and wrapped in plantain leaves; while the chocolate and coffee-pots—the latter equal in cubic content to one of the Wave's water-butts—emulated each other in the fragrance of the odours which they sent forth; and avocado pears, and potted calapiver, and cold pork hams, and—really, I cannot repeat the numberless luxuries that flanked the main body of the entertainment on a side-table, all strong provocatives to fall to.

“You, Quacco—Peter—Monkey”—shouted Stornaway—“where are you, with your brushes; don't you see the flies covering the table?” The three sable pages forthwith appeared, each with a large green branch in his hand, which they waved over the viands, and we sat down and had a most splendid breakfast. Lady Semaphore and I—for I have always had a touch of the old woman

in me—were exceedingly tickled with the way in which the *picanini munmas*, that is the mothers of the negro children, received our friend Bang. After breakfast, a regular congregation took place under the piazza, of all the children on the property, under eight years of age, accompanied by their mothers.

"Ah, Massa Bang," shouted one, "why you no come see we oftener? you forget your poor picanini hereabout."

"You grow foolish old man now," quoth another.

"You no wort—you go live in town, an no care about we who make Massa money here; you no see we all tarving here;" and the nice clean-looking fat matron, who made the remark, laughed loudly.

He entered into the spirit of the affair with great kindness, and verily, before he got clear, his pockets were as empty as a half-pay lieutenant's. His *fee-pennies* were flying about in all directions.

After breakfast we went to view the natural bridge, a band of rock that connects two hills together; and beneath which a roaring stream rushes, hid entirely by the bushes and trees that grow on each side of the ravine. We descended by a circuitous footpath into the river-course, and walked under the natural arch, and certainly never was anything finer; a regular *Der Freyschutz* dell. The arch over head was nearly fifty feet high, and the echo, as we found, when the sweet voices of the ladies, blending in softest harmony,—(lord, how fine you become, Tom!)—in one of Moore's melodies, were reflected back on us at the close with the most thrilling distinctness, was superb; while a stone pitched against any of the ivy-like creepers, with which the face of the rock was covered, was sure to dislodge a whole cloud of birds, and not unfrequently a slow-sailing white-winged owl. Shortly after the Riomagno Gully, as it is called, passes this most interesting spot, it sinks, and runs for three miles under ground, and again reappears on the surface, and gurgles over the stones, as if nothing had happened. By the by, this is a common vagary of nature in Jamaica. For instance, the Rio Cobre, I think it is, which, after a subterranean course of three

miles, suddenly gushes out of the solid rock at Bybrook estate, in a solid cube of clear cold water, three feet in diameter; and I remember, in a cruise that I had at another period of my life, in the leeward part of the Island, we came to an estate, where the supply of water for the machinery rose up within the bounds of the mill-dam itself, into which there was no flow, with such force, that above the spring, if I might so call it, the bubbling water was projected into a blunt cone, like the bottom of a cauldron, the apex of which was a foot higher than the level of the pond, although the latter was eighteen feet deep.

After an exceedingly pleasant day we returned home, and next morning, when I got out of bed, I complained of a violent itching and pain, a sort of nondescript sensation, a mixture of pain and pleasure, in my starboard great toe; and on reconnoitring, I discovered it to be a good deal inflamed on the ball round a blue spot about the size of a pin-head. Pegtop had come into the room, and while he was placing my clothes in order, I asked him, "what this could be—gout, think you, Massa Pegtop—gout?"

"Gote, Massa—gote—no, no, him chiger, Massa—chiger—little something like one flea; poke him head onder de kin, dere lay egg;—ah, great luxury to Creole gentleman and lady, dat chiger; sweet pain, Creole miss say—nice for cratch him, him say."

"Why, it may be a Creole luxury, Pegtop, but I wish you would relieve me of it."

"Surely, Massa; surely, if you wish it," said Pegtop, in some surprise at my want of taste. "Lend me your penknife den, Massa;" and he gabbled away, as he extracted from my flesh the chiger bag—like a blue pill in size and colour.

"Oh, Massa, top till you mary Creole wife,—she will tell you me say true; ah, daresay Miss Mary himself love chiger to tickle him—to be sure him love to be tickle—him love to be tickle—aye, all Creole Miss love to be tickle—he, he, he!"

By agreement, Mr Bang and I met Mr Stornaway this morning, in order to visit some other estates together, and during our ride I was particu-

larly gratified by his company. He was a man of solid and very extensive acquirements, and far above what his situation in life at that time led one to expect. When I revisited the island some years afterwards, I was rejoiced to find that his intrinsic worth and ability had floated him up into a very extensive business, and I believe he is now a man of property. I rather think he is engaged in some statistical work connected with Jamaica, which, I am certain, will do him credit whenever it appears. Odd enough, the very first time I saw him, I said I was sure he would succeed in the world; and I am glad to find I was a true prophet. To return: Our chief object at present was to visit a neighbouring estate, the overseer of which was, we were led to believe, from a message sent to Mr Bang, very ill with fever. He was a most respectable young man, Mr Stornaway told me, a Swede by birth, who had come over to England with his parents at the early age of eight years, where both he and his cousin Agatha had continued, until he embarked for the West Indies. This was an orphan girl whom his father had adopted, and both of them, as he had often told Mr Stornaway, had utterly forgotten their Swedish,—in fact, they understood no language but English at the time he embarked. I have been thus particular, from a very extraordinary phenomenon that occurred immediately preceding his dissolution, of which I was a witness.

We rode up in front of the door, close to the fixed manger, where the horses and mules belonging to Busha are usually fed, and encountered a negro servant, on a mule, with a portmanteau behind him, covered with the usual sheep's fleece, and holding a saddle horse.

"Where is your master?" said Mr Bang.

"De dactor is in de hose," replied quashic. "Busha dere upon dying."

We ascended the rocky unhewn steps, and entered into the cool, dark hall, smelling strong of camphor, and slid over the polished floors towards an open door, that led into the back piazza, where we were received by the head book-keeper and carpenter. They told us that the overseer had

been seized three days ago with fever, and was now desperately ill; and presently the doctor came forth out of the sick-room.

"Poor Wedderfelt is fast going, sir—cold at the extremities already—very bad fever—the bilious remittent of the country, of the worst type."

All this while the servants, male and female, were whispering to each other; while a poor little black fellow sat at the door of the room, crying bitterly—this was the overseer's servant. We entered the room, which was darkened from the *jealousies* being all shut, except one of the uppermost, which happening to be broken, there was a strong *penail* of light cast across the head of the bed where the sick man lay, while the rest of the room was involved in gloom.

The sufferer seemed in the last stage of yellow fever, his skin was a bright yellow, his nose sharp, and his general features very much pinched. His head had been shaven, and there was a handkerchief bound round it over a plantain leaf, the mark of the blister coming low down on his forehead, where the skin was shrivelled like dry parchment—apparently it had not risen. There was also a blister on his chest. He was very restless, clutching the bed clothes, and tossing his limbs about; his mouth was ulcerated and broken out, and blood oozed from the corners; his eyes were a deep yellow, with the pupil much dilated, and very lustrous; he was breathing with a heavy moaning noise when we entered, and looked wildly round, mistaking Mr Bang and me for some other persons. Presently he began to speak very quickly, and to lift one of his hands repeatedly close to his face, as if there was something in it he wished to look at. I presently saw that it held a miniature of a fair haired blue-eyed Scandinavian girl, but apparently he could not see it, from the increasing dimness of his eyes, which seemed to distress him greatly. After a still minute, during which no sound was heard but his own heavy breathing, he again began to speak very rapidly, but no one in the room could make out what he said. I listened attentively—it struck me as being like—I was certain of it—it was *Swedish*, which in health

he had entirely forgotten, but now in his dying moments vividly remembered. Alas, it was a melancholy and a moving sight, to perceive all the hitherto engrossing thoughts and incidents of his youth and manhood, all save the love of one dear object, suddenly vanish from the tablet of his memory, ground away and erased as it were, by his great agony, or like worthless rubbish, removed from above some beautiful ancient inscription, which for ages it had hid, disclosing in all their primeval freshness, sharp cut into his dying heart, the long-smothered, but never to be obliterated impressions of his early childhood. I could plainly distinguish the name *Agatha*, whenever he peered with fast glazing eyes on the miniature. All this while a nice little brown child was lying playing with his watch and seals on the bed beside him, while a handsome coloured girl, a slight young creature, apparently its mother, sat on the other side of the dying man, supporting his head on her lap, and wetting his mouth every now and then with a cloth moistened with brandy.

As he raised the miniature to his face, she would gently endeavour to turn away his hand, that he might not look at one whom she, poor thing, no doubt considered was usurping the place in his fluttering heart, which she had long fancied she herself had filled solely; and at other times she would vainly try to coax it out of his cold hand, but the dying grasp was now one of iron, and her attempts evidently discomposed the departing sinner; but all was done kindly and quietly, and a flood of tears would every now and then stream down her cheeks, as she failed in her endeavours, or, as the murmured, gasped name, *Agatha*, reached her ear.

"Ah!" said she, "him heart not wid me now—it far away in him own country—him never will make me yeerie what him say again no more."

Oh, woman, woman! who can fathom that heart of thine! By this time the hiccup grew stronger, and all at once he sat up in his bed without assistance, "light as if he felt no wound;" but immediately thereafter gave a strong shudder,

ejecting from his mouth a jet of dark matter like the grounds of chocolate, and fell back dead—whereupon the negroes began to howl and shriek in such a horrible fashion that we were glad to leave the scene.

Next day, when we returned to attend the poor fellow's funeral, we found a complete bivouac of horses and black servants under the trees in front of the house, which was full of neighbouring planters and overseers, all walking about, and talking, and laughing, as if it had been a public meeting on parish business. Some of them occasionally went into the room to look at the body as it lay in the open coffin, the lid of which was at length screwed down, and the corpse carried on four negroes' shoulders to its long home, followed by the brown girl and all the servants, the latter weeping and howling; but she, poor thing, said not a word, although her heart seemed, from the convulsive heaving of her bosom, like to burst. He was buried under a neighbouring orange-tree, the service being read by the Irish carpenter of the estate, who got half a page into the marriage service by mistake, before either he or any one else noticed he was wrong.

Three days after this the admiral extended my leave for a fortnight, which I spent in a tour round this most glorious island with friend Aaron, whose smiling face, like the sun, (more like the nor'west moon in a fog, by the by,) seemed to diffuse warmth, and comfort, and happiness wherever he went, while Sir Samuel and his charming family, and the general, and my dearie, and her aunt, returned home; and after a three weeks philandering, I was married, and all that sort of thing, and a week afterwards embarked with my treasure—for I had a million of dollars on freight, as well as my own jewel, and don't grin at the former, for they gave me a handsome sum, and helped to rig us when we got to *Old England*, where *Lotus Leaf* was paid off, and I settled for a time on shore, the happiest, &c. &c. &c., until some years afterwards when the *wee Cringles* began to tumble home so deucedly fast, that I had to cut and run, and once more betake myself to the salt sea. My aunt and her family returned at the same time to

England, in a merchant ship under my convoy, and became our neighbours. Bang also got married soon after to Miss Lucretia Wagtail, by whom he got the Slap estate, on con-

dition of taking the name, and is now Mr Slapbang. But old Gelid, and my other allies remain, I believe, in *statu quo*, until this hour.

My task is done, my song is ended, and for three days I have been bothering my brains how to make my bow, in a fine, gentlemanlike, melancholy fashion, but it won't do. I have always hated fussy leave-takings; so at once, farewell all hands, and God bless ye. If, while chucking the cap about at a venture—but I hope and trust there has been no such thing—it has alighted on the head of any ancient ally, and pinched in any the remotest degree, I hereby express my most sincere and heartfelt regret, and to such a one I would say, as *he* said, who wrote for all time,

“ I have shot

Myne arrow o'er the house, and hurt my brother.”

Thus I cut my stick while the play is good, and before the public gets wearied of me; and, as for the Log, if those things be good, it will float from its own buoyancy, if they be naught, let it sink at once and for ever—all that Tom Cringle expects at the hands of his countrymen, is—A CLEAR STAGE, AND NO FAVOUR.

END OF THE LOG.

THE REVEREND CHARLES BOYTON, OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

[We rejoice to give a place in our pages to the following eloquent and just tribute of admiration and respect to the character of one of the most highly-gifted men of the age.]

(From the *Dublin Evening Mail*.)

“ This day the Board met for the purpose of appointing an incumbent to the valuable living of Letterkenny, in the county of Donegal, vacant by the death of the late Dr Stopford. To the surprise of those not in possession of Mr Boyton's private feelings or the arrangements made, it has been accepted by him. He goes out, it is true, under peculiar circumstances and with peculiar advantages—the same, we understand, as those upon which Doctor Elrington, the present Bishop of Ferns, when a Senior Fellow, accepted the living upon which he retired, retaining his right to preferment and promotion—but he resigns the most lucrative Chambers ever held in the University, and composed of the sons of the leading nobility and gentry of the land. With the private motives that have led this distinguished and highly gifted individual to the adoption of the step he has taken, neither we nor the public have aught to say; but he has earned for himself, in a capacity distinct from that of his association with the University, a fame and character, reputation and renown, that will not permit our suffering even an hour to escape without some brief notice of his merits and attainments.

“ It is but of recent date, that the Reverend subject of our present memoir has appeared as an actor in the great drama of public life; but from the moment that his name was first known, from that moment it became identified with the history of his country; and Charles Boyton and Protestantism will be synonymous when the future narrator of passing events records the eventful passages of these awful times. Gifted with talents of the first-rate order, he improved by study that which he had received from nature; and his Collegiate Course, from his entrance to the obtainment of his Fellowship, was a series of literary triumphs and academic honours. As a science scholar, Mr Boyton stands preeminent, and is perhaps without a rival in Europe; and possessing ‘a mind to comprehend the universe,’ yet such was the playfulness of his disposition, such his urbanity of

manner and kindness of heart—so easy of approach, and so solicitously earnest as to all the little wants and wishes of those placed under his control—so utterly devoid of the pedantry or moroseness too often the characteristics of the schools, that never was Tutor more sincerely beloved by pupils, or Fellow more universally regarded by students. Few men had concentrated the varied talents requisite for success in public life, to the extent of Mr Boyton. Deeply read, and with a mind richly stored, he commanded an armoury from whence he could readily, and on the instant, draw forth weapons for the sustentation of his own argument, and the utter demolition of those raised by an adversary; his eloquence was dignified, his reasoning persuasive, his style pure and unaffected; and his speeches at the Conservative Society afford the best evidence of the varied talents with which he was endowed—at once emulating the eagle in his lofty soaring—the tiger in his destructive spring.

“We have suddenly lost him as a public character; and this necessarily brief notice is written with feelings of sorrow and regret that we cannot repress—for it may be considered as his political obituary. He goes into other and distant scenes, and is called upon to the discharge of other and different duties; and if ever man was master of the qualifications essential to their performance, Mr Boyton is that person. A profound theologian and eminent divine, he has all the requisites necessary for a Christian minister; an affectionate disposition, a superabundance of the milk of human kindness, and ‘a heart open as the day to melting charity,’ is the best assurance that he will discharge them as a Christian man.

“Greatly to the praise of the Roman Catholic and liberal press of Ireland be it said, that in the full flight of Mr Boyton’s political career—and no individual was ever more uncompromising in his principles, or more sturdy or strenuous in opposition to men or measures—an ungenerous remark, or an undervaluing expression, never appeared in their columns in reference to his name; and we are sure that now that he retires from public observation, he will carry with him their regards, though they cannot yield him their approval; and that they will, as indeed they always have done, render justice to his motives and his talents.”

SIR EUSTACE.

BY THE HON. AUGUSTA NORTON.

CHILD of the dust! whose number’d hours
Are stealing fast away,
Whose sins are unrepented of,
Go shrive thee quick and pray!

For the hour will come, ere soon or late,
When thou must leave this scene;
When all that is to thee shall be
As if ’t had never been.

Sir Eustace was a *gayly* youth,
As beautiful as brave;
He sleeps the long, long sleep of death,
But rests not in his grave;

For though this blind world call’d him good,
And worshipp’d his nod,
He was a most unwholy man —
He did not know his God!

’Tis true, he murdered not, nor stole;
He gave much alms away,
But he gave not to his God the praise,
Nor bowed beneath his sway.

He loved his lady better far
Than all the heavens contain,
And oft the saintly Edith tried
T’ enlighten him in vain.

He only smiled, and laughing said,
“I do the best I can;
Your God is just, my Edith, and
Will ask no more from man.”

“But ’tis because my God is just,
He asks much more from thee;
Oh, lean on him, my Eustace, and
His love and mercy see.”

He would not listen to that voice,
Though sweet it was, and dear;
And Edith breath’d a prayer for him,
And crush’d a rising tear.

Sir Eustace rode to hunt one day,
But came not back at night;
Fair Edith laid her broidery down,
And fear’d all was not right.

For he was faithful to his word,
And never gave her pain,
And when he said he would return,
Was sure to come again.

She wander'd through her splendid hall,
The moon shone bright and clear,
Its beams fell on a cloister'd wall,
Which rose in an angle near ;

And from out that cloister'd wall arose
A quiet vesper lay ;
It rose mid the stillness soft and clear,
Then died in peace away.

The lady listen'd, and she felt
Her spirit soothed thereby ;
" *Thou wilt protect,*" she said, and gazed
Upon the tranquil sky.

She turned, and paced again the hall,
No sound broke on her ear ;
Why starts she as she gazes on
A picture hanging near ?

A moonbeam fell upon the spot,
And lighted up that face ;
It was her Eustace as he stood
In the pride of manly grace.

But there was something sad and pale
In that loved face to-night,
Seen by the flitting, flick'ring beams
Of a pensive moon's light,

Which made the Lady Edith start
And gaze with anxious fear ;
" Oh, Eustace ! if thou shouldst be pale
And ill, and I not near !

" Thou hast no comforter besides ;
Thou knowest not thy God.
Save him, ye Heavens ! oh spare him still !
And stay thy chastening rod !"

A Holy Father stood beside,
" Lady," he said, " thy pray'r
Has come too late, thy Lord is ill,
I come thee to prepare—

" Thee to prepare, who in the strength
Of another's might can stand,
And drink the cup, however keen,
When sent by His high hand."

The Lady bowed before the Priest,
Then raised her gentle brow,
A tear had gather'd in her eye,
She did not let it flow.

" Father," she said, " I am prepared
That high hand to obey,
Unmurm'ringly—resignedly—
Where is my Eustace, say ?"

VOL. XXXIV. NO. CCXI.

" Thy Eustace, Lady, has arrived,
Is now within these walls,
And ev'ry time his speech returns,
It is for thee he calls."—

" Then let us hasten to him now,
Nor longer useless stand ;
My Father, thou wilt lead the way"—
And she took his aged hand.

They reached the room where Eustace lay,
The Beautiful ! the Brave !
And on that noble brow there slept
The shadows of the Grave.

And Edith knelt beside his couch,
And kissed his dark'ning brow ;
The Father stanch'd his bleeding wound,
Though vain he knew it now.

His sense returned, he oped his eyes,
And saw his Edith there,
Patient and pale as the humble flower
Which scents the dark night air.

" Edith, my Edith !" were the words,
The first dear words he said ;
" Thou wilt not leave me now, I know,
I have no other aid.

" My hour is come—I feel it is,
With thee I may not stay ;
O teach me, Edith ! even now,
Teach me the way to pray !

" But vain is my request—vain, vain—
Nay, shake not that dear head,
You moon shall not have sunk to rest,
Ere I am with the dead.

" And he who's spent his summer-time,
Ungrateful to that Power,
Who made it summer, cannot hope
For peace in his dying hour."—

" Eustace, you do not know how great,
How powerful to save,
Is He who died for us, then rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

" Have faith, my Eustace, have but faith,
And He will give thee peace,
Peace to be perfected in Heaven,
Where sin and suffering cease."

She stopped, but in her speaking eyes,
Her serious, earnest air,
Sir Eustace fancied that he read
The very soul of prayer.

Fondly he gazed upon that face,
Then sadly turned away,
And faintly his dying lips breathed forth,
" *It is too late to pray.*"

M

HYMNS OF LIFE. BY MRS HEMANS.

No. IV.

WOOD-WALK AND HYMN.

Move along these shades
In gentleness of heart ; with gentle hand
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

WORDSWORTH.

FATHER.—CHILD.

Child. There are the aspens, with their silvery leaves
Trembling, for ever trembling ! though the lime
And chestnut boughs, and those long arching sprays
Of eglantine, hang still, as if the wood
Were all one picture !

Father. Hast thou heard, my boy,
The peasant's legend of that quivering tree ?

Child. No, father ; doth he say the fairies dance
Amidst the branches ?

Father. Oh ! a cause more deep,
More solemn, far, the rustic doth assign
To the strange restlessness of those wan leaves !
The cross, he deems, the blessed cross, whereon
The meek Redeemer bowed his head to death,
Was framed of aspen wood ; and since that hour,
Through all its race the pale tree hath sent down
A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe,
Making them tremulous, when not a breeze
Disturbs the airy thistle-down, or shakes
The light lines of the shining gossamer.

Child, (after a pause.) Dost thou believe it, father ?

Father. Nay, my child,
We walk in clearer light. But yet, even now,
With something of a lingering love I read
The characters, by that mysterious hour,
Stamp'd on the reverential soul of man
In visionary days ; and thence thrown back
On the fair forms of nature. Many a sign
Of the great sacrifice which won us Heaven,
The Woodman and the Mountaineer can trace
On rock, on herb, and flower. And be it so !
They do not wisely that, with hurried hand,
Would pluck these salutary fancies forth
From their strong soil within the Peasant's breast,
And scatter them—far, far too fast !—away
As worthless weeds :—Oh ! little do we know
When they have soothed, when saved !

But come, dear boy !
My words grow tinged with thought too deep for thee.
Come,—let us search for violets.

Child. Know you not
More of the legends which the Woodmen tell
Amidst the trees and flowers ?

Father. Wilt thou know more ?
Bring then the folding leaf, with dark brown stains,
There—by the mossy roots of yon old beech,
Midst the rich tuft of cowslips—see'st thou not ?
There is a spray of woodbine from the tree
Just bending o'er it, with a wild bee's weight.

Child. The Arum leaf?

Father. Yes, these deep inwrought marks,
The villager will tell thee—(and with voice
Lower'd in his true heart's reverent earnestness)—
Are the flower's portion from th' atoning blood
On Calvary shed. Beneath the cross it grew;
And, in the vase-like hollow of its leaf,
Catching from that dread shower of agony
A few mysterious drops, transmitted thus
Unto the groves and hills, their scaling stains,
A heritage, for storm or vernal wind
Never to waft away!

And hast thou seen
The Passion-flower?—It grows not in the woods,
But 'midst the bright things brought from other climes.

Child. What, the pale star-shaped flower, with purple streaks
And light green tendrils?

Father. Thou hast mark'd it well.
Yes, a pale, starry, dreamy-looking flower,
As from a land of spirits!—To mine eye
Those faint wan petals—colourless—and yet
Not white, but shadowy—with the mystic lines
(As letters of some wizard language gone)
Into their vapour-like transparence wrought,
Bear something of a strange solemnity,
Awfully lovely!—and the Christian's thought
Loves, in their cloudy penciling, to find
Dread symbols of his Lord's last mortal pangs,
Set by God's hand—The coronal of thorns—
The Cross—the wounds—with other meanings deep,
Which I will teach thee when we meet again
That flower, the chosen for the martyr's wreath,
The Saviour's holy flower.

But let us pause:
Now have we reach'd the very inmost heart
Of the old wood.—How the green shadows close
Into a rich, clear, summer darkness round,
A luxury of gloom!—Scarce doth one ray,
Ev'n when a soft wind parts the foliage, steal
O'er the bronzed pillars of these deep arcades;
Or if it doth, 'tis with a mellow'd hue
Of glow-worm-colour'd light.

Here, in the days
Of Pagan visions, would have been a place
For worship of the wood-nymphs! Through these oaks
A small, fair gleaming temple might have thrown
The quivering image of its Dorian shafts
On the stream's bosom: or a sculptured form,
Dryad, or fountain-goddess of the gloom,
Have bow'd its head o'er that dark crystal down,
Drooping with beauty, as a lily droops
Under bright rain:—but *we*, my child, are here
With God, our God, a Spirit; who requires
Heart-worship, given in spirit and in truth;
And this high knowledge—deep, rich, vast enough
To fill and hallow all the solitude,
Makes consecrated earth where'er we move,
Without the aid of shrines.

What! dost thou feel
The solemn whispering influence of the scene
Oppressing thy young-heart? that thou dost draw
More closely to my side, and clasp my hand

Faster in thine ? Nay, fear not, gentle child !
 'Tis Love, not Fear, whose vernal breath pervades
 The stillness round. Come, sit beside me here,
 Where brooding violets mantle this green slope
 With dark exuberance—and beneath these plumes
 Of wavy fern, look where the cup-moss holds
 In its pure crimson goblets, fresh and bright,
 The starry dew of morning. Rest awhile,
 And let me hear once more the woodland verse
 I taught thee late—'twas made for such a scene.
 (*Child speaks.*)

WOOD HYMN.

Broods there some spirit here ?
 The summer leaves hang silent as a cloud,
 And o'er the pools, all still and darkly clear,
 The wild wood-hyacinth with awe seems bow'd ;
 And something of a tender cloistral gloom
 Deepens the violet's bloom.

The very light, that streams
 Through the dim dewy veil of foliage round,
 Comes tremulous with emerald-tinted gleams,
 As if it knew the place were holy ground ;
 And would not startle, with too bright a burst,
 Flowers, all divinely nurs'd.

Wakes there some spirit here ?
 A swift wind fraught with change, comes rushing by,
 And leaves and waters, in its wild career,
 Shed forth sweet voices—each a mystery !
 Surely some awful influence must pervade
 These depths of trembling shade !

Yes, lightly, softly move !
 There is a Power, a Presence in the woods ;
 A viewless Being, that with Life and Love
 Informs the reverential solitudes :
 The rich air knows it, and the mossy sod—
 Thou, *Thou* art here, my God !

And if with awe we tread
 The Minster-floor, beneath the storied pane,
 And midst the mouldering banners of the dead ;
 Shall the green voiceful wild seem *less* Thy fane,
 Where Thou alone hast built ?—where arch and roof
 Are of thy living woof ?

The silence and the sound
 In the lone places, breathe alike of Thee ;
 The Temple-twilight of the gloom profound,
 The dew-cup of the frail anemone,
 The reed by every wandering whisper thrill'd—
 All, all with thee are fill'd !

Oh ! purify mine eyes,
 More and yet more, by Love and lowly Thought,
 Thy Presence, Holiest One ! to recognise,
 In these majestic aisles which Thou hast wrought !
 And 'midst their sealike murmurs, teach mine ear
 Ever Thy voice to hear !

And sanctify my heart
 To meet the awful sweetness of that tone,
 With no faint thrill, or self-accusing start,
 But a deep joy the heavenly Guest to own;
 Joy, such as dwelt in Eden's glorious bowers
 Ere Sin had dimm'd the flowers.

Let me not know the change
 O'er Nature thrown by Guilt!—the boding sky,
 The hollow leaf-sounds ominous and strange,
 The weight wherewith the dark tree-shadows lie!
 Father! oh! keep my footsteps pure and free,
 To walk the woods with Thee!

THE WATER-LILY.

BY MRS HEMANS.

— — — The Water-Lilies, that are serene in the calm clear water, but no less serene among the black and scowling waves.

Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.

Oh! beautiful thou art,
 Thou sculpture-like and stately River-Queen!
 Crowning the depths, as with the light serene
 Of a pure heart.

Bright Lily of the wave!
 Rising in fearless grace with every swell,
 Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
 Dwelt in thy cell:

Lifting alike thy head
 Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,
 Whether with foam or pictured azure spread
 The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,
 The gentle and the firm? thus bearing up
 To the blue sky that alabaster cup,
 As to the shower?

Oh! Love is most like thee,
 The Love of Woman; quivering to the blast
 Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,
 'Midst Life's dark sea.

And Faith—oh! is not Faith
 Like thee, too, Lily? springing into light,
 Still buoyantly, above the billows' might,
 Through the storm's breath?

Yes, link'd with such high thoughts,
 Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie!
 T'ill something there of its own purity
 And peace be wrought:

Something yet more divine
 Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre shed
 Forth from thy breast upon the river's bed,
 As from a shrine.

DEPARTURE.

WHEN I go away from my own dear home,
 Let it be at the fall of the leaf—
 When the soulless things that to me have been
 Like spirits peopling the silent scene,
 Are fading, as if in grief.

When the strains of the summer birds have ceased,
 Or in far-off regions swell—
 Oh ! let me not hear the blithesome song
 Of that Blackbird I fed all winter long,
 When I'm taking my last farewell.

The Robin-redbreast will come, I know,
 That morn to the window pane,
 To look, as wont, for the scattered feast,
 With his large dark eyes :—and that day, at least,
 He shall not look in vain.

Let the Autumn wind, when I go away,
 Make moan with its long-drawn breath—
 "Fare thee well, sad one !" 'twill seem to say—
 "Yet a little while, and a little way,
 And thy feet shall rest in death."

And here, and there, an evergreen leaf
 I'll gather from shrub and tree,
 To take with me wherever I go ;
 And when this poor head in peace lies low,
 To be laid in the coffin with me.

I go not like one in the strength of youth,
 Who hopes, though the passing cloud
 May pour down its icy hail amain,
 That summer and sunshine will break out again
 The brighter from sorrow's shroud.

An April morn and a clouded day
 My portion of life hath been ;
 And darker and darker the evening sky
 Stretches before me gloomily,
 To the verge of the closing scene.

Gloomily darkens the evening sky :
 I shall go with a heavy heart—
 Yet—would I change, if the power were mine,
 One tittle decreed by the will Divine ?
 Oh ! no—not a thousandth part ;—

In my blindness I've wished—in my feebleness wept—
 With a weak, weak woman's wail—
 But humbling my heart and its hopes in the dust
 (All its hopes that are earthly)—I've anchored my trust
 On the strength that can never fail.

ON THE FINANCIAL POLICY OF MR PITT AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

WHATEVER other opinions may be entertained as to the present state of the British empire, one thing is perfectly clear, that the state of its FINANCES is a subject of the most anxious solicitude. Heavy as are the weights which, in all quarters, hang upon its energies, the load of its National Debt is by far the heaviest. This is a subject which will admit of no delay; which inevitably forces itself upon the consideration of the most inconsiderate Government; and has gone on, accumulating in difficulties and increasing with perplexity, with every successive Administration which has been called to the helm of affairs. It requires not the gift of prophecy to foresee, that if the other seeds of ruin which have been sown amongst us, with so unsparing a hand, within the last three years, fail in producing their appropriate fruit, and the strength of the British empire withstands the many attempts which have been made to destroy it, the embarrassment of its finances is an evil which must in the end occasion its decline. It is utterly impossible, that a nation, which is perpetually living upon temporary expedients, and struggling on from one embarrassment to another in the administration of its finances, can permanently uphold the character and display the firmness which is necessary to sustain the greatest dominion which the world has seen since the fall of the Roman empire.

All are agreed as to the enormous load and disastrous consequences of the debt; but opinions are as various as the poles are asunder, as to the party which is to be blamed for its contraction, and the means which are to be pursued for its removal. The Whigs exclaim, that it is the Tories who contracted the debt; that their unjust and unnecessary war against the French Revolution added six hundred millions to its amount; that with the wealth which so lavish an expenditure placed at their disposal, they obtained the corrupt majorities which carried on the contest; and that at length they yielded the

helm to their opponents, when the nation was almost bankrupt,—and left to them the charge of a state so encumbered as to be incapable of any efficient exertion. The Tories reply, that it was owing to the revolutionary passions of France, and the reckless encouragement which they received from the Whigs of this country, that the war was rendered necessary; that it added forty years to the existence of Britain, and quadrupled both its moral and physical resources; that without that expenditure the nation not only could not have kept its place in the European Family, but must inevitably have sunk amidst the gigantic efforts which the Continental Powers made during the course of the struggle; and that the present weight and hopeless aspect of the debt is entirely owing to the departure of succeeding Governments from the firm and able principles of Mr Pitt's financial policy, and the popular clamour which compelled, for no adequate advantage, the repeal of so many of the taxes on which the ultimate redemption of the debt was founded. The Radicals, without troubling themselves much with the historical question, which of the two parties who have ruled the State is most to be blamed for its contraction, maintain that the only practical question now is, what is to be done with it; that the means of solving this question are easy and obvious; that it was the boroughmongers who contracted the debt, and, therefore, by the boroughmongers it should be defrayed; and that the only practicable mode of effecting this object is, either to make such an equitable adjustment of the claims of the fundholders, as may lower them in proportion to the diminished resources of the nation; or to lay on a heavy tax on its proprietors, to the relief of its industrial classes, and thus lay the burden on the shoulders of those for whose behoof it was contracted.

In the midst of the collision of these opposite opinions, the state of the Revenue is daily becoming more

hopeless.* The Duke of Wellington left his successors a clear excess of income above expenditure, of £1,800,000 a-year, and a real Sinking Fund of £2,900,000; but this has been so much impaired by the decline occasioned by the agitation of the Reform Bill, and the indirect taxes remitted during its continuance, that the surplus has wholly disappeared, and the Sinking Fund no longer exists. In the year ending 5th Jan. 1832, the public deficiency was £1,585,000, a sum unparalleled in the history of England; and although this deficiency has disappeared in consequence of the spring which industry took after the termination of that disastrous contest, and the return of Government to a more Conservative system of administration, yet all hopes of an efficient Sinking Fund are abandoned, and the nation is content to sit down for ever under an annual payment of eight and twenty millions.

The liquidation or even gradual reduction of the debt must appear still more hopeless, if the financial measures of the Reformed Parliament are taken into consideration, and the expectations entertained by their constituents in the country, are viewed in their probable effect upon future times. In its first session the Reformed Parliament has added, on the most moderate calculation, thirty millions to the National Debt, merely in order to enable Government to carry into effect measures of the most hazardous and doubtful character. Having placed the representation in the hands of persons liable to be swayed by all the impulses which rule public assemblies, they have found themselves compelled to introduce a measure for the emancipation of the negroes, so disastrous, that twenty millions was a most inadequate sum to compensate their losses. The

same cause has produced a Legislature so strongly impressed with the passion for innovation, that even the matchless splendour and unexampled growth of our Indian empire have been unable to prevent it from becoming the subject of experimental legislation: and ten millions must be raised to pave the way for the entry of popular power into that Peninsula, and the chance of destroying the most splendid empire ever erected in the East. While the public resources are thus lavished with so profuse a hand in the foreign dependencies of the empire, internal expenditure has increased in a similar proportion. All the estimates for the Army, the Navy, and the civil departments, were increased the year after the Duke of Wellington left the helm.† And although the estimates were reduced in the preceding year to a more reasonable amount, yet the prodigal propensities of the popular government, have increased this year to a most alarming degree. The economical Lord Chancellor has already signalized his administration by the creation of a Bankruptcy Court, which costs the nation £36,000 a-year, and eighty Judges, for the trial of causes below £50 in the counties, with a yearly salary, including travelling expenses, of £2000, would have been, in the end, imposed on the country, if the monstrous project had not been defeated by the House of Peers. The total Judicial Establishment, with the necessary apparatus of clerks, contemplated by the economical Lord Chancellor, would have probably cost above £300,000 a-year; while the Sheriffs in Scotland, who have jurisdiction to the amount of a million sterling, and may try for life and death, are found to be amply paid with salaries of from three to four hundred.

While such is the enormous pro-

	Income of Great Britain.		Expenditure.
* Year ending 5th Jan. 1831,	.	£1,54,840,000	£1,53,011,000
Do. 1832,	.	50,990,000	52,575,000
Do. 1833,	.	51,686,000	50,385,000
<i>Parl. Paper, 11th June, 1833.</i>			
	Army.		Navy. Civil Government.
† Year ending 5th Jan. 1831—	£7,432,000	£5,594,000	£1,578,000
—————1832—	7,732,000	5,870,000	1,661,000
—————1833—	7,137,000	4,878,000	1,564,000

digality of the Whig Administration, the expectations and demands of the country exhibit a still more alarming prospect of ultimate insolvency to the nation. In proportion as our rulers, with the desperate recklessness which accompanies and indicates a consciousness of approaching downfall, are lavishing money on the right and left, as the only solvent to remove the otherwise insurmountable difficulties, which, by their inconceivable rashness in the formation of the new constituency, they have thrown in the way of Government, the people are daily becoming more loud and clamorous for the instant abolition of all those burdens which they were told were kept on only to uphold Tory abuses, and which their present rulers so long maintained could be safely remitted without impairing either the strength or the stability of Government. The repeal of the assessed taxes, of the malt tax, and of other important branches of the public income, is now so fiercely demanded by the people, that it can be postponed only by a violent exertion of Ministerial influence, and inducing the House of Commons to restore in one week what they had taken off in the preceding: And it is not difficult to foresee that, with the increasing weakness of Ministers, and exasperation of the people, these, and many other principal feeders of the revenue, must soon be sacrificed. Thus, while Government, from the difficulties which they themselves have created, and the impracticable principles which they have rendered so powerful in the Legislature, have rendered a lavish expenditure, and a prodigious addition to the public debt, the only means of carrying on the Administration, the people are daily becoming more clamorous for the relief from all the burdens which they were led to suppose would immediately cease with the Reform Triumph, and threaten with instant destruction any Ministry who do not at once concede to them their long-promised, and now shamefully withheld, liberation from burdens. In the midst of this violent struggle, any thing like a regular system of finance is utterly abandoned: Government lives from day to day on shifts and expedients; the revolutionary cry

for innovation is stopped for a moment by the sacrifice of the great interests of the State; and the lamentations of the proprietors, thus threatened with destruction, are silenced by an immediate promise of money; and, in the midst of this extraordinary scene, the national burdens are continually augmented, the Sinking Fund disappears, the debt becomes irredeemable, the whole effects of fifteen years of economy are swept away by one season of prodigality; and, as the earnest of the financial reforms of the democratic Parliament, the nation finds itself saddled with an addition of thirty millions to the National Debt, and L.1,500,000 a-year of interest for ever, during a season of profound peace.

Extraordinary and bewildering as these results must appear to those who have been led to look to popular ascendancy for an immediate reform of all abuses and contraction of every species of expenditure, they are by no means surprising to those who are accustomed to look to historical experience for the grounds of their estimate of the effects of public changes. Democratical governments ever have been the most profuse and lavish dispensers of revenue; and the reason is, that being founded on the passions of the people, not their lasting interests, they require wealth to give them durable ascendancy, and are careless of futurity, from the precarious tenure by which they hold their authority. Adam Smith enumerates the nations which in his time were overwhelmed by their public debt, and they were, Genoa, Venice, Holland, and England; precisely the governments which are most popular in their constitution, and where the boasted vigilance of democratic jealousy might have been expected to have been most efficient in checking the commencement of abuses. The revenue of England under the Plantagenets, the Tudors, the Stuarts, had never reached L.900,000 a-year; but it was raised at once by Lord Protector Cromwell, at the head of the armed force of the democracy, to L.1,868,000. And the sums raised during the Republican period from all legal revenue, and *exactions and extortions*, were no less than L.83,331,000, or L.4,300,000 a-year. The expendi-

ture of Charles II., with all his mistresses and his prodigality, was L.41,000,000 in twenty-four years, or under L.2,000,000 a-year; but William III., brought in on the shoulders of the popular movement in 1688, augmented it to L.3,895,000 a-year.* The taxes raised by Louis XVI. at the commencement of the Revolution in France, did not amount to L.24,000,000 a-year; but the National Convention raised the expenditure, in 1793, to the unprecedented sum of L.200,000,000 a-year; and if they had ever paid the debt they contracted, the successive revolutionary governments would have saddled the nation with a debt of at least a thousand millions sterling. The expenditure of Charles X. was about L.40,000,000 a-year; but it has been raised by the Citizen King to L.64,000,000; and, so far from diminishing, it is hourly on the increase. So uniform a chain of results must have arisen from some common cause; and it requires little knowledge of human nature to perceive what this cause is. Economy requires foresight, and implies a systematic plan for the conduct of life, or the attainment of some considerable object: prodigality stands in need of no anticipations, and finds in its immediate consequences the gratifications and enjoyments to which it sacrifices the future. The perpetual vacillation of a popular Government gives a continual encouragement to the prodigality of the successive Ad-

ministrations which are called to the helm, because, by weakening their power, and blasting all hopes of any thing like durability in its possession, it both occasions the necessity of corrupt influence, and removes every motive to a resolute or stable system of financial administration. With every successive addition to democratic influence, the recklessness in the administration of the British finances has increased; the Reform Bill has brought matters to a crisis, and rendered the due application of the national resources to the liquidation of the national engagements utterly hopeless.

A survey of the changes which have been made on the British finances by the different Administrations which have ruled their destinies for the last twenty years, is best exemplified by the successive encroachments which they have made on the Sinking Fund.† The instructive table given below, both demonstrates the enormous and wasteful inroads which successive Administrations have made on this palladium of British strength, and the signal manner in which, with every addition made to popular power, the fund of credit for future ages has been diminished, under the influence of no external necessity, but the mere pressure arising from the growing impatience and influence of the people. Lord Castlereagh was ridiculed and vilified for years for complaining of "an ignorant impatience of taxation;"

* See Pebrer, *Statistics of the British Empire*, 113.

† The following is a Table of the amount of the Sinking Fund, and the amount of the debt redeemed, annually, for the last twenty years:—

1813—L.24,246,000	{ Sinking Fund } { broken upon. }	1823—L.17,966,000
1814— 27,522,000		1824— 4,828,000
1815— 22,559,000		1825—10,583,000
1816— 24,001,000		1826— 3,313,000
1817— 23,117,000		1827— 2,886,000
1818—19,460,000		1828— 2,732,000
1819—19,648,000		1829— 2,834,000
1820—31,191,000		1830— 2,900,000
1821—24,518,000		1831— System abandoned.
1822—23,605,000		

Pebrer's Tables.

* The foregoing calculations are taken from Pebrer's *Statistical Tables*—a work recently published by Baldwin and Co., of very great labour and importance. It embraces all that is of value in the tables of Moreau and Colquhoun, with a vast deal of new information admirably digested and arranged. It is a work which should be in the hands of every person desirous of obtaining a distinct view of the present state of the British Empire; and we express this opinion the more readily, because the political opinions of the author, though always stated with candour, differ widely on most subjects from our own.

but there never was a juster observation made by man: and had it been the fate of England to have been governed by rulers of his foresight and resolution, with powers adequate to carry what they felt to be right into effect since the peace of Paris, the National Debt would, by this time, have been almost extinguished, and the national strength developed to an incalculable extent.

To illustrate the irreparable extent of the injury which the encroachment on the Sinking Fund has done to the finances and strength of England, we have given below two Tables,* the first shewing how that fund had grown up under the fostering hand of Mr Pitt, and the second the sum which it would have

paid off, from 1813 down to this time, had its operations not been impaired. The survey is as melancholy as it is instructive. From it it appears, that in the twenty-seven years from 1786 to 1813, the Sinking Fund had risen from one to fifteen millions sterling; and that if it had not been encroached upon, it would have amounted in 1833 to nearly forty millions; and that the sum which it would have paid off since the battle of Waterloo, would have been above five hundred millions. The interest of the remaining debt would not have exceeded L.8,000,000 sterling; and the nation, *but for its own impatience since 1815*, might have now seen *twenty millions a-year taken off*; a sum which would have swept

* I.—Table showing the growth of the Sinking Fund from its institution by Mr Pitt in 1786, till it was broken upon in 1813, with the amount of Stock redeemed in each year:

	Carry,	L. 18,178,000
1786—	L. 662,000	1800— 10,713,000
1787—	1,503,000	1801— 10,491,000
1788—	1,506,000	1802— 9,436,000
1789—	1,558,000	1803— 13,181,000
1790—	1,587,000	1804— 12,860,000
1791—	1,507,000	1805— 13,759,000
1792—	1,962,000	1806— 15,341,000
1793—	2,174,000	1807— 16,064,000
1794—	2,804,000	1808— 16,161,000
1795—	3,083,000	1809— 16,665,000
1796—	4,390,000	1810— 17,884,000
1797—	6,790,000	1811— 20,733,000
1798—	8,102,000	1812— 21,246,000
1799—	10,550,000	1813— 27,522,000
	L. 48,178,000	L. 273,234,000

See *Pebrer's Tables*, 246.

N.B.—These sums are the *Stock* paid off, not the sterling money advanced by the Sinking Fund, which was in general less in the proportion of the current price of Stock to 100.—See *Pebrer's Tables*, 246.

Table II.—Shewing what the Sinking Fund would have paid off if not encroached upon from 1813 to 1833, in sterling money, beginning with a fund of fifteen millions yearly.

	Carry,	£212,660,625
1813—	£15,000,000	1824— 25,530,240
1814—	15,750,000	1825— 26,839,360
1815—	16,537,500	1826— 28,181,423
1816—	17,363,870	1827— 29,590,464
1817—	18,231,973	1828— 31,579,590
1818—	19,143,566	1829— 33,158,577
1819—	20,100,774	1830— 34,816,000
1820—	21,005,038	1831— 35,521,000
1821—	22,055,284	1832— 37,238,000
1822—	23,157,048	1833— 39,099,000
1823—	24,315,572	
	L. 212,660,625	L. 534,227,260

off for ever the whole assessed taxes, the whole malt tax, the whole sugar tax, and the whole tea tax, or, if steadily applied to the reduction of the debt, would, in the year 1839, have entirely extinguished it. To have accomplished these great objects, nothing was wanting to the nation but the same virtue which is required to restore the wasted fortune of a family—a steady system of economy, coupled with a religious regard to the funds set aside for the payment of debt. The resources were placed in its hands; the wealth was there; nothing was wanting but the resolution to follow out manfully the system which had been commenced, and which the ignorant impatience of the people alone induced them in an evil hour to abandon.

Had the derangement of the British finances resulted from unavoidable causes, or been the effect of calamities which the people had done their utmost to avert, their present state would have been comparatively a matter of little regret. But the deplorable circumstance is, that all this difficulty, now apparently inextricable, might have been averted. In proof of this, we have transcribed on a succeeding page a statement of the taxes which have been repealed since the battle of Waterloo, amounting, in net produce, now to no less than THIRTY-SIX MILLIONS a-year, of which upwards of twenty millions have been indirect taxes. Now, to have upheld the Sinking Fund, all that was requisite was to have set apart, as was done till the year 1814, a fund which had then risen to fifteen millions yearly, to its support; and the accumulation of this fund, eating in at compound interest into the debt, would have accomplished all the financial wonders which are now the subject only of unavailing regret. The whole income tax might have been repealed, and with it the *whole assessed taxes*, and the more oppressive of the indirect taxes, such as the salt and malt duties. The maintenance of the Sinking Fund, and with it the certain extinction of the debt before the year 1840, would have resulted from the keeping on merely of indirect taxes, from the repeal of which no interest in the State has derived any benefit.

It is the enormous and unceasing repeal of the indirect taxes since the

peace, which is the origin of all our present financial difficulties; and the question therefore is, was the repeal of the indirect taxes either necessary or expedient? Nothing seems to be clearer than that it was not. What benefit has resulted from the repeal of taxes on Soap, Leather, Hides, or Calicoes? Most of these articles have fallen little, if at all, in price, and even where the reduction has been considerable, the relief thus afforded to any one family in the kingdom has been almost imperceptible. In like manner, who has been the better of the repeal of the beer tax, which brought in no less than L.3,000,000 a-year? No one but the drunkards of the United Kingdom; for though the price of *ale*, the intoxicating liquor, has fallen greatly from the reduction of the duty, the price of *beer*, the nutritious beverage, has not fallen more than was the necessary result of the change in the value of money during the last eight years, or than other articles have fallen, during the same time, from which no duty whatever has been taken. In like manner, what good has resulted from the repeal of the duties on spirits? None whatever, unless the multiplication of drunkenness to such an extent as to have nearly doubled crime in the United Kingdom, can be called a benefit. The repeal of the indirect taxes, in short, has hardly benefited anyone, except the dealers in the several articles which have been relieved; and even they have suffered so severely from the grinding distress which the vast diminution of the Government expenditure has brought upon a large proportion of their customers, that it may be doubted whether they have experienced any lasting benefit from the measure. At least it is certain that every branch of industry is more depressed than it was during the war; and therefore the good arising even to the dealers in the articles from which taxes have been taken by the repeal, has been more than counterbalanced by the diminution of Government expenditure which it necessarily occasioned.

There is a peculiar reason which has rendered the repeal of so many indirect taxes since the peace in an especial manner deplorable. Prices, since that event, and more especially since the termination of the Bank Restriction Act in 1819, have steadily

and constantly declined; and it is not going too far to say, that, on an average, they have fallen a third since that time. Even, therefore, if the indirect taxes had been maintained, the price of all the articles from which the impost has been removed, would have been continually falling, and therefore the consumer of them would have been constantly getting into better humour. If, indeed, prices had been rising, it might have been argued, that it was a most vexatious circumstance for the persons who consumed taxed articles to see those prices still farther enhanced by the duty to Government; but when they were constantly falling, nothing can be more evident than that it was wholly unnecessary to press for their removal.

Farther, by the application of machinery to many of the articles of manufacture, it is possible to effect a very great reduction in their price; and this has been carried, by the aid of steam, to such a length, that many of the finer manufactures are now raised at a *sixth* of the cost which they were during the war. With such a power at the command of the nation to counterbalance and render imperceptible the load of taxation, it was surely the height of political error to take the indirect taxes off the articles of that description, and thereby abandon for the Exchequer the benefit of a tax which a fortunate combination of circumstances had rendered imperceptible to the public.

But, most of all, the indirect taxes are the burdens, and the only burdens, which are borne *voluntarily*; which are incurred in the purchase of a luxury or a necessary; from which some benefit or enjoyment has been derived; and their amount is so mixed up with the price of the article purchased, that it is not perceived by the buyer. This is a consideration of first-rate importance: it is so obvious, that it forces itself on the notice of the most superficial observer; and yet its weight, like that of many of the first elements in political science, is totally overlooked by theoretical writers. They constantly look to the bare question, how a given sum can be most cheaply raised from a nation; and they give the preference to direct taxation, because the cost of the collection is

most inconsiderable. But is this the only or the principal element to be taken into account? Are men mere machines from whom you may chip away their substance with equal safety, and as little vexation, by rude blows as a gentle pressure? Are their fortunes a mere banker's account, upon which the Chancellor of the Exchequer may draw either by large sums or little drafts, as suits his convenience? Are they not rather sensitive beings, keenly alive to some kinds of taxation, and absolutely indifferent to others? Do not taxes on consumption fall upon the purchaser in such small sums, and in so disguised a manner, as to be altogether imperceptible in the great variety of instances? And do not direct taxes, on the other hand, occur in so odious and grating a form, that the ill-humour and exasperation they excite are out of all proportion to the absolute amount which they bear?

What was the tax against which the nation rose as one man in 1816? The income tax, the great and burdensome direct duty. What was the tax against which the popular outcry, expressed through the organ of the Reformed Parliament, was most strongly raised in the Session of 1833? The assessed taxes, the remaining odious direct impost. Their amount is inconsiderable compared to the indirect taxes, having amounted only in 1832 to

House Tax,	L.1,361,000
Windows,	1,185,000
	<hr/>
	L.2,546,000

Whereas the total revenue in the same year was L.51,686,000. Yet these assessed taxes, not amounting to a *twentieth* part of the whole revenue, were felt as more grievous than all the other public burdens, amounting to nineteen times their amount! Can there be a more convincing proof how extremely impolitic it is to maintain the odious burden of direct taxes, and how readily twenty times their amount is overlooked when laid on in the indirect way?

Reverse the case. Suppose that the direct taxes were to be raised from L.2,500,000 to L.48,000,000 a year, and that the indirect taxes were to be lowered to L.3,000,000.

Could the nation bear this for one month? At that rate, every man who now pays L.10 to the assessed tax collector would require to pay L.200. Gentlemen in the middling ranks of life, who now pay L.30 yearly, would be forced to pay L.600. Could this be endured? Unquestionably not; and yet this is but a *reductio ad absurdum* of the inconceivable paradox which prefers direct to indirect taxation.

We do not recollect any very general complaint being made by the nation in any year since the peace, of the burden of any indirect tax. Efforts there were, no doubt, in plenty, and unfortunately with too much success, by the dealers in particular commodities to get the duty taken off their article of commerce; and the motive was obvious. They hoped, by keeping the price up at or near its former amount, to put the whole or nearly the whole tax in their pockets; and caught by this glittering vision, they were indefa-

tigable in their endeavours to effect a reduction in the taxes which affected themselves. When the tax remitted was very large, the dealers could not effect this, and the public gained the whole benefit of the remission. This was the case with the duties on salt, spirits, and several others. But where the duty was more inconsiderable, as in the case of leather, hides, wool, and *table-beer* (not ale), the remission made no difference whatever in the price, and the revenue was essentially injured, without any one being benefited, except the dealers in those articles.

The extent to which the remission of indirect taxes since the peace has gone on, is almost incredible, and amply explains the present disastrous state of the public revenue.* From a paper recently published by Parliament, it appears that the gross amount of the taxes remitted since that event has arisen to the enormous sum of forty-two millions annually;

* Taxes repealed since the Peace.

	Net produce.	Gross produce.
1814— War duties on Goods, &c., . . .	L.932,000	L.948,861
1815— Do.,	222,000	222,749
1816— War Malt Duties, Property Tax, . . .	17,547,000	17,886,666
1817— Sweet Wines,	37,000	37,812
1818— Vinegar, &c.,	9,500	9,524
1819— Plate Glass, &c.,	269,000	273,573
1820— Beer in Scotland,	4,000	4,000
1821— Wool, &c.,	471,000	490,113
1822— Annual Malt, and Hides,	2,139,000	2,164,037
1823— Salt, and Assessed Taxes,	4,185,000	4,286,389
1824— Thrown Silk and Salt,	1,801,000	1,805,467
1825— Wine, Salt, &c.,	3,676,000	3,771,019
1826— Rum, British Spirits,	1,967,000	1,473,915
1827— Stamps,	84,000	84,038
1828— Rice, &c.,	51,000	52,227
1829— Silk, &c.,	126,000	126,406
1830— Beer, Hides, and Sugar,	4,070,000	4,264,425
1831— Printed Cottons, Coals,	1,588,000	3,189,312
1832— Candles, Almonds, &c.,	747,000	754,996
1833— Soap, Tiles, &c., estimated at . . .	1,000,000	1,100,000

Laid on in the same time,	L.40,915,000	L.43,445,529
	5,813,000	

	Net balance reduced,	L.35,102,000
Of which was direct,	L.17,628,000	
Indirect,	17,490,000	
		L.35,118,000

Customs,	L.8,820,000
Excise,	12,276,000
Stamps,	461,000
Post Office,	130,000

L.21,687,000

Parl. Paper, 14th June, 1833.

that the fresh ones laid on were L.5,500,000; leaving a balance of L.36,500,000 yearly, reduced during that period. Of these, L.18,500,000 were direct, and L.23,000,000 indirect taxes.

Now what we maintain should have been done is this. The whole direct taxes, including the Income, House, and Window Duties, should have been at once repealed; and perhaps the duties on carriages and servants also. The taxes upheld should have been those on consumption, with the Stamps and Land Tax, only. In this way, it is not extravagant to affirm the burden of taxation would, comparatively speaking, have been unfelt by the people, while the benefit to the nation and the public strength would have been incalculable, from the growing and cheering operation of the Sinking Fund. The empire would not then, as now, have been staggering under a load of burdens, which there is no prospect whatever of removing; and the national majesty would not have been impaired by the necessity of maintaining a timorous, Venetian foreign policy, during all the remaining years of its existence.

We do not dispute that the remission of indirect taxes was, in many cases, a benefit, in some a very great benefit, to the working classes. Every farthing that could have been spared, therefore, after the necessary establishment was upheld, and the interest of the Debt and the Sinking Fund provided for, should have been taken off. In this way, the taxes most vexatious to the poor, particularly those on malt, salt, soap, and candles, might have been remitted, even with a perfect regard to the safety of these vital objects. But no degree of importunity, no amount of clamour, should have induced Government to remit any of the indirect taxes which interfered with these great duties; for to do so was to surrender to the spoiled child the fund destined for his future livelihood. Granting that the repeal of many of the taxes on consumption was a benefit, the question is, was it a benefit which can at

all be considered as a set-off to the enormous evil of sitting down for ever under the burden of the debt? That is the other alternative, and to it we are now reduced.

As matters now stand, we shall, unless the Radicals bring us to an equitable adjustment, in other words, a general bankruptcy, be compelled to pay the whole debt five times over in every century, in the form of interest, for ever! Had the nation had the wisdom to bear, and our rulers had the firmness to keep on, fifteen millions of the indirect taxes which have been repealed since 1815, their amount would have already paid off five hundred millions of the debt, and in seven years more would have totally extinguished it. Now, what is the burden of fifteen millions from 1815 to 1840, compared to the burden of twenty-eight millions a-year for ever! The thing will not bear an argument.

If indeed the nation had been positively unable to bear the burden of the fifteen millions thus recklessly and improvidently taken off since the battle of Waterloo, it might have been justly argued that the evil consequences of their repeal, however much to be deplored, were unavoidable, and, therefore, that the hopeless nature of the debt thereby occasioned may be the subject of regret, but cannot be reproached as a fault to any party whatsoever. But, unfortunately, this is not the case. To all appearance, the nation has derived *no benefit whatever* from this monstrous repeal, but has, on the contrary, suffered in all its present interests, as well as its future prospects, from the change.

In proof of this, it is only necessary to consider, that during the war the nation not only existed, but thrived, under burdens much greater than any which have been imposed since its termination. The total amount of expenditure, including the Sinking Fund in its concluding years, compared with the expenditure of the three last years, stood as follows (*Moreau: and Parl. Papers.*)

Expended.		Raised by Taxes.		Expended.	
1813—	L.107,644,000	1813—	L.63,211,000	1830—	L.55,824,000
1814—	122,235,000	1814—	70,926,000	1831—	54,840,000
1815—	129,742,399	1815—	72,131,000	1832—	50,990,000
1816—	130,305,000	1816—	76,834,000	1833—	51,686,000

Now we all recollect these years, which were not only not years of suffering, but seasons of more than usual prosperity. No doubt this prosperity was in a great degree fictitious; that is, it was owing to a large portion of the capital of the nation being spent in an unproductive form; and it is equally clear that if this had gone on at the same rate for some years longer, irreparable ruin must have been the result. But there is a medium in all things. As much as the expenditure before 1816 was greater than a healthful state of the body politic could bear, so much has the expenditure since 1816 been less. Violent transitions are as injurious in political as in social life. To pass at once from a state of vast and unprecedented expenditure to one of rigid and jealous economy, is in the highest degree injurious to a nation. It is like making a man who has drunk for years a bottle and a half of port a-day, suddenly take to toast and water. It may sometimes be unavoidable; but unquestionably it cannot be otherwise than painful and prejudicial to its present happiness, and springs of future fortune.

It was unquestionably right at the conclusion of the war to make as great a reduction as possible in the Army and Navy, and the expense of Civil Government; and to stop at once the ruinous system of borrowing money. But having done this, the question is, was it expedient to go a step farther, and make such reductions as amounted to a repeal of the Sinking Fund? That was the ruinous measure. The maintenance of the fifteen millions a-year of the Sinking Fund, would, to all appearance, have been a happy medium, which, without adding to, but, on the contrary, diminishing in the long run the national burdens, would at the same time have prevented that violent transition from a state of expenditure to one of retrenchment, under the effects of which, for the last eighteen years, all branches of industry have been labouring.

Every one at that time was deceived as to the tendency of an immediate reduction of expenditure. They looked only to one side of the account. They forgot that if the demands of Government on them were rapidly reduced, their demands on

Government must instantly undergo a similar diminution; that if the Exchequer ceased to collect seventy-five millions a-year, it must cease at the same time to expend it. Every reduction of taxation was held forth and considered as a diminution of the burdens of the nation; whereas in truth, though it was a diminution of these burdens, it drew after it, to the same extent, a reduction in the demand for labour and the employment of the labouring classes. Great part of the distress which has been felt by all classes for the last ten years, is the result of the reduction of expenditure which they forced upon Government by their senseless cry for a diminution of taxation.

No one branch of the Government expenditure would have gone farther to uphold the industry and credit of the country, and diffuse a plentiful demand for labour through all classes, than that which was devoted to the maintenance of the Sinking Fund. A fund beginning at fifteen millions, and progressively rising to twenty, thirty, and forty millions a-year, steadily applied to the payment of the debt, or what is the same thing, its redemption from the holders of Stock, must have had a prodigious effect both in upholding credit, and spreading commercial enterprise through the country. The public Funds, under the influence of the prodigious and growing purchases of the Commissioners, must have been maintained at a very high level; it is perhaps not going too far to assert, that since 1820 they would have been constantly from 90 to 100. The effect of this in upholding credit, vivifying and sustaining commercial enterprise, and counteracting the depression consequent upon the diminution of the Government expenditure in other departments, must have been in the highest degree important. The Stock purchased by the Commissioners would have been let loose upon the country; their operations must have continually poured out upon the nation a stream of wealth, constantly increasing in size, which, in the search for profitable investment, could not have avoided giving the greatest stimulus to every branch of national industry. Nor is this all. The high price of the Funds, consequent upon the vast

and growing purchases of the Commissioners, would not only have preserved that prosperous state of credit which is essential to the wellbeing of a commercial country, but would have induced numbers of private individuals to sell out, in order to realize the great addition to their capital which the rise of the public securities had occasioned. The general prosperity consequent on this state of things, could not have failed to have rendered the taxation requisite to produce it a comparatively trifling burden; the nation would, to all appearance, have been much more prosperous than it has been under the opposite system, and it would have obtained the incalculable advantage of having paid off, during these prosperous years, two-thirds of the national debt.

The chimera so generally received by modern political economists, that the Sinking Fund was a mere delusion, a juggle practised to keep up the spirits of the nation during periods of disaster, is utterly groundless. It is not probable, that so great a man as Mr Pitt should have been taken in by a mere delusion; and still more improbable, that a system founded on error should have succeeded in raising a fund from a million a-year in 1786, to fifteen millions in 1814. But, in truth, there never was the slightest mystery or delusion about the Sinking Fund. It was perfectly just, what Dr Hamilton so well urged, that so long as the nation went on borrowing every year more than it paid off, it was making no progress towards the reduction of its debt; and certainly Mr Pitt was never absurd enough to imagine, that if we paid off fifteen and borrowed thirty millions a-year we were making any reduction in the public burdens. Unquestionably, what Dr Hamilton urged in such circumstances was perfectly correct, that the whole expense of the Sinking Fund, was *pro tempore* a dead loss to the nation. But admitting all that to be true *while the war lasted*—admitting that a nation, equally as an individual, can provide effectually for the discharge of its debts, only by bringing its expenditure below its income—still, the point is, was there any delusion about the Sinking Fund when the war came to a conclusion, and

the contraction of loans ceased? That is the point for consideration. No new loans have been contracted since 1815. Now, since that time, it is impossible to deny, that the Sinking Fund, if not broken upon, would have effected a reduction of five hundred millions. There is no delusion in that proposition, because that fund, in these circumstances, would have been a clear surplus of income above expenditure, and consequently would have formed an unquestionable foundation for the accumulation of a fund at compound interest to effect the progressive reduction of the National Debt.

It is quite an erroneous view of Mr Pitt's policy to suppose that he looked to the Sinking Fund as the means of paying off the debt while loans to a larger amount than it redeemed were contracted every year. What he regarded it was as a fund which would speedily and certainly effect the reduction of the debt in time of PEACE. And the admirable nature of the institution consisted in this, that it provided a fund, constantly accumulating, even during war, which instantly came into powerful operation the moment its expenditure was terminated. This was a point of vital importance; indeed without it, as experience has since proved, all attempts to reduce the debt would have proved entirely nugatory. Mr Pitt knew the natural impatience of taxation in mankind, and the general desire, when the excitement of war ceased, that its burdens should draw to a termination. He foresaw, therefore, that it would be impossible to get the popular representatives, at the conclusion of a war, to lay on new taxes, and provide the establishment of a Sinking Fund, to pay off the debt which had been contracted during its continuance; and the only way, therefore, to secure that desirable object, was to have the whole machinery constructed and in full operation during war, and to have it at once brought forward into full and efficient operation upon the conclusion of hostilities, without any legislative act whatever, by the mere termination of the contraction of loans.

The result has abundantly proved the wisdom of these views. Crippled and mangled as the Sinking Fund

has been, by the merciless encroachments made upon it by the administrations of later times, it has yet done much during the peace to pay off the debt. This is proved by the accounts laid before Parliament.

From them it appears, that at the close of the war in 1815, the Funded debt was

The unfunded,	L.861,822,000
						48,510,000

Total,	L.913,332,000
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Whereas on 5th Jan. 1830, the funded debt was	L.771,251,000
Unfunded do.	32,000,000

	L.803,251,000
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Paid off in fifteen years,						L. 110,081,000 *
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Thus, the Sinking Fund, broken down and impaired as it has been by every successive administration, has in fifteen years paid off one hundred and ten millions of the debt. And it has done this, although a very considerable addition was made to the amount of the funded debt by the bonus of five per cent given to the holders of the five per cent stock, which was reduced to four per cent, which amounted to above L.7,000,000. And it is this Sinking Fund which, even under such disadvantages, has performed such wonders, which the Whigs have had the merit of utterly destroying!

One feature in the conduct of Ministers during this session, is deserving of the highest praise; and we bestow it the more willingly, because it is so seldom that we have had any commendation to bestow on their measures. This is the resolute stand which they have made against any reduction of taxation which might affect the ability of Government to discharge its engagements for interest to the public creditors. But while this resolution is in the highest degree commendable, it can never be sufficiently deplored that they should be so infatuated as to cling to the assessed taxes as the sheet-anchor of the fundholders, and give way to the absurd system originally conceived by the political economists, and since seized hold of by the revolutionists, that a direct system of taxation should more largely be introduced. That Ministers are sincere in this opinion, is obvious from the load of obloquy to which they have exposed themselves in endeavouring to uphold the as-

essed taxes, and at the same time proposing to take off nearly a million of indirect taxes, which no one complained of, and which were felt by no interest in the State as burdensome.

Independently of every other argument against direct taxes, they are liable to two objections, in themselves altogether insurmountable.

In the first place, there is no tax which so directly and immediately affects the labouring classes. Limit it as you will; impose it on the incomes, property, houses, windows, horses, or carriages, of the rich, a direct tax is still, and ever must be, a direct burden upon the bread of the poor. The more that you assess the income or establishment of the rich, the more do you diminish their means of employing the poor. If the whole taxation of Britain were laid on in a direct form, and L.50,000,000 yearly were wrung, by a "graduated scale," from the upper classes, the poor, instead of being relieved, would be distressed to a degree never yet felt in this empire. Their paymasters, the opulent, being deprived of the means of continuing their employment, they would not by thousands, but millions, be thrown out of work. A direct tax upon the rich, therefore, is not a tax upon the comforts and luxuries of the poor, but upon their necessities and subsistence; not upon their sugar and tea, and spirits and tobacco, but upon their bread and beef—upon the air which they breathe, and the water which they drink. These, and all the other gifts of nature, are of no avail in a complicated state of so-

ciety, such as that in which we exist, to the labouring classes, if they cannot find employment. The income-tax would have been felt in this most disastrous of all effects, if it had not been accompanied by such a prodigious expenditure of Government in other departments, as counterbalanced, and more than counterbalanced, the reduced outlay of individuals. But this counteracting effect could not be expected if an income-tax were now imposed, not as an addition, but as a substitute for other burdens. Nothing could go so far to relieve the distress so generally felt among the middling and lower orders at this time, as the repeal of the house and window duties, not merely because it would remove a considerable and most vexatious burden upon a necessitous and meritorious class of individuals, but because it would, by augmenting the expenditure of all classes, give a direct and continued impulse to the demand for labour, and thereby benefit the humbler ranks, who are now beneath its direct operation, and only affected by its distressing diminution of the demand for labour.

These considerations point out the fallacy of an argument frequently urged in favour of the house and window duties, and recently advanced in the acknowledged organs of Government,* viz. that they do not affect the poor, because out of two millions of inhabited houses which England contains, not more than a fourth are assessed for these duties. Is it not obvious, that it is just from that fourth that all the expenditure which maintains the other comes; and that if the means of employing the poor which their owners possess is diminished, the labouring classes are taxed in the worst possible form,—the wages which they receive, and the bread which they eat? And herein lies an important distinction between direct and indirect taxes. The former intercept and entirely divert a portion of the funds destined to the employment of the poor; the latter merely impose an additional burden on articles produced when consu-

med. There is a material difference between these things. In the first case, the means of purchasing the article are taken away by the absorption of the revenue intended to pay it; in the latter, the additional burden imposed upon its price may be, and frequently is, counterbalanced by greater ingenuity exerted on a more economical employment of the substances required in its preparation.

In the second place, indirect taxes are never felt as burdensome, because they are imposed only on expenditure—on the luxuries which are purchased with the superfluous funds which industry has amassed. No one is ruined by the tax-gatherer for indirect taxes; no one is distressed for them; no one can complain that they are saddled with taxes beyond their means of payment, because they have voluntarily incurred the duty by buying the article burdened. But this complaint is constantly made, and made with perfect justice, against the assessed taxes. Industrious individuals are by them taxed, not on their luxuries but their necessities, on the shop or warehouse in which their trade is carried on, or in which their profession is conducted. To tax these articles is not to lay a burden on surplus expenditure, or luxuries and conveniences, but on the funds by which that surplus expenditure is created; not on the produce of the workman, but on the tools and implements by which he earns his subsistence. It is not taxing expenditure, but the means by which the funds on which it depends are created; not the harvest, but the seed which the husbandman commits to the earth, or the ploughs by which he prepares the soil.

Lastly, and this is an evil of the first magnitude, all direct taxes have a tendency to nip in the bud the germ of public prosperity, by preventing the accumulation of capital in the hands of small proprietors, and the humbler class of industrious citizens. To such men, comprehending the smaller class of householders and shopkeepers, the assessed taxes in general amount to full five per cent. on their incomes. A

considerable portion of this, if left in their hands, would be stored up in the form of capital, and thence would arrive, in no long space of time, a great addition of wealth and industry to the State. It is in the habits of foresight and accumulation of the middling orders, that the true foundations of national prosperity are to be found. The seed thus sown falls in a great part on good soil, and brings forth some forty-fold, some sixty, some an hundred. To drain off the rills which supply these accumulations, is to injure in the most essential manner both the habits and the prospects of the people; it is, literally speaking, to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Of all the many evils which political economy, falsely so called, has inflicted upon mankind, the absurd attachment to direct, in preference to indirect taxation, is one of the most crying.

So strongly and universally are these principles felt by the nation, that we do not hesitate to affirm that there will not be found ten practical men in the island, unsophisticated by the prejudices of the political economists, who will hesitate on the subject. Everywhere, and among all classes, merchants, shopkeepers, manufacturers, farmers, professional men of all sorts, there is but one opinion on the expedience, nay, the absolute necessity, of an im-

mediate repeal of these obnoxious burdens. Their long continuance under so many different Administrations, of such various characters and principles, in opposition not only to the plainest principles of common sense, but the loudly expressed and indignant voice of the whole nation, is one of those political marvels of which it is impossible to furnish a satisfactory solution, but which demonstrate, with so many other disasters, the ruinous ascendancy which the dogmas of political economy have obtained in the councils of the nation, and how much more tenacious the human mind is of theoretical error than practical truth.

If the maintenance of public credit were really dependant upon the continuance of the assessed taxes, burdensome as they are, we should be the first to argue for their retention. But it is a total mistake to suppose that public credit has any thing to do with the question. The point at issue is merely the repeal of one set of burdens instead of another. Lord Althorp has in this year effected the reduction of a million of indirect taxes, on soap, tiles, dog-carts, advertisements, and other articles too trifling to be mentioned. The total indirect taxes repealed by the Whigs since their accession to office stands thus :—

	Net Revenue.
1831—Coals, wines, slates,	L.1,031,112
Calicoes,	529,000
1832—Candles,	476,500
1833—Soap, tiles, &c., estimated at	1,000,000
	<hr/> L.3,036,612

Thus, the indirect taxes repealed since the accession of the Whigs amount to three millions a-year,

while the house and window taxes amount only to :—†

House Tax,	L.1,390,000
Window,	1,202,000
	<hr/> L2,592,000

We are not, therefore, paying the assessed taxes, because it is indispensable to do so in order to uphold

the public credit, but because the political economists have persuaded the Government to keep on those

taxes, and take off others to a greater amount, which were complained of by no human being. Let the people of England, therefore, and all the holders of houses who now pay these burdens, lay these words to their hearts. They are not paying the assessed taxes because it is necessary to do so, in order to uphold the credit of the State, but because it is necessary to yield obedience to the mandates of McCulloch, Sir Henry Parnell, and the Political Economy

Club. And this is the freedom which they have purchased for themselves by the Reform Bill!

But farther, if a substitute for these odious direct burdens were required, it would readily be found in the taxes repealed under the influence of the same unhappy delusion, by the late Administration. The same Parliamentary paper, 14th June, 1833, shews that there were repealed by the Tories—

In 1826—British spirits,
1830—Beer, . . .

Net Revenue.
£1,038,000
3,055,000

£4,093,000

Thus, the duties on intoxicating liquors, reduced by the Tories, at the suggestion of the Whigs and Political Economists, is above four millions a-year; nearly double the amount of the house and window duties. And to see the effect of this reduction of the duty on intoxicating liquors on the public morals, let us turn to another Parliamentary paper published this session, shewing the number of committals in England and Wales for the last twenty-one years. From this it appears that the committals, which in 1823 were only 12,263, have risen in 1832 to 20,829!* In other words, the national crime falling under the lash of the criminal law, has been increased more than a third since these ruinous reductions on intoxicating liquors. And if so, it may be fairly assumed that the sum total of unpunished crime, depravity and debauchery in private families, has been doubled during the same period from the same cause! Really these facts make our hair stand on end. The assessed taxes are kept on, not in order to uphold the national credit, but to enable the

drunkards of his Majesty's dominions to become intoxicated at a cheaper rate than formerly, to precipitate their families and themselves at an accelerated pace into beggary, and augment the national criminals from fourteen thousand a-year to twenty thousand!

The system of finance which has been pursued for the last eighteen years in this country is, in truth, a disgrace to the nation, and if it is to be regarded as the result of the growing intelligence and influence of the people, it opens but a woful prospect to the State under the more democratic constitution which the Reform Bill has constructed. Lord Castlereagh, indeed, made an honourable stand, worthy of a British Statesman, against the great reduction of taxation in 1816, but he took his ground in a wrong position. He strained every nerve to keep on the income tax; whereas he should have repealed that tax *at once*, and resisted only the farther repeal of the indirect taxes. But since his death, the whole system of Government on this head seems to have been broken up;

▪ Committed in England and Wales—1823,	.	.	12,263
1824,	..	.	13,698
1825,	14,437
Duty on spirits lowered, . . . 1826,	.	.	16,164
1827,	.	.	17,924
1828,	.	.	16,564
1829,	.	.	18,675
Beer duty repealed, . . . 1830,	.	.	18,107
1831,	.	.	19,646
1832,	.	.	20,829

Parl. Paper, 29th March, 1833.

and almost every successive year has been marked by the unnecessary and uncalled-for abolition of some important branch of the revenue, on no settled principle, but in the mere desire to catch a little passing and ephemeral popularity. One Minister repeals the duty on slates, another that on tiles; one bids high in the market of the populace by abandoning the duty on spirits; another outbids him by the repeal of that on beer; the soap tax gives way in one session, the leather duty in another; and in the midst of this unparalleled scene of confusion and imprudence, the revenue is found to be steadily going down, which can be supplied only by successive encroachments on the Sinking Fund. Twelve millions are borrowed from this quarter in one year, thirteen in the next; and this scene of wasteful imprudence goes on until this vast Fund, the accumulation of thirty years of foresight and preparation, is wholly extinguished, and the nation is left without either hope or remedy, under an annual burden of £28,000,000. It would seem as if every view to futurity, and every regard to a settled system, had been abandoned by our rulers during the last eighteen years; and every successive Administration, despairing of keeping the old ship together, had been intent only upon breaking up its timbers and keeping themselves afloat for a time, by abandoning part of the venerable fabric to the waves.

For the breaking up of the solid and well constructed system of Mr Pitt's financial policy, no one individual or set of individuals is exclusively responsible. It is too great and fatal a change to have been attempted by any single Administration. It has arisen from the habit of never looking to the future, which is the radical and inherent vice of all popular Governments; of all Governments which, having only a slender tenure of office themselves, insensibly contract the habit of looking only to the pressure of the present year, or the popularity to be acquired by a temporary reduction of taxation. Our rulers are much to blame for having gone into this wasteful and ruinous system of retrenchment with so much facility, and not manfully exposed,

as Mr Baring has so often done of late years, the delusive nature of the present advantages, for the sake of which the whole hopes of the nation in future were sacrificed. But it is in vain to lay the whole blame upon Government. Ministers never could have made such terrible changes as they have done on the financial policy of their great predecessor, if they had not been supported, and warmly supported in them by the nation. We must all take our full share of the blame. Recklessness in regard to the future, disregard of the ultimate consequences of measures, attention only to present advantages, is the inherent vice of popular Governments; because the "rotation of office," which it is so favourite an object with republican jealousy to effect, makes it impossible for any Government to carry any wise or permanent system into effect. No one will work for his successors; no one will incur present odium, and bear the burden of present difficulties, in order to relieve others with whom he has no connexion, or are, perhaps, members of an adverse faction. Republican rotation of office does admirably well when, as under the Consuls of Rome, or the Directory of France, foreign nations are to be subjugated, and each temporary Depositary of power signalizes his own administration by the spoils of a vanquished territory. But when this system of foreign spoliation is at an end, and popularity is to be gained only by domestic measures, there is no system which produces such ruinous results. Fleeting popularity is there to be gained only by measures attended with delusive present advantages. Spoliation goes on; but it is not foreign nations, but posterity at home, which becomes its victim. Each successive Administration strives to augment its credit by a shew of present relief, obtained by the sacrifice of security for the future; until at length, by successive drafts upon the resources of posterity, even that ample fund is exhausted, and the nation is wakened from its dream, by the sad discovery that it has thrown away the means of discharging its present debts, and has exhausted the resources of future relief.

The conduct of Ministers during the present session, indicates such an extraordinary and unparalleled recklessness in regard to the future, as demonstrates that these, the inherent evils of every popular form of Government, have received a most alarming accession by the infusion of democratic influence through the Reform Bill. Mr Pitt conceived, in 1786, that he had made a great step, when he had raised the Sinking Fund to a million sterling; and that he had done so, is proved by the fact, that before it was broken upon in 1813, it had paid off £236,000 of the National Debt.* The Duke of Wellington, the only one of our subsequent Statesmen who was worthy to pursue the steps of his great predecessor, by great exertions, and the most rigid economy, got the Sinking Fund raised up again, after the copious bleeding of later times, to £2,900,000. But what are the financial measures of these great men to the gigantic profusion of a Democratic Government? With one hand they repeal indirect taxes to such an amount as totally extinguishes the Sinking Fund; with the other, they add in a single year between thirty and forty millions to a national debt now placed by themselves beyond the reach of redemption! This, too, is done, not under the pressure of present danger—not because the arms of Napoleon threaten our independence, or the revolutionary torch approaches our dwellings; but from the force of difficulties which they themselves have created—from the absurd and senseless cry for the instant Emancipation of the Slaves, and the instant opening of the East India Trade, which has been set up by the ignorant but impassioned classes whom they have enthroned in resistless sovereignty by the Reform Bill. Ireland, too, is to add another to the numerous burdens of England, in consequence of the inconsiderate conduct of our rulers. They first, by promising “the Extinction of Tithes,” and rewarding the agitators of that country, occasion an universal combination against the clergy; and when, after the trial of two years, it is proved that their collection has become impossible, they lay the bur-

den of the Irish clergy on the English Exchequer, and propose to indemnify it by a tax on the Irish *landlord*: that is, because A refuses to pay a debt, to which he is legally subject, they first lay it on John Bull, and then promise relief to John Bull by laying it on B. And this is the justice, the frugality, and foresight of the Government which is to relieve us of all our embarrassments; and to uphold whom in power, a change was effected fifteen months ago, which is now admitted to have amounted to a Revolution!

In a succeeding paper on this important subject, we shall contrast the miserable and vacillating finance policy of Ministers of all parties for the last twenty years, with the firm, sagacious, and provident system of Mr Pitt, and point out the great results, both to the prosperity and the power of England, which would have arisen from a steady adherence to the principles on which he acted in this particular. His system may be almost described as being the reverse of that of his successors. It consisted in the following propositions: 1. That direct taxes should never be resorted to but as a last resource, and from inability to raise more by taxation on consumption. 2. That for every loan when borrowed, taxes should be laid on, adequate not only to secure its interest, but to redeem its capital in a given time. 3. That the Sinking Fund thus formed should be kept sacred, and allowed to accumulate at compound interest, not only during war, but after the return of peace. 4. That the interest of the loans and the Sinking Fund, should be provided for by indirect taxes, and that they should never be repealed till they had extinguished the loans on account of which they were imposed. 5. That all direct taxes as war burdens, should instantly cease on the termination of hostilities. The illustration of these propositions will both illustrate the wisdom and foresight of that great statesman, and shew the unhappy consequences of the direction which, under the growing influence of the populace, the finance measures of the country have taken in later times.

NIGHTS AT MESS.

CHAP. III.

THE conversation, shortly after the very unusual loquacity of Captain Withers, became of a very miscellaneous and undistinguishable character. The last contribution to the conviviality of the evening, of which I retain any recollection, was an attempt made by a respectable-looking gentleman, who I afterwards understood was staff-surgeon of the district, to sing "Love among the roses." Before, however, he had arrived at the Paphian Bower, his chair—perhaps enchanted by his strains, as of old the trees were by the notes of Orpheus—was seized with such an unaccountable fit of restlessness and activity, that, in spite of all his efforts to retain his seat, it fairly shook him off in the middle of a quaver, and deposited him unhurt upon the floor. I found that this mobility of the furniture was becoming rapidly contagious, and being warned in time by the extreme unsteadiness of the seat I occupied, I made a silent retreat to the hospitalities of "mine inn," and found Boots of no inconsiderable assistance in piloting the way to bed. The man,—as Dr Johnson says, or something very like it,—who would know the utmost felicities of the human stomach, must give his nights to drinking, and his mornings to soda water. I forget whether he mentions a thimbleful of brandy as an ingredient in the latter enjoyment; but if he does not, the omission is greatly to be deplored. Refreshed and renovated by a night of uninterrupted and uninterruptible sleep, I found myself next morning blest with the most praiseworthy oblivion of my Alderman-like performances of the preceding day. I was tolerably confident that, in the natural course of things, I must have dined—and in all human probability, played no contemptible knife and fork—but this was entirely mere matter of induction from the unfailling regularity of my habits in these respects; for, from the actual state of my interior, I could form no idea as to the extreme remoteness of the period at which I had supplied the vacuum which na-

ture is not more bitter in her abhorrence of than myself. It might have been weeks or months since I had tasted food—I might, for any thing I knew to the contrary, have been fasting since the hour of my birth—at all events I felt as hungry as a whole covey of ostriches, and adjourned to the breakfast-table—groaning under its weight of mutton-chops, veal pies, cold salmon, and broiled beef-steaks—with the utmost rapidity in my power. I need not enlarge upon my performances on that occasion, nor upon all the other employments of the day. We rode and walked, dived into confectioners' shops, ate ice like a herd of Nova Zembla bears, and found ourselves at dinner-time in a delightful state of appetite and coolness. My friend, Captain Withers, was in the chair, and I now found out the mistake I had made in attributing the hilarity of the previous evening to the presidency of so jolly a companion as Colonel O'Looney. In fact, to-night we were, if possible, still more jovial in our mirth. The Captain, with an inimitable gravity, did the honours of the table; his words were few, but admirably well applied; there were no general remarks in his conversation, no fine drawn theories, or even any distant allusion to any thing but the business in hand. The fish, the soup, the veal, the beef, all passed in review before him; and a decision upon their respective merits, conveyed in such words as "good," "exquisite," "fresh," without any other flourish or circumlocution, had a more decided effect in replenishing the plates of his guests than the most laboured panegyric. When we came to the withdrawal of the table-cloth, and an innumerable array of glasses and decanters made their appearance on the board, we missed, indeed, for a while at first, the inspiring countenance of the Colonel; but after a few minutes even this regret vanished before the silent eloquence of the melancholy countenance, and full bumper, of

Captain Withers. To-day several strangers were of the party—some military and some civil. The person who sat on the chairman's left was a very handsome soldier-like fellow, of two or three and thirty. I knew, from my experience of the day before, that any one so near Withers was in no danger of perishing of thirst, and I watched the effect of the president's suggestions, expecting some amusement from the mode in which the stranger would receive his very friendly and very monotonous admonitions. The stranger, however, seemed to take them all in very good part, and succeeded, I thought, rather better than I had done, in drawing him into a more general conversation. At all events, he appeared to be of a very talkative humour himself, and altogether seemed as jolly a fellow as one would wish to meet with on a summer's, or any other day.

"Who knows what has become of old Harry Mead of the Engineers?" said some one down the table.

"Gone to India," said the stranger, whose name, by the by, was Major Newby—"he is examining all the forts from Bungalaswarra Dwab to Bangalore, or some such names, for it's of no use to be correct to a syllable or two."

"And his brother?"

"The collegian? the wit? the poet, Sam Mead? why he was within an ace of coming with me when I started from home."

"I wish he had come," replied the other. "Is he as modest and handsome as he used to be?"

"Just the same—his teeth as brilliantly black, his hair as ruby red, and his opinion of his appearance and genius as humble and lowly as ever."

"Poor Sam! I wish we had him here—he is as good as a puppet-show."

"He was really of so much use to me," replied the Major—"though, by the by, his kindness was by no means premeditated—that I can't bear to have him so unmercifully laughed at as he used to be, when he joined our mess."

"What! Sam Mead of use to any one?—how? relate—enlighten."

"Just thus—but I'll tell you the whole story, for most of us, I think,

know Sam Mead, and it is no secret, so far as I am concerned. I was stationed, in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, in the ancient town of Coventry. It is, beyond all doubt, as dull a town as there is any occasion for in a Christian country, and I should think the suicides were pretty considerable there in the course of the summer months. However, as I had nothing else to do—as there was no possibility even of getting into debt, I managed, as the second best thing in my power, to fall vehemently in love. Sir Orlando Blunt had a house a few miles from the town; he was an old militia officer, a retired Cockney, and very fond of war and warriors—as pompous and stupid as a turkey-cock.

'He had gold in his coffers—he had sheep, he had kine;
And one bonny lassie—his darlin', and mine!'

"Sophia was as pretty a girl as any one requires to fall in love with in country quarters, and after dining with her a few times, and knowing her a little better, I thought it well worth standing the proxy nothings of the old fellow to have half an hour's chat with the daughter; in short, what I had intended for a few weeks' amusement, actually in a few days degenerated into real affection. I became the laughing-stock of the mess—my vivacity disappeared, and I was as drooping and sentimental as if I had been a poet. My spirits became still more depressed when Sophia told me that they were going for two months to Leamington. Leamington was no great way off, to be sure, but then I had become attached to the solitude of the country, which had been so irksome and disagreeable at first. Trees, and streams, and shady walks, are great helps to a man in love; there seems something very ridiculous in sighing without sight of a lamp-post, or whispering soft things in front of a mercer's shop. But, alas! my regrets were of no avail, and in a few days I was invited to a farewell dinner at Maldon Court. I went very early—so early, that my visit answered both for a morning call and the evening party. Old Sir Orlando was out somewhere in the park. Now or never is the time, thought I; so,

without a moment's hesitation, I made my declaration. I had only time to hear her say something about objections and her father, when that old blockhead came blundering into the room.

"Major Newby, your most subservient. This is really very kind. Ah! we military fellows know the advantage of being at our post in time. When I was in the North Warwick, Punctuality, said I, my lads, punctuality is the soul of business."

"Very true, sir," said I, while Sophia made a quiet retreat from the room.

"There is something, my dear Major, in the habits of an old military officer, which it is very difficult to forget—a sort of upright stiff carrying of the head, straightness of the back—I can't get quit of them in spite of all my attempts."

"Now it was quite impossible to resist laughing at this. He was a little red-faced old fellow, with five or six chins rolling half way down his waistcoat, his back bent like a scimitar, and a couple of legs like the sides of the letter O. I must also tell you that he had acquired all his fortune, and gained his knighthood in trade, and made the most ludicrous mistakes between his recollections of the militia regiment and the counting-house. Accordingly, I laughed till I could hardly stand at hearing his description of his figure and carriage, but he was blessed with a most happy unconsciousness of the possibility of his ever being ridiculous.

"'Tis true, upon my honour," he continued; "and in my addresses to the regiment, I frequently told them to look at myself for a model. Look at me, my lads, says I, look at me. Now, mark me, uprightness is the best policy—now square your columns straight, and file off by the rule of three."

"I have no doubt, Sir Orlando, they made excellent soldiers; but isn't it time for us to retire and beautify? the evening approaches."

"Ah! quite right, major, we of the martial department mustn't neglect the twilight—halt! dress!"

"And off I marched to my twilight, as he called it, wondering how such an insufferably silly old individual

could be the father of my beautiful little Sophia. Well, we dined; half a hundred of the county people were there, who doubtless laughed at the vanities of Sir Orlando almost as heartily as they ate his venison and drank his champagne. I had no other opportunity all that night of advancing my suit, or even getting an intelligible reply to the proposal I had made. Objection! I thought, what could her objection be? for I was pretty well convinced it did not arise from herself; and accordingly I determined to ride over on the following morning, and open the trenches in form before the old governor. 'Sir Orlando,' I said, on making my *adieux*, 'will you allow me to wait on you to-morrow morning to request a favour?'

"Favour! my gallant friend," he replied, 'any thing I can assist you in our way, (we of the sword, you know, Major, ought to be brotherly,) I shall be happy to do. What is't about?'

"I may presume, I hope, upon our acquaintance, and upon all you have seen and heard of my conduct, and from the predilection you have expressed for my company, to ask you to review"—

"Review!" he cried out, interrupting me, 'with all my heart. Come early to-morrow, and we'll settle it all. A soldier's life's the life for me. Your company, Major Newby, I must say, is admirable—I have the highest respect for your company—be here in time—good-night.'

"I could not stay and explain to him what I meant, especially as the party had not yet entirely gone; and delaying all farther explanation till the morning, I jumped into my Stanhope, and drove home. Next morning I again presented myself at the Court, and was most kindly received.

"Right, right," said the old noodle, as he shook me by the hand, 'you come to the office punctually at your hour, like a true son of Mars. Ah! when I was in the North Warwick'—

"I have come, sir," I began, 'to ask a very great favour of you indeed.'

"Speak on, Major, I'll grant it."

"You passed very high encomiums on my company last night. I hope it has not been disagreeable to any member of your family."

"Not a bit, not a bit; my little Sophia is delighted with it; tinsel, and gewgaws, and frippery, you know, Major, have great charms in the eyes of a girl of eighteen."

"I bowed very low to this compliment, and could not divine what the old fellow was driving at. 'Then I may hope, sir,' I added, 'on your favourable report at headquarters?'"

"'I doubt it not, Major; indeed, I think I may say I haven't the least doubt of it; but isn't a little previous examination necessary?'"

"'Certainly,' I said, 'I am glad you come so honestly to the point at once.'"

"'Ah! quite my way, I assure ye. When I was in the North Warwick'—"

"'I shall be happy to lay every statement in my power before you.'"

"'Aye, aye, I must look to your equipments,—to your effective force, as it were.'"

"'You are very good, sir; if the amount is not so great as you might expect for Miss Sophia'—"

"'Poh! Never mind her. What the deuce should she know any thing of such matters? I consider it very kind in you to think of her at all. She will certainly join with me in inspecting the state of your corpse.'"

"'Heaven forbid!' I said, wondering what the old booby could mean by thinking I was so soon to be in the land of the dead."

"'Well, well—you will only be a skeleton, we know; but we'll make allowances for that'—he said very condescendingly."

"'Upon my honour, Sir Orlando, you are too good—I hope not to be disembodied quite so soon.'"

"'I hope not—though it must be very pleasant too. I assure you I have been very happy since it happened to me.'"

"'Since what happened, sir,' said I, as soothingly as I could, being now thoroughly persuaded that the fat goggle-eyed little monster had become seriously deranged."

"'Why, since I was disembodied to be sure—but I still retain the warmest recollections of my former life—"

'He cares not for sorrow whenever it comes, But rattles away to the sound of the drums, With a row de dow, row de dow.'"

"'Sir Orlando,' I said, as the old gentleman went marching round the room, 'I came here to request that you would give me leave'—"

"'Yes, Major, I know it—go on.'"

"'That you would give me leave to lay myself at the feet of your daughter.'"

"He stopt short in the joyous chuckle with which he had heard me, rubbing his hands all the time, and looking as important as a bantam on a wall."

"'Lay yourself *where*, sir?' he said—'is it this you have been thinking of all this while?'"

"'Yes, it certainly is the object of my visit here this morning.'"

"'And you did not come to ask me, as a senior officer, residing in the neighbourhood, to review your company—to inspect your corpse, to give a favourable report of you at headquarters?'"

"'No, sir, I never thought of asking you to do any thing of the kind.'"

"'Then, by Mars, Major Newby, you may lay yourself in a ditch or hang yourself on a tree—but what the devil do you want with my daughter? Good morning, Major Newby.'"

"As I went out of the hall, I heard the disappointed and angry little man hollering out to his valet—'John! you need not mind about brushing up my uniform, and go and tell Rogers to put the sabre on its nail in the hall—I have changed my mind.'"

"This explained all the queernesses I had discovered in our conversation, and though I was somewhat nettled at his impertinence, still, as I had no intention of marrying *him*, I consoled myself with the resolution of revenging myself, by running off with his daughter on the very first opportunity."

"There were few days upon which I failed to present myself in the spacious streets of Leamington. The quiet walks in the neighbourhood, and the license of a fashionable watering place, gave me many opportunities of meeting my pretty little Sophia without the superintendence of her troublesome papa. Every thing went on as favourably as I could wish, and I was hugging myself on my good fortune, when

one day, on turning round a corner, I ran bump on a little fellow as he stood gazing up into the sky. I had scarcely time to catch him in my arms, and keep him from tumbling into the gutter, when the voice exclaiming, 'Caitiff, for this thou diest!' and an inimitable twist of the eye, assured me it was none other than my poetical friend Sam Mead. Our recognition was mutual. —'Sam, my boy,' I said, 'what are you doing here, gazing up like an astronomer—there are no stars to be seen in the daytime?'

"'False, false and foolish philosophy,' replied Sam; 'to the inward eye of poetical contemplation stars are at all times visible—but, by Apollo, my dear Newby, there's a new planet in Leamington—so clear, so bright, so beautiful!—'

"'And her name?' I enquired.

"'Venus, of course. Her ordinary designation in the ears of the profane is vulgar—I call her Potosi.'

"'Miss Potosi—that seems rather a queer name for a planet—where is her seat in heaven?'

"'In the train of Urea Major—a damned ugly bandy-legged little star, whom the vulgar denominate her father.'

"'And his name upon earth?'

"'Is Blunt Sir Orlando—Blunt.'

"'The devil it is—and Miss Potosi, the planet, is his daughter, I suppose?'

"'Thou hast it. Ah, Newby, what a fund of poetry and association there is even in a surname, if people will only take the trouble to find it out! There, now, is the name of Blunt—what is Blunt? Isn't it money? And Potosi—what does it contain? Money too. Don't you see the reason I have christened her my Mexico, my Peru, my Potosi?'

"'Oh, very plainly—are you acquainted with the lady?'

"'Not what the uninitiated would call acquainted—but mark me, we are not strangers to each other—we never spoke, to be sure, but then the eye, Newby, it is a great thing in a man's favour to have an expressive eye!'

"'Sam looked at me, when he said this, with such a diabolical expression of impudence and conceit, that I had the greatest inclination to chuck him into the Leam.

"'That is an advantage, Sam, which you certainly possess. Few people can doubt your meaning, if they once take notice of your look.'

"'She does, depend on't. She never sees me without a very odd quickening of her pace, and an attempt to escape my glances—but she's fascinated in spite of all her efforts.'

"'Does she know your name—who you are—or any thing about you?'

"'How should I know? but I suppose so. Those watering places are so inquisitive, that if any one, out of the common way, makes his appearance for half-an-hour, it is known all over the town in a moment. I flatter myself I have made a sensation.'

"'I have no doubt you have. What do you intend to do?'

"'What about? About my Potosi? Work the mine, to be sure. Write a sonnet or two to the lady, and a letter on business to the old man. I should think very little more would be requisite to have all the success I want.'

"'You had better make haste, then, Sam, for I am given to understand they leave Leamington to-morrow morning, and return to Maldon Court.'

"'Whew! better and better. This looks something like an adventure. I'll follow them in disguise. I'll drop odes and elegies on her path in the secluded walks of the park—it will be admirable. The Marquis of Exeter was an ingenious fellow—I wonder if he wrote verses.'

"'I don't know whether he did that, but you know he married "sweet Helen, our hamlet's pride," in the disguise of a rustic, and she wakened one morning a Marchioness.'

"'Well. Potosi won't waken a marchioness, to be sure, but she'll marry me in the disguise of a wandering obscure, in fact, almost a fool; and she'll waken some morning the wife of a very disting—in short, my wife.'

"'The devil she will, thought I, as I scarcely knew whether to laugh or be angry; but it is useless telling you any more of the conversation of little Sam Mead, who is, without exception, the most ugly snobbish-looking fellow in all England.

"'Sophia had told me that her father was summoned home on very disagreeable business; and in a few

days from the time I met Sam Mead, the incendiaries began their horrible work all over that part of the country; we were kept so busy, marching hither and thither, in pursuit of the miscreants, that I had no time to think of my *Dulcinea*, and still less to waste a moment on the vapouring of my ridiculous friend. The service we were on was very harassing, and so many applications were made for our assistance, either to disperse the agricultural labourers, who met in several places in very large numbers, or to protect the property of the unpopular farmers and gentlemen in the neighbourhood, that I had very few men left at my disposal. One night, however, I received a note addressed 'To the officer commanding at Coventry,' something to the following purport, 'Sir Orlando Blunt is sorry to be obliged to ask a favour of Major Newby; but Sir O.'s household is in such a state of alarm during the present disturbed condition of the country, that Sir O. will thank Major N. for the loan of five men and a corporal, to remain for a few nights in the house. Sir O. is an old military man himself, and will take the command in person.'

"This was far too good an opportunity to be lost, as you may suppose, and half an hour saw me on my way, with half-a-dozen of my steadiest dragoons, to take on us the defence of Maldon Court. A rattling trot brought us to the spot in a very short time, and as I knew the *ci-devant* militiaman retained more of the counter than of the hero in his composition, I fixed on my line of action in a moment. I drew up my men in grand form in the quadrangle of the court, and took military possession of the premises. Up the hall I marched, scarcely attending to the reception I received from the gallant knight,—merely assuring him, that I thought his house such a central point for my diversified demonstrations, that I relied on him, as a loyal subject of the King, to give my men the best accommodation in his power.

"The 'diversified demonstrations' did the business at once; and, besides, he was in such a prodigious fright, that at that moment there was no favour he would have ventured to refuse me.

" 'You have sent, Sir Orlando Blunt,' I began very formally—'you have sent for the protection of his Majesty's forces; may I ask on what specific information you ground your apprehension of danger?'

" 'Major Newby—sir, you speak to the point. I was too hot perhaps the last time we met in this hall, but military blood, you know, is soon fired—ha! mercy, what's that?'

" 'It is nothing but a door slamming, sir; don't be alarmed.'

" 'Alarmed, sir, what d'ye mean? When I was in the North Warwick'—

" 'Do you apprehend any immediate attack?' I said.

" 'God knows what I apprehend—but certainly, in the present state of the country, I think, unless I had been happily of a very courageous temper, I should have been terribly alarmed with the threatenings I have received.'

" 'In what shape have you been threatened, sir?'

" 'By letters,' he replied—'here is one.' And he took an elegantly folded paper out of his pocket, and handed it across the table.

"I could scarcely keep my gravity the moment I saw the hand. It was an epistle from my friend Sam. It was in these words—

" 'Oh thou, for whose hand this simple composition is intended, I hereby vow and swear, that I shall not rest satisfied till I have kindled a flame that shall revenge me for the sufferings I have experienced in your service. The obduracy of your heart has driven me to distraction—but persist no longer in such behaviour; for by the light that plays in heaven's fiery orb, I'll tear thy heart out of thy bosom, and place it next my own! You have no common man to deal with! My character is a compound of the earthquake and the alligator. But if you will come to my terms, and give me every thing I require—heart, soul, mind, and body—you shall have no truer slave and servant than your incognito Amoro-so.'

" 'This is certainly a most alarming production, Sir Orlando,' I said, as I returned him the paper.

" 'Alarming! I'm glad to hear you say so, Major Newby. Sir, when so gallant an officer confesses he is

alarmed, I am not ashamed to confess that I have been in the most painful state of agitation ever since I received it. In fact, I have been in a cold sweat the whole time.'

"What should you recommend me to do in the first instance? Miss Sophia, I hope, is not alarmed?"

"Not so much so as she ought to be. I have ordered her to restrict herself to her room.' This he said with a very peculiar look; but I easily saw he was terribly afraid I should desert him, and leave him in the hands of the incendiaries, if he offered the smallest opposition to my wishes.

"I'm sorry, Sir Orlando, that the etiquette of the service, and the weighty responsibility I have taken on myself, will not allow me to dispense with an examination of every member of your household. I must request the pleasure of a few minutes' conversation with the lady, as I am by no means convinced that she cannot throw some light upon the mysterious letter you have now shown me.'

"Sir—Major Newby—I can't help thinking it is an extraordinary mode of proceeding'—

"Very well, sir, then I must relieve myself of all responsibility. I shall return to Coventry immediately.'

"No, no. The diabolical villain talks of tearing my heart out; and kindling flames—but tell me—*must* you see Sophia?"

"I bowed.

"Well, I suppose you must; but when I was in the North Warwick'—

"May I see the young lady this instant?" I interposed.

"Certainly," he said; 'if you *must*, you *must*.' And he gave directions for Miss Sophia to be summoned.

"When she came into the room her surprise was unbounded, and her awkwardness very manifest. The old fellow kept fidgeting about the room, and presented a most ludicrous visage, in which was very plainly to be seen a struggle going on between his inordinate fear and his offended dignity.

"I must converse with the young lady alone, sir.'

"The devil you must, sir! What d'ye mean to'—

"Merely to ask the young lady a few questions in my official character as commandant for the time being of this mansion.'

"Well," he said, with a deep sigh; and toddled out of the room as submissively as heart could desire.

"In a few hurried words I told Sophia all that had occurred, and begged her to carry on the plot, trusting to fortune for a favourable opportunity either to obtain her father's consent, or to provide for our own happiness without it.

"Worse and worse!" cried the old man, bundling into the room. 'We shall all infallibly be murdered. Save us—oh! save us, my dear Major, and ask any thing that is in my power to give you.' He no longer affected to conceal his fears, but walked up and down in a most particular state of agitation, after throwing another note upon the table, with a look of blank despair. I opened the letter. 'There is no hope of your escape'—it ran thus—'My toils are spread sure to catch you! This very night I'll come up to your window, and slip a composition into your chamber that will realize my hopes. Then, my Potosi, the vulgar name of Blunt shall be blotted out for ever; and, oh! how sweet to purchase the gratification of becoming your lord and master, though with the surrender of my liberty; ay! though I forfeited life itself. At twelve to-night—the witching hour—I'll come with uncumbered followers in my train. Hope shall place the ladder, Love shall light the torch, and then you shall see the success of my plans. Adieu!'

"There! did you ever hear of such a d—d cold-blooded cut-throat in your life?" said the knight, with the most rueful countenance. 'This very night he's coming at twelve o'clock with an innumerable train—the whole labourers in the parish—and that drunken fellow Hope is going to bring a ladder, and one of the Loves is going to set fire to the house. I always thought it would come to this, when their father took to keeping a licensed beer-shop. Dear, dear, what are we to do?"

"It seems to me a very serious matter," I replied. 'Our force, servants and all, consists of no more than ten or eleven men—Yourself, Sir Orlando'—

"Me! for God's sake don't talk of me! No, Major, my fighting days are over. When I was in the North War'—"

"Oh, never mind the North Warwick, but give me leave to make all the arrangements. I'll undertake to save you all, without the loss of a man."

"You will? are you sure of it? Do, and I'll refuse you nothing."

"Well, sir, I here take Miss Sophia to witness your promise—hark! what sound is that?" At that moment I thought I heard a slight movement outside; and sure enough, on going to the window of the library, I heard a violin playing some die-away Italian melody, at a little distance from where I stood. The knight and Sophia had followed me into the room. 'There they come,' said Sir Orlando, in a deuce of a fright; 'how strong they must be to come up so boldly! Shall I call the men?'

"No—leave me to manage." I went out, and sent a very steady old fellow, the corporal, with a couple of soldiers, to seize the serenader, and, after a little scuffle, they succeeded in bringing him into the hall.

"I give you my honour I never saw such a ludicrous scene in my life. There was Sam tightly grasped by the collar by two prodigious soldiers, his fiddle kept as a trophy by the corporal—Sir Orlando still in a state of immense alarm—and Sophia and myself ready to sink with suppressed laughter.

"You thief! you dog! you cut-throat!" the knight began, 'what the devil do you want, prowling about at this time of the night?'

"Thou knowest not, old man, the person you address," replied Sam, not recognising me.

"Hold him fast, my men," continued Sir Orlando; 'he is the ugliest, most diabolical-looking villain I ever beheld. What's your name? Where do you come from?'

"My name is not altogether unknown. Impressed with a vision of celestial beauty, I bowed before the shrine of a goddess who'—"

"Come, come, you infernal rick-burning rascal, none of your ranting nonsense—tell me what brought you here—did you write these letters?"

"I did."

"And you still stand to their contents?"

"I do."

"What! all that about Hope planting a ladder, and Love bringing the torch?"

"Yes; I thought you would not persist long in your unkindness."

"Now, tell me this—remember that a timely confession may ensure your being transported"—

"Delightful hope! sir, I will answer any thing!"

"Well, now the Love that was to set fire to the premises, was it John Love, or his brother Edward?"

"Sir," exclaimed Sam, apparently more enraged at his metaphor being mistaken, than at any thing else that had been said, 'twas an allegorical enumeration of the passions that boiled within my bosom!"

"Ho! so you won't answer any more questions? you won't peach? Well, Major Newby, you will write down as much as he has confessed. My blood creeps at the very sight of such a brutally ugly-faced scoundrel."

"Major Newby!" exclaimed Sam, 'did I hear the name of Major Newby? Ah, Frank, my dear fellow, do tell your myrmidons to lift their profane claws from my neckcloth.'

"The fellow's mad," exclaimed Sir Orlando. 'Don't go near him, Major Newby—he'll bite you, to a certainty.'

"I now stepped forward, and could not have the cruelty to carry on the joke any farther. I explained my acquaintance with Sam as well as I was able. The knight did not know how to behave on the occasion. His happiness at finding his fears unfounded, was almost counterbalanced by his regret at having his cowardice discovered. However, he made a compromise between the two. He acted as if there ought to be some tacit agreement to sink the whole concern in oblivion. He could not with any propriety draw back from the promise he had given, and in a few weeks after Sam's memorable serenade on a broken fiddle, I was married to the knight's only daughter, and only child. We get on as happily together as possible. I never interrupt him in his long rigmaroles about the North Warwick Militia, and have even learned not to laugh too openly when he boasts of his gallant achievement in capturing a tremendous incendiary with his own

hand, in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, which he calls the year of the conflagrations."

Major Newby's story was very well received, though I must say I thought it bad taste to make such a fool of his old father-in-law; but it seemed more as if it were intended to give effect to his story, than the result of any ill feeling towards the gallant knight. During the course of the narrative we had been by no means idle, as was plainly perceptible by the increased loquacity of the party the moment Major Newby was silent. A quiet old gentleman, a civilian, of about sixty years of age, entered into conversation with me across the table. His tongue betrayed him in a moment to be a Scotchman, now that he was a little thawed by the warming influences of the better half of a bottle, though, before that, he had managed to conceal his accent so successfully, that I had set him down in my own mind for a fresh importation from Tipperary. Your Scotchman, when he is very sober and on his guard, talks no intelligible language under the sun; the English look with blank amazement on his most oratorical attempts, he all the while fancying he is giving them a copious flood from the pure stream of English undefiled; it is only when he descends from his high horse that he becomes rational and agreeable. No Scotchman that one meets with south of the Tweed, is worth a moment's conversation till he has drank himself into his mother tongue; and I will say this for them, I never met with any one who was not perfectly ready to qualify himself by even a more extended libation. But this old gentleman I spoke of seemed really to be a very nice, pleasant sort of fellow; and after a little palaver upon a variety of subjects, we began to talk about robberies, and other adventures on the road. He seemed to have studied the Newgate Calendar with the greatest attention; he knew the names and the offences of every poor devil that had danced upon nothing for the last hundred years. I began to fancy, at last, I had got into conversation with Mr Wontner, at the least, if not with Jack Ketch himself. I conclude he must have been some lawyer, but such a fellow for mur-

ders and housebreakings I never heard in my life. There was one story he told me, which he took his oath was by no means a lie—if it was, that is his business, not mine. The rest of the company had become interested in some of the anecdotes he had related, and we all listened very attentively as he told us of a very curious adventure which had happened within his own knowledge.

"About thirty years ago," he said, "my friend Mr B—— having at that time newly commenced business in Edinburgh, was returning on horseback from the city to a cottage he had near Cramond. It was a wild night in November, and though he usually took the seaside as the shortest way home, he resolved this evening, on account of the increasing darkness, to keep on the high-road. When he had proceeded about three miles from the town, and had come to the loneliest part of the way, he was suddenly arrested by a man, who sprang out of a small copse at the road-side, and seized the bridle of his horse. Mr B. was a man of great calmness and resolution, and asked the man the reason of his behaviour, without betraying the smallest symptom of agitation. Not so the assailant. He held the bridle in his hand, but Mr B. remarked that it trembled excessively. After remaining some time, as if irresolute what to do, and without uttering a word, he let go his hold of the rein, and said in a trembling voice, 'Pass on, sir, pass on'—and then he added, 'thank God, I am yet free from crime.' Mr B. was struck with the manner and appearance of the man, and said, 'I fear you are in distress—is there any thing in which a stranger can assist you?' '*Strangers* may, perhaps,' replied the man in a bitter tone, 'for nothing is to be hoped from *friends*.' 'You speak, I hope, under some momentary feeling of disappointment.' 'Pass on, pass on,' he said impatiently; 'I have no right to utter any complaints to you. Go home and thank God that a better spirit withheld me from my first intention when I heard you approach—or this might have been'—— he suddenly paused. 'Stranger,' said Mr B. in a tone of real kindness, 'you say you have no right to utter your complaints to me; I have certainly no right to pry into

your concerns, but I am interested, I confess, by your manner and appearance, and I frankly make you an offer of any assistance I can bestow.' 'You know not, sir,' replied the stranger, 'the person to whom you make so generous a proposal—a wretch stained with vices—degraded from the station he once held, and on the eve of becoming a robber—aye,' he added, with a shudder, 'perhaps a murderer.' 'I care not, I care not, for your former crimes—sufficient for me that you repent them—tell me wherein I can stand your friend.' 'For myself, I am careless,' replied the man; 'but there is one who looks to me with eyes of quiet and still unchanged affection, though she knows that I have brought her from a home of comfort to share the fate of an outcast and a beggar. I wished for her sake to become once more respectable, to leave a country where I am known, and to gain character, station, wealth—to all which *she* is so justly entitled, in a foreign land; but I have not a shilling in the world.' He here paused, and Mr B. thought he saw him weep. He drew out his pocket-book, and unfolding a bank bill, he put it into the man's hand and said, 'Here is what I hope will ease you from present difficulties—it is a note for a hundred pounds.'

"The man started as he received the paper, and said in a low subdued tone, 'I will not attempt to thank you, sir—may I ask your name and address?' Mr B. gave him what he required. 'Farewell, sir,' said the stranger; 'when I have expiated my faults by a life of honesty and virtue, I will pray for you; till then—I dare not.' Saying these words, he bounded over the hedge, and disappeared. Mr B. rode home, wondering at the occurrence; and he has often said since, that he never derived so much pleasure from a hundred pounds in his life. He related the adventure to several of his friends, but as they were not all endowed with the same generosity of spirit as himself, he was rather laughed at for his simplicity, and in the course of a few years an increasing and very prosperous business drove the transaction almost entirely from his mind. One day, however, about twelve years after the adventure, he

was sitting with a few friends after dinner, when a note was put into his hand, and the servant told him that the Leith carrier had brought a hog-head of claret into the hall. He opened the note, and found it to contain an order for a hundred pounds, with interest up to that time, accompanied with the strongest expressions of gratitude for the service done to the writer long ago. It had no date, but informed him that he was happy, that he was respected, and that he was admitted partner of one of the first mercantile houses in the city where he lived. Every year the same present was continued, always accompanied with a letter. Mr B., strange to say, made no great effort to discover his correspondent. The wine, as I have good reason to know, was the finest that could be had, for many a good magnum of it have I drunk at the hospitable table of my friend. At last he died, and the secret of who the mysterious correspondent might be, seemed in a fair way of dying along with him. But my story is not yet done. When the funeral of Mr B. had reached the Greyfriars' Churchyard, the procession was joined by a gentleman who got out of a very elegant carriage at the door of the church. He was a tall, handsome man, about five-and-forty years of age, dressed in the deepest mourning. There were no armorial bearings on the panels of his carriage, for I took the trouble to examine them very particularly myself. He was totally unknown to all the family; and after the ceremony, during which he appeared to be greatly affected, he went up to the chief mourner, and said, 'I hope, sir, you will excuse the intrusion of a stranger, but I could not refrain from paying the last tribute of respect to an excellent gentleman, who was at one time more my benefactor than any person living.' Saying this, he bowed, stepped quickly into his carriage, and disappeared. Now, this, I have no doubt in my own mind, was the very individual who had so much excited my curiosity. All I can say is, if he is still alive, I wish, when he dies, he would leave me his cellar of wine, for his judgment in that article, I'll be bound to say, is unimpeachable and sublime."

THE LIFE OF A DEMOCRAT; A SKETCH OF HORNE TOOKE.

PART II.

THE period from the beginning of the reign of George the Third, to the commencement of the American war, was one of remarkable prosperity in England. The victories which closed the reign of George the Second had spread the fear of the British name through Europe. The extraordinary resources which nature has lavished on the British Islands, suddenly developed themselves when the pressure of war was removed. The British merchant, taking a lesson from the enterprise of the British warrior, rivalled him in adventure. The British legislator, stimulated by the importance which now belonged to every expression of British will in Europe, actually rose into a higher rank of feeling, eloquence, and knowledge. The mind of the population became more instructed, and England was rapidly approaching to that general elevation of character, wealth, and national wisdom, which belonged to her as the Amphyctronic Council, the guardian of the liberties of mankind.

But, with this great tide of public prosperity, there was an under-current of evil. Wealth animated the efforts of the people, but it inflamed them; it gave vigour to the national arm, but it corrupted the national heart. As the population grew rich, they grew restless, jealous, and insubordinate. They began to measure themselves with their superiors in education, rank, and fortune. They resolved to pull down the distinctions to which they could not rise, and the old Roman war of Patrician and Plebeian was renewed in England with all its old virulence, and with all its old vices. The career of Wilkes has been already detailed. Party has been charged with fickleness; the charge is unfounded. Party, which selects a leader only for his uses, never deserts him until he deserts himself. It takes him with all his crimes upon his head; no additional weight of crime is ever suffered to break down the connexion. It weds him, not for better, but for worse; and it clings to him while he is capable of evil; it follows him with fond fidelity to the grave of

character, and embraces his corruption there, to the last moment that it can turn his last guilt to effect against the cause of truth, honour, and virtue. No man had more right to panegyricize its fidelity than Wilkes. It took him out of bankruptcy, and made him opulent; out of exile, and fixed him in office; out of personal contempt, and lifted him into public importance. It could not relieve him from perpetual accusations of the most repulsive kind, made in the most public manner; but it shewed him with what vigorous disregard of principle it could look upon the want of all moral dignity, and with what prodigal scorn of justice it could reward in public an individual whom in private every man shunned.

But Wilkes was now to retire from the struggle. He had gained his point. He had attained all the elevation to which he could have been raised by the most insane favouritism of the multitude. He had enjoyed, at the last moment, the keen gratification of scourging Horne down upon his knees, of utterly disappointing him of even that trifling literary name which might be acquired in a personal newspaper squabble; and of leaving him bitterly to regret the hour when he first became the sycophant, then the slave, and then the revolter. The correspondence with Wilkes bowed Horne to the dust; so effectually was he crushed, that he seems to have all but formed the determination to abandon the disastrous pursuit of rabble fame, and resume the only course of life in which he could recover his own estimation. He went to his college and applied for the degree of M.A. He was opposed on this occasion by the celebrated Paley, who, whatever might be his republican propensities, had a becoming sense of the clerical character, and the reputation of his college. But on a representation, in every sense weak and irrational, that the conduct of a candidate, out of college, was not to deteriorate his merits during his residence within the walls—a rule which might admit some of the grossest criminals to the possession of

honours intended for learning and virtue—this electioneering, pamphleteering, and mob-leading cleric obtained the degree.

Horne was now in distress for employment. Public disturbance had died away. The battle had been fought by Wilkes, and was at an end. No tavern eloquence could for ever find audiences, while every step which they took in the streets convinced them of the falsehood of the oratory. The glories of tumult were rapidly going down. Wilkes himself was on the point of reposing on his laurels, and solacing his toils with a rich city sinecure. At length, Horne occupied himself in contending for the liberty of the newspapers. And the result, not of this disturber's efforts, but of the public good sense, called by circumstances to the subject, was undoubtedly the gaining of an important and useful privilege, the free publication of the debates in Parliament. But of this result, scarcely the slightest part must be attributed to Horne. If the grievance had been as light as air, Horne would have equally laboured to turn it into the food of his popularity. He was flying all round the horizon for a grievance, canvassing every quarter of public caprice for a grievance. He must have found one, or made one, or sunk into the obscurity that was torture to his bustling and bitter soul.

The Middlesex election had been a favourite topic with the multitude, for it had given their clamours importance. The debates upon the election were looked to with the fantastic eagerness of any thing that takes the shape of popular passion, or fortifies popular pride. Under the strong stimulus of gain, some of the newspapers ventured to give an abstract of the debates at more than usual extent. Those debates were unluckily records of the defeat of Ministers. They took deep offence at the publication of their discomfiture. Onslow, many years Speaker, an honest man, but a foolish one, always a formalist, and now doubly stiffened in forms by length of service, was thunderstruck at a breach of decorum, which, to his startled fancy, threatened the immediate overthrow of all things human and divine. The sacred silence of the deliberations

of a great representative assembly seemed to him essential to its existence! The touch of a finger on the "privileges" of Parliament was to him an inexpressible profanation. To extinguish the sacrilege summarily, a week had not passed, when his nephew, the Member for Surrey, was directed to bring in a resolution to this purport—"That it is an indignity to, and a breach of, the privileges of this House, for any person to presume to give, in written or printed newspapers, any accounts or minutes of the debates, or other proceedings of the House, or of any committee thereof.

"That upon discovery of the authors, printers, or publishers, of any such written or printed newspapers, the House will proceed against such offenders with the utmost severity."

The Resolution was founded upon a standing order of the House, so far back as 1738, which prohibited even all *minutes* of the proceedings. Horne had now found what he wanted, an opportunity to be talked of; and he busied himself as usual. He ran to the members of Opposition, the Rockinghams and Shelburnes. They gave him civil words, but naturally shrunk from so boisterous and so unlucky a partisan; and finally told him that they would have nothing to do with the business. The publishers of the *Gazetteer* and the *Middlesex Journal*, however, persevered, in the hope of public support, and the assurance of immediate gain. Thompson and Wheble, the proprietors of the two papers, were accordingly ordered to attend the House. They were not forthcoming. After some renewals of the order, a royal reward was offered for their apprehension. The two publishers were now arrested, and taken before Wilkes, the sitting Alderman at Guildhall. He discharged them, on the plea, that the royal proclamation was *no* authority. On the second day, a freeman of London, of the name of Miller, had been taken under a Speaker's warrant. Miller resisted, and the messenger was about to be committed for the assault by the warrant of Crosby, the Mayor, and Wilkes and Sawbridge, Aldermen, when bail was given for him by the Deputy Sergeant-at-arms. Thus the King and the Speaker were

treated with the same easy scorn, and three London Justices braved the Commons and the Crown together. The confusion now thickened amusingly. An order was instantly issued for the appearance of the three delinquents, Crosby and Sawbridge, who were members of the House, in their place, and Wilkes, simply as an Alderman. The two Members appeared, declared what they had done, exhibited no signs of penitence, and were instantly ordered to the Tower. Wilkes refused to attend, stating, in his letter to Sir Fletcher Norton, then Speaker, "that not having been summoned *as a member*, and not having been required to attend in *his place*, he did not think it proper to attend at all; that if the House would give him his right as Member for Middlesex, he was ready to attend in his place, and justify the treatment of an *illegal proclamation*!" This result ought to have been foreseen. Any attempt to compel Wilkes to appear, must have awakened the whole fury of the Election questions again—must have again brought him forward with tenfold force as the popular champion, and inevitably revived the measureless rancour which it had been so difficult to calm. An order of form was issued for his attendance in a few days after. It was renewed, and fixed for the 8th of April. As the day approached, the House *adjourned to the 9th*. Thus Wilkes escaped in splendid impunity. But Crosby and Sawbridge were already in durance, and there they were kept till the end of the Session; yet more than repaid for their incarceration by popular plaudits, and on their release, further consoled by gold boxes. Nothing more was heard of the prosecution of the printers. The debates were thenceforth published without any disguise, and the publicity, which undoubtedly ought to have been coveted by the House, and enjoyed by the nation long before, was fully obtained.

The history of public journals would form a curious volume. They seem to have existed in ancient Rome, in the *Acta Diurna*, or reports of the daily transactions of the chief public officers. On the revival of civilisation, they next appeared in the Venetian *Gazetta*, so called

from the coin which was their price. They were introduced into England in the memorable year of the Armada, and introduced expressly by Elizabeth for the purpose of giving intelligence of the invasion to her gallant people. The change from war to politics in the early part of the reign of Charles I., created a passion for public discussion, and several papers were published on both sides. The taste grew, and the reign of William III., so distinguished for the principles of British freedom, increased the number of papers, which, however, were seldom published more than once a week. The reigns of the Georges, peaceable, opulent, yet irritated by the perpetual attempts of the Jacobites to form a party, and when those had ceased, not less irritated by the ambition of powerful factions under singularly able leaders, made newspapers a general indulgence of the nation. Wilkes's quarrels, combining with the worthlessness of the Grafton Ministry, gave them a new interest, and made them a general necessity. A new feature was now given to them, by their being made the vehicles of opinion to the great parties of the State. Parliament was an oracle, to be approached only by the initiated. But the battles of party sometimes extended beyond the legislative precincts, and required the aid of the people. The newspapers were then the trumpets, the manifestoes, the summons to the charge, or the declarations of principle. Swift and Bolingbroke, Addison, and a crowd of anonymous writers, inferior in literature, but sometimes of high station in the Royal Councils, appealed to the public through the newspapers. The Walpole Administration was a perpetual newspaper war; and the Ministry fell, less by a Parliamentary overthrow, than by its gradual neglect of this field. It had grown insolent by success, and suffered the superiority of the pen to pass over to its enemies. The fault was equally gross and irretrievable; and the ablest Minister of the reign paid the penalty, in immediate and returnless exclusion from power.

We have intimated one book as capable of forming a most curious history. We may now intimate an-

other—the “*Annals of Party Writing*” in England. The materials are abundant, the subject is closely connected with the growth of the Constitution, and the anecdotes of individual character are numberless, poignant, and involving the first public names of England since the Revolution. A new writer was now to rekindle the languid fires of the press. All phenomena strike by their suddenness in the political world, as well as in the physical. On the 21st of January, 1769, a letter appeared in the “*Public Advertiser*,” with the signature, since so well known, of JUNIUS. The boldness, the lofty scorn, and the indignant fierceness of this assailant of Ministers, would have ensured general attention; but these were qualities in which he would soon have found equals. His unrivalled power lay in his singular felicity of language; in a classic elegance, even while he was deprecating all the graces of speech; and in the splendours of the orator, while he professed a contempt for every thing but the force of the logician. Junius made no concealment of his purposes. His principle was to crush the Ministry. No man less manœuvred on the edge of the field. He pushed for their centre at once. Combining popular wrongs with popular clamours, individual errors with public misgovernment, the national pressures with party interests, he flung the whole condensed mass of truth and falsehood on the head of Administration. It smote them with the weight of a thunderbolt. “If, by the immediate interposition of Providence,” exclaimed this bold and brilliant writer, “it were possible for us to escape a crisis so full of terror and despair, posterity will not believe the history of the present times. They will either believe that our distresses were imaginary, or that we had the good fortune to be governed by men of integrity and wisdom. They will not believe it possible that their ancestors could have survived, or recovered from so desperate a condition, while a Duke of Grafton was Prime Minister, and a Lord North Chancellor of the Exchequer, a Weymouth and a Hillsborough Secretaries of State, a Granby Commander-in-Chief, and a Mans-

field Chief Criminal Judge of the kingdom.”

The public were astonished at the force and fervid defiance of those celebrated letters, but the astonishment was converted into admiration by their continued eloquence, exquisite subtlety, and polished vigour. It has been the habit, in our age of pretension, to speak of those masterpieces with carelessness. But an honest feeling will acknowledge, that for their objects, English literature has never seen their equal; that in their day all rivalry was consumed in their intense lustre; that since their day, all imitation has been able to reach only to their defects; and that not even among the noblest names of literature then in its day—and it was the day of Burke, Chatham, Sackville, Holland, and a crowd of eminent men who adorned public life by their genius, and illustrated the walls of Parliament by eloquence and knowledge, unparalleled since the brightest days of Grecian freedom—was there a single name that could assert its title to the full possession of the wreath of Junius. To one was attributed his force, to another his taste, to a third his pungent sense, to a fourth his knowledge of constitutional law, public men, and Cabinet measures; but no man could be pointed out among the living who inherited the undivided claim. The enquiry into the secret of his authorship has been so long and so utterly baffled, that it would now be idle to renew it. The late attempt to give the honour to Sir Philip Francis has failed like the rest, and from a cause admitting of no answer. Sir Philip had not *talents for the task*. Writing all his life, and even emulously adopting the style of Junius, he never was able to adopt his spirit. The habiliments were there, the man to wear them was wanting. The epigrammatic turn, the terseness, the virulence, the abruptness, all the errors, were there, and all exaggerated; but the redeeming qualities of the great writer—the vividness, the fine originality—the concealed metaphor shining through, and giving beauty to the simplest phrase—the intense poignancy, striking like a dagger to the heart, were not there, and Junius

has gone to his immortality unencumbered by the clay of Sir Philip Francis.

The conjectures of the day were fastened upon every remarkable personage of public life. Burke, full of talent, animation, and hostility to the Grafton ascendancy, was naturally named among the rest. But the answer was, that his splendid amplifications were the very reverse of the condensed and consuming vividness of Junius. Still this was but an inefficient answer, for a man of Burke's powers might have made himself master of any style; he did occasionally exhibit an extraordinary diversity, and the probability, if he were Junius, was, that he would adopt a style as remote from his habitual one as possible, for the mere purpose of preserving his *incognito*. But there are some approaches to evidence. Sir Joshua Reynolds and Malone were fully satisfied from circumstances, that Burke had something to do with the letters; not that he had originally written them—that part they believed to have belonged to some one else—but that he had corrected, added to, and invigorated them. By some means or other, the original authorship was generally connected with the name of a Mr Dyer, a very clever and well-informed person, a member of the Gerard Street Club, and a peculiar intimate of Burke. Dyer was not distinguished as a writer. Yet there are many instances of individuals, who, possessing great abilities, are careless of their display, and from indolence, or want of opportunity, from non-excitement, or from actual reluctance to appear in public, suffer their powers to waste themselves in anonymous essays. Dyer had lived under circumstances which would naturally supply much of the information that characterises the letters. He had travelled, and known much of mankind; he had subsequently held an office in the department of the Military Commissariat, which brought him much in contact with the War-Office, of which Junius writes with such palpable and practical intimacy. His intercourse with London society, and peculiarly with Burke's house, which had already become a nest of young politicians,

would supply all the more private politics of the day. His death took place in 1772, coincident with the conclusion of the letters. They were never revived; and the universal opinion at the time was, that the writer had died. Another curious indication was, the anecdote mentioned by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of William Burke's hurrying, immediately on Dyer's death, to his lodgings, and there seizing and destroying a large quantity of MSS., on which, being questioned by Reynolds, who was one of the executors, and who, when he entered the room, found the floor covered with the papers cut up into the smallest fragments, there being no fire in the grate, he hurriedly answered, that "the papers were of great importance to himself, and of none to any body else." In addition, Burke acknowledged indirectly to Reynolds, that he knew the writer of Junius's letters, but expressed a wish at the same time, that he should be asked nothing further upon the subject. Still the direct proof is wanting, and will probably never be supplied. Yet Burke gradually felt that suspicion pointed towards him; and it was probably on this account that he ventured on his panegyric of Junius in the House—a capital contrivance as a disclaimer, for who could be supposed to panegyricize himself? In the debate on the address in 1770, he thus depicted this Court terror and popular idol:—"How comes this Junius to have broke through the cobwebs of the law, and to range, uncontrolled and unpunished, through the land? The myrmidons of the Court have been long, and are still pursuing him in vain. They will not spend their time upon me or upon you, when the mighty boar of the forest that has broke through all their toils is before them. But what will all their efforts avail? No sooner has he wounded one, than he strikes down another dead at his feet. For my own part, when I saw his attack on the King, I own my blood ran cold. I thought that he had ventured too far, and that there was an end of his triumphs. Not that he had not asserted many bold truths: Yes, sir, there are in that composition many bold truths, by which a wise prince might profit. It was the rancour

and venom with which I was struck. But while I expected from this daring flight his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher, and coming souse down upon both Houses of Parliament! Yes, he made you his quarry, and you still bleed from the effects of his talons. You crouched, and still crouch, beneath his rage. Nor has he dreaded the terrors of your brow, sir,* for he has attacked even you, and, I believe, you have had no reason to triumph in the encounter. Not content with carrying away our royal eagle in his pounces, and dashing him against a rock, he has laid you prostrate, and King, Lords, and Commons, thus become the sport of his fury. Were he a member of this House, what might not be expected from his knowledge, his firmness, and his integrity? He would be easily known by his contempt of all danger, by his penetration, and by his vigour. Nothing would escape his vigilance and activity. Bad Ministers could conceal nothing from his sagacity, nor could promises or threats induce him to conceal any thing from the public."

If the supposition be true that Dyer was the chief author of the letters, the panegyric might be delivered, and be free from all disingenuousness. At all events, if its object were to throw a shield over Burke, it had the effect. He seems to have completely swept away all suspicion at the moment, while he attracted to himself the praise of party heroism, and personal ability.

The object of Junius was to crush the Grafton Ministry. This he effected with unparalfeled power. But in his progress he was compelled, from time to time, to turn aside and chastise individuals who rashly attempted to try his strength. Sir William Draper had made the first experiment, and was made the first victim. Horne's officiousness naturally excited disgust for his politics, and his letters to Wilkes had as naturally excited scorn for his person. From both circumstances, he was so far beneath the notice of the lordly Junius, that, for nearly two years, he was left to the mortification of finding his claims to public ridicule totally disregarded. Junius had pur-

suits of a rank which did not suffer him to stoop to the little virtues or vices of a demagogue, whose element was in coffeehouse politics and the harangues of the Common Council. His quarry was Kings and Parliaments; he could not condescend to the chastisement of the half-ungowned disturber of Brentford. But Horne's quarrel with Wilkes at length brought their names together in one of the letters alluding to the conduct of Ministers; and he was smitten to the dust with one of those side-blows, those careless sweeps of the scimitar, which Junius handled with such fatal ease. "The unfortunate success of the Rev. Mr Horne's endeavours," said the letter, "in support of the Ministerial nomination of Sheriffs, will, I fear, obstruct his preferment. Permit me to recommend him to your Grace's protection. You will find him copiously gifted with those qualities of the heart, which usually direct you in the choice of your friendships. He, too, was Mr Wilkes's friend, and as incapable as you are of the liberal resentment of a gentleman. No, my Lord, it was the solitary, vindictive malice of a monk, brooding over the infirmities of his friend, until he thought they quickened into public life, and feasting with a rancorous rapture upon the sordid catalogue of his distresses. Now, let him go back again to his cloister. The mention of this man has moved me from my natural moderation. Let me return to your Grace; you are the pillow on which I am determined to rest all my resentments."

Horne answered the letter within a few days, in a weak attempt at ironical deprecation. But in one portion of his reply, where he is accidentally betrayed into seriousness, he draws a picture of his own self-sought misfortunes, which ought to be a lesson to all who desert an honourable station for the pursuit of rabble popularity. "All parties," says he, "have their reasons for uniting in their wishes against me. The popular prejudice is as strongly in your favour, as it is violent against the parson. Singular as my present situation is, it is neither painful, nor was it unforeseen. He is not fit for

* Norton, the Speaker, was remarkable for heavy brows.

public business, who does not, at even his entrance, prepare his mind for such an event. *Health, fortune, tranquillity, and private connexions, I have sacrificed upon the altar of the public.* And the only return I receive, because I will not concur to dupe and mislead a senseless multitude, is *barely that they have not yet torn me in pieces.*" This was perfectly true. He had gained the most entire public scorn. But it ought to be asked, What public necessity called on this man to take upon himself "public business?" What, but his own miserable vanity, his ridiculous eagerness for being talked of, and his culpable disregard of the sacred duties to which he had professionally given his pledge? His sufferings were the natural result of his absurdity. The waste of his income was the work of the same folly which exhausted his character; and if his subsequent career was rendered still darker by repeated punishment, he might thank for it only the more violent ebullitions of the same restless, irrational, and low-minded love of notoriety.

The correspondence with Junius was instantly interrupted. That writer saw at once the error of stopping on his way to trample on men like Horne, while the Graftons, Norths, and Bedfords, were still to be immolated. He despatched a private note to his printer, enclosing a short letter to Horne, commencing with—"I cannot descend to an altercation with you in the newspapers." The letter was published, and Horne immediately issued a reply, of feeble composition, and intolerable length. But Junius was determined to shake him off, and pursue his proper prey. His letter of August 15, 1771, makes an eager effort to disgust him. "I ought to make an apology to the Duke of Grafton, for suffering any part of my attention to be diverted from his Grace to Mr Horne. I am not justified by the similarity of their dispositions. Private vices, however detestable, have not dignity sufficient to attract the censure of the press, unless they are united with the power of doing some signal mischief to the community. Mr Horne's situation does not correspond with his intentions."

But, to turn for a moment from this

disturber and his castigations, to a subject which has so lately excited the Empire, and which must exercise so long and so anxious an influence over its fortunes; what was the opinion of the great political master on Reform, the fearless, unprejudiced, and unhesitating Junius—the man who boasted of going to the utmost verge of right for the assertion of the utmost liberty compatible with the existence of the constitution? In his letter to Wilkes on Parliamentary Reform, 7th September, 1771, he thus states his sentiments:

"Lord Chatham's project, for instance, of increasing the number of knights of shires, appears to me admirable. *As to cutting away the Rotten Burghs,*" (Wilkes's proposition,) "I am as much offended as any man, at seeing so many of them under the direct influence of the Crown, or at the disposal of private persons. Yet, I own, I have both doubts and apprehensions in regard to the remedy you propose. I shall be charged, perhaps, with an unusual want of political intrepidity, when I honestly confess to you, that I am startled at the idea of so extensive an amputation. In the first place, I question the power *de jure* of the Legislature to disfranchise a number of boroughs upon the general ground of improving the Constitution. There *cannot be a doctrine more fatal* to the liberty and property we are contending for, than that which confounds the idea of a supreme and an arbitrary Legislature. I need not point out to you the fatal purposes to which it has been, and may be applied. If we are sincere in the political creed which we profess, there are many things which we ought to affirm cannot be done by King, Lords, and Commons. Among those I reckon the *disfranchising of boroughs*, with a general view to improvement. I consider it as an equivalent to *robbing the parties concerned of their freehold, of their birthright*. I say that, though this birthright may be forfeited, or the exercise of it suspended in particular cases, *it cannot be taken away by a general law for any real or pretended purpose of improving the Constitution.*

"Supposing the attempt made, I am persuaded you cannot mean that either King or Lords should take an

active part in it; a bill which touches only the representation of the people must originate in the House of Commons. In the formation and mode of passing it, the exclusive right of the Commons must be asserted as scrupulously, as in the case of a money bill. Now, sir, I should be glad to know, by what kind of reasoning it can be proved, that there is a power vested in the representative to *destroy his immediate constituent*. Whence could he possibly derive it? A courtier, I know, will be ready to maintain the affirmative. The doctrine suits him exactly, because it gives an unlimited operation to the influence of the Crown. But we, Mr Wilkes, ought to hold a different language. It is no answer to me to say, that the bill, when it passes the House of Commons, is the act of the majority, and not the representatives of the particular boroughs concerned. If the majority can disfranchise ten boroughs, why not twenty? why not the whole kingdom? Why should they not make their own seats in Parliament for life? When the Septennial Act passed, the Legislature did what apparently and palpably they had no power to do; but they did more than people in general were aware of. They, in effect, disfranchised the whole kingdom for four years.

"For argument's sake, I shall now suppose that the expediency of the measure, and the power of Parliament, are unquestionable. Still, you will find an insurmountable difficulty in the execution. When all your instruments of amputation are prepared, when the unhappy patient lies bound at your feet, without the possibility of resistance, by what infallible rule will you direct the operation? When you propose to cut away the rotten parts, can you tell us what parts are perfectly sound? Are there any certain limits in fact or theory to inform you at what point you must stop, at what point the mortification ends? To a man so capable of observation and reflection as you are, it is unnecessary to say all that might be said upon the subject."

Of course, this rational view of the case was not the view taken by Horne, or the friends of Horne. Junius was denounced in the taverns

as "a friend of corruption," "a profligate purchased by an equally profligate Treasury," a "Ministerial pander." The difficulty of distinguishing between the good and the bad, the actual dishonesty of punishing the honest elector for the crime of the corrupt one, the palpable illegality of stripping of their franchise a multitude of individuals, some of whom had obtained it by inheritance, some by personal service, some by the payment of their money, some by great public merits, and all in open and perfect conformity to the laws of the land, were no difficulties to the sweeping legislation of the tavern; and Junius was denounced by Horne, in his public harangues, as a "defender of rotten boroughs."

In this struggle Horne was, by a curious contradiction, utterly defeated, and yet tolerably successful. In point of literature, his overthrow was complete. His letters are contemptible, contrasted with the strength, clearness, and pungency of Junius. Adopting the style of the great writer with a menial eagerness of imitation, he has no power of adopting his spirit. His reasoning is vague, his sarcasm pointless, and his illustration unnatural, laboured, and obscure. Junius launches an arrow at him, strikes him in a mortal spot, and calmly passes on. Horne returns the assault with a club, fatigues himself by his awkward hostility, falls short of his dexterous and disdainful antagonist, and in revenge beats the air. But the mere contest gave him additional publicity, and to be talked of was his triumph; all the triumph which he could ever expect in such a contest, and perhaps all the triumph that his worthless ambition ever desired. If scoffed at and scorned, still he was the subject of the public lips; if trampled into the deepest mire of public shame, still he was brought before the public eye; if scourged by Wilkes's bitter vindictiveness for his notorious change from abject servility to insolent revolt, or branded on the forehead by the fiery stamp of Junius, as bartering first his feelings for a vulgar popularity, and then his popularity for the indulgence of a vulgar revenge, still the simple fact of his venturing to cope with such competitors, gave him a reputation for courage, which with the rabble

is a substitute for every virtue under heaven.

The course of time does something for every man. The old leaders of the populace were rapidly disappearing from the scene. Some had grown weary of the dungeon; some were broken down by years; Wilkes had already withdrawn into the shelter of his gown, and was fast becoming an alderman, and nothing more. The faction required a man who would face dungeon and pillory for the popular shout; and Horne had already shewn that he possessed the requisite endurance. But he was still a clergyman, his robes were a hinderance to the alacrity with which he was to climb the heights of rabble honour, and he now adopted the extraordinary determination of abandoning his sacred profession, and following his fortunes in the popular high-road. In 1773, he sold the living of New Brentford, and nominally commenced his preparation for the Bar. Partisanship did its share with its usual zeal. Four individuals gave him a joint bond for £400 a-year, until he should be called; of which bond, if we are to believe himself, payment was never demanded. Yet, as nearly his whole subsequent income was notoriously supplied by subscriptions, it is difficult to conceive that he should have been more reluctant to use the purse of other men in the former instance than in the latter.

But it is probable that in his declaration of being called to the Bar he was never serious. He was now thirty-seven, an age too late for any change of profession; his habits were rambling, giddy, and vain. In his study, he loved to run from subject to subject; and in public, to exhibit his versatility in idle speeches at every idle convocation of the multitude. He was miserable if he was not plunging into some popular quarrel, struggling through some personal difficulty, or involving every man round him in party warfare. Such habits would never have made a man "learned in the law." Eternally corresponding, or scribbling letters in the newspapers to all possible public men upon all possible topics, he could never have found time for the study of the Law. The very nature of his faculties, volatile

rather than vivid, and more captious than acute, and sharper than strong, disqualified him for the steady labour and manly severity of the legal mind. As a public speaker, his experiment in the House of Commons extinguished him at once and for ever.

But he soon found an occupation. In 1775, the American colonies broke out into open revolt. The question is now past into history; and the history itself almost disappears amid the glare of the fearful and magnificent catastrophes which have since filled the European eye. With the fires of the great revolutionary volcano which consumed so vast a portion of the strength of Europe, scarcely sunk down, and still threatening at every hour to break out with more vindictive conflagration, we have no eyes to turn to the twinkling of the revolutionary torch in the hands of a Transatlantic mob. But the American revolt was a guilty and treacherous rebellion against a generous and gracious master. It succeeded. But the question of its good fortune is still to be decided. The fifty years which have since elapsed are nothing in the life of a nation. They have been prosperous even under the wavering republicanism of America, but they might have been immeasurably more prosperous under the steady, calm, and lenient supremacy of England. Yet even of that prosperity the closing hour may not be far. The only elements of strength in the government have been borrowed from the English monarchy. With the recession from England, Democracy has advanced upon her. The present contests of the Northern and Southern States may be partially reconciled, though the final dismemberment of the Union is inevitable. But a deadlier enemy than the worst dismemberment is fearlessly at work. Democracy is waiting only the moment to grasp the constitution, and strangle it at a touch. The power of the populace is hourly growing more arrogant. The ambition of its leaders is more openly aiming at the overthrow of the established order—the tide of brute force and untaught passion is hourly pressing heavier upon the few and feeble barriers of the State; and the first national impulse will bury the government in the same depth which

has already swallowed up the religion, the morals, and the good faith of America.

The first actual collision in arms at Lexington, put all the pseudo-patriotism of the metropolis on the alert. Horne was, of course, busy at the earliest moment. The "Society for Constitutional Information," a club of nameless disturbers, which had been formed out of the wreck of the "Bill of Rights" Club, held a meeting on the occasion, at which he moved, "that a subscription should be raised for the relief of the widows, orphans, and aged parents of their American fellow-subjects, murdered ['] by the King's troops at Lexington and Concord, on the 19th day of April, 1775." A vote of a hundred pounds from the Society was passed, and the money ordered to be transmitted to Franklin. But the peril of being publicly connected with such a vote, was so perfectly comprehended, that the chairman of the meeting declined affixing his signature to it for the newspapers. The hesitation seeming to be general, Horne took the burden upon himself, signed his name, and prepared for the dungeon which he thus invited, and which he amply deserved.

Yet his punishment was singularly delayed. His act was a palpable challenge to Government. No authority could longer claim the national respect, if it received such insults in silence. But the Minister was probably engrossed with weightier considerations than the petulance of a newspaper advertisement. America was hourly teeming with rebellion. The efforts of a powerful Opposition were throwing fetters round every step of Government; and with America in open hostility in his front, Europe was exhibiting strong signs of a disposition to take advantage of the evil time. But the punishment even of so petty a disturber was due to justice; and in July, 1774, he was brought to trial at Guildhall, before Lord Mansfield. Thurlow, then Attorney-General, led the prosecution, and forcibly argued on the gratuitous insult to Government, which was the direct object of the libel. "The intention of this paper," said he truly, "is nothing more than to defy the laws and justice of the country, proclaiming thus, 'Either

punish this libel, or confess that there are no laws in the country by which a libel can be punished.' Others have entertained sufficient malice against this country. Others have been anxious enough to excite sedition, but this is written chiefly for the purpose of telling mankind, thus I dare do, I dare insult the laws, without having any earthly thing to state to the public, except an insult on the laws."

"Is it," said he, "to be laid down for law, or a thing to be tolerated in a civilized country, that crimes of the most heinous sort shall be imputed to men by a public reviler in a newspaper, who yet dares not stand forth as an accuser? Is it to be tolerated in a country where an orderly government prevails, and while the form of Government subsists, that men shall write against the transactions of that Government, as if stained with all the crimes under heaven, and calculated for no earthly purpose but that of committing those crimes? To suppress liberty, the only object for which Government is, or ought to be erected; and to suppress that liberty by the means of murder, is imputed to the transactions of the freest country under heaven. And it is called liberty to do that! Men must be shortsighted indeed, the man must be drivelling like an idiot, who does not see that the maintaining of regular government, is the true, the only means of maintaining liberty."

These observations were peculiarly pointed at the insolent and defying language of the resolution published by the Club, which had declared that the L.100 was devoted to the relief of the widows, &c. "of our beloved American fellow-subjects, who, faithful to the character of Englishmen, *preferring death to slavery*, were, *for this reason only, inhumanly murdered* by the King's troops, at or near Lexington," &c.

Horne's perpetual vanity urged him into defending himself on this occasion; and looking on the whole transaction now with the most impartial eye, the true wonder is, how a man of any practice in addressing the people, could have produced a performance so impotent as his speech. It was totally a dry piece of special pleading. Instead of ex-

hibiting the common dexterity of exciting the feelings of the jury in his favour, by appeals to the popular topics of the time, to the enthusiasm that might be generated by a view of the presumed wrongs of America; to the miseries of civil bloodshed once begun; to the hazard of the precedent, if brought home to ourselves; or putting the jury in the position of the people of Massachusetts, attempting to invoke their sympathies for himself, by asking them what would be their own conduct if they found themselves forced to defend their rights against a soldiery, Horne, without adopting any other of the expedients that would have naturally suggested themselves to an orator on the popular side, labouring to make the worse appear the better reason, employed his whole speech in meagre and lingering attempts to be sarcastic at the expense of the judge, to prove that the King's troops had been brought into question before for disturbances in London; and finally to say, that as Wilkes had escaped the punishment of publishing libels, there was no reason in making him suffer for writing them. The necessary result of this feeble defence was a verdict of guilty. He was, shortly after, brought up to receive sentence, and was condemned to pay a fine of L.200, be imprisoned for a twelve-month, and find securities for his good behaviour for three years, himself in L.400, and two sureties in L.200 each.

Horne was now in his forty-third year, and the retrospect of his life might have been a grave warning for the future years of a man capable of moral wisdom. He had lost a profession; he had thrown himself out of all society, but that of a small circle of violent men, who lived on topics of public discontent; he had been involved in three trials, he was now under sentence of the law, and he was on the brink of poverty. At this period, he had the world to begin anew. But this seems to have given him no pain. His vocation was idleness. He loved to talk of the effects which he might produce, when once within the limits of Westminster Hall, but he suffered them to glide by; and it was not till he was urged by others, that he applied to the Benchers of the Inner Temple

for a *call*. His application there failed. The nominal ground was his having been a churchman. The true ground was his political character. The secretary of "the Constitutional Society," the rabble orator, and the convicted libeller, with the rankness of the jail still on him, was not likely to have made an acceptable addition to the English Bar. The rejection sat lightly on him; his appeal might have lain to the judges, and from them to the Legislature. But he took no further trouble on the subject. He complained, of course, of tyranny, injustice, the prejudices of the Inner Temple, and the secret hostility of all mankind. But he did nothing. The probable conclusion is, that he was perfectly satisfied with the result; and that, enjoying the new topic of his injuries from the Bar, he felt himself fortunate in escaping the trouble of the profession. He was now urged no more; turned to his old habits of teaching Ministers how to govern, and England how to be opulent without labour, and free without subordination; and wrote pamphlets on the war. America had lately added to the original crime of her rebellion, an alliance with France. The passion of the young republic for liberty offered no impediment to her flattering the passion of the old despotism for power. France, in the impulse of her evil destiny, instantly embraced the alliance, broke the peace, and was from that moment undone. Yet she had not the excuse of blindness for her choice of ruin. The natural result of American alliance on the European monarchies, was clearly announced by the statesmen of the Continent.

On Franklin's applying to Frederick of Prussia for his assistance, the veteran monarch instantly shrank—*Je suis royaliste par metier*, was his sagacious answer. But to the vanity of France there was irresistible temptation in the chance of healing the wounds of the British sword, by joining her new enemy. The bitter defeats of the war of 1763 still rankled at her heart. The good faith of treaties was no barrier to the combined fickleness, pride, and rancour of her Ministry. She sent her army across the Atlantic, and they brought back with them the torch

that was speedily to wrap the whole fabric of the monarchy in conflagration.

Horne, of course, plunged into the controversy, and took the part, of course, of the enemy. In conjunction with Price, a *malignant*, who has passed down to posterity solely by Burke's castigation of his folly, in the immortal "*Reflections on the French Revolution*," he immediately set forth a pamphlet, entitled, "*Facts addressed to the Landholders, Merchants, &c. of Great Britain and Ireland*." It thus began, with a menace well worthy of the writer:—"Fellow-countrymen! It was only by the *death of one King*, and the *expulsion of another*, by a long train of cruel civil wars, and a deluge of the best blood in the country, that our ancestors could at length obtain from prerogative, that the Judges, who only declare the law, should no longer be under the influence and corrupt power of the Crown; and though costly, they thought the purchase wisely made. What is now our struggle? That those who make the laws shall no longer be prostituted to infamous and sordid gains; that the Legislature itself may be rescued from temptations which flesh and blood cannot withstand. The integrity of Parliament, it has been observed, is the keystone that keeps the whole together. If this be shaken, our constitution totters; if it be quite removed, our constitution falls into ruin.

"Is it then only *shaken*? Is it not quite *removed*? Have not three or four hundred mercenaries, in the two houses, already effected against the property and liberties of this country, what ten times as many thousands, out of them, would have attempted in vain?"

In this rambling rhetoric, the pamphlet proceeded to arraign the acts of Government, as proceeding from a determination to crush the liberties of England! and the acts of the Legislature as influenced by a corrupt compliance with the dictates of Ministers. Let it be remembered, that this declared ruin of the Constitution is dated fifty years ago; that, according to the writer, liberty *then died*; that England was then *undone*; bankrupt, beggared, prostrated before all her enemies; and if sur-

viving a few years, destined only to exhibit the more startling example of utter despotism. And it was by this childish exaggeration, this miserable spirit of angry prediction, this obsolete nonsense, that the demagogue attempted to establish a claim to the consideration of the country. The pamphlet was probably read, for it loaded Lord North with maledictions; and the ill success of his feebly conducted war had long rendered the Minister unpopular. But the Ministry was changed, the war was brought to a close, and the pamphleteer was certainly not among the favourites of fortune on the occasion. His name was not found among the new sharers of the Government; and he was left to mourn over the ingratitude of mankind.

But in all his contempt of public men, his habit of clinging to candidates for power was sufficiently characteristic. He had already tried the Rockingham Opposition. One of the follies or crimes of all English Oppositions is their condescending to connect themselves with individuals, whom, when in power, they are compelled to throw off. From the Rockinghams he had turned to the Shelburnes; but the author of a pamphlet pronouncing the exile and death of Kings to be a cheap purchase for what he called liberty, must be an ill-omened appendage to a party which felt itself on the verge of power; and by the Shelburnes he was now laid aside. Lord Shelburne himself had even prohibited the publication of the pamphlet. But there was a young member in the House of Commons, on whom the radiance of hereditary glory seemed about to descend. Every eye marked William Pitt as the future Prime Minister; and to William Pitt, Horne instantly and ostentatiously attached himself, clung to him with all the eagerness of partisanship, was the panegyrist of his friends, the satirist of his enemies, covered Lord North and Fox with the thickest scorn; got nothing, and was left indignantly to seek a patron again. The failures of the war had overthrown Lord North in 1782. The Rockinghams succeeded; but then the old ties of the superior and the dependent could not be reunited. The death of the

Premier soon threw the Government into the hands of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who, with Pitt, as his Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the age of twenty-three, made a bold effort to stem the strength of Opposition. Horne clung to the Ministry, but still clung in vain.

Another change was at hand. Fox, uniting his strength with North, to the astonishment, and still more to the disgust of the nation, exhibited the scandalous spectacle of an utter contempt for the most distinct declarations of public principle. But the crime was successful for the moment. The Shelburne Cabinet was forced to give way, and the Coalition, of all infamous names of English political history the most infamous, was put in possession of power. But the national scorn, seconded by the royal abhorrence, was fatal to this profligate Cabinet. An attempt to render itself despotic, by grasping the patronage of India, roused at once the alarm and resentment of all good men; and the Coalition was cast out in a burst of scorn from every quarter of the empire.

It must now be confessed, with whatever shame for human frailty, that the flaming patriot had already softened down into something not very remote from what he himself would in other times have called a Government slave. Pitt was the lion, a noble sovereign of the political forest, and Horne was rejoiced to be the jackall. He made his way into a political club, formed by Pitt, Lord Camden, and others, to counteract the influence of Fox among clubs of all kinds. This club was even named the "Constitutional Club," in vexatious contrast to the early offspring of Horne's first political love. He even wore its blue and scarlet uniform, another painful contrast to the blue and buff which Fox and all "true patriots" wore, in imitation of the uniform of the American troops. He even wore the stamp of "King and Constitution" on his buttons, and unshrinkingly drank the club toasts of loyalty. The Westminster election of 1784, memorable for as desperate a course of corruption as ever stained Rome in the days when the Prætorians sold the diadem, saw Horne in the

full activity of partisanship. Fox and his friends had fallen, the great Whig was now the enemy of Administration, and this was enough to kindle the righteous zeal of Horne. Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, the two Ministerial candidates, were pronounced in his harangues to be the fittest men alive for the representation of Westminster. Fox was let down to the requisite degree of popular scorn. The Ex-Minister was finally defeated, and though he attempted to recover his position by the well-known "Scrutiny," he was thus only doubly defeated, and driven to the refuge of a district of Scotch boroughs.

Pitt was still rising in rank as a statesman, and the extraordinary intelligence which he displayed on every Parliamentary subject, his singular acuteness in finance, the manliness with which he breasted the difficulties of the State, and the eloquent vigour with which he smote every attempt of Opposition to rise again, gave him unequalled claims on power. He was already less the Minister than the Ministry. The whole weight of the government was upon his head, and its sceptre was evidently destined, without a competitor, to repose at last in his hands. Horne, (who had now taken the name of Tooke, from a whimsical old man, who promised to leave him his heir at his death,) hung still closer on the great Minister as he rose; and Pitt was the theme of his perpetual panegyric. Still promotion, unhappily, found no spot for him, and he fluttered round the Treasury without being allowed to settle. The general election of 1788, seemed at length to give him a new opportunity of awakening the tardy regards of the Minister. The great Whig families, who had identified their interests with the necessities of Fox, had made a general effort for his return, and brought him and Lord John Townshend, as his colleague, into Parliament. This offered a plausible occasion for the display of zeal on the Government side; and Horne Tooke seized upon it with the most eager avidity. He published a comparative view of the Ministerial and Opposition leaders, under the title—"Two Pair of Portraits, presented to all the unbiassed Electors of Great Britain, and especially

to the Electors of Westminster, by John Horne Tooke, an Elector of Westminster. 1788." With the motto:—

"Disce, puer, virtutem ex his, verumque
laborem,
Fortunam ex illis."

The first pair were Lord Chatham and Lord Holland; the second were Pitt and Fox. To give the full effect to this specimen of prodigious sycophancy, this lavish proclamation of a political drudge, we must remember the principles to which he had bound himself from the commencement of his course; the ostentatious scorn of authority, the wilful insolence, the deliberate defiance, the contumelious bitterness that envenomed every syllable from his lips for twenty years; his furious advocacy of Wilkes, while that mischievous libertine continued to rail at all that bore the name of Government; and his own rash, wrathful, and irritating assaults on authority. Let us remember that he was the man who thus wrote:—"It was thought a daring expression of Oliver Cromwell, in the time of Charles the First, that if he found himself placed opposite to the King in battle, he would discharge his piece into his bosom as soon as into any other man's. *I go farther. Had I lived in those days, I would not have waited for a chance to give me an opportunity of doing my duty! I would have sought him through the ranks, and without the least personal enmity, have discharged my piece into his bosom, rather than into any other man's!*"

And this declaration of readiness to have committed murder, aggravated by that murder's being regicide, is not left to be thrown aside among the past principles of past times. It is generalized by a maxim into an expedient for all times. "The King," says he, "whose actions justify rebellion to his government, deserves death from the *hand of every subject.*" On this maxim, the guilt of the Monarch is to be decided by the opinion of the subject. Thus, revolt on the part of the multitude is to be considered rebellion on the part of the King; for so long as the multitude form the tribunal, they will never admit that the criminality is on their side. And the result of this sentence, which must be partial, and may be

rash, foolish, and frantic, is to let loose blood, to arm the hand of every man against his King as against a wild beast, to outlaw the Head of the State, and make the rabble, after having acted as the judge, act as the executioner. If any other meaning can be extracted from the words, let the writer have the benefit of it. But this, to us, seems the simple and inevitable conclusion. The maxim stands before us in its naked deformity—"The King whose actions justify rebellion to his government, deserves death from the hand of every subject." But the writer is not content with even this. He reduces the general maxim to an individual case, and makes that case his own. "Should such a thing arrive, *I shall be as free to act as say.*" And this language is contained in one of those documents for which he was most eager to claim publicity—his letter of July 31, 1771, to Junius.

If these recollections are now brought back from the oblivion for which they were made, it is not to heap additional scorn upon an obscure grave, it is not to sully the memory of a man who solicited the antipathy of the laws, it is not even to indulge the honest indignation of society against the partisanship that would place every disturber in the ranks of patriotism; but it is for the legitimate and natural purpose of shewing with what facility the flaming oppositionist may be cooled down into the submissive servitor; how readily the idolator of the rabble may be brought on his knees before the shrine of power; of what materials the profession of a demagogue is compacted in every age.

By the publication of the "Pair of Portraits," Horne Tooke expected to win his way to the smiles of the Ministry of George the Third. The allegations contained in the Pamphlet were true to the letter; and they were not the less true, that their writer finally swallowed his words, became a bitter opponent of Ministry, and plunging from folly to folly, narrowly escaped falling a victim to his own absurdities.

But while the gates of promotion seemed yet not entirely shut upon him, while there was a hope of inducing the young Minister to look upon the sycophant who was licking the dust off his shoes, while there

was the shadow of gaining any thing by the abuse of Fox and the flattery of Pitt, the scheme was plied incessantly for years, but plied in vain.

At length a new election seemed to offer an opportunity of making his claims conspicuous. To the surprise of every one, who knew the narrowness of his public merits, his utter want of weight with the electors, the poverty of his personal means, and still more the popular stigma which had been left upon him by his conduct to Wilkes; Tooke started for Westminster, against Fox and Lord Hood. This exploit was of the character, and had the fate of all his performances; founded in vanity, it was conducted in folly, and closed in total failure. Out of 13,000 electors, he polled but 1679. But this was not all. He actually had the absurdity to prefer a petition to the House of Commons against the return; which in his concluding address he had thus depicted. "Gentlemen, I do not consider what has been passing before us as any real election. As things at present are managed, it is impossible that the real electors of Westminster should enjoy even that pitiful share of representation which is nominally left to them. I trust I shall be the means of doing away for ever the *infirmities of what is called a Westminster election*."

"The sacrifice which I have already made, is personally very important to me. But I will go further. I will present a petition against the return of Mr Fox and Lord Hood to Parliament, and I will endeavour to *extort by shame*, from those whom *no engagements, no honour, no sense of public justice or of public decency can move*; I will endeavour, by shame, to extort redress, and a peaceable, quiet election in future, without perjury or bloodshed, for the real electors of Westminster."

Having thus delivered his opinion of the conduct of Fox, he proceeded to lay his supposed wrongs before Parliament in an indecorous and vapouring petition. This measure too had its natural fate. The committee on the petition threw it out with the utmost contumely, pronouncing it to be "*frivolous and vexatious*." By the statute, this report rendered the petitioner liable to damages.

Lord Hood disdained to pursue so ignoble a victim. But Fox, the man of the people, thought otherwise. He was not above mulcting the unlucky aspirant for popular glories of all that he could get. He took an action against him, and gained £198 damages.

After this lesson of the inconveniences of rabble ambition, Horne Tooke retired from London for life. He gave up a house which he had in Richmond Buildings, Soho, for the purpose of concentrating his pursuits or his partisans, and fixed himself finally at Wimbledon. By what pecuniary resources this change was accomplished, it is not now easy to discover. He had long since exhausted his apparent means; his trade of public life had been signally unprosperous; fine and imprisonment, law and damages, were the only fruits which he had gleaned from the field of politics: disowned by party, discountenanced by Ministers, trampled down in the triumph of the Whig elections, despised and repelled by the Tories, and rejected even by the rabble, no man could have had stronger reasons for hiding his diminished head, shrinking from the society in which he could find no place, and giving up the rest of his days to the obscurity, which, in such men, is the only retreat from public ridicule.

But, Horne Tooke was not to be taught his own inefficiency by defeat, nor to discover his rashness, imprudence, and ignorance, by the fact that *every thing* which he touched he marred. He was still to lie under the extravagant delusion that he was a politician, that there was room for him in political life, that he might yet make himself conspicuous by the labours of partisanship, and that, verging on sixty, he possessed vigour of either mind or body to influence the will of the nation. A man willing to be thus under perpetual self-deception, will never want for opportunities of officious folly. The French Revolution had begun. From its first hour it had startled every honest mind in England. It is altogether a breach of truth to allege, as has been often done, that, at any period of its existence, it won the sympathy of the English nation. From its first outbreak, it appeared, to the in-

finite majority of the Empire, the wild, fierce, rebellious thing that it was. From the very beginning of its career it was cruel, scoffing, insolent, and atheistic. It had sprung from atheism. All the leading men of even its most temperate hour, were atheists. The chief authorities in the National Assembly were *Philosophes*, or profligates, either notorious for a contemptuous disregard of all ties human and divine, railers against monarchy, or open and daring professors of what in Paris was called philosophy, but what in England was rightly pronounced hatred to God and hostility to man. But all this was directly alien to the spirit of the British Empire. The heart of England was too honest to have welcomed the sneering disciples of Voltaire, the licentious disciples of Diderot, the rebellious disciples of Mirabeau, or the tenfold more repulsive and guilty disciples of that Judas, Orleans! With the whole boundless majority of the virtuous, the wise, and the manly, all of the higher orders not yet corrupted by French habits, and all of the lower who preserved the mind of Englishmen, the Revolution, even in its infancy, was regarded with distrust and disdain. That there were others who hailed the progress of French fury as the progress of reason, who professed to see nothing but illumination in the firebrand which France was already waving over the thrones of Europe, and nothing but a grave esteem for liberty in the roar of the French mobs for daily blood and plunder, is matter of unfortunate record. Every profligate in English life, every broken partisan, every struggling scribbler against Government, every enemy of property and freedom in England, instantly allied himself with the new-born rights and wrongs of France. With this fierce and atrocious faction all crimes changed their nature. At the touch of Parisian rebellion, plunder was justice, massacre was mercy, treason was patriotism, and the open denial of a God was reason. The infection was beginning to spread among the lower portion of our own population; and where it was tardy, a train of inoculators were spread through the land to propagate the virus. The club and the conspiracy had

achieved the public ruin in France; the club and the conspiracy were rapidly founded, to commence the ruin in England. Mobs were collected, subscriptions raised, societies planted in the manufacturing towns, harangues made inculcating the most furious violence. Church, King, and Legislature, were involved in one common resolution of overthrow; and if there was still a jealousy felt towards France, it was a jealousy of her outstripping English Jacobinism in the race of confiscation, atheism, and regicide. Even when the Revolution had totally flung away the mask, and appeared, dagger in hand, the murderer that it was, faction clung to the example with desperate fidelity, exulted in every new instance of blood, applauded, in the hearing of an astonished, an indignant nation, the horrors of mingled robbery, assassination, and the most infamous impurity, nor was silenced until it was silenced by the dungeon, exile, and the scaffold.

The clamour was put down for a while, but it was too essential to party to be long suppressed. The murder of the unfortunate Louis XVI. had roused the British Empire to so strong an abhorrence of the principles of Jacobinism, that the horde of traitors in the bosom of the country dared no longer avow their worship of French freedom. The plea was now different. The outrages of France against the allies of England, her menaces against the Empire, and her efforts to sow revolution in the land, had compelled the Ministry to avert the evil by war. Jacobinism now assumed the garb of an apostle of peace. The men who shouted over the blaze of regicide in France, who rejoiced in the sweeping executions of the guillotine, who proclaimed the extension of massacre to the sovereigns and nobles of every European kingdom, were instantly converted into the delicate and sensitive abhorrrers of all public energy; the abjurers of all blood shed in the field; the deprecators of war in every form, and for whatever cause. It is not to be supposed that Horne Tooke would suffer such an opportunity of buoying up his feeble name on the current of the rabble to pass by. His trade was notoriety; he, of course, pushed himself into

the midst of the tumult, and became a menacing advocate of conciliation, and an outrageous counsellor of peace. Punishment had been incapable of teaching him common sense; the failure of every public scheme of his career had left him still as full of the vanity of the tavern politician as in his most unfledged days; and though the retrospect of his weak and giddy life shewed him only fortune, profession, and years thrown away, without a single result, hopeless of notice from the Minister, he was ready once more to start for publicity, and incur the dungeon for the miserable gratification of being talked of as a martyr by the populace, and despised as an obtrusive and incorrigible blunderer by the nation.

The London Corresponding Society had originated, in 1791, with Thomas Hardy, a shoemaker in Westminster. The nominal object was a reform in Parliament, on the plan of the Duke of Richmond. Hardy, whether the first conceiver of the association, or merely a tool in the hands of higher innovators, was active in his vocation. He began by collecting a few of his neighbour politicians at his house, to drink porter and settle the State. Having proposed his Parliamentary opinions to this council of cobblers, he moved an adjournment to an alehouse in Exeter Street, where each of the cabinet was to bring a friend. On the evening appointed, the assembly consisted of nine; eight of whom approved of Citizen Hardy's plans, and subscribed a penny each for the "purification of the government," and a "grand and final reform of Parliament," including annual elections and universal suffrage.

Contemptible as was this origin, and ludicrous as the attempt of a convocation of menials and mechanics to elect their ignorance and absurdity into guides of the State, the numbers grew. The populace are prodigiously fond of discovering themselves to be of importance. That every man, by the subscription of a penny, should feel himself a part of the governing body of the State, was an irresistible stimulus to parting with his penny. The porter and the politics were pleasing accessions, and the club soon amounted to thirty thousand. It now took the

title of the "London Corresponding Society," and it justified at least its title by entering into correspondences of all kinds with every profligate and hazardous association in the Empire, Citizen Hardy, for they had borrowed the name from the French Jacobins already, and all were now *citizens*, plied his political trade vigorously. The "Constitutional Society," Horne Tooke's club, was rapidly "*affiliated*"—this phrase too they had found in the Jacobin vocabulary. Clubs equally criminal sprang up in all quarters, Citizen Hardy's club exercising a sort of metropolitan jurisdiction over them all. The Jacobin union at length amounted to a complete revolutionary organization, with a *central board* in London, a division into provinces and districts, and a list of members in correspondence or direct connexion, amounting to *half a million* of hot-headed, ignorant, and mischievous fools. It was high time for Government to intervene.

The only remedy for Jacobinism is the scaffold; it is one of the diseases that defies alternatives. The Jacobin, if he abstains from murder and robbery, abstains only through fear of being hanged. Take the fear away by any weak attempt at lenity, conciliation, or compromise, and the Jacobin flourishes his axe, and proceeds to the grand patriotic duty of massacre. Impunity had encouraged the legislature of cobblers. Conspiracy spread. Plans were concerted for seizing the Bank, the Tower, and St James's. Attempts were made to corrupt the soldiery. Regular displays of the rabble army were made in the fields round London, under the thin pretence of petitioning Parliament. At length the Ministry began to feel the necessity for exertion. Pitt, who probably had been hitherto retarded by the timidity of some of the Cabinet, or the scruples of the old personages round the Court, now followed the impulses of his own vigorous and manly mind. He suddenly summoned Parliament; laid before it his information of the public dangers, stated his measures of defence, suspended the Habeas Corpus Act, and, appealing to the loyalty of the nation against a nest of traitors, commenced a course of remarkable sagacity, boldness, and promptitude.

Horne Tooke's conduct on this occasion might have been predicted. It was certain that he could not suffer such an opportunity of being talked of to escape him. Let the consequence be what it might, he must have the gratification of being involved in the tumult. It is not clear, to this moment, how far his vanity led him. But it is unquestionable that his language, his officious zeal, and his bustling in all matters which offered the shadow of suspicion, were to be accounted for on no other principle, than that he either was a conspirator, or wished to be thought one. Probably the latter was the truth. But Citizen Hardy had notoriously come to advise with him on the drawing up of the "Resolutions" for his Corresponding Society, and his name was already in the lips of every man who ranked himself among the friends of overthrow.

It is told, that his language on these occasions was adopted for the purpose of duping Government; that knowing his table to be infested with spies, he had designedly used expressions tantamount to the acknowledgment of a confederacy. Thus it had become his habit to speak familiarly of his acquaintance with the most secret proceedings of Jacobinism in this country, to applaud its spirit, magnify its force, and predict its triumph. Why any man in his senses, should have innocently thus volunteered a collision with Government, is beyond all calculation. Yet the temptation of vanity is strong; and to a man who had lived on vanity all the days of his life, it may have been irresistible. It is said that at his table at Wimbledon, he was accustomed to discuss, day by day, the objects of the conspiracy with the most obvious appearance of being master of all its secrets; that he used to announce the seduction of the guards, the formation of republican levies, the general revolutionary arrangements for the immediate commencement of public ruin, and make those announcements with an air of the most serious interest, and under the most solemn seal of secrecy. It is even said, that on one occasion he declared that he could point out the actual head of the conspiracy; and on being urged, stated, that, like Pompey, he could "raise

legions by stamping on the ground with his foot."

It is not surprising that such language, at such a time, however unfounded, should have gained its object, if that object were the suspicion of Government. A letter which fell into the hands of Ministers shortly after, is asserted to have had some share in expediting their measures. It was from one Joyce, a dissenting minister, whom the late Lord Stanhope, by a choice not unworthy of his unsettled understanding, employed as tutor to his children, and who employed his leisure in taking an active and brawling part in the nonsense of the Constitutional Society. The arrest of Hardy, the citizen and cobbler, had produced some alarm among the club; with which Joyce took the first opportunity of acquainting his confidential correspondent at Wimbledon in the following note:—"Dear Citizen, This morning, at six o'clock, Citizen Hardy was taken away, by order from the Secretary of State's Office. They seized every thing they could lay hands on. Query—*Is it possible to get ready by Thursday?* Yours, J. JOYCE." Whether this note was looked on as the announcement of some act of violence, or merely as an indication that Horne Tooke was a counsellor of individuals already hazardous to the State, or whether Ministers disregarded it altogether, an order for his arrest was issued within a few days; and, as he must have expected, he was conveyed to the Tower, on a charge of high treason.

But he now began to feel the first penalty of his affectations in a mode which he had not expected, and which was probably the most galling to such feelings as his bitter and giddy spirit could comprehend. In his former imprisonments, he had been cheered by notoriety; his partisans had been brought round him; his time was spent in scribbling histories of his patriotic sufferings, and keeping his name alive in the newspapers. He had been suffered to live in the rules of the King's Bench; and there establishing a club, and giving weekly dinners, he contrived to indulge handsomely in his element of rabble applause. But times were changed; the public anxiety demanded that a prison should be no longer

a conventicle for the edification of the new disciples of levelling. Correspondence and haranguing were equally cut off, and the incarcerated patriot was first indignant at his restrictions, and then in despair. He fell sick, or declared himself so, and pitifully petitioned for "leave to see a physician." This was granted; he petitioned for a second; he was not yet content; he petitioned for a third. Thus society, such as it was, was suffered to gather round him; and Horne Tooke, by the help of three physicians at once, an aid at which no man was more likely to have scoffed, if health had been the sole question, was enabled to hear that the world had completely dropped him out of its memory. At length the time of his trial approached, and he found his name in a "true bill brought in by the Grand Jury, against" Thomas Hardy, John Horne Tooke, John Augustus Bonney, Stewart Kydd, Jeremiah Joyce, Thomas Wardle, Thomas Holcroft, John Richter, Matthew Moore, John Thelwall, Richard Hodson, and John Baxter, for High Treason. The return "not found," was made in the single case of John Poyett. The list is curious, as giving some conception of the class of men whose political sensibility was shocked by the offences of the British Constitution, and whose political science deemed itself fit to find the remedy for national evils of all kinds. Hardy's merits as a shoemaker in Westminster, were all that the world ever knew he possessed to qualify him for a regenerator of the State. Kydd had either been at the bar, or had intended to be called. Of him nothing was known, until he had qualified himself for a jail. Bonney had been a solicitor in some of the lower grades, and equally unknown. Joyce and Horne Tooke have been already sufficiently mentioned. Holcroft had been a horse-jockey, a strolling comedian, a pedlar, a writer of translations from the French, and a multitude of other obscure things; of course he was only the fitter for a master of legislation. The rest were still more unmarked. And yet it was among this miserable junto that the affairs of a "falling empire" were to take refuge, that the acts of Government were to be canvassed with the air of Privy Councillors, and Kings and Parlia-

ments were to be taken to task for their misdemeanours to the Majesty of the People!

Hardy's trial began on the 28th of October, and after continuing for eight days, ended in a verdict of "Not Guilty," due equally to the eloquence of Erskine, and the propensities of a time of popular clamour. There may, too, have been some natural reluctance in the jury to hang the helpless blockhead which the Westminster cobbler exhibited himself in the course of his trial. His crime, on the whole, probably appeared to be absurdity rather than malice, and a passion for talking nonsense rather than a formal intention of treason.

Horne Tooke's trial took place at the Old Bailey. The indictment was opened by the late Spencer Perceval, and the jury were addressed by the late Lord Redesdale, then Solicitor-General. He charged the prisoner with having, with others, formed a conspiracy to depose the King; a deliberate plan to subvert the Constitution and the sovereign power, as by law established, and to execute that plan by his own force, and the force of those whom he hoped to draw to his assistance. The address further stated, as the notorious object of the various clubs spread through the country, an intent to introduce annual Parliaments and universal suffrage; it was declared, that not content with such turbulence as they could find among themselves, they had sent individuals as agents to carry on their designs in concert with the republicans of France; that they had zealously, and to a large extent, circulated Paine's infamous "Rights of Man," and Joel Barlow's pamphlet, the "Address to the Privileged Orders;" and, finally, that they had sent delegates to the Convention held in Edinburgh, with the avowed purpose of overthrowing the laws and the Government. Lord Redesdale was answered by Erskine, and unluckily nothing could be a stronger contrast than the fire and volubility of the popular advocate, to the plodding and pointless harangue of the Crown lawyer. The Solicitor-General was mercilessly defeated. It was probably true, as was said at the time, that Horne Tooke had involved himself in the peril through mere amateurship;

that his real connexion with the cobbler was trifling; that he had laughed at the patriots, and they had distrusted him; and that whatever might have been the ridiculous vanity of his declarations, he had not ventured upon action. The true theory of *all* his hazards seems to have been his ridiculous passion for publicity. In him it amounted to little short of mania. It will be scarcely believed, but it is not the less true, that he "regretted his acquittal" on this occasion, as depriving him of that interest which is presumed to be felt for a man going to be hanged. He openly declared that he "had been anxious from the beginning to give his life as a sacrifice to his opinions." The truth or triumph of the opinions was not the point. The pleasure appears to have consisted in being imprisoned, tried, and hanged for them, provided that the whole proceeding was duly detailed in the newspapers, and every man in England set talking of him until the Sheriff had done his duty! He escaped; but after years diminished nothing of this inordinate foolery. His great alarm was evidently lest he should die like other men, in his bed. As time passed on, and when he was too old to take any other part in public things than that of a driveller over the news of the day, he still continued to express his misfortune, in having been defrauded of the honours of a patriot; talked loftily of the distinctions of dying for what he called the *popular cause*, and sensitively shrunk from the calamity of finishing his career by the ignominious noiselessness of decay.

But other matters, of a less heroic nature, began to press upon him. His finances had sunk seriously; he was on the verge of sixty, and not unlikely to close his career, far from Sunday coteries and the care of the State. Yet he was still too convenient to some individuals to be thus let down. A subscription was entered into, which this high-minded personage exhibited not the slightest scruple in accepting. He thenceforth lived on the bounty of his friends, by whatever name, of payment for dinners, donative or alms, it may be called. He was not the first professor of independence who had taken a similar dole, buried his magnanimity in his pocket, and

thanked compassion or contempt for his daily meal. Horne Tooke, who had just before returned his income to the commissioners as not exceeding sixty pounds a-year, now found himself re-instated in his house, enabled to give his Sunday dinners once more, and defy the chances of the world upon an annuity of L.600.

It may excite surprise—but it will be only in those who have yet to learn the restlessness of low ambition—to find this old and dependent man actually pushing himself forward into the heart of a Westminster election again. In 1796, he presented himself to the electors as a third candidate with Mr Fox and Sir Alan Gardner. Pitt had too long neglected him to escape his bitterest resentment, and he now indulged his sense of injury by informing the Minister that he had altogether lost his good opinion! The abject sycophancy which Pitt had formerly despised was now exchanged for abuse, and the old burden of every rabble orator's tale, corruption, was turned remorselessly upon the abjured patron. "I have gained," said the new candidate, "a personal advantage by this contest. Ever since Mr Pitt has been elected *Dictator* of this country,—not elected by the people, but by the *Prætorian* band, by means of loans, contracts, places, pensions, titles, ribands; for many are desirous to have them, although the history of this country abundantly proves that many have received a riband for *services* that deserved a *halter*"—(A shout of the rabble here for a moment broke off the harangue)—"I reckon it," resumed the speaker, "a great advantage to myself, that the course of the poll has shewn that I have the honour to be the candidate most *hated by him*, and perhaps the *most feared*." This was a formidable change from the "virtuous Minister, the hope of England, the chosen champion of the Constitution," on whose robe he had hung with such faithful pertinacity, but who had tossed him aside with such pitiless disregard.

The election was prolonged for a fortnight. From the end of the first week he must have been without a hope of success, the numbers being, on the sixth day, "for Sir Alan Gardner, 2116; for Mr Fox, 1978; and for Mr Horne Tooke, 1377;" the

distance daily increasing between him and the other candidates till the fifteenth day, when the numbers were returned—"for Mr Fox, 5160; for Sir Alan Gardner, 4814; and for Horne Tooke, 2819." This was unquestionably a proceeding of mere vexation, costing the other candidates great sums, and himself upwards of one thousand pounds,—nominal, however, as the money was supplied to him, as usual, by partisanship.

At the close of the poll, he declared to the electors that he would meet them again on the first opportunity. "When I meet you at the next election," said he, in his farewell advertisement, "your taxes, burdens, and oppressions, will be still heavier, and your desire of relief more ardent; for the Ministers of this country are pursuing a career in which they cannot stop. They must go on, or go off. Corruption, like a dropsy, will swell till it bursts. And the means of force and coercion which they have lately prepared for us, their treason and sedition bills, their volunteers, their fencibles, and their barracks, only tend to hasten the crisis."

It is an invariable characteristic of every Demagogue, that he is *mean*; that he has no scruple in falsifying, by his personal acts, on the first favourable opportunity, every declaration of his public career; and that, when the convenient act of disgrace comes, he impudently laughs at the scorn which would sink other men into the grave. It is unnecessary to point out the private features of meanness for which the most remarkable Demagogues in our experience have been uniformly notorious, the debts and loans, the personal expenses supported by contribution, the general eleemosynary degradation. But on one point, they have all been the loudest of the loud,—the scandals of the Borough System, the political crime of entering Parliament by boroughs, the baseness of being indebted to a patron, and probably that patron a Peer! the guilt attaching to every man who suffered himself to touch the unclean thing, to offer the unhallowed fire on the Constitutional Altar, to pollute the purity of legislation by the corrupted contact with the rottenness of Boroughmongering! But among all oratorical horrors of the class, one

was preeminent, the well-known borough of *Old Sarum*, the theme of every spouter at the tavern-dinners, of every haranguer at the hustings, of every indignant patriot in the House. No man had lavished a larger share of indignation on this recreant borough than Horne Tooke himself. All his boasted equanimity deserted him at the sound; his virtue lashed itself into a rage, at the mention of the crying sin of a representation of four decayed walls and two old trees. The existence of an *Old Sarum* was one of those villainesses, to which men and nations could submit only when the one had lost their honour and understandings, and the other had lost their liberty; a scandal to be palliated only by idiotism in the one, and chains in the other; an offspring of baseness begot on bribery; a traffic, in which the heart's-blood of the Constitution is the commodity, and the traffickers on both sides differed no further than the robber differs from the receiver of the booty—the villain who dips his hands in assassination, from the villain who coolly calculates the value of the transaction, and lives by stripping the dead. In the midst of declarations enough to have brought down the roof of St Stephen's on his head, Horne Tooke entered the House of Commons by a borough, and that the borough of a Peer, Lord Camelford, and that borough *Old Sarum*! This was the man who had, from year to year, heaped every expression of scorn on "the nomination boroughs," and especially rounded his speeches with ridicule of the existing member for *Old Sarum* for the time being. This was the man who had spent a life in haranguing on "purity of election, the choice of the people unbiassed by the Peerage, and a reform in Parliament." He had told the populace, but a short time before, in one of his election addresses, "My character is known to be intractable; if you please, obstinate. But I do acknowledge, and I make it my boast, that upon all great public questions, neither friends nor foes, nor life nor death, nor thunder nor lightning, shall ever make me give way the breadth of one hair!"

It is gratifying to think that this act did not pass with impunity. Independently of the astonishment which

it excited in all who had yet to learn of what miserable materials "men of the people" are *always* fabricated, it was turned into an immediate source of discomfort and defeat to himself, by a declaration of his ineligibility, made by Lord Temple, on the first night of the member for Old Sarum making his appearance in the House. A committee was soon after appointed to examine the records. On their report, Lord Temple moved, "That the Speaker do issue a warrant to the Clerk of the Crown, to make out a new writ for the borough of Old Sarum, in the county of Wilts, in the room of the Rev. John Horne Tooke, who is ineligible, being in priest's orders." After some debate, Mr Addington, who had just been appointed Premier, moved the previous question; but on the 6th of May, 1801, he brought in a bill "to remove all doubts relative to the eligibility of persons in holy orders to sit in the Commons' House of Parliament." This bill, which silenced the claim, was rapidly carried through both Houses, and received the Royal assent a few days after.

On the policy of this measure there can be no variety of opinions. If there be established teachers of religion in the land, it is of the most essential importance that they shall be kept clear of secular motives and offices as much as possible. But a chance of entering the House of Commons would be among the most formidable temptations to a total change in the clerical character. If the churchman degenerated into a canvasser, all his actions must have a tendency to court the popular passions. His doctrine, practice, and habits of life, must be modelled by the object of his ambition; he must be the man of the populace—a word expressive of every sacrifice of feeling, duty, and principle, to the multitude—or be defeated in the grand purpose of his career. Out of the House, this process would degrade equally the clergy and the people—produce a perpetual appeal to local prejudices, and propagate the common spirit of electioneering, with all its corruption, intrigue, and ill-will, through every parish of the land: within the House, it would swell the train of the Minister with a long retinue of ambitious sycophancy; for few clergymen would undergo the drudgery

and expense which attach to even the simplest popular election, but for the purpose of pushing their claims to preferment; and preferment lies on the side of the Treasury Bench. The case is a distinct one from that of the Bishops. They are not elected by canvass, and their presence, interest, and learning in ecclesiastical affairs, are of the highest importance to the general interests of the Church.

The process of Horne Tooke's exclusion from Parliament, no less than its result, was an additional trial of his powers, and an additional rebuke to his vanity. He had so long boasted of the effect which "a man who would speak his mind, and was able to speak his mind," must produce in Parliament—of the fright into which he would throw "the minions of corruption"—of the new vigour which he would infuse into the worthless, worn-out, and ignorant frame of public council, that some remarkable effort was expected to signalize his entrance into debate. Never were expectations more completely disappointed. The boast was turned into burlesque by the first attempt of the orator. Nothing was ever more meagre, feeble, and dreary. Instead of even availing himself of his common opportunities; instead of seizing upon the plausible side of the question—the injury done to the general right of individuals in rejecting an election made according to the laws, and by a similar one to which a crowd of the members round him had taken their seats, he rambled into dry discussions of the canon law, for which no one cared, and closed his efforts with an anecdote, which shewed only the indecorum of the narrator. After wandering through a tiresome detail of the law affecting priests, "one of the canons," said he, "states, that if any person attempted to cast out devils unlawfully, such person shall be deposed." Now, for example, Mr Speaker, if I had attempted to cast the devil out of this house, I must have been deposed, and of course been deemed eligible. But in this case my only crime is my innocence; my only guilt that of not having scandalized my order. I feel myself, sir, exactly in the situation of the girl who applied for a reception into the Magdalen. On being asked

respecting the particulars of her circumstances, she answered, that she was as innocent as the child unborn. The reply was, 'This is a place only for the creatures of ———; you must go and qualify yourself before you can be admitted.'" It may be conceived how perfectly such an anecdote would qualify the regret of the members for the exclusion of the man who told it.

Horne Tooke's public life was now at an end. He had played his last stake, and played for it wretchedly. He was suffered to retain his seat until the dissolution of Parliament, which shortly occurred, but during this respite he did nothing; and the remainder of his life was given up to talking over the past, receiving a coterie of his subscribers and general acquaintance at a dinner, which, by a characteristic indecorum, was regularly held on Sunday, and re-editing his *Diversions of Purley*.

Of this work, which is all that now remains to do credit to his name, and which itself has now nearly fallen into oblivion, we have not room to give any detail. Its declared purpose was an enquiry into the nature of the English particles, which were shewn to be Anglo-Saxon verbs, abbreviated for the sake of use. He might have extended the remark to every language; thus, the Latin *ut* and *si*, are only abbreviations of *utor* and *sino*. But the chief object to which the work was turned, was the propagation of his own fantastic notions on politics, with peevish remarks on public men, and dull abuse of public institutions. The book, which was named from a villa belonging to his patron, Mr W. Tooke, was popular for a while. Its personality kept it afloat. But when the point of its sneers had worn away with the persons, it went down, and is now scarcely heard of. An example of the impudent and offensive flippancy of those volumes will be found in his conceptions of morals, &c.

"The ridicule," says he, "which Dr Conyers Middleton has justly bestowed upon the Papists for their absurd coinage of saints, is equally applicable to ourselves, and to all other metaphysicians, whose moral duties, moral causes, and moral qualities, are not less *ridiculously coined and imposed* upon their followers! — So church, for instance, (*domini-*

cum aliquid,) is an adjective, and formerly a *most wicked one*, whose misinterpretation caused more slaughter and pillage of mankind than all the other cheats put together." * * * * * "The words *legend*, *reverend*, &c., are adopted from the Latin. Legend, which means that which ought to be read, is now used by us as if it meant, that which ought to be laughed at. How soon *reverend* (*i. e.* that which ought to be revered) will be in the same condition, though now with great propriety applied to our judges and our clergy, I pretend not to determine. It will depend upon themselves. But if ever a time shall arrive, when through *abject servility and greediness*, they become distinguished as the *principal instruments* of pillage and oppression, it is not the mitre or the coif, or the *cant* of either of them, that will prevent *reverend* from becoming, like *legend*, a term of the utmost reproach and contempt." It is sufficiently palpable, that the writer had made up his opinion, though he chose to throw over it the partial veil of language. By this work he made money, but it was chiefly in the way which had now become familiar to him. He published it by subscription, and it was understood that the zeal of his partisans was signalized by availing itself of the opportunity to fill a purse, which had no longer the natural excuse of poverty.

From this time, he dwindled down into old age, now and then scribbling an ineffectual pamphlet, and talking over the events of the day, perhaps with some vain idea that his opinion could influence them. Still there was a perplexing contradiction to his word in reserve for his last stage. His connexion with Paull and Sir Francis Burdett brought him forward, on the occasion of their duel, with a violent abuse of Paull, whom he described as a stranger obtruding himself on his acquaintance, and always carefully held at a distance. In his letter to one of the journals, he says of Paull, "I always treated him with civility, but have most cautiously avoided any other connexion with him of any kind. Nor could he ever prevail upon me, though he used much importunity, to write a single syllable for him, or concerning him. There was something about him, with which it was impossible for me to con-

nect myself. I wished him very well; knew no harm of him; suspected none. But my mind perpetually whispered to me, '*Vetabo sub iisdem sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum solvat phaselum.*' It was unfounded prejudice perhaps; but I have experienced something in this world, and superfluous caution may be pardoned to old age."

Paul was at this time in his bed, from the consequences of his wound in the duel. But he indignantly and effectually threw back the charge of obtrusion into the accuser's face, by giving to the public a series of Horne Tooke's invitations to the Sunday dinners at Wimbledon. After this exposure, nothing more was heard "of the superfluous caution of old age."

His connexion, so much talked of, with Sir Francis Burdett, commenced in 1797, at the period when the young Baronet was coming into public life. He lived in the neighbourhood, was opulent, a man of talents, and a gentleman. An associate of this order must have been an important acquisition to a man eager to cling to public life, if not in person, by proxy, originally a scholar, and doubtless often disgusted with the vulgar ignorance of his partisan politicians, and not less concerned in the ways of ensuring an income. Sir Francis Burdett offered all those advantages; and the Socrates, as his own folly, or the folly of his friends called him, adhered pertinaciously to the Alcibiades. Sir Francis was the payer of the annuity purchased for him by subscription, and bore a share in the lawsuit for the legacy of his patron, Mr W. Tooke. He was supposed to have repaid himself by the aid of the old grammarian in making his speeches; but the Baronet has proved long since that his public speaking required no aid.

The close of his day was now at hand. After labouring under a dropsical affection for seven years, he was seized with mortification in the foot, which rapidly extended, and on March 18, 1812, he died, in his seventy-seventh year, leaving some property to two young women, his daughters. Even their parentage was an additional characteristic of his principles. He had never been married. By another characteristic

he had directed that he should be buried in *his garden*; of course, for the purpose of showing his superiority to the ordinances of his church, and the decencies of public feeling. He had already built a vault and raised a monument on his grounds. But, after his death, it was objected by his friends, that the vault would injure the value of the property, and, apparently for this miserable reason alone, the body was buried in the tomb of his sister, in Ealing churchyard.

In this sketch of the life of Horne Tooke, the sole object has been to shew the progress of a leader of the populace. We see, in this man, the highest pretensions to public principle covering the poorest individual motives; the most violent public disorders perpetually hazarded to indulge the follies of a passion for being always in the public view; and a long life, which might have exhibited the merits, and performed the services of a scholar, a gentleman, and a divine, wasted away in low intercourse with the vulgarity of rabble clubs, degraded by a familiarity with jails, and stigmatized by charges of treason to the realm and to the King. But what were the public results effected by this weak and culpable expenditure of himself for half a century? Nothing. In the whole course of his fretful, officious, and hazardous life, for the public he gained nothing. The purity of Parliament, the integrity of the laws, or the rights of the people, if they were questionable, were not to be redeemed or restored by the restlessness of a giddy pretender, who was seen one day trailing at the skirts of power, and on the next running at the head of faction; to-day the heavy panegyrist of Pitt, to-morrow the extravagant partisan of Fox; beginning his career with ribald sycophancy of Wilkes, and then turning his personal knowledge of the man into public venom, and loading him with all the baseness of a mercenary; as to his own fortunes, beginning in the most arrogant boast of personal disregard of pecuniary objects, and ending in the most pitiful acceptance of individual support; the philosopher turned into the dependant on the purse of party: and this was the man who felt himself entitled to figure as a patriot, the de-

tector of abuses, and the infuser of new virtue into a decaying Constitution.

The life of Wilkes is equally full of instruction. A profligate, ruined in his character, and bankrupt in his fortune, starts up into public notice as a champion of public integrity! He perseveres, inflames the populace by his pictures of national degeneracy, and offers himself as the grand purifier of the national corruption. Yet what a tissue is unravelled in this man's life by the touch of his most eager partisan!

"I maintain," says Horne Tooke, in his letter to Junius, "that Mr Wilkes *did* commission Mr Thomas Walpole to *solicit* for him a pension of one thousand pounds upon the Irish establishment for thirty years! with which, and a pardon, he would be *satisfied*. That he did accept a *clandestine*, precarious, and eleemosynary pension from the Rockingham Administration, (L.1040 a-year) which they paid in proportion to, and out of their salaries, (the First Lord of the Treasury L.500, the Lords of the Treasury L.60 each, and the Lords of Trade L.40 each, &c.;) and so entirely was it Ministerial, that as any of them went out of the Ministry, their names were scratched out of the list, and they contributed no longer. I say he *did* solicit the governments (of Canada, and Jamaica), and the Embassy (to Constantinople), and threatened their refusal nearly in these words: 'It cost me a year and a half to write down the last Administration; should I employ as much time upon you, very few of you would be in at the death.' When those threats did not prevail, he came over to England to embarrass them by his presence, and when he found that Lord Rockingham was something firmer and more manly than he expected, and refused to be bullied into what he could not perform, Mr Wilkes declared that he could not leave England without money, and the Duke of Portland and Lord Rockingham purchased his absence with one hundred pounds a-piece! And for the truth of this, I appeal to the Duke of Portland, &c. I appeal to the handwriting of Mr Wilkes, which is still extant. Should Mr Wilkes, afterwards, failing in this wholesale trade, choose to dole out his popularity by the pound, and

expose the city offices to sale to his brother, his attorney, &c., Junius will tell us, it is only an ambition to make them Chamberlain, town clerk, &c. Should he, after consuming the whole of his own fortune and that of his wife, and incurring a debt of L.20,000 merely by his own private extravagance, without a single service or exertion all this time for the public, while his estate remained—should he at length, being *undone*, commence *patriot*, and have the good fortune to be illegally persecuted; Junius will tell them (Wilkes's supporters) that he ought to hold the strings of their purses."

And this was "Wilkes and Liberty." This underhand trafficker with a Ministry whom he affected to despise, this menacer of Government with the popular vengeance, which he acknowledged that he wielded *not* for public purposes, but for the extraction of pelf from the pusillanimity of the Treasury, was the man to whom England was called on to confide the cause of her freedom. The charges openly brought against Wilkes by Horne Tooke were never answered. And yet what must be the total unfitness of the man for a public champion, by whom such charges were left unanswered? But what were the pretexts of all the disturbance excited by both Wilkes and Horne? Looking back from the point on which we stand to the time of both, we must be instantly struck with the infinite hollowness and hypocrisy of their pretences, or with the inconceivable propensity of the multitude to be led astray. Wilkes was the disturber during the early part of the reign of George the Third. His perpetual outcry was, Prerogative; that the King had formed a direct conspiracy against the liberties of England, and, by the help of a slavish Ministry, was proceeding hour by hour to despotism! Does any man in his senses now believe that this was the case? Or could any man who made the common use of his senses believe it then? Or has a King of England made an advance to arbitrary power within the memory of man?

Horne Tooke was a feeblér instrument; but he was the disturber of a large portion of the latter part of the reign of George the Third. The outcry then was, that an indolent

King was governed by a tyrant Ministry, that the Monarch was a puppet in the hands of Pitt, and that both were hastening with giant strides to the extinction of the freedom of England, and to the consummation of all power in the grasp of a spendthrift, haughty, and blood-spilling oligarchy. Does any man now believe that this was the case? Or can any man couple this furious declamation with the perpetual predictions of instant national downfall; and feel any sensation but those of astonishment at the impudence of the declaimers, and contempt for the understanding of their dupes? Yet those declamations did not float away in air; they were felt in their fruits. The disturbances which they excited were as real and injurious, as the disturbers themselves were hypocritical, and the grievances untrue. It was, probably, to the bitterness, riot, and contempt of the King, excited by Wilkes, that we owe the American war. The Colonies were unquestionably fostered in a remarkable degree in their rebellion by the insubordination of the populace of England. How much of the fierce rapidity and fiendish spirit of the French Revolution, and its sweeping and blood-

thirsty hatred of the upper ranks, may be due to the doctrines of the Westminster elections, the virulence of the republican scribblers, and the fury of the clubbists in England, might be a matter of no difficult calculation. There were men walking the streets of London in those days, who wanted nothing but opportunity to have given lessons to Danton and Robespierre. But our Jacobins were met by the wisdom and fortitude of the greatest Minister that Europe ever saw; a man raised up, as if by Providence, to keep the keys of the citadel of European religion, civilisation, and freedom. Faction was coerced by the vigour of Pitt, and England was allowed time to recover her senses, and be saved. But Jacobinism, like Satan, lives, tempts, and betrays, for ever. We have among us still the disciples of the old school of overthrow, haters of government, despisers of dignities, atheists, ravening for plunder, rancorous with envy of all established things, and determined on rousing the madness of the multitude into sanguinary revolution. If the Ministry bind such men in fetters of iron, the country will be saved. If the Ministry yield, England is but a name.

LETTERS TO THE RIGHT HON. E. G. STANLEY, SECRETARY OF STATE, &c. &c.

FROM JAMES MACQUEEN, ESQ.

LETTER I.

SIR,

ON my arrival from the West India Colonies, about three weeks ago, I met with the resolutions of the two branches of the British Legislature, regarding the emancipation of the slave population in these colonies; and, amongst other documents connected with the subject, I obtained the speeches which you delivered in the House of Commons, during the important debates on that great question. I have perused these with astonishment and alarm—astonishment, to perceive a British Colonial Secretary, a grandson of the Earl of Derby, taking as his authority, in dangerous legislation for these possessions, the ten-times-fold, and ten-times-refuted falsehoods, and wilful misrepresentations of the Anti-slave-

very Reporter—alarm, at the terrible evils which will follow the principles promulgated, and the spirit breathed in these speeches, and the threatenings conveyed in them. You will pardon me when I state, that you have, it would seem, forgot that you were speaking of British subjects, whose characters have for years been most maliciously slandered, and foully calumniated—whose lawful property you then stood forward to denounce, and in the name of the nation to proclaim, that it was intended to take away; while, under the oath you had taken when you came into the office which you hold, that property, and their characters, it became your special duty to protect and to defend.

The bounds of a publication like

this, and the limited time which I have to attend to such matters, prevent me from going, at the length I could wish, into an examination of the accuracy of the statements which you have made; but some of these are so very important, and so directly opposed to the facts of the case, that they cannot be too early contradicted, nor too strongly exposed.

Before proceeding farther, I may be permitted to observe, on the delusion which prevails in this country, and, I believe, among the members of Government, that the proceedings of the Cabinet on this mighty question remained unknown, until you brought them forth in May last. The fact is, that there is hardly a slave in the West Indies who has not known, for eight months past, that his emancipation was immediately to take place. The party in this country who proclaim themselves exclusively their friends, and who badger and brow-beat the Government on this question, and who have at all times had access to and influence over the department of which you are now the head, took care, through their despicable but mischievous emissaries in the Colonies, to keep the slaves constantly and fully informed on this point months before the Cabinet considered the matter. They sent abroad the reports of what they considered it certain they could oblige it to do; nor was there a single despatch that ever went from your office, connected with this subject, to any authority in the Colonies, but the substance thereof was previously well known, and spread abroad in every colony. The present apprenticing scheme was in possession of one of the most profligate and base of these emissaries in a certain colony, so far back as the month of January last; and if it was worth my while, I could lay before you the channel, both as connected with Downing Street and Aldermanbury, through which it was conveyed.

Your sarcastic observation, therefore, that the Colonists could not keep from their slaves what was going on in this country regarding them, was wholly unnecessary, and might have been spared. The Colonists made no such attempts, nor would it have been of any use for them to have done so, so long as your prede-

cessors in office exultingly (as I shall shew you before I quit the subject) placed, from Jamaica to Trinidad, the profligate and venal agents and emissaries of the Anti-slavery Society—and, I might add, of even higher authority above all authority, and fear of punishment—in the Colonies, however dangerous and mischievous their conduct and their proceedings might be, and however much they endeavoured to excite the slaves to mischief, and to insult and vilify their masters, and every honest constituted authority in every colony who ventured to do his duty in the protection of the property and the peace thereof. You may, I am certain, find in your office a budget of papers and pamphlets—containing articles in poetry and prose, with prints, representing all manner of tortures and cruelties said to be inflicted on the slaves—sent from Aldermanbury to their worthless emissaries in Antigua, and by them properly circulated amongst the slaves in that and the adjacent islands, towards the close of last year. They were, I know, transmitted to Lord Goderich. The more, I assure you, that the Colonists explain to their slaves what the people of Great Britain wish to do with them, where the ever-changing policy can be explained with any degree of accuracy, the less danger they had to apprehend from the slaves, because they invariably condemned the schemes as mischievous and destructive, more particularly all that were respectable, peaceable, industrious, and who had property among them.

In your speech, as reported in the *Times* of the 31st May, you state, in reference to the resolutions which you proposed, that to the Colonial Legislature “was left the filling up hereafter of the details of that great outline which we now feel it our duty to mark out for them at *once and for ever*.” This is “the language of lofty indignation;” and what it means may be best explained by a reference to the most threatening and alarming despatch, which your predecessor, on 10th November last, addressed to Sir Lewis Grant, the Governor of Trinidad, and which he commanded him to publish in that island, wherein, when adverting to the future measures of Government, in regard to the emancipation of the

colonial slaves, he concludes in these remarkable words, "which, if not cheerfully adopted by them, will inevitably, at no very remote period, be forced upon them in a far different manner, and by an OVERWHELMING AND DESTRUCTIVE NECESSITY."

This filling up "hereafter of the details," and this "once and for ever" resolution, and "this destructive and overwhelming necessity," will speedily be explained and understood when the destruction of the Colonies of Great Britain, and thereby the dismemberment of her mighty empire, is accomplished. You have prepared for yourselves a bed of thorns, which will take slumber from your eyelids to a distant day.

In referring to Demerara, you adduce the increased production of sugar in that colony as a proof of the increased severity of labour created by the increased number and severity of punishments. Nothing can be a stronger proof of your ignorance of the state of the whole colonial question than the reference which you have made, both as regards Demerara and St Lucia. The increased production of sugar in these colonies arises from this simple cause, namely, the additional number of slaves, which, owing to the ruinously low prices of coffee, cotton, and cocoa, were turned from the cultivation of these articles, and set to that of sugar, and also to the introduction of machinery, which afforded an additional application of labour in the production of the great staple article, sugar. These were the great causes of the increased production of sugar in the Colonies which you mention, and consequently, the argument which you endeavoured to deduce, namely, that the decrease of the slave population in Demerara arose from the severity of the labour required to bring forward the increased quantity of produce, falls to the ground, and is utterly untenable. Trinidad is an instance in proof of this, for there the quantity of sugar produced, upon an average for each slave employed in sugar cultivation, is much greater than in Demerara, and yet, as you are obliged to confess, the slaves in Trinidad had not decreased in numbers. A still more remarkable fact in proof that you are wrong, you will find in the island of St Vincent's. There you will

learn, by a reference to the crops and the population of that colony, that the quantity of sugar produced is greater, on the average of the years which you have taken, than in Demerara, and yet the slave population in St Vincent's had scarcely diminished; and did my time and limits permit me, I could produce you multitudes of proofs in other Colonies to shew you the same results.

The causes of the decrease of the slave population in Demerara and other Colonies, have been again and again explained as arising from the inequality of the sexes, and from the greater number of the slaves in these Colonies, and in Demerara in particular, having been brought into it for the purpose of immediate labour, and therefore grown-up persons, in the prime of life, or even beyond it, and who are now, at the end of 20 or 30 years from the time they were brought into them, dying off in the course of nature, without leaving the regular and customary progeny to succeed them. Notwithstanding Mr Buxton's fictions, I find from the latest returns which I have had time to procure and examine, and which came down to the close of the years 1829 and 1830, that the slave population in the British slave Colonies amounted to 819,246; and though he has raised, in his speech in May last year, the decrease to 52,000, yet you will find, by a reference to his speeches about three years preceding, that he states the decrease, and this too asserted to be made up from almost the same Parliamentary returns, to have been 28,000. In this also he was grossly wrong; but the mode he adopted last year was this, and a most disingenuous and dishonest mode it was; he took the returns under the first registry acts, and contrasting these with the last returns, he sets down the difference as the decrease, while every one knows that in the first registry returns there were—from the confusion of the acts, and the anxiety of parties to avoid the penalties which these acts enacted for omissions on the part of all interested in the property of slaves—double and even treble returns of the same slaves in every island, and in some to a very great extent. In Jamaica the number was very great. In 1817, the number, by double returns given to Kingston

alone, was 10,000 more than the real number. In Mauritius, I think, it was about 14,000, and Mr Buxton cannot have forgot how hard he laboured to make it appear that the decreased number of the slaves in the Mauritius, as shewn by the next registry, when corrected, had been cut off by cruel treatment. In this way, and without taking these errors into account, has the decrease of the slave population been swelled, in order to blacken the character and the conduct of the British Colonists. Moreover, in one single Parliamentary return, No. 674, of 1830, and one of those to the total number of which Mr Buxton referred, I find an error of 12,000 in one colony, Barbadoes, where the slave population is set

down at 69,467, instead of the true number 81,902.

After much labour, wading through Parliamentary returns, I took a period of six years, namely, from 1820 to 1826, during which period alone I could find complete returns of the births and deaths, the manumissions, the exports and the imports, to correspond; and without allowing any thing for 5000 children cut off in Jamaica by measles in 1822, or taking into account the number of slaves escheated to the Crown, and the numbers seized and liberated under custom house seizures, I found the increase and decrease of the slave population in the British West India Colonies to stand thus:—

	Increase.	
Bahamas,	942	
Grenada,	241	
St Christopher's,	75	
Barbadoes,	2750	
St Vincent's,	65	
Nevis,	148	
Antigua,	62	
Barbuda,	11	
Honduras,	22	
	<hr/>	
	4811	

	Decrease.	
St Lucia,	314	
Trinidad,	149	
Demerara,	7405	
Berbice,	802	
Jamaica,	8021	
Tobago,	1021	
Montserrat,	423	
Dominica,	350	
Bermudas,	568	
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	19,053	

Deduct increase, 4,311

Real decrease, 14,742

making a decrease of nearly 2500 per annum, or about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on the slave population of the Colonies mentioned, and this per centage annually and gradually decreasing. This is much less than the decrease amongst the slaves employed by Government in the barrack and engineer departments in the Colonies, where, as the accounts received from these offices will shew, it is in several $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per annum. No one will say that these slaves are overwrought; nay, the head departments in London know from their officers in the Colonies, that such slaves and labourers are not only not overworked, but they have been expressly informed, as I dare say his Grace the Duke of Wellington will remember, that since the discussions upon the slave question began in England about ten years ago, they have ceased to work in the way that they did, and that scarcely half the labour which they did perform, and which

they could perform with ease, is now done by them, thus entailing another heavy loss upon this country.

The decrease in the slave population does not proceed from the number of deaths amongst them being greater than in other parts of the world, but because the number of births are in many instances fewer in proportion, which proceeds from the causes already alluded to, and from others about to be mentioned. Moreover, it is a remarkable and important fact in the Colonial Question, that it is amongst the slave population of the towns and others not attached to estates, that the decrease in the number of births, and increase in the number of deaths, are in general greatest; and it is farther remarkable, that on all estates in the immediate vicinity of towns, the number of births are less, and the number of deaths greater, than on estates in distant parts of the country. I made particular enquiries on this point in

every colony, and found but one opinion that the fact stood thus; but Grenada was the only colony where

I found the returns distinct, which enabled me to bring this point to a proof. For 1830 they stood thus:—

	Males.	Females.	Births.	Deaths.	Total.
St George's,	786	859	37	49	1645
Rest of the Island,	10,600	12,126	630	861	21,826

In St Vincent's the slave population stood, on the 27th March 1817, and the births amongst them from that period to the 31st December 1821, as under,

Plantation,	20,963	Births, 2269
Unattached,	3,762	Ditto, 457

Leaving very little preponderance in favour of unattached slaves, while the deaths amongst the same class amounted to 543. If distinct and separate returns were ordered for all the towns, more especially the large towns in the Colonies, what I state would be verified to the utmost extent; and thus the fallacy, that it is the cultivation of sugar which occasions the decrease in the slave population, would be at once done away. Sierra Leone is, however, the best proof in refutation of the fallacy which prevails; for there, if you take the trouble to look into the returns, the decrease of the black population will be found to be almost cent per cent, and yet they neither cultivate sugar, nor any thing else, that is exportable in that miserable place.

There is no point to which the attention of the British colonial proprietor is more strenuously directed, than to the causes which prevent the increase of the slave population, where such increase does not take place, in order that he may obviate the evil, and overcome the obstacles which prevent it. In order to accomplish this desirable object, he has carried his efforts to an excess, and which, in the opinion of all medical men, tend almost altogether to increase the evil which he wishes to cure. On this point I made every inquiry in every colony, but brevity compels me to confine my references to the following narratives, but which embrace the whole point at issue, as applicable to the state of matters in all the Colonies. Dr Rawlins, a medical practitioner of extensive practice, great talents, and experience, in the island of St Christopher, stated to me as follows:—"I do not think

the health of the slaves is in any degree impaired by the labour they undergo; but their careless and profligate mode of life exposes them to many diseases, which ultimately prove fatal. After the labour of the day is over, a negro will travel during the night a considerable distance, and return early in the morning to his work, perhaps intoxicated; for during the night he has passed his time in dancing, and freely indulging in liquor, exposed to the night air, heavy dews, or perhaps fallen asleep on the wet ground, or, being engaged in a drunken quarrel, has received a severe beating, with broken bones, and in this state is brought to the hospital the next day, or a day or two after; and notwithstanding the utmost care and attention are paid him, he is attacked by some inflammatory disorder, which speedily proves fatal. From these causes, I have known many die from the cramp, [*tetanus*.] As regards the number of births, I may notice that those gangs which consist principally of Creole women, breed faster, are more prolific, and rear their children better than the African women, and their children appear healthier and more vigorous; but this must be received with some limitations, as I have seen many African women with as fine families as the Creoles. On some estates, most of the infants born die, *before* they are nine days old, of *locked jaw*, a disease rarely occurring among the free coloured children; and it never, I believe, attacks the white infant; but this disease will, I hope, speedily disappear, as the establishment of lying-in hospitals is becoming general on estates. These wards are kept neat and very clean; beds and every accommodation are provided for the woman, and nurses to attend herself and the infant. A cause of some gangs not increasing, arises from the numerous miscarriages which occur among the breeding women, from the extreme and imprudent indulgence granted them during their

pregnancy. When a female reports herself pregnant, and only in the second or third month, she absents herself from all work, considers herself at liberty to pursue any mode of life she pleases, free from the control of her master. She now becomes the huckstress for her companions, sells their provisions and stock, carries heavy loads several miles to a distant market, and in this intercourse is frequently embroiled in disputes, which terminate in fighting, and ultimately in premature labour or miscarriage. These cases occur with me frequently in the town of Sandy Point. Any decrease, therefore, of our slaves from being in a state of slavery, or that slavery is inimicable to the procreation of children, cannot be admitted, for our slaves are in perfect possession of that happiness which it is impossible for freedom to give them. Hospitals are provided with every convenience that the sick or invalid can require. Their wants are supplied; their infirmities are relieved; when ailing, they are distributed in convenient and separate beds, liberally supplied with the best nourishment and medicines. When seriously ill, they are attended with an assiduity, both night and day, that surpasses the imagination of our friends or our enemies, and the tenderest sympathy is evinced which can enhance the value of these services. At present, our slaves are not exiles from the pleasures of social life, but enjoy their humble happiness free from those grievances which afflict the lower orders of our free population. Their actions and their words are not determined by an inflexible rule, or by a capricious master; and serious offences, which would in England be expiated on the gallows, and a violation or disobedience of their master's orders, are frequently overlooked, nor are they corrected by confinement or extraordinary flagellations."

Dr Caines, a medical practitioner of extensive practice and known abilities, in the same island, gave me the following information, which, as he himself states, he had been able "to acquire during a residence of twenty-two years, both as a medical practitioner and a planter. The increase of slaves," says he, "on some

of the estates which I attend, has been progressive, and on six there has been an increase of fifty within the last six years; and on these I may add, that scarcely any Africans remain. On those where a decrease has taken place, such decrease may be attributed, and indeed can be, to several causes. It is well known, that, during the slave-trade, males were chiefly imported, and consequently, on the estates where these Africans were placed, as they advanced in age, (other casualties included,) decrease must be a natural consequence. But as that portion of our population is now nearly extinct, the cause in a short time will cease from operating; and I will venture to predict, that from the present period, under the improvements of our present system of labour, the total increase will exceed the decrease. I admit that the night-work, which was formerly exacted from the slaves, tended in a most material degree to weaken and destroy their constitutions, and which result has proved a prominent cause of the decrease which has of late years taken place; but as that cause has for the last *twelve* or *fifteen* years ceased to exist, of course the decrease from such cause will also cease. Among the diseases to which the slaves are subject, as making more frequent inroads on human life, I may particularize the *rose*, and in its more aggravated form, the *elephantiasis*, as the most prejudicial, and an active source of decrease. Upon those estates where, *ceteris paribus*, increase does not take place in the ratio it might be expected to do, it may be attributed to the promiscuous intercourse which takes place among the sexes, and where the frequent change of husband and wife continues to exist, and over which circumstances the master can have no possible control in the present day. I can assert, as a medical man, that every attention is paid to the sick in their respective hospitals where actual sickness occurs, as to medicine, nourishment, wine, &c. On many of the estates under my care, new and more commodious hospitals have been of late erected, and they have been all more or less improved. In my medical attendance on the slaves at their own houses, I have frequent

opportunities of witnessing their comforts as to their houses, bedding, furniture, &c. This remark does not, of course, hold good in a general sense as yet, but the improvement is rapidly progressing. I not long ago attended a carpenter on an estate, whose cupboard contained his wine; his

exhibited every mark of comfort, and his bed might have been almost termed a luxurious one. This latter comfort is by no means uncommon. I do not now think that the slaves generally ever feel what is termed hunger, and a great proportion wallow in plenty. Their attendance on places of religious worship is much extended, and their general appearance on the Sabbath, I may say, in the larger proportion of cases, would not disgrace even that free and rich country England. They all keep an abundance of sheep, goats, pigs, and poultry, and their stock supplies the frequent demand of their masters, and the towns generally. I have known instances where tradesmen have owned horses, and I need scarcely add, that these fruits of their industry and well-doing, as far as their masters are concerned, are duly and fully paid for, and that their property is deemed sacred and inviolable. On most of the estates within my range of practice, schools are established, and I myself pay a master for evening instruction to my own young slaves, and find light for the schoolroom," &c.

The general situation of the slave population may, however, be more fully and correctly ascertained from the following account, drawn up by the Rev. *Thomas Alexander Browne*, of his own estate, *Grand Sable*, in the Island of St Vincents. It discloses, at one view, and in a correct and masterly manner, the whole economy of a sugar estate, and the faithful delineation of the negro character. It draws in a bird's-eye view the general situation and condition of the slave population in the British Colonies clearly before the enquirer. The crop of *Grand Sable* was, in 1830, 450 large hogsheads of sugar, and 32,000 gallons of rum and molasses, the number of slaves 688, making an increase from 592, in 1820, to the number mentioned in 1832.

"Each family have a cottage, with

a garden attached to it, a yam piece in the ground appropriated to fallow, and at the back of the estate as much provision ground as they choose to cultivate. In their gardens or grounds they grow plantains, bananas, tannias, yams, sweet potatoes, Indian corn, pease, beans, schalottes, thyme, pepper, ochros, purslane, calli, casada, arrowroot, limes, lemons, citrons, melons, pine-apples, coffee, cocoa, bread-fruit, alligator pears, &c. &c.; and of the bread-fruit, in addition to those in their own grounds, we have many hundreds planted in every direction, some the size of a large oak or ash tree, and all bearing abundantly previously to the hurricane. The climate being a perpetual summer, they have three crops annually of many descriptions of provisions, such as corn, potatoes, beans, pease, &c., and are not, like the English peasant, confined to one crop of corn, potatoes, and garden vegetables yearly. In addition to the provisions already noticed, they have their pigs, goats, fowls, and guinea birds, and my table is usually supplied with pork purchased from them. All their surplus produce they are allowed to send to town in the drogher or little schooner which is employed to bring up our supplies, and on these occasions several persons are permitted to go down to dispose of their provisions. The money they obtain is usually laid out in finery, most of our black ladies having necklaces and earrings, for which they give many dollars, and which, after the lapse of a year or two, as the fashion changes, they sell at a lower price, and buy others of a newer make and more fashionable form. Every year they receive two suits of clothes, with thread, tape, and needles to make them with; and if they are old people, and incapable of making them up, or have large families, sempstresses are employed to make them up free of expense. Every week they have an allowance of salt fish, frequently of salt, and some who have young children, flour and sugar in addition. When at work in the field, they are allowed as beverage, a mixture of molasses and water, resembling treacle beer. If the work is somewhat harder, rum once a-day in addition, and on some particular occasions twice; and should

the weather prove showery, a sort of punch, of which they are very fond. During crop they are permitted to eat freely of the ripe canes, and to drink the expressed juice or hot liquor, a sweet nourishing syrup, from the coppers; and the children at this season have each a mug of cocoa well sweetened with sugar, in addition to their own breakfast. The men, and those women who are either neither pregnant nor nurses, are required to be at work about six in the morning, and to work till sun down, about the same hour in the evening, having half-an-hour allowed for breakfast, which they usually contrive to make three quarters, and two full hours to rest at noon, or if they choose to work their noon, to break off at four o'clock, so that they work about nine and a half hours per diem. Out of crop they have every Thursday, in addition to their Sunday. At Easter they have three holidays, a day also when their yam ground is allotted, a holiday on their master's birth day, a holiday when crop is over, with three days at Christmas, and the following afternoon, if they have assembled regularly at work, the morning after the Christmas holidays. On all these occasions, with the exception of the day when their yam piece is allotted, the men receive a pint of rum, and the women a pint of shrub, and the children in proportion, with the addition of a fat ox being killed, and rice, pork, and sugar distributed amongst them. Their gaiety at these times, and the smartness of their attire, amounting in some cases to elegance, from their tasteful arrangements of even a profusion of ornaments, ought to convince the most prejudiced mind, that they have a good deal of spare money to lay out in such luxuries, and that, therefore, the necessities of life are, or may be, easily obtained by them."

"The privileges of the women are so many and so various, that it may be satisfactory to enumerate them distinctly and separately.* Women who have declared themselves pregnant are almost immediately exempted from their accustomed work, and put to work of a lighter description, to which they attend very irregularly, employing themselves, with hardly an exception, for their own benefit for at least six months before

their confinement. On giving birth to their infant, they receive a present from their mistress of baby-linen, consisting of two shirts, two caps, two nappies, with some old linen; and from their master a blanket, one yard flannel, a few pins, six pounds salt fish, six pounds sugar, two bottles rum, and one bottle of oil for a lamp. During their confinement they are regularly attended by a nurse for the first three weeks, which, in most cases, is extended to a month, and if the mother is at all weak and delicate at the expiration of that time, she is continued still longer. At the end of six weeks, if the mother is quite well, she receives notice to return to her work again, which, however, is seldom either complied with or exacted for a week or ten days afterwards. She is then set to light work of one kind or other for a month or six weeks longer, after which she usually resumes her former work. If her child survives three weeks, the midwife and nurse receive 8s. 6d. sterling each; if it attains the age of fifteen months, the mother receives £2, 9s. 6d. currency; and on the child going to the vine gang, which is usually at six or seven years, and whose employment is merely to collect a few vines from the bushes for the pigs, the mother receives in addition 16s. 6d. These sums are usually termed the child's ten dollars. Women with only one or two children generally work six and a half hours each day; those with three or four children work five hours a-day, and have one day a-week out of crop, and generally an afternoon in crop, in addition to the Sunday; those with five children work on an average five hours a-day, in and out of crop, and have two whole days a-week in addition to their Sunday; lastly, those who have six or more children (of which description we have several upon this estate) are privileged and exempt by their master from all labour on his estate."

"With regard to the privileges and exemptions from work of the mothers of families amongst the negroes, I could not," says that amiable man, "help contrasting it with what has frequently come under my own observation at home. To select one instance out of a multiplicity of examples, I well remember the

mother of ten children in my parish of Bolton, near York, who continued at work in the harvest field up to the very evening previous to her confinement, which took place early next morning; and who, when I visited her to baptize her infant, expressed her concern that she was losing so much valuable time at so important a season, and at the expiration of the third week entreated and obtained my consent to her being churched at that early period, to enable her to resume the same hard work in the harvest field with her family. How many, too, have I not seen, at the end of the second or third day, without nurse or medical attendant, busied in their domestic occupations, and even washing for their families. Another poor creature, whom, contrary to my usual practice, I attended for the purpose of *churching in her own house*, because she was too delicate to move out to work, but wished to resume her duties in the house, which she thought she could not do with propriety until she had first returned thanks for her deliverance, after the ceremony was over, placed in my hand the accustomed fee of one shilling, *consisting entirely of pence and halfpence*, and as I returned it I saw the tear of gratitude start to her eye, whilst with convulsive lip she confessed to me that it was the last shilling she had in the world, and that it had been scraped together with difficulty for this sacred occasion."

The references adduced, and the reasons above advanced, will sufficiently explain to any unprejudiced mind the true causes which, in some colonies, occasion a decrease in the slave population; and the facts which have been brought forward, all of which are consistent with my own knowledge, and which have come within the range of my experience and observation, shew the true state and condition of the slave population, so very different from what the people of England have been taught to believe that it is, or that any one who reads the speeches which you have made, would consider it to be. From these speeches the reader is left to infer, that there is nothing but misery, punishment, and chains to be seen in the Colonies. Neither myself, nor any other person who visits them, has, however,

been to discover such things. During the last twelve months, I have visited every island and colony, Danish, French, and English, from Porto Rico upwards to Trinidad inclusive. I lived in their towns, I travelled freely, and for the purpose of observation and enquiry through whole districts of every colony, I saw the slaves on their holidays and at their work; and I never saw a chain or whip, nor heard even the crack of a whip during the whole of the above period, except a few negroes, criminal slaves, working publicly under judicial sentence in chains, in Guadaloupe, Martinique, and St Lucia; and in order to render it unnecessary to revert to the subject of the treatment and condition of the slaves again, I shall bring before you the state of those in Tortola, and of those in a portion of Jamaica, the facts regarding which, I have reason to know, may be taken as a fair criterion to judge of the state of the whole of the slave population of that great Colony.

On four estates which I may say belong to myself in Tortola, the slaves have from 300 to 400 head of cattle, as fine cattle as ever walked, besides goats, pigs, and poultry, their own property. One woman makes a dollar and a half every week by the sale of fresh butter from the milk of her own cows, and I have reason to believe, that these slaves have on hand in ready cash, a sum nearer £3000 than £2000 sterling. On other estates, the slaves have a great number of cattle; and on one estate, besides 30 cattle, they have 200 goats. In proceeding farther, I shall give you a description of the general condition of the slaves in that colony, as it was communicated to me by the Chief-Justice of the island, Mr Gordon:—

"The slaves upon estates in Tortola are permitted by their owners, or the persons having the care and direction of them, to keep cattle, hogs, goats, and poultry of every description, and many of them own horses which are pastured on several estates free of any expense. The slaves are also permitted to cultivate as much ground, provisions, and fruits as they think proper, for their own use and benefit; and they, with few exceptions, supply the inhabitants of the town with beef, veal,

pork, pigs, goat mutton, fresh butter, milk, eggs, vegetables, and grass. Many of the slaves also send cattle, calves, goats, hogs, and poultry to St Thomas, for which they get cash, flour, and dry goods in return. Many of them sport their umbrellas, and are neatly dressed when they come to town on Sundays and holidays, wearing as fine shoes and hats as any white man in the island does. On many estates, one, two, and sometimes three negroes are allowed to come to town every day in the week with vegetables, milk and butter for sale. The slaves are happy and comfortable, compared with the greater part of the free population, and poorer classes of white persons, many of whom are frequently destitute of the necessaries of life, and live God knows how. Numbers are actually and often in a state of actual starvation. Many of the free people take up their abode with the slaves on the estates, for they have no means of getting shelter for themselves, unless they can pay rent for a house. When a poor free person is laid down on a sick-bed, he has no friend who has the means of relieving his wants, or of supplying him with medical aid and nourishment of any description, but must rely on the charity of a medical gentleman for the former, and on the bounty of the community for the latter; and when death overtakes him, his friends, unable to purchase boards and nails to make a coffin for him, are obliged to apply to the parish to have him interred. Not so with the slave, whose wants in sickness and in health are attended to by his owners; a medical man of eminence in his profession is constantly employed to attend the estates, which he visits regularly once, twice, or three times a-week as may be, and daily afterwards if necessary. Sugar, wine, sago, and fowls or mutton are furnished for the sick person,* and a nurse is kept in constant attendance on him during his confinement. When a female is in child-bed, her mother, sister, or daughter, at her selection, is permitted to remain with her during her confinement. She is supplied with sugar, rum, rice or flour, and whatever else may be necessary during that time; and at the expiration of six weeks, if her health and that of the infant

will admit, she goes out to weed grass, never leaving her house in wet weather. When a slave dies, his master generally gives his family a shroud of good white linen, and he is decently interred, and the funeral service is read over him by a clergyman."

The late Sir Ralph Woodford, on leaving Trinidad to proceed to England, was, it is understood, directed by Government to take Jamaica in his way, in order to examine into the state of the slave population of that colony, and to report upon the practicability and propriety of enforcing the compulsory manumission law in that island. He did so, and Government have no doubt in their possession his opinion on these subjects, if they choose to bring it forth. That intelligent officer died after leaving Jamaica on his passage to England. When in Trinidad, I obtained through the medium of a friend, from his nephew, the following extract, of perhaps one of the last letters that he ever wrote, and it is particularly valuable, as having been written from a friend to a friend, without the most distant idea that it would ever meet the public eye, and consequently not varnished to please any class of men whatever. That extract will shew you what an intelligent and enquiring British officer saw in Jamaica, where the Knibbs's, Boxes, and other firebrands of the day, could see only whips, chains, cruelties, and worse than Pagan darkness. The letter is dated Kingston, Jamaica, Monday, 5th May, 1828, and proceeds thus:—

"The next morning, Colonel Smith, the Deputy Quarter-Master-General, (who had been off to the Slaney with Mr John Wilson, the James Cavan of Jamaica,) called and offered all civilities, had prepared a room for me at headquarters, invited me to dinner, and proposed an excursion the next day to the parish of St Thomas in the East, where the General was to be on Saturday, and where I should see the finest sugar estates. To this I readily agreed. Horses were hired for Messrs Coumbs and Lockhart, and we went seven miles in the General's van; viz. Mr Wilson, Colonel M'Leod, Adjutant General, and your humble servant. After that I went in the General's curricule, and the other two in a se-

parate vehicle. The road is good, but the passage interrupted in the winter season by floods, in the beds of two or three torrents which we crossed. We passed Yallah's Hill, a high feature that ships coming from the east would generally make, and dined and slept at a parson's about 19 miles from Kingston. The next morning we got into a better country, for the soil had been poor and rocky, and breakfasted at a very fair country inn in the pretty village of Morant Bay, where there were many vessels and a custom house. We then got amongst some very fine estates of canes, with magnificent works, and had a very pleasant drive to Port Morant. After this, the road was not so good till we entered the valley of Plantain Garden River which is most beautiful, where I saw ten estates laying contiguous, having 3600 slaves. We went to Golden Grove, the estate of a Mr Arceidekan, who never saw it, where there is 670 slaves, and where there is a water mill and a steam engine; the house, with spacious galleries, family pictures, and making up ten spare beds, a *Medico* residing on the property—all the buildings most substantial, and the service going on with the *greatest ease*. I also saw the works at Houtley, where there are 320 slaves, Amity Hall with 270, Pleasant Hall with 306, and Holland with 630. At the latter the house is remarkably good. I had much conversation with the overseers, as the managers are called, and found them very reasonably disposed. They told me they seldom had occasion to resort to the whip (not once in three months); that the whole went on like machinery; that the people were very well disposed; that if the manumission clause were enforced, they felt a great security in the attachment of the people to their house, land, and home, so as to form a stronger tie upon them than the desire of freedom. Their houses are, generally, on these estates, comfortable; some are far beyond what I could have supposed, had I not seen them; sofas, mahogany chairs, as good beds and bedsteads as the finest house in the country, and every comfort. The kitchen, and stables, and slave-rooms apart, for many own both slaves and horses, and ride to church, attended by their domestics. The exterior of these is

the same as of the others, squared posts, wattled and plastered, thatched with a long grass; within a neat enclosure, which also contains a *draperian edifice*—a high proof of negro civilisation—pigs and poultry plenty. The quantities of *baskets of provisions* that they carry to the field would surprise you. All are remarkably well clothed, even at work, in a good duck frock and trousers, like the sailors. Marriage is generally encouraged in that quarter, and the wedding-cake is generally considered as necessary as the ring. A catechist attends the estate twice a week, and on the Holland, I heard the children repeat their prayers very correctly—distinctly I cannot say, for it is surprising how very far inferior the pronunciation of the language is by those people to those of Antigua, and our old islands, though they understand what is said to them without difficulty, in the ordinary way of speaking. I have therefore no occasion to exercise my talents in the jargon of my Trinidad friends."

Thus far Sir Ralph Woodford; and the description which he here gives, may be taken as a correct view of the state of the slave population in the Colonies in general, and of Jamaica in particular. In the three parishes so lately the scene of rebellion and devastation, the slaves enjoyed even a greater degree of prosperity. With all these facts, which might be known, and ought to be known, in the Colonial Office of Great Britain, of the comfort and prosperity which surround the slave in his temporal concerns, and with equal advantages given him in his spiritual concerns, as I shall presently shew you, how ill-timed and unjust was your severe accusation contained in your speech, *Times*, 10th May, as follows: "Not a single colony condescended to adopt a single bill out of the entire eight (hear, hear), and the Colonial Legislatures raised their voice with lofty indignation at our interference in what they declared to be their exclusive business and concern. This took place in 1826; he was then addressing Parliament in 1833; and up to that hour, neither the voice of friendly expostulation nor of authority had produced the least alteration in the contumacious conduct of the Colonial Legislatures. *Not a single step* had been taken by any of

them with a view to the extinction of slavery. (Hear, hear,)" &c.

So far from this being the fact, the Colonists have done every thing, and are doing every thing in their power, to meet the views of the mother country in the question of the melioration and improvement, both in temporal and in spiritual matters, of their slave population; and in some instances they have even gone farther than the peace of the Colonies, and the security of property in them, warranted them to have done. The state of the slave population, as shewn above, testifies to this fact, and your office is, or ought to be, filled with invincible documents in proof. The Colonists have done, or are doing, every thing required of them. They have merely refused to give up the control of their property into the hands of others not interested in it, and hostile to them, and to yield to measures and demands which would inevitably produce the "extinction" of their property. The Colonists fearlessly appeal to the closest investigation, before any rational and impartial tribunal, to establish these facts.

Branding the Colonists with the guilt of keeping religious instruction from the slaves, you, "in the language of lofty indignation," proceed thus: "Who was to blame that the negro was still ignorant, if so he was, and that he lacked industrious habits? Was it not those who regarded him from the cradle to the grave, and from generation to generation, as a mere labouring animal; who took no pains to cultivate his mind, and raise his moral feelings; nay, more, (and he spoke it to the shame of a Christian age, and a professedly Christian country,) who were permitted to *deprive* the negro of the means of religious instruction, because it was found incompatible with the maintenance of a state of slavery? (Hear, hear.) But assuming that religious instruction was inconsistent with the continuance of slavery, would that House shut out the light of gospel truth, and stifle education, that at all hazards, and at all risks, the system of slavery might be preserved? (Cheers.) He believed that, from the state of most of the Colonies belonging to other countries, they might draw a lesson of deep censure to themselves. In the

Catholic Colonies, the greatest attention had been paid by the priesthood to the religious instruction and education of the slaves. In some of these Colonies, it was a regulation that no man should be at liberty to keep a slave, unless he could prove that he had taken pains to instruct him in the principles of the Catholic religion. Had any such system prevailed in the English Colonies?" &c.

How cruel, how ungenerous, how unjust, and how totally at variance with the fact, are the statements which you have made, so far as the Colonists are concerned, it becomes my business and my duty to shew. It is not "the light of Gospel truth" which the Colonists wish to exclude from their shores, but anarchy, bloodshed, massacre, and destruction, which true Christianity condemns and abhors, and which things, sent to them under the mask of religion, the Colonists condemn and oppose. The Scriptures, which are better authority than any statesman that ever lived, shew and tell us that a slave may be a Christian, and a Christian a slave; and you yourself admit that this may be the case when you hold up the proceedings of the Catholic priesthood in this respect for imitation; but it is sufficient to observe, that under a Protestant Government no Catholic priest possesses, or can possess, the authority which you mention, though, as we shall presently see, there are numbers of them and multitudes of slaves Catholics in the British West India Colonies, a fact which, from the expression in your speech above alluded to, it would appear you do not know.

Setting aside the population of the Mauritius, which is Roman Catholic, and the Cape of Good Hope, who are chiefly of the Dutch faith, and confining myself, for the sake of brevity, to the British Colonies, from Tortola to Demerara, upwards and inclusive, it remains to be stated that the population of these, by returns to the close of 1829, was 445,000 of all descriptions, of which number at least 125,000 are Roman Catholics, in the islands of Trinidad, St Lucia, Grenada, Dominica, &c. &c. leaving a population of 323,000 for other religious persuasions in these and other islands. The Catholic population receives, and will receive,

no other teachers than those appointed by the Church of Rome. For the remaining 323,000 persons, (a large portion of whom, be it remembered, are rigid Mahomedans,) there is at this moment an Episcopalian Church establishment of eighty-seven resident clergymen in the different islands, with a Bishop at their head. The whole of these are paid by the Colonies, and, exclusive of glebes and parsonage houses, built and kept in repair at the expense of the Colonies, the expenditure for this establishment can hardly be less than L.45,000 sterling a-year. The Church establishment of Demerara, in 1830, cost that colony L.10,000 sterling. One living in Berbice is worth L.600 sterling per annum. The clergyman in Kingston, St Vincent's, has L.1000 currency a year. Those in Grenada have L.660 currency. In Barbadoes their establishment costs them above L.5000 a-year. The number of clergymen above-mentioned are at present all resident, and excellent and efficient men. The number of religious teachers here stated belong to the Church of England Establishment alone, and for the population above-mentioned, and are exclusive of clergymen of the Dutch and Presbyterian Church, Moravians and Missionaries of various denominations, altogether amounting to perhaps a greater number, and also exclusive of the number of private chapels, catechists, and schoolmasters on many estates in every colony. In Antigua, to a population of 35,000 souls, there are twenty-seven places of public worship, viz. eleven of the Church of England, twelve of the Moravian, and four of the Wesleyan Mission. The Moravians alone have at this moment in that island 15,000 hearers entered on their roll, and 8000 children under their tuition. Many are also educated by the Established Church and Wesleyan Missionaries. The slave population of this colony can in general read and write, and the same may be said of that of Nevis and St Kitt's. Besides the places of public worship in Antigua, there are schools and private chapels on several estates, where religious worship is regularly performed to all who choose to attend. One of the latter I visited on the estate belonging to the Rev. Mr Gilbert, which was large and commodious;

and one of the former I also visited on the estate called Green Castle, belonging to Sir Henry Martin, where I saw about sixty children at school, all clean, well clad, and healthy, and heard them read passages of Scripture, repeat prayers and sing hymns with great accuracy and devotion. I never saw any church in any country better attended than the church in St John's, Antigua, by every description of persons, bond and free, black and white. In St Kitt's, to a population of 23,000, there are nine churches of the Established Church, four extensive Wesleyan chapels, and some thriving and excellent Moravian establishments. The service in all these is well attended. I have myself seen in the small parish of St Thomas, middle parish in that island, above seventy slave children, boys and girls, ten years old and under, in regular attendance every Sabbath, clean, well dressed, and healthy, and behaving themselves with the greatest propriety and decorum; and I never saw any thing more striking and satisfactory in my native country on a Sabbath, than what I have witnessed in St Kitt's and other islands, in the number of well-dressed and well-behaved slaves of both sexes, with their numerous families, going to, and coming from, their attendance on religious worship, more especially from the Moravian chapels, and the Established churches. There was a degree of neatness, cleanliness, decency, decorum, and contentment, amongst all these, which rendered them distinguishable from every other. The same may be said of those who attend Roman Catholic places of worship. In Trinidad, which is comparatively but a newly settled Colony, there are, as you may learn from Sir Charles Smith's despatches, one resident religious pastor to every 2500 individuals; and to shew how little religious jealousies reign amongst the population, the Protestant inhabitants of the Naparimas have lately erected, by subscription, a very neat Roman Catholic chapel, for a very worthy priest, named Smith. In the small island of Tortola, with a slave population of about 5100, two Wesleyan Missionaries have 1900 class fellows, principally slaves, from whom, according to the evidence which they gave before the House of Assembly

of that island last autumn, they drew for tickets, in weekly payments, during the first six months of 1832, for their own income, L.375, and for the society, including L.40 for pew rents, L.521, 8s., making together L.879, 8s. currency, for six months, or L.1758, 16s. currency per annum, at the same time acknowledging that their receipts last year were considerably reduced from the general distress. Sufficient is, however, acknowledged to shew that the slaves have the means of religious instruction, and also the means of obtaining it; nor is there a single individual who opposes it, but, on the contrary, they are eagerly encouraged to receive it. One instance may suffice to shew what is done privately on estates in this way. I refer to Grand Bacolet Estates, Grenada, where Mr Robert Macqueen, the manager, states to me thus:—"We have a chapel built between the estates, where the rector of the parish performs divine service to the people every fortnight; and the Sunday he is absent, I read the evening church service to them; and one of the young men on each estate instructs the children, morning and evening, in the Catechism, prayers, &c. There are also some of them learning to read. I think you would like our system, and our return to the proprietors is good. Two of our people are to be married to-morrow, and I expect the attorney up, and it would be gratifying if you would come with him."

In the capital of Grenada, a very neat Presbyterian church has just been erected by private subscription; and in the capital of Trinidad, a very splendid Roman Catholic church is nearly finished, and opened for service. But in proof of the progressive improvement of the slaves in spiritual matters, I have to adduce, and must confine myself for the present to, two references and communications. The first is the Rev. Mr Duke, of the island of Nevis, now transferred to a living in Barbice; and the second is the Rev. Mr Browne of St Vincent's, already mentioned, both of them very competent judges on the subject. The first named reverend gentleman, in a communication which he kindly made to me, proceeds thus:—

"It is manifest that religion and civilisation are making rapid strides

amongst the negroes in the British West Indies; and thousands of souls, who, if they had been doomed to inhabit the savage regions of Africa, would have been equally doomed to impenetrable ignorance, are now, under the mighty providence of God, acquiring saving knowledge in a Christian land. It is my humble opinion, sir, that, if good order and subordination be preserved among the slaves in the West Indies for a few years longer, (I do not presume to define any time,) great and lasting benefits will be conferred upon nearly a million of the descendants of Africa, through the medium of religious instruction; but if anarchy and confusion prevail, and they will prevail if great care be not taken, God only knows what will be the dreadful results to all parties." After enumerating the increasing number of marriages amongst the slaves, the reverend gentleman proceeds:—"I have no doubt but that in five or six years more the present shocking system of polygamy amongst the slaves will be very nearly abolished. The following facts appear to me as farther proof of the progress as well of religion as civilisation: The respectable attendance, and generally serious demeanour of the slaves at church on the Lord's day. In the parish of St James's, for instance, there are somewhere about 1000 slaves scattered over a hilly face of country, extending in length about six miles, and in breadth four or five miles. The church is probably as nearly in the centre of the parish as possible; but, notwithstanding the rugged face of the country, (producing necessarily circuitous roads,) many of the slaves have to walk a distance of eight or ten miles, in order to attend church. This distance does not prevent from 200 to 250 slaves attending service every Sabbath day; and very often twice this number (burdened some of them with infants in their arms) crowd not only the church but the churchyard. When circumstances adverse to this attendance upon divine worship are considered, viz. the relaxing effects of a tropical climate, the fatigues of the previous week, and the want of time *legally* allowed for a market, I am sure the unprejudiced mind will admit, that Christianity, as well as civilisation, is being advanced.

One might almost venture to say, that even in England, with all its advantages of climate and roads, an instance of the better observance of the Sabbath could not be produced among a peasantry of equal population, equally scattered, and compelled to be pedestrians. I am disposed to consider the attention which slaves have of late years paid to the regular baptism of their infants, as another proof of the advancement as well of religion as civilisation. The occasional thanksgiving of married female slaves, after child-birth, I also deem an evidence of increasing improvement. The neatness and cleanliness which may be observed in the slaves on Sundays, I also deem another proof, and it is a very pleasing proof, of increasing civilisation. Many slaves appear at church on Sunday clad in habiliments of the utmost neatness and comfort, and not a little cost sometimes. Shoes and stockings, muslin gowns, and ornaments of the precious metals, are by no means uncommon among the female slaves, with whom a passion for finery is peculiarly predominant; and the higher class of male slaves, such as artificers, &c., commonly appear in their Sunday coats and jackets of broad cloth, or else flannel or fancy stripes. Not a few slaves indulge themselves with the friendly shade of an umbrella. I esteem the increasing industry among the slaves as one more mark of advancing civilisation. It is no uncommon thing to see slaves employed, in moonlight nights, in their negro yards, in the manufacture of fish-pots, &c. For each pot he will obtain from 2s. to 3s. sterling, and sometimes 3s. 6d., which he will thus finish in less than a week. Now, if the inclination and ability to work on leisure or resting hours be considered, especially at night, after the fatigues of the day, it is impossible but that a calm and just reflection shall bring us to two conclusions; *first*, that the negro, in this day of melioration, is not by any means overworked; and, *second*, that he is not in that vile and abject condition which clogs all hope, and stifles every energy—a state into which too many misinformed but well-meaning people in England suppose him to be plunged. The next evidence of improvement which I shall mention, is one, indeed, which is a

source of peculiar pleasure to me—I mean the kindness and Christian sympathy which I have witnessed among the negroes of this island, in cases of sickness or other affliction. Often, when, in discharge of the sacred duties of my calling, I have been at the bedside of the sick negro, have I found myself followed into his cottage by several of his nearest neighbours; there, perhaps, two or three more have been before me, engaged in the kindest offices. On these occasions, my exhortations and advice have been listened to by all with the utmost seriousness; and when we have appealed to the throne of Divine Grace, it has frequently been a source of inexpressible gratification to me to find, when I had little anticipated it, actually a little congregation, ready to join with me in the prayer of humble faith for suffering humanity." The Reverend Gentleman next points out how charitable donations in the island are educating 175 slave and 20 freeborn children; and how ten impoverished proprietors in one parish subscribed L.500 sterling to assist in rebuilding the church destroyed by the hurricane in 1827, and which, completed last year, accommodates about 250 negroes, including children, with 27 sittings for white persons, and 18 for free coloured persons. The late President Cottle erected on his own estate a chapel, which cost L.500 sterling, for the use of his slaves. Mr Peter Huggins, and his brother, Mr Edward Huggins, have large schools on their estates; and the former has erected a chapel, which cost him L.300 sterling, and beside it there is a school-room fit to contain from 100 to 150 children, and which were under the charge of the Wesleyan mission. I saw above 80 children at school, clean, comfortable, and well clothed, and heard many of them read passages of Scripture with attention and accuracy. Most of the adults in this island can read, and they subscribe among themselves and take in the newspapers regularly to read.

The Rev. Mr Browne, St Vincent's, after enumerating at considerable length the numerous, extensive, and excellent schools, churches, chapels, and institutions for bestowing moral and religious instruction among the slaves in St Vincent's, adds,—“I

have invariably found the proprietors far more anxious to promote, by every means in their power, the religious instruction of their slaves, than they are to receive it, or to benefit by it when received. Several of the slaves on Grand Sable can read, and they in general possess a highly creditable knowledge on religious subjects, much greater than I had supposed, or deemed possible, from the statements we received in England. They are all baptized according to the rites of the Established Church, and I perform the burial-service of our church over the dead. I am sorry, however, to observe, that, although they have made this progress in the theoretical parts, or merely outward ordinances of religion, yet, like the peasantry at home, (and why should I omit adding the higher orders too?) their moral practice by no means corresponds with their knowledge. 'They profess that they know God, but in their works they deny him.' The negro character is by no means an amiable one. The greatest indolence, low cunning, lying, theft, ingratitude, intemperance, with the grossest immorality, are its most prevailing traits. The natural indolence of many is so great, that nothing but dire necessity, or the dread of punishment, can overcome it; for they are obliged to be watched not only when they cultivate their masters' fields, but even their provision grounds, seldom looking beyond the present moment, or caring if they have only sufficient to supply their immediate wants. Their art and cunning are a natural consequence of their idle habits. Their ingratitude, and their craving disposition, are no less remarkable. Their morals, from what I have already stated, you will conjecture I consider at a very low ebb. They are, in fact, in these and other respects, (I speak chiefly in reference to the intercourse of the sexes,) most depraved; for, besides one man often having two or more wives, they are frequently changing, as whim, or fancy, or interest may lead them. I have conversed and reasoned with many on the subject of marriage, but for a long time they appeared not at all inclined to come into my views; and, what is not a little singular, I met with *most opposition* from the women, who think it would give the men too

much power over them, or, to use their own expressions, they would 'bang, bang too much, and we can't get away, *Massa!*' Mr Browne has here drawn the negro character most correctly; and he who will not look at it in this light, will never legislate for them correctly or safely. And, here, while upon the subject of the aversion of the negroes to marriage, I may notice the sad scenes which the premature enforcement of this rite is daily and hourly producing in the Colonies. The most serious crimes are now creating, which were before unknown. Separations are constantly taking place, and missionaries, by what authority I know not, authorize these separations, re-marry again—separate, and again re-marry parties, as their vicious conduct appears to render necessary; and thus, while the law positively enacts that the property of the slave shall descend to his lawful heirs, it will be found in many instances impossible to determine which of his progeny are his lawful heirs. Such a system is destructive of all domestic peace and public morals. With these facts the Government must be acquainted. The despatches in your office connected with this subject, as regards the military labourers in the Engineer department, will tell you that there have been "witnessed some most distressing scenes;" and you may consider, and tell, if you please, the result of a meeting where several applications for divorce were discussed with the Commander of the Forces, and Sir Charles Smith, in Barbadoes, in presence of, and at the desire of, Lord Bishop Coleridge.

The preceding references—and they are but few out of many which could be produced in proof—will shew you how grossly you have been misinformed regarding the conduct of the Colonists, on the subject of moral and religious instruction bestowed upon the slave population. The Established Church of England, and not intriguing sectarians, ought to be your authority on such subjects; and as every clergyman of the Established Church makes annually a report upon the progress of religious instruction amongst the slaves, which he transmits to the Bishop, and the Bishop, I believe, to this country, it is impossible that his Majesty's Government, if they have

the smallest inclination to listen to the truth, can be misinformed on this important subject. Under these circumstances, you surely cannot but feel how cruelly you have, by listening only to sectarian misrepresentation, slandered the character and lacerated the mind of every British colonist. The fact is shortly this; every sectarian, of every sect, who goes to the Colonies, writes on his arrival to his patrons in this country, that there is no religion in the Colonies, merely because he will not acknowledge any creed to be religion but that which he clings to and promulgates. In the legislation which you have rashly adopted, you have struck a deadly and irrecoverable blow at the Episcopalian Church Establishment above-mentioned, in the Colonies. The proprietors of the soil can no longer support it, and your sectarian friends will take especial care that none of the funds which the slaves possess shall be applied to that purpose.

Having shewn what the Colonists have done and are doing in bestowing upon their slaves moral and religious instruction, it next becomes necessary to shew what that Government, which accuses them of having done nothing, has done to forward this object. The roll will be black and dismal, but it must be laid before you, and more especially as it applies to pastors of the Roman Catholic Church, whom you so strongly hold up to admiration. In St Lucia the Government promised to advance £2500 sterling, necessary to build a Protestant church, providing the inhabitants of the colony would produce an equal sum. The colony, impoverished, and almost ruined as it has been, readily produced their quota. The church was built, and is finished, and a very handsome building it is, but it stands unoccupied and unopened, because the Government refused to pay the money which they promised, and the contractor will not give up the keys until he is paid for his labour. The inhabitants subscribed a very considerable sum of money, in order to pay Roman Catholic clergymen, for the purpose of giving their slaves

religious instruction. There were three in the island last year, Spanish ecclesiastics who had been sent out by your predecessors for the purpose mentioned; and these were reduced to a state actually bordering on starvation, because the money thus raised, having been paid into the public treasury of the island for security, had been taken and spent by the Government authorities, in order to pay their own princely salaries, such as the Slave-Protector, who has £800 sterling per annum in that office, while he at the same time holds the offices of Judge-Advocate, and at one time Attorney-General. In Trinidad, you will find, by looking into de-patches in your office, that Government, not two years ago, most pointedly refused to give either schoolmaster or clergyman to the large establishment of American refugee slaves,* or to the disbanded African soldiers at Manzanilla, though described by the governor as "*decidedly retrograding in the scale of morals and civilization.*" In that island, also, as you must know, almost the whole population are Roman Catholics, yet the clergymen of that church are left in that government, which, like St Lucia, is under the special command and control of the office of which you are now the head, with the miserable stipend of 500 dollars, not £120 sterling, per annum, while the anti-colonial lookery, which, under the authority of the Colonial Office, has for several years domineered over all that is honest and honourable in that great colony, and wilfully misled and misinformed the Government of the mother-country, on every thing connected with the true state and condition of its various population, are supported in the following princely establishments:

	Sterling.
Governor, . . .	£5000
Chief-Justice, . . .	2000
Colonial Secretary, . . .	900
Treasurer, . . .	800
Attorney-General, . . .	1200
Collector of Customs, . . .	1500
Protector of Slaves, . . .	1200
Two Assistants, do. . .	1600
Escribano of Court, . . .	800

* Their degraded and demoralized state will, by and by, be fully referred to

Judicial Referee,	800
Register and Island Secretary,	1000
Overseer of Negro Children,	160
&c. &c. &c.	

Altogether raising the civil establishment to L.17,946, and the judicial establishment to L.11,191 sterling, while the ministers of religion are left in the most degrading poverty. Thus the authorities in that colony shew that the skin is considered by them of more value than the soul!

With these observations, which might be greatly extended, I proceed to notice other parts of your speech, equally indefensible and extraordinary. The Colonies are accused of refusing to attend to the recommendation of Government, about the establishment of Savings' Banks. So far from the Colonies declining this, Saving Banks have been established in most, if not in all the Colonies; but every one at all acquainted with the negro character, knows how averse they are, either men or women, to place their money in other keeping than their own. A long time must elapse before they can be brought to do this to any extent; and where they have tried it, as in Trinidad, for instance, the result has not been such as will encourage them to continue to do so, for there in that colony you will find that the money which they have deposited in the Saving Bank or the public treasury, amounting, as I was informed, to from L.1000 to L.5000 sterling, has been taken, and every farthing of it spent by the public authorities in the payment of their large salaries, which the impoverished treasury was not able to defray!

The eighth and last offence which you charge against the Colonists, is the noted Order in Council, refusal to attend to the rigid commands to enforce which you set down thus, "*also disregarded.*" The justification of the Colonists, in disregarding this order, is clearly made out in your own admission in the House of Commons only a few days ago, that it had been withdrawn in the Cape of Good Hope, where a petition from the inhabitants shewed that it was impracticable, and would have been ruinous. It would have had the

same result if applied to the West Indies. This Order in Council was in fact emancipation in disguise, emancipation without compensation, and worse than slave emancipation; it set free the slave from the master's control, and made the master a slave to his slaves. The Colonists saw this, and they also saw that it would prove the utter ruin of their property. They therefore rejected it, and though the Government proclaimed it in the Crown colonies, they never ventured to enforce it; in fact, it could not be enforced without ruin. The Colonists were commanded in the most imperious manner to adopt it as a whole, or to reject it as a whole; they chose the latter course, and your predecessors in office only the other day admitted, that, in acting as they had done, the Colonies had acted rightly. Lord Howick, at an interview which the deputy from Grenada had with him on the 11th of January last, "admitted that the Orders in Council were impracticable, and not adapted for their intended object; that the objections urged against their introduction both here [London] and in the Colonies, were *well founded*, and that the legislative bodies were *justified* in rejecting them; that he [Lord Howick] had never approved of the provisions contained in the Orders, but being part of a system of policy entertained by a former Administration, the present Ministry had been induced to give them a trial." In an interview which the deputy from Trinidad had with Lord Goderich on the 11th of January last, his Lordship "made the important admission, that it was his distinct opinion that slaves could never be coerced to labour without the whip, and that he *was totally opposed to the whole system of Orders in Council, which he thought wrong from the foundation.*" With these facts previously known and admitted, is it fair, generous, or just, to accuse the Colonies of contumacy, in "disregarding" orders which His Majesty's Colonial Minister, your predecessor, had admitted they were justified in disregarding?

It remains to be explained how your acute and independent mind could be induced to bring forward the increased number of punishments in

Demerara as the reason for assailing the character of all the rest of the Colonies, and as an invincible reason for the justice and propriety of emancipating all the slaves in the Colonies. A most important point in this matter has been forgot to be told, and remains to be attended to. The crimes and the punishments in Demerara, it being a Crown Colony, are well known in every point to be crimes defined and punishments determined by Downing Street authority, and by Downing Street authority only! If punishments and crimes had, as it appears they had, increased in Demerara, it is a proof that the laws and regulations framed in England for that Colony have been framed in the spirit of rashness and ignorance; and, therefore, similar proceedings, instead of being pursued towards all the Colonies, ought to be relinquished, and the definition of crimes and regulation of punishment left to hands better acquainted with the nature, state, and condition of the population to be governed, than any one in England, who had never been out of England, can possibly be. Your predecessor in office, Lord Howick, to his credit, on this occasion told the House of Commons, that from a positive knowledge of the subject, he could state that the number of punishments in the Legislative Colonies, particularly in Jamaica, was a great deal less than in Demerara. The fact I believe to be so, and, at any rate, you could easily put it to the proof, because in the smaller Legislative Colonies, and, I believe, also in Jamaica, a record of all crimes and punishments upon every estate is kept by law, and can and must be produced whenever ordered. The increased punishments in Demerara, therefore, instead of being a reason for the Parliament of England proceeding at once to emancipate all the Colonial slaves, ought to be a reason for desisting from European legislation, and for pursuing a course directly the reverse.

Before coming to the Admiral and his friends and fellow-labourers in error and iniquity, Loving, and the President of Colombia, whom it will not be difficult to lay low, and who have so grievously misinformed and misled you, I must turn to notice the untenable foundation on which you have built the gigantic and pre-

cipitate system of legislation which will render the West India islands wildernesses, and throw back 800,000 happy and industrious individuals into a state of idleness, barbarism, and anarchy. In your speech, (see *Times*, May 15th,) you state that "manumissions occurred only among domestic slaves, mechanics, and tradesmen," and that, therefore, "it was not extraordinary that no case could be discovered of their applying themselves, immediately on their manumission, to the more degrading and fatiguing occupation of field labour."—"If an instance were shewn of a manumitted field slave who would not work, he would then admit that a *prima facie* case was made out by those who asserted the incapacity of the negro for freedom."

Before proceeding to produce incontrovertible evidence to refute the statement made, and to overturn the ground here taken, it may be asked why field or agricultural labour is styled "*more degrading*" than mechanical labour; for in no age or nation hitherto has agricultural labour been so accounted degrading, nor can this description of it tend to make the emancipated slave more ready to undertake it. Moreover, no one asserts that negroes in general will not work at any thing, though many of them will not; but the ground of the Colonial question now at issue, is, will they, when set free from the master's control and authority, work for such wages as can enable him to produce sugar and other exportable articles of Colonial produce at a rate that can enable him to bring them into competition in the market of the world, with similar productions raised in other places, and under a different system? The answer is, that they will not, and the proof is, that there is not an instance where they have done so; but many where the case is the reverse. If the slaves in our Colonies, when emancipated, will not work so as to do this, it is plain to the meanest understanding, that the Colonies of Great Britain will be lost to the European capitalist, and to this naval and commercial nation.

England has seized and liberated from 30,000 to 40,000 Africans in Sierra Leone. The most of these were field or agricultural labourers in their own country. After Eng-

land has spent in that place, about it, and for it, more than ten millions sterling; and after forty years of Government tuition and control, has any one of them produced one particle of exportable Colonial produce, sugar, coffee, &c.? The answer is, not one! You pass over St Domingo. It cannot be passed over in discussing the present question. They have had forty years of freedom and liberty, and, at this day, that island, once a mine of wealth to France, and almost equal to all the Colonies which Great Britain holds in the western world, is at this day become almost a wilderness, its population greatly reduced, and immersed in poverty and distress, and its commerce and agriculture not one fifth part of what it was. In the month of December last, the British commercial agent there applied by letter to the captain of one of His Majesty's frigates, then in Jamaica, to send him, as the greatest favour that he could do him, a little refined sugar for his family's use, as he could get no sugar fit for use to purchase in Hayti. When at St Thomas's last year, I met a mercantile gentleman who told me that he had offered to the Haytian Government the sum of 12,000 dollars per quarter to allow him to import exclusively sugar into Hayti, it [Muscovado] being then sixteen dollars per cwt. there, while he could purchase it in the neighbouring islands at 2½ to 3 dollars per cwt. No one connected with that island dares to give correct information about it, if they think their names will become known. I met in the West Indies, not many months ago, men from it, and natives of it, who, having left it during the convulsive struggles of the revolution, had returned to it again, with property they had acquired, to settle there; but they had left it with disgust and fear. They described it as half depopulated, and, in the emphatic words of one of them, as a country without "*capital, without industry, without morals, and without religion*;" and, as a proof of the latter, not many months ago, a small trading vessel brought from Hayti to St Thomas on speculation a very large number of Bibles, such as cost in England 13s. or 14s. each, which had been sent out by some society in this country, to people who would not use them;

and which Bibles were sold at public vendue, at St Thomas, at a quarter dollar, and some of them as low as *a few cents* each! The Anti-slavery Society of London know the situation of Hayti well. Nearly three years ago, they sent out a gentleman to examine into the state of that island, in order to refute the official statement which Mr Mackenzie had made. He executed his commission, made up his report, and, as he informed a gentleman who told me, that, as he would tell the truth, so, if ever his report was published, it would do more harm to the African race than any thing that had yet appeared, and that all Mr Mackenzie had stated was greatly within the truth! The Anti-slavery Society has not only withheld this document, but, as the agent alluded to has told a gentleman whom I could name, they will not, because it is contrary to their expectations, pay him the sum which they had agreed to give! The fact is, the state of Hayti can be ascertained without going there. When at St Thomas's last autumn, I put the question to a commercial friend who had the largest dealings with it, Porto Rico, and other places, to this effect:—If a vessel of 100 tons burthen comes from Hayti, and another from Porto Rico of the same tonnage, to St Thomas, to purchase a general cargo, suited to their respective markets, what would be the proportion in value of goods which each would take away? The answer was, the cargo of the Haytian vessel might reach 5000 dollars; the cargo of the Porto-Rico one would be 50,000 dollars; the former purchases "*trash*," the sweepings of our store, and the latter the finest, most shewy, and best English manufactures. This shews the abilities of the respective countries to consume. Volumes written on the subject could not make the point more strong and clear.

Quitting Hayti, let us turn to Tortola. There Government has about 500 liberated Africans, the remains of apprentices and re-apprentices for many years past, assembled in one place, named Kingston, and, after an expense of several thousand pounds sterling in settling them there, under the very judicious management of that worthy man, Collector Claxton, they yet do not produce nor raise

one single article of exportable Colonial produce. Throughout almost all the islands we find multitudes of Africans of a similar description, and in every island, as, when we come to the ADMIRAL and Mr Loving, will be shewn, they will be found to be in a much worse, and even in a distressed state.

The American refugee slaves are the next class who deserve notice. They have been settled in Trinidad, and consisted, I believe, on their arrival there about eighteen years ago, of 1100 men, 309 women, and 217 children; altogether, 1626. These were, I believe, principally field slaves, or agricultural labourers when in the United States. Great Britain paid these States, for these people, the sum of twelve hundred and fifty thousand dollars, making, with the expense of the commission at St Petersburg, attending the reference to the Emperor of Russia, and the additional expense of transporting them from America to Trinidad, a sum exceeding £300,000 sterling. Since they went there, they have cost the British Government upwards of £30,000 sterling more, besides the value of the land, sixteen acres given to each grown up person, some of it in cultivation of provisions, cocoa, &c., above, if land is to be taken worth any thing, £60,000 more; or together, £100,000 sterling on this free labour speculation. I passed through a part of their location in January last, and have collected a particular and accurate account of the whole. They have done nothing: they are scattered, and utterly demoralized.

These people were located in the vicinity of *Savannah-le-Grande*, the most fertile part of Trinidad. They were settled in companies in a military way. The cultivation of provisions for their own supply, and some product for exportation, as directed by Sir Ralph Woodford, was abandoned in consequence of orders from England. Mr Mitchell, their superintendent, with a salary of £400 sterling per annum, endeavoured to keep them all at work on his own estate, by persuading them that they would not get paid if they wrought on any other. He had then an estate with about thirty slaves, yielding a fair return, and clear of debt. About this time he sent to England some sugar, as

he said, the produce of *free labour*, about which a great noise was made. The fact was, that notwithstanding his unlimited authority, and the application of the whip, to the extent that the flagellations inflicted amongst these people exceeded those inflicted on all the sugar plantations in the districts of both Naparimas, still these people would not work, nor could he obtain any labour from them at a profit, which compelled him to purchase a considerable number of slaves, at a very high rate, in order to carry on the cultivation of his estate. From this cause it got deeply in debt at the commencement of the late ruinously low prices of sugar; and it is now, after his death, in the hands of a mortgagee, and his family left without a farthing! Government discontinued the superintendent at the beginning of last year, since which period these people have begun to scatter themselves all over the country. Only about a thousand of them can be found. They go upon estates where they are supported by the slaves. A few among them occasionally engage in the labour of cutting wood and canes, in order to procure rum and a little salt fish, and such clothes as will cover their nakedness. They drink rum to excess. Those who engage in cutting wood, never drink less than a bottle a-day, and two if they can get it. These people, together with the free Indians and Spanish peons, look with contempt upon an estate that has not got a still upon it! When they first arrived from America, they were both a moral and religious people. Without teachers, they for a time performed their public and private devotions regularly, and in a very serious manner. With their freedom, however, their religion has vanished. There is now neither church nor school in any of the settlements. The former preachers have degenerated into irreclaimable drunkards. A schoolmaster, lately sent among them, has been obliged to retire, on account of want of success, encouragement and pay, and is now obliged to cut canes, in order to support his existence! The timber which had been cut and dragged a considerable distance from the woods, for the purpose of building a church and a school-house, now lies rotting on the ground.

Not one will put a hand to it. Government cruelly neglected these people. They pointedly refused to send them a religious teacher until about eighteen months ago, when the Bishop of Barbadoes sent a clergyman with a salary of £200 sterling per annum, for the establishment. When he arrived on the coast, about six miles distant, not one of them, either for love or money, would engage to carry his baggage. It was carried to the settlement by slaves. Disgusted and terrified at what he saw and heard, he only remained among them for a few days, when he left, declaring that nothing could induce him to return or stay among such a set of savages. In fact, the only instructors and helpmates that Government sent among them, were a set of dirty, ignorant, and savage Congo women, rescued from the wreck of a Spanish slave-ship at Anegada, and sent from Tortola to this settlement in Trinidad, at the expense of £385, 6s. sterling to the British Treasury.

So much for the boasted free-labour settlement in Savannah-le-Grande; that of the disbanded African soldiers at Manzanilla and Cuaro, though still under military control, and under the superintendence of a very worthy man, *Dr Warden*, has, after a very heavy expense to the Government, only produced a little rice and country provisions, which are at present unsaleable; while the number of the original settlers is reduced more than a third, notwithstanding their efforts to procure wives, for some of whom they paid as high as 500 dollars each! But of this settlement more hereafter.

In Antigua, the slaves who belonged to the late Earl of Lindsay and Crawford, set free by a late decision of Lord Chancellor Brougham, refused any longer to work upon the estate, the land of which is mortgaged to a mercantile house in England, and have every one left it, with the exception of twelve, who are so old and infirm, that they cannot remove from it. These accounts reached me just as I was quitting the West Indies.

In the British Colonies there are 140,000 free people of colour, of all descriptions. There is not one of them in any colony engaged, or that ever

would engage, in the labour of colonial agriculture. In most of the islands they will not even cultivate provisions for themselves, but where they have the means, they hire the slaves at their own time to do this for them. The Agricultural Society of Grenada offered wages as high as the rate of a dollar per day for free people to engage in agriculture; but they have not yet got one. The Agricultural Society of St Christopher's have not only offered wages equal to three quarters of a dollar per day, but premiums of £1.5 and £1.10 to free agricultural labourers who will come forward; but not one has appeared! The same thing has taken place in other Colonies.

The British authorities in the British West Indies have, within the last two years, seized under custom-house proceedings, confiscated, and liberated about 2000 of the best slaves in the Colonies. The rewards or fees distributed amongst various authorities for each, amount to about £30 sterling, drawn from the *British Treasury*, besides the expenses or fees for condemnation, amounting in each to more than twice the sum,—together, £180,000,—exclusive of the loss of actual capital to the extent of £150,000 more. They have also, during the same period, encouraged above 2000 of the best slaves from the foreign islands, their neighbours, to abscond to the British, where they are set free, after a great expense to the British Government. About one-half of these were drowned in making the attempt to escape. Their neighbours have thus lost capital to the extent of near £200,000; the survivors remain scattered over the British Colonies, a burden to themselves, and a scourge to every community; whilst amongst all the slaves, British and foreign, thus liberated, the British authorities have not gained or added one free labourer to the agriculture of any colony. The proceedings attending the liberation of these slaves, more especially the British, are in many cases shocking and disgraceful, and in all most oppressive; but I am compelled, till another opportunity, to refrain from bringing these specifically under your view: but they are not, they cannot, and they will not be forgot; and when they are laid before you, you will cease to feel surprise at

"the language of lofty indignation" which the unfortunate Colonists are so often obliged to assume.

The schemes and attempts made to raise Colonial produce in the western world, by what is termed free labourers, has in every instance most completely failed. In Hayti it has failed, after a destruction of a hundred millions of property, and four hundred thousand lives. In Guadaloupe and Cayenne it failed, after a prodigious destruction of life and property, upwards of thirty years ago; and in the latter place the French Government failed, after bringing, a few years since, at a great expense, a considerable number of labourers from China, and the Oriental Archipelago, as Britain did into Trinidad, at an expense of £20,000 or £30,000. In Guadaloupe, an attempt was made last year, by bringing a number of French labourers from the banks of the Garonne, to labour in agriculture in that island. They worked for one day, and dispersed to assemble no more! In Sierra Leone, after an expenditure of more than ten millions sterling, and the labour of forty years, the attempt has failed; and the population of the place, as I will, at another time, shew, have actually betaken themselves to the slave trade again. On the Spanish Main or Venezuela, the attempt at cultivation of sugar by free labour has most signally failed. In Trinidad, after an expenditure, in one shape or another, of nearly half a million, the attempt has completely failed; and in the different islands, after a loss of property to the British Treasury, to British subjects, and to foreigners, of nearly six hundred thousand pounds sterling, as has just been pointed out, the attempt has failed; and in Tortola, after an expenditure on apprentices, &c. &c., for a number of years, of more than fifty thousand pounds sterling, and with liberated Africans in other islands to the extent of one hundred thousand pounds more, the attempt has wholly failed. *Par. Pap.* No 743 of 1832, shows, at page 13, that £40,000 currency has, since 1821, been expended and lost with liberated Africans in this way in Antigua, where, only a few years ago, *Collector Wyke* was obliged to hire a brig at the rate of £20 sterling per month,

and collecting the liberated Africans, to put them on board of her, and to moor her so far out in the harbour that they could have no communication with the shore, in order to prevent them from burning the town, and their own quarters, and from cutting each other's throats!

The attempt has, moreover, failed in a quarter where it surely will not be disputed that the failure has taken place amongst field negroes who refused to work. The Nottingham settlement in Tortola is well known, and made a great noise amongst the Anti-colonists about ten years ago. There the negroes were left by their master, Mr Nottingham, an estate, houses, and land in cultivation, in fee-simple, and a considerable sum of money. I visited that establishment, on the east end of Tortola, early in October last year; and a scene of greater wretchedness, want, and misery, I never witnessed. The few houses that remain, are huts of the most miserable description. The original population is decreased and scattered. Even at that season of the year, there was not a vestige of cultivation to be seen. All was brush-wood to the very doors. One tolerably boarded house, about ten feet by sixteen, contained sixteen persons, a family young and old, amongst whom was a very old woman, the grandmother of the whole. They had not even water to drink, but brought the brackish water they used from a well about a mile and a half distant. When asked the old woman how it came that they were so poor and miserable, with every thing around them their own, she replied, that they could not help it, as they had no money to buy slaves to work for them!

The ADMIRAL, *Loving*, &c. next deserve notice; but it is only because you have thought proper to fix legislation upon the authority of what they say that they deserve to be attended to; otherwise they are not, individually or collectively, worth powder and shot. *Loving*, you are pleased to inform us, had once been a slave. You might have added, that he had not materially altered his character, inasmuch as he now is the acknowledged agent and emissary of the Anti-slavery Society, and in that capacity, as you will find in a trial

that took place in Antigua a few months ago, he brought to old *James Scotland* of that island, and a member of the troop, a quantity of paper from that Society, for the purpose of publishing his newspaper, which is distributed and sold amongst the slaves at *one dog*, three farthings sterling each, filled with every inflammatory misrepresentation and falsehood which he can write, or the Anti-slavery Society compose. Loving, you say, states, "that a number of liberated negroes in Antigua had worked for themselves with great industry — had accumulated some *little* property, and purchased dwelling-houses." The value of this testimony, in the first place, would have been ascertained, had you informed the House of Commons that Mr Loving, after his first examination, and telling his anti-colonial tale, *marched off*, without waiting for a further and a cross-examination. In the next place, I have shewn, from official documents, the expense that these free people, who are represented as labouring with so much industry, have cost the Government; and I will state, from information received in Antigua only a few months ago, that these free negroes, British or foreign, are in general indolent, idle, and in a state of great misery and distress; and in order to relieve this distress, and to prevent them from continuing a scourge to the community, a society has been formed, of which this Mr Loving is a member, to collect and place them in one settlement, on 500 acres of good land, in the interior of the island, to be given them. When they go there, as they have not yet gone, it will be a waste of time for Mr Loving to write, or you to read, the failure of the plan. But it is not in Antigua only where such people are in a state of extreme distress. On the day I left St Christopher's, a member of his Majesty's Council informed me that he had been present when the Collector of his Majesty's Customs had been with the Governor to represent to him the state of misery and actual starvation into which a number of slaves, lately liberated in that island, had been reduced. Nor can things be otherwise, for wherever the rights of property are disturbed, and capital is endangered, there security must cease, in-

dustry must become paralysed, and poverty and beggary fall upon all.

With regard to ADMIRAL FLEMING, the cause of his animosity against the West Indies is well known; and when the Admiral forces some ruined Colonist, as force him he will, to tell this cause, it will most assuredly not exalt his praise. No power as yet exercised, can prevent the virtuous white females in the Colonies from selecting the society they wish to keep; but Admiral Fleming's folly, and your rashness in listening to that folly, to give it no harsher name, may subject them all to a fate, which, to a virtuous mind, is worse than death itself. On the authority of the Admiral, or the Vice-President of Venezuela, you state that the number of slaves in that province, in 1821, was 100,000, and that, by the emancipation laws decreed by Bolivar, the number was now reduced to 25,000; and you continue thus: "the effects of the manumission, he was told, had been most happy"—"the consequence was, that the agriculture of the country was increasing every day." "He was also informed that sugar cane, which before was not cultivated, was now produced in great abundance; and that rum was exported to the neighbouring islands, and to the British possessions in Trinidad, and sold in the Trinidad market, under the name of the *best Jamaica rum*."—(*Chorus*.)

On this I observe, that the number of slaves in Caraccas, at the commencement of the revolution in 1810, was about the number you state, and they are now reduced to about 45,000,—not, however, from the decrease being by emancipation, but from bloodshed, misery, and starvation! The emancipation laws of Bolivar were, in the next place, but in a few instances carried into effect; and it is only three years since the Congress of Venezuela by a public act, *prolonged* the period when emancipation was to take place; and not only so, but lately they have seriously deliberated to extend it to a period still more remote, preparatory to the perpetuation of the system of personal bondage. Nay more, I was, when in the Colonies, informed by persons from that country, that they have seriously deliberated, and had all but determined upon introducing

fresh slaves from Africa! On this account they would rejoice to see the destruction of the British tropical Colonies, and then laugh in your face at the falsehood which had been stated, and the delusion which had been spread. Though the papers connected with the proofs on this subject have been by some accident lost, still I am not without hopes of getting them replaced. The *rum* story, I perceive, is one told by the Admiral. Every commercial man knows, that at the time when he was on the Colonial station, considerable quantities of rum were exported from the British Colonies to Colombia, and it was no doubt some of this rum which could not be sold in Colombia, which the Admiral saw re-exported from that country, and which was sent to, and no doubt smuggled into Trinidad, in order to avoid the foreign duty which would have been imposed upon it, if ever such a transaction took place, which I confess I very much doubt. No rum certainly was exported from Colombia at that time, though there may be some now, and I am prepared to admit a great deal more than the exportation of rum from Colombia at the present time. There is a good deal of sugar now exported, and when I was at St Thomas's last October, I was told of two cargoes that had been sent from Colombia to British America. But how is the sugar that is now exported produced? Why, by the restoration of the most rigid system of coercion amongst the slave population, and by almost a state of coercive bondage being extended to the lower ranks of the free; and had you known these facts, you would have mentioned the exportation of either sugar or rum from Colombia with any feelings but those of exultation, because it is produced by returning to the very system which Great Britain has decided to relinquish.

When in the Colonies some months ago, I met with several individuals who had been to settle on some of the finest land in Colombia, with every encouragement and assistance from the Colombian Government, in order to raise Colonial produce by employing free men as agriculturists, but who had all failed in the attempt after a great loss. One of them told me he had lost 4000 dollars, and re-

linquished the attempt in despair. They could not for any wages get the people to work above a day or two at a time, and not at all in some parts of the work which a sugar plantation requires. The fact is shortly this; with regard to free labour in Colombia and elsewhere, that the lower free classes there work, and work only, as the Spanish peons and free Indians do in Trinidad, namely, a day or two days at a time, as they think fit, in clearing land, and sometimes in cutting down the canes, but nothing more; and every one acquainted with the culture of the sugar cane knows well, that with this inconstant labour, and with this species of labour in particular, no sugar cultivation can be carried on. This is all that Admiral Fleming did see, or could see, either in Colombia or Cuba; for the same thing, and only the same thing, takes place in that island and in Porto Rico. And here I may remark, that the Colombian slave-owner allows his slave nothing but one day each week, and one Osnaburg shirt and one pair of Osnaburg trowsers in the year.

When Admiral Fleming boasted of the profitable and extensive nature of free African labour in tropical cultivation in the Western World, he might have been silenced in a moment by pointing out that, of the £ 37,000 Sterling which he brought away, the fruits of his command while on that station, perhaps two-thirds of the sum was obtained for his share of the bounty upon captured African slaves, condemned and liberated by the mixed commission at the Havana; and the terrific error which he or the Vice-President has led you into, when you state that "no sugar-cane" was before cultivated in Venezuela or Colombia, is at once set at rest by a reference to the custom-house books of the province, especially for the port Laguayra alone. The amount stands thus for the exports for that port:—

	Value, dollars
Before 1810	12,785,000
In 1830	5,003,750

In the first list is included sugar and sugar-cane to the value of 1,600,000 dollars, while in the last amount the value scarcely deserves a name!

If, however, the labour of free Africans in Colombia, Mexico, and Cuba, were as profitable as is represented, how comes it that they do not raise sugar to supply the market of the world? The Americans, who are a shrewd people, would never purchase sugar in Porto Rico and Cuba, if they could get it cheaper in the places above mentioned.

The fictions concerning free labour in Cuba, and in other places of the Western World, are best answered by a reference to official returns, which shew the prodigious increase of the African slave-trade in the Spanish Colonies, and the consequently enormously increased pro-

duction and exportation of Colonial produce in and from them. I give you here the returns for Cuba and Porto Rico to 1830, and also the produce returns for the latter island to the present year, when the gross population had increased to 400,000, and the slave population to 40,000. I must here confine myself to the leading articles of produce exported, as I mean to return to this subject more at length on another occasion, remarking, that the crop of Cuba has been prodigiously increased within the last two years. One proprietor, in the neighbourhood of Matanzas, cleared no fewer than 1400 acres of land for sugar last year :

CUBA.					
		1793.	Population.	1818.	1830.
Whites,	.	133,559	311,000		307,000
Free Mulattoes,	.	51,152	57,000		121,000
Do. Blacks,	.		19,000		71,000
Slaves,	.	84,590	301,000		179,000
Totals,	.	272,301	718,000		981,000
Produce Exported.					
	1826.	1827.	1828.	1829.	1830.
Sugar, lbs.	15,934,750	145,973,100	119,176,650	161,710,700	196,722,025
Molasses, casks	68,880	71,083	65,891	63,537	66,219
Coffee, lbs.	41,341,950	50,639,375	32,102,200	43,106,125	41,961,950
Corn,				212,000,000	
PORTO RICO.					
		Population		1850.	1859.
Whites,	.	102,132		162,311	
Free Mulattoes,	.	86,269		100,430	
Do. Blacks,	.	20,191		27,287	
Slaves,	.	21,730		34,240	
Totals,	.	230,622		324,268	
Crops.					
	1825.	1829.	1850.	1851.	1852.
Sugar, lbs.	19,778,600	27,715,400	31,016,300	30,778,300	51,210,000
Coffee,	11,160,900	12,189,100	16,911,000	10,485,800	19,600,000
Tobacco,	2,396,300	2,700,000	3,450,200	4,000,000	5,000,000

The quantity of sugar here given in lbs. is, be it remembered, Spanish lbs., making the produce of the two Colonies in English weight 280,000,000 lbs.; and with the increased crop of Cuba to the present date, probably upwards of 300,000,000 lbs. The crop of Porto Rico this year will be about 700,000 cwts.

But here my time and limits remind me to bring this letter to a close,

and leave, as I do, until another occasion, the further account of the immense productions of these Colonies, the value of property in them, the produce and value of property in all the French and Danish islands, as also of slave property in other places; together with the account of the prodigious increase of the African slave trade; and the Admiral's account of Jamaica representatives, looking to

Government House, which he misapplies, and opens a battery he little dreamed of; and also the shocking abuses, which, from authentic documents, I can shew, prevail in the British Colonies, from the arbitrary conduct of unprincipled authorities in them, who are supported by factions in this country; all these matters, with many other important documents and considerations connected with this great question, I must defer for a few weeks longer.

To understand aright the character of the slave population in the British Colonies, the individual who never saw them must understand the character of every tribe which inhabits Africa from the Equator to the Great Desert, for of such and their descendants is the slave population of these Colonies composed. The people of England, who never saw them, may think and say what they will, but the Africans are a race who must have a superior directing mind to guide them, otherwise they will never of themselves travel in the paths of industry, civilisation, morals, and religion; and you may rely on this fact, that there is no authority which you can establish, in the room of the master's authority to be taken away, that will or can make them labour and be industrious, but what must prove ten times more severe and disagreeable to them, even if they will consent to submit to it at all.

The fate of the Colonial Empire of Great Britain is now in your hands. I do not say that you can save it from destruction, after what has taken place; but you may yet save it from greater loss and misery than that which will otherwise overtake it, if you will only look around you, enquire impartially, and listen to the truth. If you act thus, you will quickly lay open the most shocking, the most incredible, and the deepest organized system of intentional fraud, falsehood, and misrepresentation, both at home and abroad, that ever was witnessed or organized in any age or in any country. Unless you do this—unless you send honest men to rule the Colonies, and protect these honest men in the discharge of their duty, and set them free from the shackles and backbitings of the unprincipled spies of unprincipled

factions, which have been suffered to trudge and to trample upon the Colonies, you may lay out a *hundred millions* sterling if you please in the Colonies, but you will lay it out in vain, for both this sum and the Colonies will, under the continuation of the infamous system which has during the last ten years been pursued, assuredly be utterly lost. You may put what value on West India property you please, but *one hundred and fifty millions*, there vested, must now be preserved or lost. Nor ought, nor must a British Minister confine his attention, and his views of the matter, to this point alone. No! He must consider that Britain is a commercial nation, carrying an immense commercial transactions with every country on the globe, and more especially with countries both of the Western and Eastern World, where there is placed *twelve hundred millions* sterling in slave property alone, together with all the immense mercantile transactions which arise out of the active employment of this great capital in exports and imports. The present act of the British Government, you must be aware, will not merely disturb and endanger the vast property and trade alluded to; and insecurity once planted amidst it, it will shake through every recess, and make to tremble to its deepest foundations the whole commercial fabric of both the Americas and of Europe, and particularly of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. That statesman must have firm nerves who can look on such a prospect unmoved. From the commercial edifice such a convulsion will extend its influence to the political edifice, and in the former words of an Edinburgh Review, written, I believe, by the present Lord Chancellor, when adverting to a similar, but a lesser catastrophe in the same quarter, the result will "*shake to its base the whole western wing of the European community*," and burst asunder the bonds of peace, which at present hold kingdoms and nations together.

I am, &c.

JAMES McQUEEN.

Glasgow, July 15, 1833.

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.*

No. III.

IN Scotland, gardeners use in a peculiar sense the word, Flower. It means, sometimes, a large bunch or bouquet of Flowers. A fine eye, and a feeling heart, are required to compose a Flower; and we have frequently followed with love and admiration the steps of a smiling maiden as she glided through among the parterres, choosing the blossoms she wished Andrew Fairservice to cull for her growing Poem. For, is not the Flower finally a Poem, rather than a Picture? Or say, both; alive; breathing balm and brightness on those eyes and that bosom, and receiving from them in return a sweetness not their own, and a more celestial lustre. Instinctively the delicate spirit sees a place for "each bright particular star"—for flowers have been rightly called the stars of earth—and constructs the constellation. Gorgeous it is, yet not gaudy; mild though magnificent; soft as superb; sublime you might almost call it—for there you behold the many in one, and the one of many—and a still delight overflowing your heart assures you it is indeed most beautiful. The young poetess is lovelier than ever in your—in her father's sight—and you bless the genius of Innocence.

We feel that we have set before the eyes of your soul a pleasant image; and may we not apply it to Us, and to our Article on the Greek Anthology? You have but to think each pretty poem a flower—and old Christopher North a young virgin. If you cannot easily do that, you can have neither feeling nor fancy—nor imagination. Not yours "the vision and the faculty divine;" you will not be able even to understand the meaning of Meleager and his Garland.

Meleager was a Syrian—and so dear was his memory to the hearts

in which he often sighed it might be enshrined, that for centuries after his death, a sad delight led

"The Syrian dancels to lament his fate
With amorous ditties all a summer's day."

He had gathered a garland of fairest fancies, finest affections, divinest dreams; and the dew lies upon it fresh at this hour, in spite of the storms and sunshine of two thousand years.

Merivale is a Meleager. For from that Garland he has released not a few bright and balmy blossoms, and wrought them into a wreath that shall not fade beneath these our skies, albeit not so blissful as their native clime, where "pure the air and light the soil," and all flowers alike of spiritual and of material birth flourished fair and free, as if they had dropt from heaven.

And Christopher North is a Merivale. For from that Wreath he has woven wreathlets, that may haply lie even on Heliodora's bosom. He has remembered Wordsworth's tender injunction,

"With gentle hand
Touch, for there is a spirit in the leaves."

O well-beloved Quarterly Reviewer! little didst thou know of our soft seductive sleight of hand, when thou saigest, speaking of thine own duties, "it is not within the scope of this article to present to our readers a detailed review of this beautiful Collection from the Fragments and Minor Poetry of Greece; neither do we think such a review the most favourable mode of doing justice to a work of this description, a garland, each several flower of which has a fragrant efflux, or exquisite diversity, of its own." That seems, to simple folks like us, a reason, in the very nature of things, for believing that the mode objected to is the best.

* Collection from the Greek Anthology. By the late Robert Bland and Others. A New Series; comprising the fragments of Early Lyric Poetry, with Specimens of the Poets included in Meleager's Garland. Longman and Co., and John Murray, London. 1833.

Each flower is in itself sweet-smelling; present them, therefore, one by one, in swift or slow succession, to the delighted sense, or a number in a nosegay. But do not, we beseech you, snatch hastily a few flowers from the garland, and, cutting them into bits, excite the passion of the Pensive Public, by half an inch of this stalk, and one whole leaf of that blossom, and then leave her to pine away in green and yellow melancholy for a full feast on flowers. Ah! no. Let each article be in itself "Specimens of the Greek Anthology;" nay, a Greek Anthology; and thus may the lovers of nature, when they wish for simplest sweets—a melodious scent—a smell like an old Scottish tune—inhalé the perfume of a single violet or primrose, in other words, study single verse or stanza; when they desire composite luxury—an harmonious fragrance—"a steam of rich distilled perfumes," like a movement of Mozart—then may they inhale the odours of all the sisterhood that call Flora Queen—in other words, peruse poem and many poems—all at once—so will it seem—though a swimming succession of sentiments and sensations and ideas—delightful all—will soon persuade the dreamers that time is still flowing on, "each dear delusion lovelier than the last." This is our way of charming; and who of woman born can withstand such witchery—"such impulses of soul and sense"—nor fear they are sprung from tigers or rocks?

The truth will out, so why seek to hide it, that a well-conducted Monthly like Blackwood's has many infinite advantages over a better conducted Quarterly like Murray's. In it we can luxuriate in leisure at all our length; dress or undress, what care we; we have leave to poetise or prose at pleasure; one subject we exhaust, another we but touch and go; now an essay or disquisition, more than sufficient to set asleep the most wakeful eyes; then trifles light as air, that tickle out of slumber like feathers or flies; original remarks of our own, relieved by extracts from our friends or enemies; Tales, Diaries, and Logs; and ever and anon, critique or review, in honour of the living or the dead, not full of saws and modern instances, but sweeping the horizon, and conversing with

heavenly bodies. Who but a Monthly—and of all the Monthlies who but we—could pour out paper upon paper on Homer and Shakspeare and Spenser, (the Fairy Queen is coming,) and now on the Greek Anthology, yet find the world ever ready to receive them with wide-open arms, "as if increase of appetite did grow by what it fed on?" Why, we have now given upwards of eighty of our pages to this one volume—equal to more than a hundred and twenty of any Quarterly Review—yet feel as if we were but entering on the subject! From how many far and secret places have we gathered the delights we scatter!

"Flowers of all hues, and without thorn
the rose."

We quote all that ought to be quoted from Merivale and his coadjutors—we bring them in fresh flowerage from Parnassus—from their hands we accept the Castalian cup, and give in exchange the Heliconian chalice.

Knowledge is power. We know where the springs lie without any divining rod. We strike the ground with the Crutch, and out gush the welling waters. In instant irrigation, how green all the meadows! You can no longer see the flowers for the grass—and we are famous for making hay while the sun shines. A gracious Fairy has given us the golden key that opens the gate of the Garden of the Hesperides—the watchful dragon is but a fable—but the fruit is true to touch and taste—perennial on the trees—and when plucked immortal.

Simplicity, certainly, is not the virtue of the genius of our age. But just see how we are bringing simplicity into admiration. People are not prating, but they are pondering on Greek Epigrams. Many are studying the language of the Gods. "How finely conceived!" they breathe—"how delicately chiselled!" Each stanza seems by itself a small statue. Or shall we rather say that the surviving inscription tells how exquisite must have been the statue that long ago mouldered into shapeless dust!

Yet simplicity—delicacy—grace—elegance—perfect finish—sea-shell-like colouring, where the hues seem native, not impressed—all these may be enjoyed in poetry by the same

minds that long to launch "in pleasures high and turbulent" among the glooms and grandeurs and glories of stormy sunsets of inspiration. A Greek Epigram and the Prometheus of Eschylus! An inscription by Meleager—a masque by Milton! What a range have our internal senses in the mysterious world of imagination! an air—a symphony; "the rath primrose that forsaken dies"—a wilderness of roses revelled over by all the nightingales of Yemen; a birk-tree on the brae—a "continent black with shade;" an elfin-well too small to shew a star—the world of waters zoned with constellations; a blue glimpse—and all "the spacious firmament on high," that seems in full glory to be indeed the Throne of God!

Yes—we are lovers of simplicity—yet, are we not accused of prose run-mad? Why—a diadem may be simple—all a-blaze with diamonds. A head-of-hair may be simple—so was Berenice's—though streaming on the sky to the sailor on the sea, meteorous, yet begemmed with stars. An almond-tree in full blossom is simple—else had not Spenser likened to it his lady-love—though, lost in delight, you wonder why it does not shower. The heavens themselves are simple—eternal though they are—so is the roar of thunder—and the roll of the sea.

But we shall ere long publish a defence before the people of England of our calumniated poetical prose; and, meanwhile, beg to return our best thanks to all the good Christians who have sent us contributions for these our Articles on the Greek Anthology. Most of them

have arrived the day after the fair. For, how can we give desired and deserved publicity to some scores of versions of epigrams, epitaphs, and inscriptions, already presented by us to the world in prose or numerous verse? We beseech them to be at once reasonable, just, and merciful, and to send us translations of compositions yet lying in Greek. It would be well, however, if they could all read a little of the language imperfectly, with the aid of a lexicon. Some are manifestly scholars—and we hope they will take a hint.

Before breaking new ground, let us go back for an hour, and, strolling over the old, collect a few flowers that have sprung up since our last gathering, or been blown thither by the winds.

Lo! again the Chest of Danaë! Simonides sung not in vain that piteous voyaging; the sorrows of the princess are as of yesterday. How many hundred years of horrid howlings has the sea wasted on the sky—and all the rage and wreck now as if they had never been! But the laments of that mother, complaining of a father's cruelty over the babe who unconsciously comforts her in his heedless sleep—of them it may with truth be said—

"Yet live thy nightingales of song; on those Forgetfulness her hand shall ne'er impose."

Let us listen to shadows—allow the expression—echoes of the oldest and youngest of all the lullabies—of whom we may say—

"Thou art not a child of time,
But daughter of the eternal prime."

JOSEPH WARTON.

When the raging sea began to roar, and the waves to beat so violently on the chest as to threaten to overset it, Danaë threw her arm fondly around Perseus, and said, the tears trickling down her cheeks, "O my son, what sorrows do I undergo! But thou art wrapt in a deep slumber; thou sleepest soundly like a sucking child, in this joyless habitation, in this dark and dreadful night, lighted only by the glimmerings of the moon! Covered with thy purple mantle, thou regardest not the waves that dash around thee, nor the whistling of the winds. O thou beauteous babe! if thou wert sensible of this calamity, thou wouldst lend thy tender ears to my complaints. Sleep on, I beseech thee, O my child! sleep with him, O ye billows! and sleep likewise my distress."

(FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR JULY.)

The wind blew loud, the rough wave smote
In rage on Danaë's fragile boat;
Her cheeks all wet with tears, and spray,
She clasp'd her Perseus as he lay,

And, "Oh! what woes, my babe," she said,
"Are gathering round thy mother's head!
Thou sleep'st in peace the while, and I
May hear thee breathing audibly,

Unknowing of this dreary room,
These barriers rude, this pitchy gloom.
For the wild wave thou dost not care ;
It shall not wet thy clustering hair ;
Beneath my purple cloak reclined,
Thou shalt not hear the roaring wind.

Alas ! my beauteous boy ! I know
If all this woe to thee were woe,
Thou soon wouldst raise thy little head
And try to catch what Mother said.
Nay ; sleep, my child, a slumber deep !
Sleep, thou fierce sea ; my sorrows, sleep," &c.

J. L.

But when around that Dædalean ark
The wind blew roaring, and the upheaved
 deep
O'erwhelm'd the mother's soul with new
 alarms,
Her cheeks bedew'd with mournful brine,
She clasp'd young Perseus in her arms,
And said, "What woes, beloved child, are
 mine !
But thou dost sleep a balmy sleep,
Like thine own peaceful breast profound,
Within this joyless home—joyless and dark,
With brazen bolts encompass'd round—
All undisturb'd ; though moonbeams play
Upon the wave, no glimmering ray
Finds entrance here ; nor billows wild
That harmless burst above thy long deep

Nor the loud tempest's voice, my child,
Awake in thee one thought of care !
Thou sleep'st as on a couch—thy beauteous
 head
Still on its purple cloaklet spread ;
Yet, could these terrors terror wake in thee,
Or could thine infant ear
Catch but the note of fear,
These lips pronounce, my words should ea-
 ther be,
Sleep, sleep, my child ! and sleep, thou sea,
And sleep, oh sleep, my mi-sery !
But hear, great Father Jove, my prayer !
Istrate this babe's untimely doom—
Spare him, great Jove ! I bid thee spare—
(Oh what a mother's soul may dare !)
Avenger of my wrongs in years to come."

MARKHAM.

His conatibus occupata, ocellos
Guttur lucidulis adhuc madentes
Convertit, puerum sopore victum
Quæ matris placido sinu fovebat :
"Dormis !" inquit, "O miselle, nec te
Vultus exanimis silentiumque
Per longa atria commovent, nec ullo
Fratrum tangeris aut meo dolore ;
Nec sentis patre destitutus illo.

Qui gestans genibusque brachiove,
Aut formans lepidam tuam loquelam,
Tecum mille modis ineptiebat.
Tu dormis, volitantque qui solebant
Risus in roseis tuis labellis.
Dormi, parvule ! nec mali dolores,
Qui matrem cruciant tue quietis
Rumpant somnia. Quando, quando, tales
Redibunt oculis meis sopores !"

ROBERT SMITH.

Ventus quum fremeret, superque cymbum
Horrentis furor immeret unda,
Non siccis Danaë genis, puellum
Circumfusa suum ; "Miselle," dixit,
"O quæ sustineo ! sopore dulci
Dum tu solveris, insciaque dormis
Securus requie ; neque has per undas
Illecebile, luce sub maligna,
Formidas iter, impetumque fluctus

Supra cesariem tuam profundam
Nil curas salentis, ipse molli
Peractus tunc, venustus infans ;
Nec venti fremitum. Sed, O miselle,
Si mecum poteras dolere, saltem
Junxisses lacrymis meis querelis.
Dormi, care puer ! gravesque fluctus,
Dormite ! O utinam mei dolores
Dormirent simul !"

LITZJAMES T. PRICE (HEREFORD.)

Cum labidi fremuere noti, fluctusque ruere,
Præcipitem tenuit per mare Cæci viam.
Tum dixit Danaë, completens Perseam, malis
Non siccis, tremulâ, matris amore, manu.
"O puer ! O quantos mihi sors tolgete dolores !
At te securum te sopor alius habet.
Qualia præbet Avus uescis cunabula, somno
Vinetus, dum mea dat lactea mamma torum.
Cæci per noctem dum splendet luna sedemus,
Arcet enim radios ære ligata domus.
Flumina non tuto tibi prætereuntia curæ,
Nec super intactas que ruit unda comas.
Nil tibi purpureâ nil curæ in veste jacenti

Ventorum voces iraque, care puer.
 Si vero dolor iste tibi dolor esset, et aures
 Exiguæ biberent hæc mea verba tuæ.
 Care puer, dormi, jubeo; mare dormiat, oro,
 Dormiat immensum, ne sit inane, malum.
 Consilium hoc frustrare, Pater, votumque quod auda
 Vindicet ut posthac da mala nostra puer !"

Warton's prose version is perfect. Each tenderest, most delicate touch of nature preserved with holy care. The first of the poetical translations is, on the whole, pleasant and pathetic reading; but we hope the writer—whom we highly esteem—will not be offended with us for pointing out some defects. "Her cheeks all wet with tears and spray," is surely any thing but a simple substitute for "not unmoistened cheeks." Simonides saw that Danaë's cheeks were wet; but he analysed not the moisture. We doubt spray—but believe in tears. "She clasped her Perseus as he lay," is bad—but "spray" would be rhymed to; so would "said" in the following line, whence the necessity of such words as "are gathering round thy mother's head"—so much less touching than those of the original. "What suffering is mine?" "And I may hear thee breathing audibly," is, we are persuaded, a mistranslation; no such meaning is in the Greek. "Unknowing of this dreary room" is very far indeed from being natural language, and was never uttered by Danaë. "*Barriers* rude" is worse. "*It shall not wet thy clustering hair*" is tender; but such tenderness is not in Simonides. The same objection lies to "*Thou shalt not hear the roaring wind.*" Danaë was comforting herself with the thought that her child heeded neither winds nor waves. She had taken him to "her milky breast," (so we construe the words,) and had folded him in his little purple cloak—she felt that he was asleep—she says so to herself—she is glad that his hair is dry—but she issues no orders to the elements—she claims no power over them—utterly helpless is she—yet hers is the hope of prayer. "*Beneath my purple cloak reclined,*" is not laudable. Perseus could not have been much longer than eighteen inches—and *reclined* is too pompous a word applied to so small a gentleman. We doubt the cloak being Danaë's—it was a neat little purple

article, sewed expressly for Perseus. "And try to catch *what mother said,*" is rather fal-lal-liddle-la-ish,—and why did not Danaë, for consistency's sake, say above "gathering round mother's head?" The translator has prudently shied the difficulties of the conclusion; and we can believe that he was beginning to suspect he had made but moderate work of the Lament. Strange how so fine and feeling a scholar should, in making a version of a strain he admires for the peculiar and perfect tenderness and pathos of its affection, change the characteristic expression of the whole, by omission, addition, inversion, and transposition: when, too, to glide along the flow would have been so easy and so delightful. J. L. E.'s version is a fine one. Into a various measure he has attempted, and with success, to transfuse the melancholy music of the original, and his English has a Greekish flow that murmurs of Simonides. We must not cut up a new contributor. A few faults we see, or think we see—but we like it next best to Hay's in our June number—though they are so unlike—for both are imbued with the tenderness overcoming the terror—with the despondency—not despair—of dear devoted Danaë.

And what shall we say of the three Latin versions? Dr Warton has immortalized Markham's, and in itself it is beautiful. But you might read the lines with pleasure, from their pathos, without remembering Simonides. They breathe his spirit, but few or none of the words are his—'tis a tender transfusion. Markham's poem, from which these celebrated lines are taken, is on another subject—and paints a great princess taking leave of an affectionate husband on his deathbed, and endeavouring afterwards to comfort her inconsolable family by these affecting strains. Joseph Warton brought them into notice by his praise in No. 89 of the *Adventurer*, and they have ever since been familiar in the mouths or to the

ears of scholars. Warton the Worthy says in that paper that they unite "the pathetic of Euripides, and the elegance of Catullus,"—that "they far excel the original!" We call that buttering a Bishop. They are exquisitely beautiful—but Markham—illustrious as were his lawn sleeves—was not surely Simouides, Euripides, and Catullus in one. Warton writes more judiciously when he says, "The generality of those who have proposed Catullus for their pattern, even the best of the modern Latin poets of Italy, seem to think they have accomplished their design, by introducing many florid diminutives, such as 'tenellula' and 'columbula;' but there is a purity and severity of style, a temperate and austere manner in Catullus, which nearly resembles that of his contemporary Lucretius, and is happily copied by the author of the poem which has produced these reflections." Robert Smith (Robus) was the best of boys—the most elegant of Etonians; and his version, as the Quarterly Reviewer says, is "famous in the memory of his contemporaries," on the banks of Thamesis. It is delightful—"most musical—most melancholy." But the translation of Fitzjames T. Price, (we know not either his school or college, though he be our contributor,) is not less true to the spirit, and far more true to the letter, of Simouides. Not one thought, feeling, or descriptive touch, is omitted or altered; and his heart felt the original composition to be too sacred to suffer him to seek to improve it by the introduction of "any foreign aid of ornament." Compare it with Jortin's in our June number; and though, certainly, it sounds not to the ear with so rich a harmony, 'twill be felt to be much simpler, more faithful, and therefore more pathetic. Kennedy himself, the pride of Shrewsbury and of Cambridge, might be puzzled to excel it; and we venture to praise its Latinity, though Christopher North is not Peter Bunsley.

In the last page of No. II. we gave some free and easy, but at the same time light and literal, translations by friend Hay (he is not a Quaker) from Anacreon. By-way of variety, which is pleasant even to the sons of the faithful (you remember the song we daresay—

"Like a bird that skims the air,
Here and there, and everywhere,
On my shifting wings I fly—
And my name's Variety")—

we offer for the inspection of the curious, two specimens of Latin translation.

ANACREON, ODE I.

F. T. PRICE. (HEREFORD.)

Mens mihi Atreides memorare cantu,
Dicere et Cidneo hunc gesta rege,
Attamen chordis lyra nostra solum
Dixit amorem.

Fila mutavi citharæ magne rotam
Nuper, et vastos tetigi labores
Herculis, vocum lyra nostra solum
Dixit amorem.

Ergo in eternum mihi vos valete,
O Vini, numquam nobis vestra posth
Lus erit emula, lyra nostra solum
Dixit amorem.

ANACREON, ODE 31.

Candidis ne mioribus, Phœbiæ,
Crinibus visis, nunc quod invenit,
Floro tu primo fœderis, dedit
Spargere amorem.

Sapius florum nitidis cæronis
Nunc vidisti valere quantum
Tu rosas inter niveæ colore
Liliæ mista ?

In No. II. we quoted Meleager's famous epitaph on his Heliodora, and gave no fewer than seven versions of it, and we could give seven more if we chose—nay seventeen—for they have come flying to us, from "a' the airts the wind can blow" like doves. But we hope you will be contented with three—one Latin and two English. Tom Warton was a poet—Tom Warton was a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford—Tom Warton was a scholar—"a ripe and a good one." He loved the Greeks—he loved the Romans—he loved the Britons—he loved the Saxons—he loved the Normans—he loved the Celts—he loved the Goths—he loved Can, Man, Pan. His Latin verses are very beautiful—original and translations. He thought and felt in Latin—he wrote it as Vinny Bourne did, like his mother tongue. Compare his version of the Heliodora with that of Grotius in our last Number, and you will give the palm to the Laureate. Here it is :—

Mitto tibi lacrymas, O Heliodora, sub Orcum
 In tenebris longè mitto tibi lacrymas.
 Ah! tristes lacrymas, libata in flebile bustum
 Et desiderii dona, et amoris habe!
 Te crebro, crebroque, meamque a lumine cassam
 Defleo; quæ Diti gratia nulla Deo est.
 O ubi jucundus mihi flosculus? Abstulit Orcus.
 Fœdavit vegetum pulvere germen humus.
 Quare, Terra, tuum est amplectier ossa repostæ
 Molliter, et fido salva fovere sinu.

WRANGHAM.

Tears on thee, Heliodora, I bestow,
 Last pledge of love, in Pluto's realm below.
 Tears, bitter tears! unto thy memory dear,
 Libation fond, they flood thy sepulchre.
 Sad, sad, with vain affection o'er the dead,
 I, Meleager, weep thy spirit fled!
 Ah! where's my tender flower? Grim Dis has spoil'd
 Spoil'd it, and dust its blooming petal soild.
 But Thou, I pray, repose to the deplor'd,
 Within thine arms, kind mother Earth, afford.

ORIELENSIS.

I give thee tears, though deep mid-earth art thou,
 My Heliodora! love's last pledge in death;
 Tears, bitter tears; and o'er thy tomb bid flow
 The stream of my regrets, with wailing breath,
 Memorials of our loves; for, still the same
 Dear though among the dead, with piteous groan
 Thy Meleager syllables thy name.
 An empty offering to Acheron.
 Where is, alas! alas! my much loved flower?
 By Hades reft, dust its fresh bloom has soild.
 Thee, nursing mother Earth, I bend before
 Soft to thy heart clasp her of whom I'm spoil'd.

Wrangham has here outdone himself, and Orieleusis is a worthy compeer. Perhaps these two versions are the best of the ten. Did they keep our critical remarks on the others in view? O vain old man!

You cannot have forgotten—scholar as we know you are—any one of

the seven versions, in our last Number, of the affecting epigram of Callimachus on his friend Heraclitus of Halicarnassus. Here are two in Latin—"beautiful exceedingly"—so seem they to us—especially Tom Warton's.

THOMAS WARTON.

Te tristi mihi nuper, Heraclite,
 Fato succubuisse nuntiatum est;
 Quo rumore miscellus impotentes
 Fui in lacrimulas statim coactus;
 Recordabar enim, loquelæ ut olim
 Dulci consuëramus ambo longos
 Soles fallere, fabulisque crebris.

Verum tu, vetu- hospes, O ubinam—
 Ah! dudum—in cineres rediitè dudum!
 Nunc pæces, vetus hospes, urbe Carum!
 Tuæ Lascivæ tamen supersunt;
 Illis, omnia qui sibi arro:avit,
 Haud Pluto injiciet manus r:ipæc.

BONAVENTURA VULCANIUS.

Nunc'us, Heraclite, tuæ mihi mortis acerbo
 Excussit lacrymas, dum memini quoties
 Miscuimus dulces sub aprico sole susurus;
 At tu jampridem versus es in cinerem!
 Vivit musa tamen tua, cui non horrida dextram,
 Cuncta licet rapiens, injiciet Lachesis."

We have received several new versions, too, of the famous sword-song of Callistratus. Here are two—

J. L. E.

I'll bear the sword with myrtle wreath'd,
Like that Harmodius erst unsheath'd—
Like that Aristogeiton drew,
When they the tyrant victim slew,
And set their native Athens free,
And gave her laws equality.

Harmodius, no! thou art not dead,
O best beloved!—but there, 'tis said,
In yon bright islands of the blest,
Thy shade enjoys perennial rest,
Where dwell Achilles, swift of tread,
And great Tydides Diomed.

WRANGLHAM.

In myrtle wreathed my brand I'll wear;
So his of old Harmodius bare,
And his Aristogeiton, when the Twain
The tyrant slew, and brake their Athens'
chain.

Thou art not, dear Harmodius, dead;
Put in those happy isles, 'tis said,
Where Diomed and fleet Achilles rest,
'Tis thine to dwell, the Islands of the Blest.

Wrangham has taken our hint, and attempted something very literal—beating our own version, which was hardly verse—and almost giving the full fire of the original. "The Twain" is happy. The English burns, but the Greek blazes—the English warms, but the Greek withers. J. L. E. tells us he has constructed his version from the others, with the desire and in the hope of concentrating their excellences; and in that hope he has found power. Perhaps his is the best of them all. And now, we trust that we shall have no more versions sent us of the Lament or the Song, or the Heliodora or the Heraclitus, for surely twelve of the first, eight of the second, ten of the third, and nine of the fourth, are sufficient in all taste and in all conscience. Having now—as Tom Cringle would say—brought up our lee-way—or rather having put about, when beating to windward under a press of canvass, to take on board some loiterers who had nearly lost their passage, and were making signals to shore-boats to the commodore—let us now proceed—right in the wind's eye, on our voyage "to the Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece."

How poetical the fabulous history of Arion! Happier far the great poet than the minor prophet—inasmuch

I'll bear the sword with myrtle wreath'd,
Like that Harmodius erst unsheath'd,
Like that Aristogeiton bore,
What time the tyrant bow'd before
Minerva's consecrated fane—
He bow'd—and never rose again.

Through endless years, the earth around,
To distant ocean's furthest bound,
Thy glory, loved Harmodius, shine,
And, loved Aristogeiton, thine!
For that ye set your country free,
And gave her laws equality.

In myrtle wreath'd my brand I'll wear;
So his of old Harmodius bare,
And his Aristogeiton, when the Twain
Hippuchus slew in dread Minerva's fane.

Immortal, over land and sea,
Still shall thy fame, Harmodius, be,
And thine, Aristogeiton; ye, dear Twain,
The tyrant slew, and brake your Athens'
chain.

as harping on the back of a dolphin is more pleasant than being smothered in the belly of a whale. We have seen a dolphin shoot by our ship like a sunbeam. Fastest of fish is he that swim the ocean stream—yet is the sea-attorney no sluggard. In the death-agony saw we him never—nor Lord Byron. That he may then change colour we can easily believe; but not that, under such circumstances, he bears so strong a resemblance to the setting, as a boiling lobster to the rising day. Such serious similes are silly. Neither in life nor death is he brilliant or gorgeous in hue—less like Apollo than a wet Quaker; nor in form is he graceful, being round-shouldered; but he is of an amiable disposition, and the devil to go. Almost all kinds of fish are fond of music. It sounds sweetly through a watery medium. Asses are excusable in thinking fishes have no ears—but the Nereids know better, who especially delight in murmuring *in usum Delphini*. He will wanton round about a frigate going nine knots, to the tune of Maggy Lauder scraped on his kit by a far sitting on the fiddle-head. What then must have been his feelings as he bore Arion? Alas! the poetry of that singer has perished along with his lyre—all but a fragment. Elian has quoted and attributed to

him a hymn, which is, however—though none the worse for that—apocryphal. Very ancient it certainly is—and in reading Charles Merivale's fine version, you will feel delight mingling with "of the old sea some reverential fear."

THE HYMN OF ARION.

Hail, Neptune, greatest of the gods !
Thou ruler of the salt sea floods ;
Thou with the deep and dark-green hair,
That dost the golden trident bear ;
Thou that with either arm outspread
Embosomest the earth we tread ;
Thine are the beasts with fins and scales
That, round thy chariot, as it sails,
Plunging and tumbling, fast and free,
All reckless follow o'er the sea.
Thine are the gentle dolphin throng,
That love and listen to the song ;
With whom the sister Nereids stray,
And in their crystal caverns play.
They bore me well to Pelops' isle
And Sparta's rocky mountain pile ;
And through the deep Ægean sea,
The briny clump, I plough'd for me ;
When wicked men had cast me o'er
Our vessel's side, into the roar
Of clashing waters, and a grave
Yaw'd for me in the purple wave.

Who was Bacchylides ? Nephew of the Simonides—rival of Pindar. The emblem assigned to him by Meleager is the golden ears of corn. Why ? Perhaps—so Mr Merivale suggests—because of his rich ripe waving yellow harvest-field-like beautiful fragment, in which he exhibits the blessings of Peace and her attendant Plenty. King Hiero, 'tis said, preferred his Pythian odes to those of Pindar. The Theban eagle

took, we daresay, a higher flight ; Bacchylides, we shall suppose, was more like the Tercel Gentle, and could both shoot and soar. Why always keep straining one's sight on the bird of Jove ? 'Tis pleasant, at times, to eye a humbler flight—yet high above the level of crows—though they, would they but eschew cawing, are in ether not un sublime. Perhaps the Sicilians had enough of Pindar. They—with Hiero at their head—allowed he was the greater genius. But national admiration is capricious, and he was occasionally voted a bore. In such moods, they gave the crown to Bacchylides, not meaning that he should wear it for ever, but pleased to see the sweet-tongued usurper for a while imagining himself legitimate sovereign. In such a freak we see no harm. Pindar was old or dead—Bacchylides alive and young—probably handsome, and with the ladies on his side ; and though posterity has reversed the award, (why, she best knows in her utter ignorance,) pray what is that either to Pindar or to Bacchylides ? Longinus praises our latter lyrist's "sweet and flowery diction," and Elton thinks such praise sufficiently confirmed by the existing fragments. It is so, but they are also full of imagery, sentiment, and thought, and setting aside the "Lament," perhaps impress us with almost as firm a belief in the genius that produced them, as do the few fragments of Simonides. Let us look on his lines on Peace.

Τίκτει δέ τε θνατοῖσιν Εἰρήνη μεγάλη,
πλέτον, καὶ μελιγλώσσων αἰοῦσιν ἄνθρα,
δαίδαλόν τ' ἐπὶ βωμῶν θεῶν αἰετῶν βοῶν
ξανθῆ φλογὶ μελίσσας, εὐτρέχον τε μέλι.
γυμνασίῳ τε νέοις αὐλῶν τε καὶ κόμων μέλι.
ἐν δὲ σιδαροδέτοισι πόρπαξιν αἰετὸν ἀρχαγῶν
ἴσοι πέλονται ἔγχρῳ τε λογχῶν,
ἔξω δὲ τ' ἀμφάκῃα εὐχῶς θάμναται, χαλκῶν δ'
ἔκτι σαλπύγων κύπος, ἃδὲ συλάται μελιφρῶν ὕπνος
ἀπὸ βλιφάρων, ἄμος ὃς θάλλει κέαρ.
συμπόσιον δ' ἐρετῶν βεβίοντ' ἀργυαί,
παιδιοὶ δ' ὕμνοι φλέγονται.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Great are the things which Peace produces to mortals,—
— Wealth, and the flowers of the honey-tongued bards,
And on the daedal altars, to the Gods are burned, of oxen,
And of well-wooled sheep, the thighs with reddish flame.

And the youths busy themselves with gymnastics, and piping, and revelry.
 And in the iron-bound handles-of-shields, of black spiders
 The webs exist ; and the iron-pointed spears
 And double-edged swords, mould is subduing ; and of brazen
 Trumpets no longer is the shrill-sound ; nor is soul-delighting sleep forc'd-away
 From the eyelids.—which (*sleep*) soothes my soul.
 And the streets are full of agreeable banquets,
 And the songs of the youths resound.

GROTIUS.

Pax alma res fert maximas mortalibus,
 Illa ministrat opes,
 Blandosque lusus erminum.

Tunc letus ignis in Deorum altaribus,
 Lanigeras pecudes,
 Cæsusque consumit boves.

Gratus palestræ tunc juventutum labor,
 Sertaque juncta mero
 Et tibiæ exercet sonus :

Tunc inter ipsa fibularum vincula,
 In clypeique sinu
 Aranee texunt opus :

Hic hasta, et illic ensium mucro jacet :
 Cordis amica quies
 Nullo fatigatur classico :

Sed altis hæret et sui juri sopor ;
 Carminibus resonat
 Vicinia, et festâ dype.

LITTON.

Peace upon men abundant showers
 Riches of Plenty ; honey-breathing flowers
 Of Song ; on sculptured altars rise
 The yellow fires of sacrifice,
 From woolly sheep, and oxen's savoury thighs.
 The youths in sports of naked strength re-
 joice.

Mingle in social feast, and give the flute a
 voice.

Round the rings of iron mail
 Their webs the blackening spiders trail ;
 And the red rust with eating canker wears
 The two-edged swords and pointed spears.

The hollow brazen tubes no longer fill
 The air with clinging echoes shrill ;
 Nor soul-embalming slumber lies
 Despoil'd from human eyes :
 Slumber that only can impart
 Soft refreshing to the heart.
 The streets are burden'd with the pleasant

The trampling feet and busy hum
 Of those that to the banquet come,
 And fervid hymns are sung by troops of
 blooming boys.

BLAND.

For thee, sweet Peace, abundance leads along
 Her joyful train, and hards awake to song.
 On many an altar, at thy glad return,
 Pure victims bleed, and holy odours burn ;
 And frolic youth their happy age apply
 To graceful movements, sports and minstrelsy.
 Dark spiders weave their webs within the shield ;
 Rust eats the spear, the terror of the field ;
 And brazen trumpets now no more affright
 The silent slumber and repose of night.
 Banquet, and song, and revel fill the ways,
 And youths and maidens sing their roundclays.

HAY.

Great the blessings which Peace to glad mortals awards—
 There is wealth, there are flowers of the honey-tongued Birds ;
 While the thighs of the oxen and fleecy sheep, given
 To the altars cadalean, flame reddish to Heaven ;
 And boxing and wrestling the young men employ,
 Amid the sound of the pipe—amid feasting and joy ;
 And the web of the dark bloated spider is found
 On the clasps of the buckler, and shield iron-bound ;
 And the sharp iron spear, and the double-edged brand,
 No longer the mould and the rust can withstand ;
 And the trumpet of brass, with its harsh-sounding bray,
 Never drives from our eyes soothing slumber away ;—
 Sleep—how cheering to me !—and our banquets abound
 In the streets, where the songs of the young men resound.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Innumerable are the boons bestow'd on man by gracious Peace!
 The Flowers of Poets honey-tongued, and Wealth's immense increase.
 Then on the joyful altars unto the gods arise
 The fumes of sheep's and oxen's flesh in ruddy sacrifice;
 In crowds to the gymnasium the strenuous youth resort,
 Or to the pipe the revellers pursue their madd'ning sport;
 The spider black doth weave his web on iron-handled shield,
 And sharp-set spear and two-edged sword to mouldy canker yield;
 No longer anywhere is heard the trumpet's brazen blare,
 From men's eyes soul-delighting sleep at midnight wont to scare;
 Banquets heap'd high with food and wine are spread in every street,
 And songs from youthful companies are sounding strong and sweet.

Bland, bearing in mind the judgment of Longinus, has aimed at "sweet and flowery diction," and his beautiful lines make, we think, a small poem that reads like a smooth original. But Bacchylides is far bolder than Bland. He is finely figurative; and how admirable all his epithets! In the English dress we see not the sinews—we miss the motion of the muscles—the bard is "more fat than bard beseeems"—"scant of breath"—and not in good singing condition. You would hear him puffing in another round—and are not surprised that on time being called, he comes not to the scratch, but gives in at the close of the first paragraph. Elton is admirable. He introduces perhaps too many variations, so that you are sometimes in danger of forgetting the tune, and imagine that the harper is playing a voluntary—a phantasia. But the original air ever and anon returns upon our ear, and then—for Elton has a fine free touch—'tis like military

music celebrating a festival of Peace. Hay is more succinct for the song-dance—and we admire his pasteur. Christopher, too, having flung away his Crutch, capers like a caper-cailzie, or Cock of the Woods, surrounded by his hens in spring; but possibly you may be alarmed by his gobble, and attribute its hoarseness to a half-swallowed fir-cone, which "mars the melody." Yet we cannot rid ourselves of a shrewd suspicion that he crows, than any one of his more accomplished compeers, liker Bacchylides.

Of Hybrias of Crete, there survives but one short scholium, preserved in Athenæus. Fewer than a dozen lines have made him immortal. On strength of them—after who knows how many centuries of dust and slumber—he awakes—fresh as a two-year-old—in Maga. Here he comes—led in by Thomas Campbell, J. H. Merivale, Daniel Kyte Sandford, William Hay, and Christopher North.

Εστι μοι πλοῦτος μέγας δόρυ καὶ ξίφος,
 καὶ τὸ καλὸν λαισήϊον, πρόβλημα χρωτός·
 τούτῳ γὰρ ἀρῶ, τούτῳ βερίζω,
 τούτῳ πατίω τὸν ἄδυν ὄνον ἀπ' ἀμπέλου.
 τούτῳ δεσπότης μυοῖας κέκλημαι.

Τοὶ δὲ μὴ τολμῶντ' ἔχειν δόρυ καὶ ξίφος,
 καὶ τὸ καλὸν λαισήϊον, πρόβλημα χρωτός,
 πάντες γόνυ πεπτηῶτες ἄμω,
 κυνεῦντί τε δεσπόταν,
 καὶ μέγαν βασιλῆα φωνέουσι.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

My great wealth is a spear and sword,
 And this handsome raw-hide-covered shield,—a bulwark of my body.
 For with this I plough, with this I reap,
 With this I tread the sweet wine from the vine.
 With this am I saluted lord of the household-slaves.

But (*those*) verily who dare not to have a spear and sword,
 And a handsome raw-hide-covered-shield,—a bulwark of the body,
 All having fallen at my knees
 shall humbly-venerate (me) their master,
 And proclaim me their mighty King.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

My wealth 's a burly spear and brand,
 And a right good shield of hides untam'd,
 Which on my arm I buckle—
 With these I plough, I reap, I sow,
 With these I make the vintage flow,
 And all around me truckle.

But your wights, that take no pride to wield
 A massy spear and well-made shield,
 Nor joy to draw the sword :
 Oh ! I bring those heartless, hapless drones,
 Down in a trice on their marrow bones,
 To call me King and Lord.

MERIVALE.

My riches are the arms I wield,
 The spear, the sword, the shaggy shield,
 My bulwark on the battle-field.
 With this I plough the furrow'd soil,
 With this I share the reaper's toil,
 With this I press the generous juice
 That rich and sunny vines produce ;

With these, of rule and high command,
 I bear the mandate in my hand ;
 For while the slave and coward fear
 To wield the buckler, sword, and spear,
 They bend the supplicating knee,
 And own my just supremacy.

SIR DANIEL SANDEFORD.

My wealth is here— the sword, the spear, the breast-defending shield ;
 With this I plough, with this I sow, with this I reap the field ;
 With this I tread the luscious grape, and drink the blood-red wine ;
 And slaves around in order wait, and all are counted mine !
 But he that will not rear the lance upon the battle-field,
 Nor sway the sword, nor stand behind the breast-defending shield,
 On lowly knee must worship me, with servile kiss adored,
 And peal the cry of homage high, and hail me mighty Lord !

WILLIAM HAY.

Much riches these me yield—
 My gallant spear and sword,
 And my brave hide-covered shield,
 The bulwark of its lord.
 'Tis thus,—I reap and plough,
 'Tis thus,—the sweet grape tread,
 'Tis thus,—the household bow
 And call me lord and head.

But those who will not dare
 The spear and sword to wield,
 And the bulwark will not bear
 Of the brave, hide-covered shield,
 Down on their knees before me
 While one and all I bring,
 Must as their liege adore me,
 And hail me—mighty King.

"Many,"—says Sir Daniel, with a true feeling of their characteristic merits—"as they read these stanzas, will have their thoughts recalled with melancholy pleasure to the 'Allen-a-Dale' of our own great departed minstrel, whose strains—free as they are of all conscious imitation—so often, through the force of kindred genius, seem to echo the bold and vigorous expressions of the finest Grecian poetry." Sir Daniel's just remark is not original ; for we find it in other words in a note to Hybrias' Song, in the former edition of Bland. "This worthy Cretan describes himself much like the feudal chieftains of the middle ages, and may remind the reader of Shakespeare's Hotspur, and of Scott's Fitzjames—

"Ellen, I am no courtly lord,
 But one who lives by lance and sword ;
 Whose castle is his helm and shield,
 His lordship the unbattled field.
 What from a prince can I demand,
 Who neither reck of state nor land ?"

Campbell, whose own lyrics are equal to any ever sung, has caught the spirit of the soldier—the freebooter—who here sings "sae rantingly, sae dantingly ;" his imitation is rough and racy ; and we wish he would (being a good Grecian) dash off a few such copies of some nobler old pictures painted by higher hands. Merivale—though paraphrastic—keeps closer to the original, and is exceedingly spirited ; but (curse that but) who, may we ask, ploughs a *furrowed* field ? That would seem to be a work of supererogation, and to trespass

on the province of the harrow. "With this I share the reaper's toil," is no improvement on "with this I reap;" on the contrary, it suggests the idea of the soldier with his sword shearing alongside the reaper with his sickle—which would have shocked Hybias. But (bless that but) in spite of such specks, 'tis clear and strong—and not only spirited, as we said, but spirit-stirring—and a true Red-reaver's song. Merivale, quoting in a note Sandford's admirable version, says, "we cannot omit the opportunity of paying our tribute to the decided superiority of the following version over that which has been inserted in our own pages. It must, however, be noticed, that it is founded on a different metrical construction, involving a repetition of the first couplet in the way of burden, from that observed by Jacobs." May is fierce.

Heaven only knows how many verses have been addressed to Health. Some shew that the writers were in possession of the blessing of which they prayed for a continuation—hearty cocks, flapping their wings and crowing ere the fox had slunk to earth. Many are symptomatic of extreme debility—of asthma or consumption. Some have almost a posthumous sound—as if thinly cheeped by ghosts. We have a distant, confused, and conglomerated recollection of many of all kinds—almost all seeming to begin with "Hygeia," and hailing the goddess to meet her votary on the uplands by sunrise. No poetaster, we believe, ever asked the "heavenly visitant" to make an assignation with him in the evening—for the creatures have in all ages and climates been sadly afraid of catching cold, and dew they have ever held to be synonymous with damp—damp with death. Thus, an ode to Health is, generally speaking, more than enough to make any man sick. 'Tis worse even than an ode to Indifference. By the way, is Mrs Greville's "Indifference" a goddess? We should not covet an assignation with her even at the

witching-time of night, in a single-bedded room in a small wayside inn beneath a tree. The Hygeia of poetasters is a strapping quean, who strides up hill at the rate of six miles an hour, toe-and-heel, and who, so far from not shaking the dew from the daisy, crushes with a clumsy and a cruel heel the inoffensive plant down to the very roots. Her unfortunate "votary" having pledged himself to follow her to the "beacon-tower," is panting like to burst—and all this on an empty stomach. How much more rational to have sat down with Hygeia at a Scotch breakfast! The consequences have uniformly been such as might have been expected—all kinds of pulmonary complaints—and much pleurisy. The Greeks knew better, and wooed health at home. They flung their doors wide open, that she might enter at morn, meridian, evening, or midnight—and they gave her such a welcome that she forgot her heavenly bowers, and became their life-long sojourner on earth—their own *Εταιρα*. They wooed her in such songs as this of Ariphron of Sicyon. Samuel Johnson used to snort it, rolling like a grampus, or recumbent on a sofa by the side of pretty Mrs Thrale, like a sea-lion.

"There is," saith the sage, "among the fragments of the Greek Poets, a short hymn to Health, in which her power of exalting the happiness of life, of heightening the gifts of fortune, and adding enjoyment to possession, is inculcated with so much force and beauty, that no one, who has ever languished under the discomforts and infirmities of a lingering disease, can read it without feeling the images dance in his heart, and adding from his own experience new vigour to the wish, and from his own experience new colours to the picture. The particular occasion of this little composition is not known, but it is probable that the author had been sick, and in the first raptures of returning vigour, addressed health in the following manner."

Ἕγχεῖα, πρεσβύτα μακάρεων,
 μετὰ σὺ καίμιμι
 τὸ λυπόμινον βιοτᾶς,
 σὺ δὲ μοι πρόσθεν εὐνοῖκος εἶης·

οἱ γὰρ τις ἢ πλούτου χάρις, ἢ τικίαν,
 τῶς τ' ἰσοδαίμονος ἀνθρώποις
 βασιληίδος ἀρχῆς ἢ πόθων,
 οὓς κρυφίοις Ἀφροδίτης ἄρκευσι θηρεύομεν,
 ἢ εἴ τις ἀλλὰ θύοθεν ἀνθρώποισι τέρεψις,
 ἢ πόων ἀμπνοὰ πίφανται·
 μετὰ οὖτο, μάκαιρ' Ὑγίεια,
 τέθλε πάντα, καὶ λάμπει χαρίτων ἔαρ·
 σίθεν δὲ χωρὶς οὗτις εὐδαιμων.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Health, most venerable of the powers of heaven! with thee may the remaining part of my life be passed, nor do thou refuse to bless me with thy residence. For whatever there is of beauty or of pleasure in wealth, in descendants, or in sovereign command, the highest summit of human enjoyment, or in those objects of human desire which we endeavour to chase into the toils of love; whatever delight, or whatever solace is granted by the celestials, to soften our fatigues, in thy presence, thou parent of happiness, all those joys spread out and flourish; in thy presence blooms the spring of pleasure, and without thee no man is happy.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Hygeia, most venerable of the blessed gods,
 With thee may I dwell
 During the remainder of (my) life;
 And be thou with me a willing fellow-lodger.
 For whatever delight there is in riches, or offspring,
 Or—what renders men equal-to-the gods—
 In kingly dominion, or (those) pleasures
 Which we eagerly-try-to-ensnare in the furtive toils of Aphrodite,
 Or if there is any other enjoyment from the gods, to men,
 With thee, blessed Hygeia,
 They all bloom, and the spring-time of the Graces shines-beautifully;
 For without thee no one is happy.

BLAND.

Health, brightest visitant from heaven,
 Grant me with thee to rest!
 For the short term by nature given,
 Be thou my constant guest!
 For all the pride that wealth bestows,
 The pleasure that from children flows,
 Whate'er we court in regal state
 That makes men covet to be great;

Whatever sweets we hope to find
 In love's delightful snares,
 Whatever good by Heaven assign'd,
 Whatever praise from cares,
 All flourish at thy smile divine:
 The spring of loveliness is thine;
 And every joy that warms our hearts
 With thee approaches and departs.

SIR DANIEL SANDEFORD.

Health! supreme of heavenly powers!
 Let my voice our fortunes tell;
 Mine with thee to spend the hours,
 Thine with me in league to dwell.

If sweet joys and stolen treasures
 Venus' furtive nets enclose,
 If divinely-gifted pleasures
 Yield a breathing space from woes—

If bright gold be worth a prayer,
 If the pledge of love we prize,
 If the regal crown and chair
 Match celestial destinies—

Thine the glory, thine the zest,
 Thine the spring's eternal bloom!
 Man has all of thee possess'd:
 Dark, without thee, lowers his doom!

PARAPHRASE. ANON.

Goddess of Health! Hygeia, hear!
 And bend propitious to my prayer!
 Whate'er of life remains to me,
 That remnant let me spend with thee!
 If thou but deign to be my guest,
 I care but little for the rest;

Can look with calm composure down
 Upon the sceptre and the crown;
 What friends or children can bestow,
 What joys from wealth or honours flow,
 The soft desires and thefts of love;
 Nor envy all the gods above.

From the fatigues of life set free,
How sweet to pass my time with the
With love and peace, companions sweet
And settled in a snug retreat,
Lord of myself; and sweeter still
To bend my passions to my will!
'To make my fond affections move
In harmony with peace and love.

To live beneath thy gentle wing,
'Tis sunshine all, eternal spring;
The joys of life are joys indeed;
Without thee 'tis an empty shade;
Tormenting fears and cold disdain,
We measure out a life of pain,
Chill'd by false hopes and fell despair—
And life itself not worth our care.

WILLIAM HAY.

Hygeia, thou must blest of heavenly powers,
Oh! may I spend my life's remaining hours
With thee; and deign, thou goddess ever blest,
To dwell with me—a well-pleased fellow-guest.
Since all the joys, which wealth or off-spring brings,
The pomp, the power, the circumstance of kings,
Whereby the monarch vies with gods above—
The eager, furtive, toil-won joys of love,—
All the delight, which Heaven to man may doom,
Blessed Hygeia! live with thee and bloom.
Bright shines the Graces' Spring when thou art near,
And happiness with thee must ever disappear.

All good in their way—Bland's, perhaps, best. We can easily enough imagine a better than any one of them; though not the *ipsissima verba*—or you should have them; but we make an exception to our general rule, in favour of this hymn to Health, and will cheerfully admit into No. IV. a few finer versions of it than the foregoing, provided we receive them in course of a few posts. *Verb. insip.* Our name is Christopher North—our place of abode Edinburgh.

The Greeks were all lovers and worshippers—and that they might love and worship all things—they gave—as you know—to all things—life. What were their Divinities but immortal Emotions of the Soul, impersonated in beautiful or majestic forms? Thus, too, all objects that awakened such emotions were spiritualized; earth and heaven were instinct with feeling—the flowers alike and the stars. What a delightful series of Articles might be composed of passages from the great Greek Poets—especially the Tragedians—in which the most sensitive souls that ever animated dust, under the inspiration of the divine afflatus, breathed forth, in the most beautiful words that ever flowed from mortal lips, the pure deep joy of their intercommunion with nature! Not—we fear—to be composed by us—for time “hath done our harp and hand some wrong.” But

where are the young poets whom passion and imagination might lead to essay such achievement? And echo answers—where? Nay—may that wondrous mythology never more be made to move and breathe and have a being? Whosoever desireth to be immortal—let him build up a Poem on IDOLATRY—and on “the steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar,” will be his seat, among the hierarchy of the Makers.

Why, even among the Poets of the Anthology, what exquisite touches do we find in their inscriptions on the images of rural deities! Touches, and no more—yet revelations! Look, for example, on a few about Pan. Who was Pan? Ask the ghosts of that barbaric host that first flung down spears, swords, shields, and standards, and took to flight at the unearthly voice of one nowhere to be seen—heard only—as if a shadow had become thunder. Who was Pan? Ask the single woodsman—in the heart of the forest—singing a song to the gracious Sylvan. Who was Pan? Ask the priest at the altar communing with the spirit of the universe. Who was Pan? Read—lady fair—the following inscriptions,—and you will feel that, rough though he seem in your imagination,—even somewhat too rough for a Heathen, he must have been, in the flesh and the hair, no undelightful deity, and that it might have been perilous to trust your own sweet

timorous self with him, far from all human dwelling, in the very middle of a pathless wood. Maidens fair as thyself loved—aye, loved—old Goat-Foot; for him Dryads and Hamadryads wreathed their hair—and Flora herself “lent her ear in many a secret place,” pleased with his pipe, and for his shaggy

sake brightening the mossy forest-ground with a shower of blossoms. You may not be able—bright as are your eyes—to read them in the Greek—but Merivale, Keen, and Bland, have left you little to desire—and we ask you, are not these lines simple as yourself, and almost as beautiful?

ON A RURAL IMAGE OF PAN. PLATO. MERIVALE.

Sleep, ye rude winds! be every murmur dead
On yonder oak-crown'd promontory's head!
Be still, ye bleating flocks! your shepherd call—
Hang silent on your rocks, ye waterfalls!
Pan on his oaten pipe awakes the strain,
And fills with dulcet sounds the pastoral plain.
Lured by his notes, the Nymphs their bowers forsake,
From every mountain, running stream, and lake,
From every hill and ancient grove around,
And to symphonious measures strike the ground.

PAN TO HIS WORSHIPPERS. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM. MERIVALE.

Go, rouse the deer with horn and hound,
And chase him o'er the mountains free;
Or bid the hollow woods resound
The triumphs of your archery.

Pan leads—and if you hail me right,
As guardian of the silvan reign,
I'll wing your arrows on their flight,
And speed your coursers o'er the plain.

THE OFFERING OF THREE BROTHER-SPORTSMEN. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM. MERIVALE.

Three brothers dedicate, O Pan! to thee
Their nets, the various emblems of their toil;—
Pigres, who brings from realms of air his spoil;
Dionis from woods; and Clitor from the sea:
So may the treasures of the deep be giv'n
To this: to those the fruits of earth and heav'n.

OFFERING TO THE RURAL DEITIES. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM. MERIVALE.

To Pan, the master of the woodland plain,
To young Lyxus and the azure train
Of nymphs that make the pastoral life their care,
With offerings due old Bito forms his prayer.
To Pan a playful kid, in wars untried,
He vows, yet sporting by the mother's side;
And lays the creeping ivy on the vine,
A grateful present to the God of Wine;
And to the gentler deities who guide
Their winding streamlets o'er the mountain's side,
Each varied bud from Autumn's shady bowers,
Mix'd with the full-blown roses' purple flowers.
Therefore, ye Nymphs, enrich my narrow field
With the full stores your bounteous fountains yield;
Pan, bid my luscious pails with milk o'erflow,
And, Bacchus, teach my mellow vines to glow.

ANOTHER. LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM. MERIVALE.

Ye lowly huts! thou sacred hill,
Heart of the nymphs! pure gushing rill,

That underneath the cold stone flowest !
 Pine, that those clear streams o'ergrowest !
 Thou, son of Maia, Mercury,
 Squared in cunning statuary !
 And thou, O Pan, whose wand'ring flocks
 Frolic o'er the craggy rocks !
 —Pleased, the rustic goblet take,
 Fill'd with wine, and th' eaten cake,
 Offer'd to your deities
 By a true Æacides.

PAN'S LAMENTATION FOR DAPHNIS. MELEAGER. MERIVALE.

Farewell, ye straying herds, ye crystal fountains,
 Ye solitary woods, and breezy mountains !
 Goat-footed Pan will now no longer dwell
 In the rude fastness of his silvan cell.
 What joy has he amidst the forests hoar,
 And mountain summits ?—Daphnis is no more.
 —No more ! no more !—They all are lost to me !
 The busy town must now my refuge be.
 The chase let others follow !—I resign
 Whate'er of hope or rapture once was mine.

THE SAME. MELEAGER. KEEN.

Farewell, ye hills ! ye silvan scenes, farewell,
 Which once my shaggy feet rejoiced to tread !
 No more with goats on mountain tops I'll dwell,
 Half-goat myself—no more the mazes thread
 Of forest thicket, or of busky dell ;
 Daphnis—loved partner of my sports—is dead ;
 And with him all the joy he knew so well
 To give my silvan reign, for ever fled.
 Scenes once beloved ! I quit ye ; to the chase
 Let others lie—the town shall be Pan's dwelling-place.

THE GARDENER'S OFFERING. AUTHOR UNCERTAIN. BLAND.

To Pan, the guardian of my narrow soil,
 Who gave my fruits to grow, and bless'd my toil,
 Pure water and a votive fig I bear,
 A scant oblation from the teeming year.
 The fruit ambrosial in thy garden blush'd,
 And from thy rock the living water rush'd ;
 Receive the tribute from my niggard urn,
 Nor with thy bounty weigh my poor return.

None who are worthy to read the Greek Anthology, will wonder what Wordsworth means when he says, that often "pleasant thoughts bring sad thoughts to the mind." They are all sisters and brothers—or parents and children—or somehow or other cognate or related—so that when you "awake but one, and lo ! what myriads rise," you need not be startled to see a white dove seem to grow out of a black crow, or an eagle out of a kitty-wren. But Wordsworth illustrates, in the poem we allude to, the affecting law by which so often cheerfulness changes into sadness, and suddenly a smile is bedimmed by a tear. This hap-

pens often involuntarily with the moods of our minds—none meddling with us ; so how easily, at others' bidding, do we turn from glad to gloomy fancies ! Travelling through a book of various matter, in a moment we turn with all our hearts from the page where "all goes merrily as a marriage bell," to the next, where we hear a tolling for a funeral. Nor is this in books merely ; for it happens with us every day, as we walk along the streets. But then we are in the world of imagination. Place us in the midst of realities—and these encompassing ourselves with iron gripe or silken embrace—and by grief or joy, pain or pleasure,

we are taken prisoners—nor would we—so strangely are we constituted—accept our freedom from ugliest captivity—on our parole. In books, every man is a “chartered libertine,” and in an hour can run through all his characters on the enchanted stage—from Hamlet to Abel Drugger.

What could be pleasanter than

these inscriptions and offerings to Pan? Yet will you not, at the scrape of our pen, turn to dolorous deaths by shipwreck, and the sad music of the sea? They are scattered through the Specimens—we collect them into one elegiac strain, and leave you to discover the names of the authors.

ON A FISHERMAN. ELTON.

This oar and net, and fisher's wicker'd snare,
Thesmiscus placed above his buried son—
Memorials of the lot in life he bare,
The hard and needy life of Pelagon.

ON THE TOMB OF CLEANOR. MERIVALE.

Thee, too, Cleanor, strong desire laid low—
Desire, that wretched exiles only know,
Of thy loved native land. The tyrant sway
Of winter had no force to make thee stay:
Thy fatal hour was come; and, tempest sped,
The wild waves closed around thy cherish'd head.

INSCRIBED ON A CENOTAPH. R.

O cloud-capt Geraneia, rock unbrest!
Would thou hadst rear'd far hence thy haughty crest,
By Tanais wild, or wastes where Ister flows,
Nor look'd on Sciron from thy silent snows!
A cold, cold corpse he lies beneath the wave,
This tomb speaks, tenantless, his ocean grave.

ON A CORPSE WASHED ASHORE. MERIVALE.

Not rugged Trachis hides these whitening bones,
Nor that black isle, whose name its colour shows,
But the wild beach, o'er which with ceaseless moans
The vex'd Icarian wave eternal flows,

Of Drepanus—ill-famed promontory—

And there, instead of hospitable rites,

The long grass sweeping tells his fate's sad story

To rude tribes gather'd from the neighbouring heights.

ON THE TOMB OF A SHIPWRECKED MARINER. A. V. M.

Oh, why, my brother mariners, so near the boisterous wave
Of ocean have ye hollow'd out my solitary grave?

'Twere better that far hence a sailor's tomb should be,

For I dread my rude destroyer—I dread the roaring sea.

But may the smiles of fortune, may love and peace await

All you who shed a tear for poor Nicetas' hapless fate.

ON A SHIPWRECKED PERSON. HODGSON.

Perish the hour—that dark and starless hour—

Perish the roaring main's tempestuous power—

That whelm'd the ship where loved Abdera's son

Pray'd to unheeding Heaven, and was undone!

Yes—all were wreck'd; and, by the stormy wave

To rough Seriphos borne, he found a grave,—

Found, from kind stranger hands, funeral fires,

Yet reach'd, inurn'd, the country of his sires.

These are all from “Bland's Collections, by Merivale,” and they are all so well selected and so well translated, that you could believe yourself pacing along the sea-shores, and ever and anon meeting with some

solitary cenotaph, or stone set up over the drowned mariner, washed like a weed upon the beach. Here are two equally affecting sent us by Wrangham.

FROM ARCHIAS.

I Thersis, wreck'd and cast a coise on shore,
 Still shudder at old Ocean's ceaseless roar;
 For here beneath the cliff, where breakers foam.
 Close on its marge lone strangers dug my tomb.
 Hence still its roaring, rest of life, I hear;
 Its hateful surge still thunders in my ear.
 For me alone by Fate unrespited,
 Remains no rest to soothe me—even though dead.

FROM AGATHIAS.

When to my native Thessaly restored,
 Stranger, I pray thee, tell my heart's dear lord,—
 "Thy consort sleeps on the far distant shore
 Entombed, where Bosphor's tossing billows roar;
 But near thee raise a cenotaph on high,
 So to preserve thy young Bride's memory."

It is very kind in Wrangham, and time-honoured scholars such as he, to send us such beautiful contributions; and how can we better shew our gratitude than by sending into the lists a home-friend, like Hay, to contend with them at their own

weapons? Thus—here is an inscription on a small temple, dedicated to the Sea Venus, by Antipater of Sidon, which has always seemed to us very beautiful, though one of the simplest things in the world.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Simple is this temple to me, since by the dark-white waves
 I sit, mistress of a wet shore,
 But loved; for in the sea raging widely
 I delight, and in sailors saved by my means.
 Propitiate Venus; and I to thee either in love
 Favourable, or (while on) the clear blue sea will breathe.

WRANGHAM.

Small is this dome, where o'er the billowy main,
 Sole Empress of the sea-beat shore, I reign,
 Yet dear; for much I love the roaring sea,
 And much the shipwreck'd seaman saved by me!
 Worship thou Venus; so propitious gales,
 Lover, or mariner, shall fill thy sails.

HAY.

Simple this shrine, where by the dark-white wave
 I sit, the mistress of a briny shore;
 Simple but loved, for I delight to save
 The sailor, and to hear the billows roar.
 Propitiate Venus: I will prove to thee
 A friend, while toss'd by love, or on the clear blue sea.

'Twou'd be hard to say which of the two is the better—excel both, and we give you a crown. Hay has managed *πνευματικῶς* ingeniously and elegantly—Wrangham has given its double-meaning with felicitous simplicity; for observe, it signifies "breathe" or "favour"—breathe applicable to ships, favour to love—and niceties and finenesses like these, are tests to try the skill of translators. It is doubtful whether the epithet *πνεῦμα*, when applied to the sea, may mean dark or white; so say the dictionaries; perhaps it may mean

both; the dark expressive of the lower part of the wave, and the white of the wave's crest, as it comes rolling along towards the shore. Dark-white may express both notions. Hay says in a note, "a beautiful, picturesque, but *untranslatable* epigram." Nay—not untranslatable, William; you will not say so, looking on Wrangham's version, nor will he say so, looking on yours—they are like silvery shells on the yellow sands. Why, here are other three kindred inscriptions, but of a cheerful character.

AUTHOR UNCERTAIN. WRANGHAM.

Goddess of surf and shore, those cakes receive—
 'Tis all thy humble votary has to give :
 To-morrow o'er the broad Ionian main
 I haste to clasp my Chloe's charms again.
 My love, my canvass, ask thy favouring breeze,
 Venus, bright Queen of spousals and of seas.

ON A TEMPLE OF VENUS ON THE SEA-SHORE. MNASALCUS. MERIVALE.

Here let us, from the wave-wash'd beach, behold
 Sea-born Cythera's venerable fane,
 And fountains fringed with shady poplars old,
 Where dip their wings the golden Halcyon train.

ON A STATUE OF VENUS. ANYTE. MERIVALE.

Cythera from this craggy steep
 Looks downward on the glassy deep,
 And hither calls the breathing gale,
 Propitious to the venturesome sail ;
 While Ocean flows beneath, serene,
 Awed by the smile of Beauty's Queen.

We find it hard to get away from these affecting or interesting inscriptions—and we must give a few more, supplemental to those quoted in our former Article on the Anthology. Our readers must remember some

very pathetic on persons who died young—but none of them all more so than these two—the first from Antipater of Sidon, the second from Agathias—both translated in his finest manner by Wrangham.

ON ARTEMIDORI.

O'er thine untimely tomb, Artemidori,
 Thy mother her lament was heard to pour .
 " My throes' sharp birth hath pass'd, of fire the prey ,
 And with him pass'd his father's toil away.
 Pass'd my fond joy in him, no tongue could tell !
 Hurried o'er that far bourne impassable
 To turning foot, ere yet within thy veins
 Danced youth's brisk current ! what to us remains,
 Thy sad survivors, now, my child, thou'rt gone ?
 Light dust, and ashes, and a pillar'd stone."

ON A WAX-IMAGE OF EUSTATHIUS.

Sweet, dear Eustathius, is the form I see ;
 Yet 'tis of wax—no phrase of boyish glee
 Sits on those lips : thy tender prime is fled,
 And dust, mere dust, remains to us instead
 Of all thou wert ! Scarce of thy fifteenth year
 Four little weeks had run their brief career ;
 Nor aught avail'd thee, or thy grandsire's throne,
 Or wealth paternal. All, to whom is shewn
 This thy mere bust, tax Fate's unjust decree,
 Which merciless could crush such grace in thee !

We gave in No. II. a translation by Mr Merivale of a very beautiful epitaph by an uncertain author, presenting us with brighter prospects than are often found among the relics of Grecian poetry, which are almost all of a cast of thought tho

most melancholy, whenever they touch on the mournful subjects of death and the grave. Wrangham has sent us a version of it equally beautiful and more close—and to it we add another, from his stores, of a congenial character.

PROTE.

Prote ! thou art not dead : thy happier rest
 Is fix'd in the green islands of the blest :

There, lightly bounding o'er the Elysian plain,
Mid sweetest flowers, thou knowest not care nor pain;
Screen'd from keen winter's breath, the dogstar's ray,
Hunger, and thirst, and sickness far away;
No need life's passing pageant to regret,
Thy lot unclouded seems, and paradise thy seat.

FROM CARPHYLIDES.

Chide not my tomb, O traveller passing near;
Even dying, I disdain thy pitying tear.
I children's children left: with me my spouse
Wax'd old: three children plighted nuptial vows,
Whose babes I hush'd to sleep upon my knee,
Nor wail'd of one the death or malady:
And they, who made libations for my rest,
Gave me to enjoy the regions of the blest.

Among the epigrams by uncertain authors, printed at the end of Brunck's and Jacobs's Collections, and which are principally such as, from internal evidence, would seem to belong to the earlier and better ages of Grecian poetry, there are,

perhaps, none more touching than the two entitled, "On a Happy Old Man," "On a Miserable Old Man." We shall quote the originals, that you may judge of the comparative merits of the translators.

Γαῖα φιλεῖ τον πρέσβυν Ἀμύντιχον ἐνθεὸς κόλποις,
πολλῶν μνησαμένη τῶν ἐπὶ σοὶ καμάτων.
καὶ γὰρ αἰεὶ πρέμνον σοὶ ἀνθερίζει ἐλαιος,
πολλάκι καὶ Βρομὶα κλήμασιν ἡγλαΐσει,
καὶ Δηῆς ἔπλησι, καὶ ὕδατος αὐλακὰς ἔλκων
θῆκε μὲν εὐλόχανοι, θῆκε δ' ὅπαροφόρον.
καθ' ὃν σὺ περὶα κατὰ κροτάφῃ πολιόιο
κλίσσῃ, καὶ ὑαρινὰς ἀνδοκόμῃ βοτάνας.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Beloved Earth, place in thy bosom the aged Amyntichus,
Calling-to-thy-remembrance his many toils for thee.
How he always erected on thee the trunk of the olive,
And oft adorned thy declivities with Bacchus (*vines*),
And filled thee with Ceres (*corn*), and conducting canals of water
Made thee fertile-in-plants, and in harvest-fruits.
For which services do thou on his hoary head softly
Lie, and flower-adorn him with spring plants.

VERSION. BY HODGSON AND BLAND.

Take old Amyntor to thy heart, dear soil,
In kind remembrance of his former toil,
Who first enrich'd and ornamented thee
With many a lovely shrub and branching tree,
And lured the stream to fall in artful showers
Upon thy thirsting herbs and fainting flowers.
First in the spring he knew the rose to rear,
First in the autumn cull the ripen'd pear;
His vines were enwied all the country round,
And fav'ring Heaven shower'd plenty on his ground.
Therefore, kind Earth, reward him in thy breast,
With a green covering and an easy rest.

VERSION. BY WRANGHAM.

Dear Earth, take old Amyntas to thy breast,
And for his toils not thankless give him rest.
On thee the olive's stem 'twas his to rear;
His, with the mantling vine to grace thy year:

Through him thy furrows teem'd with plenty ; he
 Fed with rich streams each herb, and fruit for thee—
 For this lie lightly on his hoary head,
 And with thy choicest spring-flowers deck his bed.

Γῆραι καὶ πενίῃ τετρυμένως, ἔδ' ὀρέγοντος
 ἄνδρος ἀνθρώπου δυσυχῆς ἔρανον,
 τοῖς τρομεροῖς κάλλισιν ὑπελθὼν ἡρέμα τύμβου,
 εὖρον οἷζυρ' ἔτρεμα μόλις βιώτα.
 ἡλλάχθη δ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ νεκρὸν νόμος. ὃ γὰρ ἔθνησκα
 πρῶτον, ἔπειτ' ἐτάφην· ἀλλὰ ταφεῖς ἔθανον.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Broken-down by old-age and poverty,
 And no human being extending an alms (to relieve) my miserable fortune—
 With trembling limbs having quietly-entered (*thus*) tomb,
 I with difficulty found at last an end of a wretched life.
 The law with respect to corpses was changed in me: for I died not
 First, and then was buried, but being buried, I died.

VERSION. BY BLAND.

By years and misery worn, no hand to save
 With some poor pittance from a de-perate grave ;
 With the small strength my wretched age supplied,
 I crawl'd beneath this lonely pile, and died.
 Screen'd from the scoff of pride, and grandeurs brow'n.
 In this sad spot I laid my sufferings down.
 Reversed the doom of nature, and instead
 Of dead and buried, was entomb'd and dead.

VERSION. BY WRANGLHAM.

Harass'd by age and want, without a friend,
 One helping hand, my need's support, to lend,
 Hither I crept, with tottering step and slow,
 And in the grave at length found peace from woe.
 Buried ere dead—for me reversed the doom
 Assign'd to men whose death precedes the tomb.

Death and Love are the two strongest powers that rule over life—and it was our intention to make them shake hands amicably in this Article—Mors putting his mouldy mawley into the downy fist of Amor. But Cupid, we find on second thoughts, deserves an Article—and a long one—to himself—and he shall have it—but not for a month or two, as we meditate a miscellaneous paper or two—which must have precedence—somewhat similar to this one—but likewise somewhat different from it—and our materials for them are multifarious and multitudinous, even without the numerous contributions which will be coming to us from so many quarters. Let us conclude with some Grasshoppers:

But what is the Greek *τρίστιξ*?

The insect so frequently commemorated by the ancient poets under that name, and so generally confounded by translators with the *Grasshopper*, is not that creature. It is, as all

scholars know—but many of them confusedly—the *Cicada* of the Latins. Both words have been translated grasshopper, but as we apply that term to a very different species, (the small chirping creatures so common among the dry herbage of sunny banks throughout Britain,) the nomenclature and synonymy have thus become confused. Linnæus, with his accustomed propriety, applied the term *Gryllus* to the locust and grasshopper tribes, and that of *Cicada* to the Beloved of the Athenians. The name of *tree* grasshopper, however, applies with sufficient correctness to the latter, as pointing out one of its characteristic habits, that of usually perching upon trees, whereas the *true* grasshoppers are ground insects. The *Cicadæ* are scarcely known in this country, although that of the ash (*C. orn.*) is recorded as an English insect, likewise *C. hamatodes*. They abound in Italy, and other southern parts of Europe. The Italians call

them *cicala*, and the French *cigale*, both words being no doubt derived from the Latin. They are frequently mentioned by the modern Italian poets; and Lord Byron somewhere alludes to them as "the shrill *cicala*, people of the pine," thus recognising their *arborescens* disposition. Although held in the highest estimation as *children of the soil* by the Athenians, who used to wear golden images of them in their hair, there is no doubt that they were also regarded by the Greek nations under a less intellectual aspect. Aristotle mentions that they were used as food, and that they were particularly esteemed just before the conclusion of the nympha state. The insect which he mentions under the name of *Tettigometra*, or mother of the *Cicadae*, is, in fact, merely that intermediate condition of nymph before the organs of flight have been developed. It then (as well as in the state of larva) lives upon the ground, or even under it, feeding on herbage and the roots of plants; but when about to undergo its first metamorphosis, it climbs a tree, its outer skin cracks and is thrown off as *covicia*, the wings expand, and we have then the perfect *Cicada*, tree Grasshopper, or *Tettix* of the Greeks. Even in this completed state, notwithstanding its admired musical accomplishments, it was sometimes served up at table as an occasional delicacy. Prior to the sexual union the males were preferred, but after that had taken place, the females were more sought after, on account of their being larger and full of eggs.

We may mention that the substance used in medicine, and known under the name of *Manna*, is an exudation from certain species of ash. It has been observed in the south of Europe to be not unfrequently produced by the puncturing of the *Cicadae*, which feed on the juices of those saccharine trees. The largest in Europe is *C. plebeia* of Linnaeus; its cry is very strong and shrill, and as it is well known in Italy, there is no doubt of its being the species mentioned by Virgil. Its voice does certainly by no means correspond in musical intonation to what one might infer regarding it from its character among the ancient Greeks. Sel-

bourne White has well observed, that "sounds do not always give us pleasure according to their sweetness and melody; nor do harsh sounds always displease. Thus the shrilling of the field-cricket, though sharp and stridulous, yet marvellously delights some hearers, filling their minds with a train of summer ideas of every thing that is rural, verdurous, and joyous." We do not know whether the Greek insect has naturally a more melodious voice than the Italian; if it has not, the delight may in some way arise from association. Cowper comes somewhat near this idea where he says,

"Sounds inharmonious in themselves, and harsh,

Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,

And only there, please highly for their sake."

Mr Merivale, we remember, will not agree with Jacobs in thinking the voice of the swallow sweet. Jacobs conjectures that the epithet *μιλιθες* has reference to the sweetness of the swallow's voice; Merivale ascribes it rather to the diet on which the swallow may be supposed, he says, to be nourished, namely, the wild thyme of Mount Hymettus. Brodaeas interprets the epithet, with the same feeling, "*delicatis nutritum cibus*;" and they and ourselves did the same in our versions of Euenus' pretty poem, the Swallow and Cicada. But we suspect that we are all four wrong, for the swallow lives mid-air on insects; and seldom alights on the ground, but to drink. No—we are all four right. It alights on Mount Hymettus to sip honey-dew—and we rightly say to it—*μιλιθες*. But Mr Merivale adds, "the tone of the swallow's voice is surely any thing but sweet or musical; and accordingly it is fitly designated as noisy and prattling, rather than praised as melodious." Oh, assuredly, "the swallow twittering from its straw-built shed," doth twitter most sweetly! It is noisy and prattling, and twittering, and sweet, and melodious, and the most gaily guttural, in its gushing gladness, of all creatures whose happy hearts fill their throats with merry music. For its dear sake we could almost love—and do most freely forgive—the Northumberland burr.

So with the Cicada. In some countries, "they have been *execrated*,"—say Kirby and Spence—"for the deafening din they produce." Virgil—who nevertheless loved them—accused the Italian Cicada of bursting the very shrubs with their noise—pleasant exaggeration of no serious crime,

"Et cantu querulae rumpent ar busta Cicadae."

One species there is (*Tettigonia Septemdecim*) which appears (fortunately say K. and S.) only once in seventeen years, and makes such a continual din from morning to evening, that people cannot hear each other speak. The grove is worse than a tinsmith's shop, and you the only enraged musician. Dr Shaw calls Cicada "in this respect the most troublesome and impertinent of insects (they are all silent enough in the British Museum), perching upon a twig, and *squalling* sometimes two and three hours without ceasing, thereby too often disturbing our studies." The Greek *Tettix*, he says, must have had quite a different voice, "more soft surely and melodious." We really cannot pretend to say how

that might have been—the sweetest human singers have been compared to it; some one, wishing highly to compliment Plato, says, his voice was as sweet as a grasshopper's; and all of us may have heard of the story of the rival musicians, Eunomus and Ariston. While they were contending on the harp, a Cicada flying to the former, and sitting on his instrument, supplied the place of a broken string, and so secured to him the victory. And even at this day, at Surinam, the noise of the *Tettigonia Tibicen* is supposed so much to resemble the sound of a harp or lyre, that they are called Harpers.

Anacreon's exquisite hymn to the Cicada seems to have inspired all other strains in love and honour of the innoxious creature. Cowley's imitation is delightful—and Vinny Bourne's version more so—but we cannot recall all the sweet words to our memory, and therefore give Elton's charming translation, which is but little known—we never saw it quoted—and one almost—perhaps quite as good—in his own simple style—by Hay.

ELTON.

Hail, Cicada! hail to thee
Nestling in the topmost tree;
Blithe as a king, the leaves among,
Sipping dew-drops, chirping song.
Thine are all things nature yields
Midst the freshness of the fields;
Thine are all the buds and flowers
Scatter'd by the vernal Hours.
Peasants know their friend in thee;
Harmless of all injury;
Mortals honour thee with praise,
Prophet of sweet sunny days.

In thee delights the Muses' throng,
In thee delights the God of Song;
They bestow'd thy song-note shrill,
Even in age unwearied still.
Wise in music, born of earth;
Lover of melodious mirth;
Free from all corporeal pains,
Free from flesh, and free from veins.
Thy aerial texture vies
With th' unbodied Deities.

HAY.

We deem thee blest, thou Grasshopper,
As on the highest trees,
Having sipp'd a little dew, thou sit'st,
Like a monarch, at thine ease.

For every thing before thee,
Whate'er the fields produce,
And the fruits of every season,
Are intended for thy use.

Thou art the friend of husbandmen.
Since harmless are thy ways;
By mortals held in reverence,
Sweet seer of summer days.

The Muses love thee dearly,
To Phœbus art thou dear,

Who with that voice hath gifted thee
So musical and clear.

Song-skill'd, earth-born, song-loving one,
Old age to thee 's no load ;
Fleshless, bloodless, passionless,
Thou nearly art a God.

Turn we now to the Anthology,
and we hear the Cicada chirping all
through Jacobs. We have selected
a few of the prettiest little poems

imaginable, that we may caper away
on our crutch, at the close of our
confabulation, as crouse as a cricket.

AUTHOR UNCERTAIN.

Τίπτει με τον Φιλισημιν αναιδεις τριμινες αγγη
Τιττιγξ δροσερον ελκειτ' ατ' ακριμινων ;
Την Νυμφην παροδιν ηθινα ; παμματι
μεσομ
Ουρεσι και σπειραις ξυδα λαλουντο νηταις ;
Ηνι δε και κιγλκν και ποσειδων, ηνι δε τοτσους
Ψαρος αρουραις αρωμας ειντρεναις ;
Καρπων δηλητηρας ελιν ημεν ; αλλυν και
νους.
Φυλων και χλωρης τις φθονος εσι δροσου ;

GROTIUS.

Quid me solivagam, pastores, vestra cicadam
Improbā de viridi fronde rapina trahit,
Nympharum comitem, quae, cum sol arva
perurit,
Montibus et silvis garrula dulces cano :
Sunt sturni, sunt et merulae, sunt denique
tardi,
Altriciis terrae qui populantur opes,
Qui fruges rapiunt, capere hos & perdere fas
est.
Hore comisque frui, quae precor invidia
est ?

THOMAS WARTON.

Cur me pastores foliorum abducitis umbra,
Me, quam delectant roseida iura vagam ?
Me, quae Nympharum sum Musa, atque aethere sudo,
Hinc recino umbrosis saltibus, inde jugis ?
Ea ! turdem et merulam, si praedic tanta cupido est,
Quae late sulcos diripere satos.
Quae vastant fruges, captare et fallere fas est ;
Roseida non avidae sufficit herba mihi.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Why, oh ye shepherds, with shameless hunting, me the solitude-loving
Grasshopper do ye drag from the dewy tops-of-the-trees ?
(Me) the road-companion songster of the Nymphs ?—in the middle of the heats
Singing shrilly to the mountains and the shady woods ?
There are the thrush and the blackbird, there are so many
Robbers of the wealth of the roach earth.
It is lawful to take these destroyers of the fruits : destroy them.
What a grudging is thus of leaves and flesh dew ?

WRANGHAM.

Why, ruthless shepherds, from my dewy spray
In my lone haunt, why tear me thus away—
O'er the Nymphs' wayside minstrel, whose sweet note
O'er sultry hill is heard and shady grove to float ?
Lo ! where the blackbird, thrush, and greedy host
Of starlings fatten at the farmer's cost !
With just revenge those ravagers pursue :
But grudge not any poor leaf, and sip of grassy dew.

HAY.

Why thus, ye shepherds, shamelessly pursue
And drag me from the branches moist with dew ?
—The grasshopper,—the friend of solitudes,—
Shrill-singing to the hills, and shady woods ?
Me the Nymphs' songster,—me who chirp my lays,
And cheer them through the heats of summer days ?

The merle and thrush—those robbers—see, 'tis they
And such, that bear the rough earth's fruits away.
'Tis just to catch these spoilers : kill the thieves :
Why grudge the grasshopper fresh dew and leaves ?

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Why, shepherds, all this shameful chase, that you at last may seize
And drag me, poor Cicada, from my high seat on the trees ?
Me, wayside songster of the Nymphs, in midst of summer heats
Shrill-sounding to the mountains, and the woods' obscure retreats.
The mavis and the merle there—and thieves of kindred birth—
That still keep preying on the wealth of the rough-robed earth—
All fruit-destroyers every one—you lawfully may kill ;
But why grudge me, from my leaf-cup, my dew to sip at will ?

AUTHOR UNCERTAIN.

Λεπτόν υφηνάμενα ραδίονις ὑποτοττοῖν ἀμαζώνη,
Τιττιγὰ σκολιαῖς ἐνδὲν χερσὶ παγχαῖς.
Ἀλλ' οὐ μὲν λιπταῖσιν ὑπαιαζόντα τόδ' ἀ-
γχαῖς.
Τὸν Φιλαοῖδον ἰδὼν πικρὰ τερετρούσασα.
Αὐσας δ' ἐκ βραχὺ ἰδὼν, ἡττοκὺρῖσιν, καὶ τὸδ'
.....
Σωζοῦ μοῦσαι φθιγγαῖον.

GROTIUS.

Dum pedibus tenuem molitur aranea telam,
Cassibus infelix capta cicada fuit.
Hanc ubi marentem gracili sub compede
vidi,
Cantriciis caput me miserere vicem ;
Vinctaque captivum solvens retinentia, dixi,
Vive, nec argutos edere parce sonos.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

LITERALLY.

A spider finely weaving with its pliant feet,
Captured a grasshopper within its crooked snares :
But it sighing in its slender chains
When I saw, I hasten'd to the song-loving child—
Having freed it from the meshes, I help'd it out, and thus said,
" Be thou saved to sound with musical noise."

WRANGHAM.

Her web with subtle feet a spider wrought,
And in its toils a poor cicada caught.
Hearing him lowly wail his filmy chain,
I left not the young songster to complain ;
But burst his bonds, and set him loose, and said,
" For thy sweet music freedom be thy need."

HAY.

While with lithe feet his task the spider plied,
Within his snares a grasshopper he diew ;
Under the tiny chains the captive sigh'd,
And to release the child of song I flew.
" Save thee," I cried, " thy chains are off,—be free,
And now indulge thy sweetest minstrelsy."

MELEAGER.

Ἀχίης τιττιζὲ δροσερκαῖς γεννησσι μεθύσθεις,
Ἀγρονομον μελπειν Μουσῶν ἐρημαλάων.
Ἀπρὰ δ' ἐφεζομένης πεταλαῖς τριωνύσσι
κωλοῖς
Αἰθιοπὶ κλαζεῖς χρωτὶ μελισσῶν λυρῶν.
Ἀλλὰ, φίλος, φθιγγου τι νιον δεινδραδίς
Νυμφαῖς
Παιγνιον, ἀντῶδον Πανὶ κρεκὼν κελαδὼν.
Ὀφρα φυγαῖ τον ἔρωτα, μισημβρινον ὕπνον
αἰγρεῖσθαι
Ἐβαδ' ὑπο σκιερῇ κικλμινος πλατάνω.

GROTIUS.

De matutino quæ pascere rore cicada,
Et canis in solis carmen agreste locis ;
Et pedibus frondes insidens pectine junctis,
Corpore das lyricos nigricolore modos ;
Silvicolis meditare, rogo, nova carmina
Nymphis,
Respondens tremulis Panos arundinibus.
Ut dulcem capiam somnum fugitivus amoris,
Dum platani medio me tegit umbra die.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Loud-sounding grasshopper, having-got-drunk on dewy drops,
Thou singest a rural desert-speaking tune,

And sitting on the heights, with thy broad, flat, saw-like limbs,
 And thy dusky body, thou shrill-soudest a song like that of a lyre.
 But, loved one, utter to the wood nymphs some new
 Sportive-lay, striking-up a rival—(or alternate—*ἀνταδδόν*) loud-song with Pan :
 So that putting Love to flight, I may seek after mid-day sleep,
 Here reclined under the shady plane-tree.

MERIVALE.

Noisy insect ! drunken still With dew-drops like the stars in number,— Voice of the desert, loud and shrill, That wakest Echo from her slumber, And, sifting on the bloomy spray, Carol'st at ease thy merry lay ;	Dusky bard ! whose jagged feet Still on your hollow sides rebounding With frequent pause, and measured beat, Like minstrel notes are ever sounding ; Loved of the Muses, come ! essay The wood-nymphs with some newer lay !
---	--

—Such as Pan might please to hear,
 And, answering, tune his vocal reed ;
 And Love himself a while forbear
 His cruel sport to see me bleed ;
 Whilst I in noontide sleep am laid
 Secure beneath the plane-tree's shade.

WRANGHAM.

Tipsy with dew-drops, through the desert shrill,
 Noisy Cicada, thou thy strain dost trill ;
 And from thy dusky sides with jagged feet,
 Perch'd on an air-hung spray, draw'st music sweet !
 With some new chirrup, friend, the Dryads cheer,
 Rival to Pan's, some carol bid them hear ;
 That 'scaped from Love, secure at noontide laid,
 I may woo slumber 'neath the plane-tree's shade.

HAY.

Loud-sounding grasshopper,—'tis thine, with dew-drops drunk, to fill
 The speaking-solitudes afar with thy rural notes so shrill.
 Thou sitt'st on high ; and ne'er thy feet, broad, flat, and saw-like, tire
 In striking, from thy dusky wings, clear notes,—as from a lyre.
 Come then, some new, some sportive song to the wood Nymphs now essay,
 Thou loved one, while thy rival Pan gives back the alternate lay :
 That Love may for a while forbear to pierce thine heart of mine,
 While I, in quest of noontide sleep, in the plane-tree's shade recline.

ELTON.

Oh shrill-voiced insect ! that with dew-drops sweet
 Inebriate, dost in desert woodlands sing ;
 Perch'd on the spray-top with indented feet,
 Thy dusky body's echoings, harplike, ring :
 Come, dear Cicada ! chirp to all the grove
 The Nymphs and Pan, a new responsive strain ;
 That I, in noonday sleep, may steal from love,
 Reclined beneath the dark o'er-spreading plane.

Are not all these happy versions of happy epigrams on happy creatures
 happily selected by the happy Old Man in happy Maga for happy August ?
 We are writing now with a golden grasshopper in our hair, though 'tis thin
 and white as Anacreon's, like a true Athenian. We hear much more chir-
 rapping, but must reserve the rest of the Cicadae for our next Article. In
 it we shall speak too about bees and birds, and perhaps about fishermen,
 and gardeners, and shepherds, and agriculturists, and of various men and
 things, "city or suburban."

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VOL. XXXIV.

Contents.

AMERICA. No. I.	285
THE SKETCHER. No. III.	309
EDMUND BURKE. PART IV.	317
NORA BOYLE,	344
NIGHTS AT MESS. CHAP. IV.	350
NORTHERN LIGHTHOUSES,	358
THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. No. IV.	373
APPENDIX TO OUR THREE ARTICLES ON THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY,	407

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VOL. XXXIV.

AMERICA.*

No. I.

ROUSSEAU long ago prophesied that the American war commenced the *era of revolutions*; and subsequent events have too clearly proved that in this respect at least he did not mistake the signs of the times. With the rise of Transatlantic independence, commenced a new series of contests flowing not from the ambition of Kings, or the rivalry of their Ministers, but the impatient spirit and interminable expectations of the people. Wars since that period have increased in frequency, and augmented in horror; not armies merely, but whole nations have been brought into the field; the blood of millions has flowed in every quarter of the globe; and in the effort to emancipate themselves from a constitutional sway, mankind have fallen under a severer bondage than was ever known even to Oriental subjection.

But it is not merely by the fierce and uninterrupted struggle between the two great parties who divide the world, that the American Revolution has been the beginning of a new era in human affairs. It is by the contagion of *example*; by the constant exhibition of Republican institutions on a great scale, and under circum-

stances of unparalleled prosperity, that it has produced so astonishing a change in the political institutions of the Old World—More powerful than the eloquence of Mirabeau or the sword of Napoleon, the democratic government of America has struck far and wide into the minds of the European people; and the privileges enjoyed by her citizens become an object of envy to millions utterly incapable of understanding either the causes which have rendered this prosperity coexistent with this equality, or forbid its application to the more aged dynasties of the Old World. It is in vain that more thoughtful and experienced persons suggested that the circumstances of Europe and America were essentially different; that institutions which answered perfectly well amongst a young people, beginning their political existence without any public debt, or great families, or feudal prejudices, and situated amidst a boundless profusion of unoccupied land, were wholly inapplicable to old states grown grey in a certain political career, overflowing with inhabitants, overwhelmed with debt, with vast property accumulated in

* Men and Manners in America. By the Author of Cyril Thornton, &c.—William Blackwood, Edinburgh, and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

a few hands, no unoccupied land to divide, and millions dependent upon the wages of labour. All these considerations, of such vital importance in considering the question whether the institutions of America could be applied to this country, were utterly overlooked, and hungry millions panted only the more ardently for the fancied El Dorado of American equality, because it was a dream which never could be realized in this country.

The French writers have often said that England, by its simple vicinity, by the example she set of liberal institutions close to the continental shores, has done more mischief to the adjoining states than even by the thunder of her fleets or the terror of her arms. There can be little doubt that the observation is well founded. The mania of imitation—the passion for transporting the institutions of one country to another—of transplanting privileges and liberties from a nation in one state of civilisation to another, under different circumstances, has done and is doing more to injure the cause of freedom than all the efforts of tyrants for its suppression. The effects it produces are of the very worst kind, because it leads to the formation of constitutions so utterly absurd with reference to the people among whom they are introduced, that consequences the most fatal to public happiness may be apprehended. All the calamities which have befallen the cause of freedom for the last forty years have sprung from the mania of imitation. The French Revolution, with all the unspeakable horrors with which it was attended, and the utter annihilation of public liberty in which it has terminated, arose in a great degree from contagion. It was the Anglomania which first turned the heads of the higher orders, and the example of the American Revolution which next set the train on fire, and convulsed the Old World with the flame originating in the New. It is the example of French equality and licentiousness; of a nation practically invested with all the powers of sovereignty; of all honours and offices flowing from the multitude, no matter for how short a time or with what ruinous consequences, which has ever since agitated the world, and kept the revo-

lutionary party everywhere together, from the hope of one day revelling in similar orgies. The Revolutions of Spain, Naples, and Piedmont, in 1820, all sprung from imitation of the Spanish revolt in the Island of Leon; and the subsequent degradation of the Peninsula is entirely to be ascribed to the promulgation of a constitution both in Spain and Portugal, utterly at variance with their character and interests. In later days, the explosion of the Barriades immediately overturned Flinders, and put the last drop into the cup which made Polish misery overflow; and though last, not least, the ancient fabric of the British Constitution has yielded to the shock of foreign example, and the liberty which had grown up for eight hundred years under the shadow of native institutions, has been exposed to the perilous storms of democratic ambition.

Dangers of a similar and still more alarming kind, threaten the country from the influence of American institutions, ill understood or misapplied. There is nothing to which the republican party everywhere point with such exultation, as the example of American freedom; and glowing eulogies are periodically put forth from the press of this land of general equality, to stimulate the revolutionary spirit of Europe to fresh exertions. Nor is there wanting enough, in the simple narrative of Transatlantic independence, to set on fire cooler heads than the patriots and democrats of modern Europe. The facts of a nation existing without a monarch or nobles, or public debt, rarely engaged in war, steadily advancing in opulence; without pauperism in many of its provinces, without a standing army in any; with an immense commerce, and a boundless territory; with a population doubling every thirty years, and public wealth tripling in the same time, are amply sufficient to account for the powerful interest which they have excited in the Eastern World, and to explain the anxious eyes with which the ardent and enthusiastic so generally turn to its infant fortunes, as the dawn of a brighter day to the human race.

There is no example in the history of the world, of the institutions of one country being transferred to an-

other, without the most disastrous effects; nor is a single instance to be found, in any age, of the successful transplantation of a constitution. This of itself is sufficient to make the prudent pause, before they engage in any such attempt. No people have more obstinately persisted in this system of transferring their own institutions to other states than the English; and in every one instance which they have tried, they have experienced a total failure. Sicily is one of the most memorable instances of their experimental legislation; they thought, when that island was under their power during the late war, that all that was wanting to make its inhabitants perfectly happy, was to give them the English constitution; and accordingly they forthwith proceeded to frame a government for the island, with king, lords, and commons, popular elections, bills, budgets, and all the machinery of British legislation, which was soon found to be so utterly absurd and impracticable among its inhabitants, that, without external violence, it sunk to the ground after a few years' experiment, and the only trace of it which now remains is the expression "*uno budgetto*," a money statement, which has become naturalized in the harmonious language of the Mediterranean shores from its Gothic regenerators.

The Spanish Peninsula is another instance of the total failure of transplanted institutions. In 1812, when English influence was predominant at Cadiz, a constitution was framed for the people of Spain, which has been the direct and immediate cause of the whole subsequent disasters and miseries of the Peninsula; and subsequently, with the same sanction, a similar constitution, based on the same ruinous equality, was extended to Portugal. At once, without any previous habits of preparation, without any enquiry as to its probable working among its varied inhabitants, they introduced a constitution, of which the basis was *universal suffrage* in the election of the Cortes. The effect of such an innovation might have been foreseen, and is now become a matter of history. Its effects were not at first conspicuous; because Ferdinand in-

stantly on his arrival annulled a constitution which nine-tenths of his subjects felt to be impracticable; but the moment that the revolt of 1820 re-established it in both kingdoms of the Peninsula, extreme revolutionary measures were commenced, the property of the church was confiscated, that of the fundholders annihilated, and nothing but the invasion of the Duke d'Angoulême, in 1823, prevented the revival of anarchy in Spain and Portugal, as bloody as the Reign of Terror. The present contest between Don Pedro and Don Miguel is a legacy bequeathed to the Peninsula by the same insane measures; it is the universal suffrage established by our ridiculous Portuguese constitution, which has set all the revolutionists of the Peninsula on fire; and the contest now raging on the banks of the Douro is the direct consequence of the imitation, by European legislators, of American institutions.

Notwithstanding all this, however, the democratic government of the United States is the subject of unmeasured and incessant eulogy by all the revolutionists of the present age. Their avowed object is to transplant to a European soil the tree of American freedom; and the utter failure of all such attempts in other states, only renders them the more anxious to effect it in this island. Nor are such efforts to be despised, merely because all men of sense perceive them to be impracticable, and all men of information are fully impressed with their perilous consequences. The great majority of men, it is always to be recollected, are, so far as politics are concerned, neither possessed of sense nor information; they are mere puppets in the hands of more designing leaders, who pull the wires by means of that never-failing instrument, the public press. Because a series of measures are obviously perilous in the extreme, and will involve in their ultimate consequences the ruin of the very men who urge it forward, is no reason whatever for concluding that it will not be forced upon the Legislature by an imperious populace. The Reform Bill has both taught us what can be done by democratic fury in this way, and esta-

blished a lever, by which it is easy, in all future times, to influence without any apparent violence, all the branches of the Legislature.

It is therefore of incalculable importance, that the institutions of America should be presented to the public in their real colours, by able and impartial observers; men who, without being guided by party feeling or national animosity, see things as they really are, and judge of their application to this country from the dictates of an extended experience. The jaundiced eye of national rivalry, or the enthusiastic glow of republican ardour, are equally at variance with the truth. We can trust neither to Mrs Trollope's ludicrous pictures of American vulgarity, nor Mr StUART's laboured encomium of American equality. Captain HALL's work, amidst much striking talent, and many just and profound observations, is too much tinctured by his ardent and enthusiastic fancy, to form a safe guide on the many debated subjects of national institutions. There was the greatest need, therefore, of a cool and dispassionate survey of America, by a traveller who united the power of genius and the talent of description, with a practical acquaintance with men in all the varieties of political condition; who had seen enough of tyranny to hate its oppression, and enough of democracy to dread its excesses; and who, having nothing to gain from party, and no motive to conceal the truth, brought to the survey of the infant Hercules in the New World an acquaintance with the stores of political wisdom from the Old. Such a traveller is Mr HAMILTON; and we cannot but congratulate our countrymen on the appearance of his valuable work at the present crisis, when all the ancient institutions of our country are successively melting away under the powerful solvent of democratic fervour.

Mr HAMILTON takes the field with no common character to support. As a novelist and a military historian, his productions deservedly rank with the very best authors whom the age has produced. There is no novelist in our day, after the great Father of Romance, who has succeeded in transferring to his pages equally vivid pictures of the most

animating events of life; the enthusiasm of youthful passion, the decision of military exploit, the ardour of devoted affection. He does not describe Cyril Thornton's love for Lady Melicent, or his achievements at Albuera, as an author would who painted the feelings or actions of others; he draws his pictures from the life, like one who has felt the light of ladies' eyes, and heard the ring of enemies' shot; who has in part at least led the eventful life he has so admirably portrayed, and shared in the enthusiastic feelings by which his imaginary characters are animated. In this particular, in the faithful and animated picture of profound attachment and heart-stirring incident, Mr HAMILTON is, in our opinion, beyond any living romance-writer; and we have heard from others, that he had the gratification in America of finding that these brilliant qualities were fully appreciated even in that land of equality and calculation, and that the reputation of Cyril Thornton was, if possible, even higher there than in the land which gave it birth.

In another respect, Mr HAMILTON was peculiarly fitted to accomplish the task he has undertaken in this work. He is both a soldier and a gentleman; he has seen much of the military events which he has described, and acquired, in an extended intercourse with the world, that liberality of sentiment which is rarely witnessed in those, of whatever abilities, who have been confined to a particular country. These qualities, invaluable in a traveller, are in a remarkable degree conspicuous throughout these pages; and however much the Americans may differ with many of his political conclusions, they must admit the candour of his observations, and the courteous spirit in which both his praise and his censure are conceived.

Our author embarked for America in October 1830. He gives the following account of the American character, and the feelings with which they regard this country, which will serve as a specimen of the spirit in which the work is conceived.

"Even from what I have already seen, I feel sure that an American at home is a very different person from an American abroad,

With his foot on his native soil, he appears in his true character; he moves in the sphere for which his habits and education have peculiarly adapted him, and surrounded by his fellow-citizens, he at once gets rid of the embarrassing conviction, that he is regarded as an individual impersonation of the whole honour of the Union. In England, he is generally anxious to demonstrate by indifference of manner, that he is not dazzled by the splendour which surrounds him, and too solicitously forward in denying the validity of all pretensions, which he fears the world may consider as superior to his own. But in his own country he stands confessedly on a footing with the highest. His national vanity remains unruined by opposition or vexatious comparison, and his life passes on in a dreamy and complacent contemplation of the high part, which, in her growing greatness, the United States is soon to assume, in the mighty drama of the world. His imagination is no longer troubled with visions of lords and palaces, and footmen in embroidery and cocked hats; or if he think of these things at all, it is in a spirit far more philosophical than that with which he once regarded them. Connected with England by commercial relations, by community of literature, and a thousand ties, which it will still require centuries to obliterate, he cannot regard her destinies without deep interest. In the contests in which, by the calls of honour, or by the folly of her rulers, she may be engaged, the reason of an American may be against England, but his heart is always with her. He is ever ready to extend to her sons the rites of kindness and hospitality, and is more flattered by their praise, and more keenly sensitive to their censure, than is perhaps quite consistent with a just estimate of the true value of either."

We have no doubt that these observations are perfectly well founded. The excessive solicitude of the Americans for praise, and especially for the praise of the English, is not to be regarded as a fault: it is the invariable feeling of men in a certain stage of civilisation, and indicates that aspiration after eminence which is the surest forerunner of its being ultimately attained. We cannot help, however, suggesting to them, in the perfect feeling of amity and regard, that the really great features of their country would appear still more prominent, if they were less solicitous to arrogate to themselves the highest place in the scale of civilisation. Invariably it will be found, that those

unquestionably possessed of great qualities, are comparatively indifferent to their recognition by others; and that those who are insatiable of praise, are such as are conscious of some secret defect, which renders the support of others desirable. Are you acquainted with a Duchess or a Countess? The usual attentions of society may be omitted towards them, without exciting any considerable feeling of irritation; but if your acquaintance is on the frontiers of vulgarity, a visit cannot be omitted without the risk of a quarrel for life. An ordinary man conceives mortal offence at being called a coward; but any one may apply that epithet to the Duke of Wellington, without exciting any other feeling but that of pity for his ignorance.

Mr Hamilton justly and candidly distinguishes between the higher classes of the old American society, which is little, if at all distinguishable, from that of the superior sort in this country, and the upstarts whose pretensions and vulgarity have thrown such discredit on the whole nation. Of the former species of society, comprehending Mr Livingston, Mr Gallatin, Mr Jay, and several other gentlemen of high accomplishments, he says,—

"One of the most pleasant evenings I have passed since my arrival, was at a club composed of gentlemen of literary taste, which includes among its members several of the most eminent individuals of the Union. The meetings are weekly, and take place at the house of each member in succession. The party generally assemble about eight o'clock; an hour or two is spent in conversation; supper follows: and after a moderate, though social potation, the meeting breaks up. I had here the honour of being introduced to Mr Livingston, lieutenant-governor of the State, Mr Gallatin, Mr Jay, and several other gentlemen of high accomplishment.

"An evening passed in such company, could not be other than delightful. There was no monopoly of conversation, but it current flowed on equably and agreeably. Subjects of literature and politics were discussed with an entire absence of that bigotry and dogmatism, which sometimes destroy the pleasure of interchange of opinion, even between minds of high order. For myself, I was glad to enjoy an opportunity of observing the modes of thinking peculiar to

intellect of the first class in this new and interesting country, and I looked forward to nothing with more pleasure, than availing myself of the obliging invitation to repeat my visits at the future meetings of the Club."

His observations on the higher class of New Englanders are in the same liberal strain.

"It certainly struck me as singular," says he, "that while the great body of the New Englanders are distinguished above every other people I have ever known by bigotry and narrowness of mind, and an utter disregard of those delicacies of deportment which indicate benevolence of feeling, the higher and more enlightened portion of the community should be peculiarly remarkable for the display of qualities precisely the reverse. Nowhere in the United States will the feelings, and even prejudices of a stranger, meet with such forbearance as in the circle to which I allude. Nowhere are the true delicacies of social intercourse more scrupulously observed, and nowhere will a traveller mingle in society, where his errors of opinion will be more rigidly detected or more charitably excused. I look back on the period of my residence in Boston with peculiar pleasure. I trust there are individuals there who regard me as a friend, and I know of nothing in the more remote contingencies of life, which I contemplate with greater satisfaction, than the possibility of meeting in this country, with at least some of the number, an intercourse which I found so gratifying in their own."

He also gives a decided negative to the assertion so often repeated by superficial or partial observers in this country, that the Americans are prejudiced against the English.

"It has been often said,—indeed said so often as to have passed into a popular apophthegm, that a strong prejudice against Englishmen exists in America. Looking back on the whole course of my experience in that country, I now declare, that no assertion more utterly adverse to truth, was ever palmed by prejudice or ignorance, on vulgar credulity. That a prejudice exists, I admit, but instead of being *against* Englishmen, as compared with the natives of other countries, it is a prejudice *in their favour*. The Americans do not weigh the merits of their foreign visitors in an equal balance. They are only too apt to throw their own partialities into the scale of the Englishman, and give it a preponderance to which the claims of the individual have probably no pretensions."

It is gratifying to hear a fellow-soldier of Wellington speaking in the following terms of the American naval officers.

"The United States' hotel, where I had taken up my abode, was a favourite resort of American naval officers. An opportunity was thus afforded me of forming acquaintance with several, to whom I was indebted for many kind and most obliging attentions. It must be confessed, that these republicans have carried with them their full share of 'Old Albion's spirit of the sea,' for better sailors, in the best and highest acceptance of the term, I do not believe the world can produce. During the course of my tour, I had a good deal of intercourse with the members of this profession; and I must say, that in an officer of the United States' navy, I have uniformly found, not only a well-informed gentleman, but a person on whose kindness and good offices to a stranger I might with confidence rely. They betray nothing of that silly spirit of bluster and bravado, so prevalent among other classes of their countrymen; and even in conversing on the events of the late war, they spoke of their success in a tone of modesty which tended to raise even the high impression I had already received of their gallantry."

These passages, selected at random from a great many others of the same kind with which the work abounds, must sufficiently establish the character of our author for candour and courtesy. But it is not to be imagined from this, that he is a thick-and-thin admirer of the Americans and their institutions; or that he imagines, with the common herd of liberal writers, that every thing is perfect, merely because it is democratic. The following observation on the efficiency of the American navy, and the cause to which it is owing, indicates the justness of his discrimination:—

"Every thing in their navy yards is conducted with admirable judgment, for the plain reason, as the Americans themselves assure me, that the management of the navy is a department in which the mob, everywhere else triumphant, never venture to interfere. There is good sense in this abstinence. The principles of government, which are applicable to a civil community, would make sad work in a man-of-war. The moment a sailor is afloat, he must cast the slough of democracy, and both in word and action cease to be a free man. Every ship is necessarily a despotism, and the ex-

istence of any thing like a deliberative body, is utterly incompatible with safety. The necessity of blind obedience is imperious, though it is not easy to understand how those accustomed to liberty and equality on shore, can readily submit to the rigours of naval discipline."

Nothing can be more just than this observation. In truth, the exploits of the Americans by sea and land, so far from being any argument in favour of democratic institutions, are directly the reverse. Their successes at sea, it is well known, and Mr Hamilton adds his testimony to the fact, have arisen under a system of despotic discipline, far more rigorous than that to which British seamen are subjected, and which utterly excludes all those privileges afloat, to which the nation is so much wedded in its institutions ashore. And as to their exploits by land, they exhibit the most striking instance of the national imbecility, arising from democratic institutions, which is perhaps to be found in the history of the world. General Jomini justly observes, that America affords the most signal instance of the incapacity of a republican government to discharge that first of duties, protection to its subjects; for, with a population then of eight millions, it was unable to prevent its capital from being captured by a British division of 4000 men; a force which any of the minor states in Germany would have beat off with disgrace. It is not where states are really democratic, but where the democracy is coerced and subdued by a committee of public safety, or a Napoleon, that it really forms a powerful state; and the rise of its foreign importance is contemporaneous with the fall of its internal privileges.

We have often had occasion to observe, that the natural tendency of democracy, as of every other unruled passion, when not kept within due bounds, is to increase; and that this augmentation goes on progressively till it induces evils that are intolerable, and bring about a rapid return to the natural order of society. Mr Hamilton teaches us, that even the universal suffrage of America affords no security against this great evil, and that the progress from bad to worse is going on as

rapidly among its sovereign multitude, as in the aristocratic states of modern Europe.

"One fact is confessed by all parties, that the progress of democratic principles from the period of the Revolution has been very great. During my whole residence in the United States, I conversed with no enlightened American, who did not confess, that the constitution now, though the same in letter with that established in 1789, is essentially different in spirit. It was undoubtedly the wish of Washington and Hamilton to counterpoise, as much as circumstances would permit, the rashness of democracy by the caution and wisdom of an aristocracy of intelligence and wealth. There is now no attempt at counterpoise. The weight is all in one scale, and how low, by continued increase of pressure, it is yet to descend, would require a prophet of some sagacity to foretell. I shall state a few circumstances which may illustrate the progress and tendency of opinion among the people of New York.

"In that city a separation is rapidly taking place between the different orders of society. The operative class have already formed themselves into a society, under the name of '*The Workies*,' in direct opposition to those who, more favoured by nature or fortune, enjoy the luxuries of life without the necessity of manual labour. These people make no secret of their demands, which, to do them justice, are few and emphatic. They are published in the newspapers, and may be read on half the walls of New York. Their first postulate is '*EQUAL AND UNIVERSAL EDUCATION*.' It is false, they say, to maintain that there is at present no privileged order, no practical aristocracy, in a country where distinctions of education are permitted.

"There does exist, they argue, an aristocracy of the most odious kind—an aristocracy of knowledge, education, and refinement, which is inconsistent with the true democratic principle of absolute equality. They pledge themselves, therefore, to exert every effort, mental and physical, for the abolition of this flagrant injustice. They proclaim it to the world as a nuisance which must be abated, before the freedom of an American be something more than a mere empty boast. They solemnly declare that they will not rest satisfied, till every citizen in the United States shall receive the same degree of education, and start fair in the competition for the honours and the offices of the state. As it is of course impossible—and these men know it to be so—to educate the labouring class to the standard of the richer, it is their professed object to re-

duce the latter to the same mental condition with the former; to prohibit all supererogatory knowledge; to have a maximum of acquirement beyond which it shall be punishable to go.

"But those who limit their views to the mental degradation of their country, are in fact the MODERATES of the party. There are others who go still further, and boldly advocate the introduction of an AGRARIAN LAW, and a periodical division of property. These unquestionably constitute the *extrême gauche* of the Works Parliament, but still they only follow out the principles of their less violent neighbours, and eloquently dilate on the justice and propriety of every individual being equally supplied with food and clothing; on the monstrous iniquity of one man riding in his carriage while another walks on foot, and after his drive discussing a bottle of Champagne, while many of his neighbours are shamefully compelled to be content with the pure element. Only equalize property, they say, and neither would drink Champagne or water, but both would have Brandy, a consummation worthy of centuries of struggle to attain.

"All this is nonsense undoubtedly, nor do I say that this party, though strong in New York, is yet so numerous or so widely diffused as to create immediate alarm. In the elections, however, for the civic offices of the city, their influence is strongly felt; and there can be no doubt that as population becomes more dense, and the supply of labour shall equal, or exceed the demand for it, the strength of this party must be enormously augmented. Their ranks will always be recruited by the needy, the idle, and the profligate; and like a rolling snowball, it will gather strength and volume as it proceeds, until at length it comes down thundering with the force and desolation of an avalanche.

"This event may be distant, but it is not the less certain on that account. It is nothing to say, that the immense extent of fertile territory yet to be occupied by an unborn population will delay the day of ruin. It will delay, but it cannot prevent it."

Nothing can be more important than these observations. They show us the point to which we are all driving; the *terminus ad quem* which forms the limit of British civilisation. Supposing the wishes of the democratic party to be all gratified—supposing royalty and aristocracy abolished, annual parliaments and universal suffrage established; the funds abolished; the Church property confiscated; still we shall be as far from having established any

thing like contentment and satisfaction among the lower orders as ever. Even then the elements of discord, interminable discord, between the higher and lower orders, will remain; the aristocracy of education and manners will become as much the object of jealousy as ever was that of wealth and station; and at last, if every thing else fails, the aristocracy of coats will become the object of hatred, as Salvandy tells us it now is in France, to that of waistcoats. If levelling principles finally obtain the ascendant, it can lead to no other result, but the prostration of manners, knowledge, and character; of every thing which gives dignity to private, or usefulness to public life; of the elevation of science to the refinement of art; of all that elevates or adorns the human species! Such is the result in their own favoured land, which the triumph of republican principles is producing; and such the object which the revolutionists everywhere pursue through such oceans of blood.

But let it not be supposed that even these extreme democratic institutions are destined to preserve the Americans from the dangers of revolution. They are now postponed only, by the facility of acquiring property, and the boundless extent of uncultivated land; but when these resources fail, as fail they must in the progress of time, the pressure will be felt there as well as in Europe, and revolution approach only in a more dangerous form, from the absence of all those classes or institutions in society which might oppose a barrier to its devastation. These truths are put in a very clear view by Mr Hamilton.

"No man can contemplate the vast internal resources of the United States,—the varied productions of their soil,—the unparalleled extent of river communication,—the inexhaustible stores of coal and iron which are spread even on the surface,—and doubt that the Americans are destined to become a great manufacturing nation. Whenever increase of population shall have reduced the price of labour to a par with that in other countries, these advantages will come into full play; the United States will then meet England on fair terms in every market of the world, and, in many branches of industry at least, will very probably attain an unquestioned superiority.

Huge manufacturing cities will spring up in various quarters of the Union, the population will congregate in masses, and all the vices incident to such a condition of society will attain speedy maturity. Millions of men will depend for subsistence on the demand for a particular manufacture, and yet this demand will of necessity be liable to perpetual fluctuation. When the pendulum vibrates in one direction, there will be an influx of wealth and prosperity; when it vibrates in the other, misery, discontent, and turbulence will spread through the land. A change of fashion, a war, the glut of a foreign market, a thousand unforeseen and inevitable accidents, are liable to produce this, and deprive multitudes of bread, who but a month before were enjoying all the comforts of life. Let it be remembered that in this suffering class will be practically deposited the whole political power of the state; that there can be no military force to maintain civil order, and protect property; and to what quarter, I should be glad to know, is the rich man to look for security, either of person or fortune?

"There will be no occasion, however, for convulsion or violence. The *Worky* convention will only have to choose representatives of their own principles, in order to accomplish a general system of spoliation in the most legal and constitutional manner. It is not even necessary that a majority of the federal legislature should concur in this. It is competent to the government of each state to dispose of the property within their own limits as they think proper, and whenever a *numerical* majority of the people shall be in favour of an Agrarian law, there exists no counteracting influence to prevent, or even to retard its adoption.

"I cannot help believing that the period of trial is somewhat less distant than many of the Americans seem to imagine. If the question be conceded that democracy necessarily leads to anarchy and spoliation, it does not seem that the mere length of road to be travelled is a point of much importance. This, of course, would vary according to the peculiar circumstances of every country in which the experiment might be tried. In England the journey would be performed with railway velocity. In the United States, with the great advantages they possess, it may continue a generation or two longer, but the termination is the same. The doubt regards time, not destination.

"At present the United States are perhaps more safe from revolutionary contention than any other country in the world. But this safety consists in one circumstance alone. *The great majority of the people are possessors of property*; have what is called a stake

in the hedge; and are therefore, by interest, opposed to all measures which may tend to its insecurity. It is for such a condition of society that the present constitution was framed; and could this great bulwark of prudent government, be rendered as permanent as it is effective, there could be no assignable limit to the prosperity of a people so favoured. But the truth is undeniable, that as population increases, another state of things must necessarily arise, and one unfortunately never dreamt of in the philosophy of American legislators. The majority of the people will then consist of men without property of any kind, subject to the immediate pressure of want, and then will be decided the great struggle between property and numbers; on the one side hunger, rapacity, and physical power; reason, justice, and helplessness on the other. The weapons of this fearful contest are already forged; the hands will soon be born that are to wield them. At all events, let no man appeal to the stability of the American government as being established by experience, till this trial has been overpast. Forty years are no time to test the permanence, or, if I may so speak, the vitality of a constitution, the immediate advantages of which are strongly felt, and the evils latent and comparatively remote.

"After much—I hope impartial and certainly patient—observation, it does appear to me, that universal suffrage is the rock on which American freedom is most likely to suffer shipwreck. The intrinsic evils of the system are very great, and its adoption in the United States was the more monstrous, because a qualification in property is there not only a test of intelligence, but of moral character. The man must either be idle or profligate, or more probably both, who does not, in a country where labour is so highly rewarded, obtain a qualification of some sort. He is evidently unworthy of the right of suffrage, and by every wise legislature will be debarred from its exercise. In densely peopled countries the test of property in reference to moral qualities is fallible,—perhaps too fallible to be relied on with much confidence. In the United States it is *unerring*, or at least the possible exceptions are so few, and must arise from circumstances so peculiar, that it is altogether unnecessary they should find any place in the calculations of a statesman. But American legislators have thought proper to cast away this inestimable advantage. Seeing no immediate danger in the utmost extent of suffrage, they were content to remain blind to the future. They took every precaution that the rights of the poor man should not be encroached on by the rich, but never seem to have contemplated the

possibility that the rights of the latter might be violated by the former. American protection, like Irish reciprocity, was all on one side. It was withheld where most needed; it was profusely lavished where there was no risk of danger. They put a sword in the hand of one combatant, and took the shield from the arm of the other."

One of the worst effects of a low suffrage in electors is the immediate effect which it produces in lowering the character and qualification of the representatives, and assimilating the legislature to the vulgar and ignorant mass on which the majority of it depends for its existence. Two years ago, this would have passed for the mere raving of a disappointed Tory: it is now matter of history and universal notoriety. The Reformed Parliament has solved that as well as many other disputed points in political science; and how much lower yet we are destined to fall in this woful career, may be learned from the example of our Transatlantic brethren.

"To an American of talent, there exist no objects to stimulate political ambition, save the higher offices of the federal government, or of the individual States. The latter, indeed, are chiefly valued for the increased facilities they afford for the attainment of the former; but to either, the only passport is popular favour. Acquirements of any sort, therefore, which the great mass of the people do not value, or are incapable of appreciating, are of no practical advantage, for they bring with them neither fame nor more substantial reward. But this is understating the case. Such knowledge, if displayed at all, would not merely be a dead letter in the qualifications of a candidate for political power, it would oppose a decided obstacle to his success. The sovereign people in America are given to be somewhat intolerant of acquirement, the immediate utility of which they cannot appreciate, but which they do feel has imparted something of mental superiority to its possessor. This is particularly the case with regard to literary accomplishment. The cry of the people is for '*equal and universal education*'; and attainments which circumstances have placed beyond their own reach, they would willingly discountenance in others.

"It is true, indeed, that with regard to mere professional acquirements, a different feeling prevails. The people have no objection to a clever surgeon or a learned physician, because they profit by their skill. An ingenious mechanic they respect. There is a fair field for a chemist or engineer. But

in regard to literature, they can discover no practical benefit of which it is productive. In their eyes it is a mere appanage of aristocracy, and whatever mental superiority it is felt to confer, is at the expense of the self-esteem of less educated men. I have myself heard in Congress the imputation of scholarship bandied as a reproach; and if the epithet of 'literary gentleman' may be considered as malignant, as it did sometimes appear to be gratuitous, there assuredly existed ample apology for the indignant feeling it appeared to excite. The truth I believe is, that in their political representatives, the people demand just so much knowledge and accomplishment as they conceive to be practically available for the promotion of their own interests. Thus, in their opinion, is enough. More were but to gild refined gold, and paint the lily, operations which could add nothing to the value of the metal, or the fragrance of the flower."

On the great subject of Parliamentary Reform, then a matter of keen interest in Great Britain, Mr Hamilton had many and interesting conversations with the most intelligent men of all parties in America. He found but one opinion among *them all*, whether Federalist or Republican, as to the ruinous consequence to which that fatal measure would inevitably lead. Let us hear the opinion of these republicans on the great legislative experiment of the nineteenth century.

"The subject of Parliamentary Reform in all its bearings was very frequently discussed in the society of Boston. It was one on which I had anticipated little difference of opinion among the citizens of a republic. Admitting that their best wishes were in favour of the prosperity of Britain, and the stability of her constitution, I expected that their judgment would necessarily point to great and immediate changes in a monarchy confessedly not free from abuse. For myself, though considered, I believe, as something of a Radical at home, I had come to the United States prepared to hear the imputation of Toryism among a people whose ideas of liberty were carried so much further than my own.

"In all these anticipations I was mistaken. Strange to say, I found myself quite as much a Radical at Boston, and very nearly as much so in New York, as I had been considered in England. It was soon apparent that the great majority of the more enlightened class in both cities regarded any great and sudden change in the British institutions as pregnant with the most imminent danger. In their eyes the chance of

ultimate advantage was utterly insignificant, when weighed against the certainty of immediate peril. 'You at present,' they said, 'enjoy more practical freedom than has ever in the whole experience of mankind been permanently secured to a nation by any institutions. Your government, whatever may be its defects, enjoys at least this inestimable advantage, that the habits of the people are adapted to it. This cannot be the case in regard to any change, however calculated to be ultimately beneficial. The process of moral adaptation is ever slow and precarious, and the experience of the world demonstrates that it is far better that the intelligence of a people should be in advance of their institutions, than that the institutions should precede the advancement of the people. In the former case, however theoretically bad, their laws will be practically modified by the influence of public opinion; in the latter, however good in themselves, they cannot be secure or beneficial in their operation. We speak as men whose opinions have been formed from experience, under a government, popular in the widest sense of the term. As friends, we caution you to beware. We pretend not to judge whether change be necessary. If it be, we trust it will at least be gradual; that your statesmen will approach the work of reform with the full knowledge that every single innovation will occasion the necessity of many. The appetite for change in a people grows with what it feeds on. It is insatiable. Go as far as you will, at some point you must stop, and that point will be short of the wish of a large portion—probably of a numerical majority—of your population. By no concession does it appear to us that you can avert the battle that awaits you. You have but the choice whether the great struggle shall be for reform or property.'"

These opinions are well worthy of the most deliberate consideration. Nothing is more certain than that those engaged in a movement of any kind, whether physical or moral, are incapable of judging either of the rapidity of the motion by which they are swept along, or the ultimate tendency of their progress. Nothing, as was admirably observed on a late occasion in the House of Peers, so exactly resembles our present condition, as the descent of a waggon down a smooth inclined plane; the bystanders all perceive the velocity of the descent, but those on board are not conscious of it till some obstacle or attempt to arrest the motion produces a violent shock, which at once makes them sensible of it. In such circumstances, it is of incalculable

importance to see what is thought of our movement by enlightened foreigners, and most of all by those of our own lineage on the other side of the Atlantic, themselves familiar with democratic institutions, and aware, from actual experience, of the tendency of such a system of government. And if this is the opinion of the Americans, even with all the safety-valves, against the evil effects of democracy, which the back settlements, and a boundless demand for labour, afford, what may be expected to ensue in these islands, where no such outlets exist, and a redundant population, invested with supreme political power by the Reform Bill, violently presses against the barriers which old institutions, and a highly artificial system of society, must oppose to their progress?

Hamilton was the only American legislator who was fully aware of the quarter from which danger was really to be apprehended for his country.

"It may be truly said of him," says our author, "that with every temptation to waver in his political course, the path he followed was a straight one. He was too honest, and too independent, to truckle to a mob, and too proud to veil or modify opinions, which, he must have known, were little calculated to secure popular favour. Hamilton brought to the task of legislation a powerful and perspicacious intellect, and a memory stored with the results of the experience of past ages. He viewed mankind not as a theorist, but as a practical philosopher, and was never deceived by the false and flimsy dogmas of human perfectibility, which dazzled the weaker vision of such men as Jefferson and Madison. In activity of mind, in soundness of judgment, and in the power of comprehensive induction, he unquestionably stood the first man of his age and country. While the apprehensions of other statesmen were directed against the anticipated encroachments of the executive power, Hamilton saw clearly that the true danger menaced from another quarter. He was well aware that democracy, not monarchy, was the rock on which the future destinies of his country were in peril of shipwreck: He was therefore desirous that the new Federal Constitution should be framed as much as possible on the model of that of England, which, beyond all previous experience, had been found to produce the result of secure and rational liberty. It is a false charge on Hamilton, that he contemplated the introduction of monarchy, or of the corruptions which had contributed to impair the value of the British constitution;

but he certainly was anxious that a salutary and effective check should be found in the less popular of the legislative bodies, on the occasional rash and hasty impulses of the other. He was favourable to a senate chosen for life; to a federal government sufficiently strong to enforce its decrees in spite of party opposition, and the conflicting jealousies of the different States; to a representation rather founded on property and intelligence than on mere numbers; and perhaps of the two evils, would have preferred the tyranny of a single dictator, to the more degrading despotism of a mob."

Mr Jefferson is a statesman whose praises are never out of the mouths of the democratic party in both hemispheres. Let us attend to the private character of this uncompromising friend of freedom.

"The moral character of Jefferson was repulsive. Continually pining about liberty, equality, and the degrading curse of slavery, he brought his own children to the hammer, and made money of his debaucheries. Even at his death he did not manumit his numerous off-spring, but left them, soul and body, to degradation, and the cart-whip. A daughter of Jefferson was sold some years ago, by public auction, at New Orleans, and purchased by a society of gentlemen, who wished to testify, by her liberation, their admiration of the statesman,

* With

on a slave

This single line gives more insight to the character of the man, than whole volumes of panegyric. It will outlive his epitaph, write it who may."

In Europe, the ascending intellect and increasing information of every successive generation, have long been conspicuous; and society has exhibited for three hundred years the animating spectacle of each successive generation being more elevated and refined than that which preceded it. But that is far from being the case in America. There the degrading equalizing tendency of democracy is daily experienced with more deplorable effects; and instead of the lower orders ascending to the intelligence and elegance of the superior, the better order of citizens are fast descending to the level of the labouring classes. Each successive generation is more coarse, and less enlightened, than that which precedes it: accomplishments and knowledge die out with existing generations, and society exhibits the

melancholy spectacle of an incessant deterioration in all the ennobling qualities of the human mind. This is no more than what *a priori* might have been expected, and what we have repeatedly prophesied would speedily come to pass in this country. Human affairs never stand still; they are either advancing or declining: the lower orders are daily assimilating themselves to the higher, or the higher are descending to the level of their inferiors. The class in whom political power practically resides is the one which gives its character either for good or evil to this progress: if that class is above the average of intellectual acquirement, the change is progressive, and society is constantly advancing; if it is below it, the change is ever for the worse, and it as certainly recedes. America, Mr Hamilton tells us, exhibits the painful spectacle of the latter of these alternatives.

"I am well aware," he observes, "it will be urged, that the state of things I have described is merely transient, and that when population shall become more dense, and increased competition shall render commerce and agriculture less lucrative, the pursuits of science and literature will engross their due portion of the national talent. I hope it may be so, but yet it cannot be disguised, that there hitherto has been no visible approximation towards such a condition of society." In the present generation of Americans, I can detect no symptom of improving taste, or increasing elevation of intellect. On the contrary, the fact has been irresistibly forced on my conviction, that they are altogether inferior to those, whose place, in the course of nature, they are soon destined to occupy. Compared with their fathers, I have no hesitation in pronouncing the younger portion of the richer classes to be less liberal, less enlightened, less observant of the proprieties of life, and certainly far less pleasing in manner and deportment.

"In England every new generation starts forward into life with advantages far superior to its predecessor. Each successive crop—if I may so write—of legislators, is marked by increase of knowledge and enlargement of thought. The standard of acquirement necessary to attain distinction in public life, is now confessedly higher than it was thirty years ago. The intellectual currency of the country, instead of being depreciated, has advanced in value, while the issue has been prodigiously enlarged. True, there are no giants in our days, but this may be in part at least accounted for, by a general increase of stature in the people. We have

gained at least an inch upon our fathers, and have the gratifying prospect of appearing diminutive when compared with our children.

"But if this be so in America, I confess my observation is at fault. I can discern no prospect of her soon becoming a mental benefactor to the world. Elementary instruction, it is true, has generally kept pace with the rapid progress of population; but while the steps of youth are studiously directed to the base of the mountain of knowledge, no facilities have been provided for scaling its summit. There is at this moment nothing in the United States worthy of the name of a library. Not only is there an entire absence of learning, in the higher sense of the term, but an absolute want of the material from which alone learning can be extracted. At present an American might study every book within the limits of the Union, and still be regarded in many parts of Europe—especially in Germany—as a man comparatively ignorant. And why does a great nation thus voluntarily continue in a state of intellectual destitution so anomalous and humiliating? There are libraries to be sold in Europe. Books might be imported in millions. Is it poverty, or is it ignorance of their value, that withholds America from the purchase? I should be most happy to believe the former."

Here, then, is the result, the tried result, of the boasted democratic changes which are going forward with such vigour amongst us at this time. A continual decline in intellectual acquirement, a constant degradation of taste, a ceaseless return of the human mind to that level from which society in modern Europe has so long been elevated. That this is the natural tendency of such changes is sufficiently demonstrated by what we see around us. That the Legislature has been essentially vulgarized since the passing of the Reform Bill is matter of common observation: that the character of intellect, and the average of acquirement in it, is incomparably lower than has been the case with any Parliament since the Revolution, is universally admitted. Whence is this change? Simply because an inferior class, a class to whom the more elevated branches of knowledge are unknown, or by whom they are little valued, has been elevated into political power. Let the same system work for half a century, and where will be the country of Milton and Newton? Without any external shock, with-

out any internal convulsion, if such a thing were within the bounds of possibility under our present system of Government, we shall gradually, but certainly, relapse into a state of vulgarity and barbarism. The French, from the impulse which democracy received by the Revolution of the Barricades, are fast falling back, as all their writers tell us, into this degraded state: and the country of Shakspeare and Bacon, under the influence of the same solvent, is still more rapidly entering into equal moral and intellectual degradation.

On almost every subject of political science, the example of the United States may serve as a beacon to this country. In the condition of the emancipated Negroes in those parts of the Union where slavery has been long abolished by law, may be discerned a prototype of the future condition of the black population in our West India islands, supposing the system of emancipation to act as smoothly as its most ardent supporters could desire.

"On the whole," says Mr Hamilton, "I cannot help considering it a mistake to suppose that slavery has been abolished in the Northern States of the Union. It is true, indeed, that in these States the power of compulsory labour no longer exists; and that one human being within their limits, can no longer claim property in the flesh and sinews of another. But is this all that is implied in the boon of freedom? If the word mean any thing, it must mean the enjoyment of equal rights, and the unfettered exercise in each individual of such powers and faculties as God has given him. In this true meaning of the word, it may be safely asserted, that this poor degraded caste are still slaves. They are subjected to the most grinding and humiliating of all slaveries, that of universal and unconquerable prejudice. The whip, indeed, has been removed from the back of the Negro, but the chains are still on his limbs, and he bears the brand of degradation on his forehead. What is it but mere abuse of language to call him *free*, who is tyrannically deprived of all the motives to exertion which animate other men? The law, in truth, has left him in that most pitiable of all conditions, *a masterless slave*."

The press is the great purificator to which the Movement party all over the world look for the means of regenerating society, and correcting all the evils of the body politic.

There is no source of corruption, they tell us, which is not directly accessible to its influence, and liable to be corrected by its exertions. Let us attend to the state of this great regenerating engine in the land where its operations have been most unfettered, and its boasted purifying effects may be expected to have been most considerable.

"Every Englishman must be struck with the great inferiority of American newspapers to those of his own country. In order to form a fair estimate of their merit, I read newspapers from all parts of the Union, and found them utterly contemptible in point of talent, and dealing in abuse so virulent, as to excite a feeling of disgust not only with the writers, but with the public which afforded them support. Tried by this standard—and I know not how it can be objected to—the moral feeling of this people must be estimated lower than in any deductions from other circumstances I have ventured to rate it. Public men would appear to be proof against all charges which are not naturally connected with the penitentiary or the gibbet. The war of politics seems not the contest of opinion supported by appeal to enlightened argument, and acknowledged principles, but the squabble of greedy and abusive partisans, appealing to the vilest passions of the populace, and utterly unscrupulous as to their instruments of attack.

"I assert this deliberately, and with a full recollection of the unwarrantable lengths to which political hostility in England is too often carried. Our newspaper and periodical press is bad enough. Its sins against propriety cannot be justified, and ought not to be defended. But its violence is meekness, its liberty restraint, and even its atrocities are virtues, when compared with that system of brutal and ferocious outrage which distinguishes the press in America. In England, even an insinuation against personal honour is intolerable. A hint—a breath—the contemplation even of a possibility of tarnish—such things are sufficient to poison the tranquillity, and, unless met by prompt vindication, to ruin the character of a public man; but in America, it is thought necessary to have recourse to other weapons. The strongest epithets of a ruffian vocabulary are put in requisition. No villainy is too gross or improbable to be attributed to a statesman in this intelligent community. An editor knows the swallow of his readers, and of course deals out nothing which he considers likely to stick in their gullet. He knows the fineness of their moral feelings, and his own interest leads him to keep within the limits of democratic propriety.

"The opponents of a candidate for office

are generally not content with denouncing his principles, or deducing from the tenor of his political life grounds for questioning the purity of his motives. They accuse him boldly of burglary or arson, or, at the very least, of petty larceny. Time, place, and circumstance, are all stated. The candidate for Congress or the Presidency is broadly asserted to have picked pockets or pocketed silver spoons, or to have been guilty of something equally mean and contemptible. Two instances of this occur at this moment to my memory. In one newspaper, a member of Congress was denounced as having feloniously broken open a scrutoire, and having thence stolen certain bills and bank-notes; another was charged with selling franks at twopence a-piece, and thus coppering his pocket at the expense of the public.

"The circumstances to which I have alluded admit of easy explanation. Newspapers are so cheap in the United States, that the generality even of the lowest order can afford to purchase them. They therefore depend for support on the most ignorant class of the people. Every thing they contain must be accommodated to the taste and apprehension of men who labour daily for their bread, and are of course indifferent to refinement either of language or reasoning. With such readers, whoever 'peppers the highest is surest to please.' Strong words take place of strong arguments, and every vulgar booby who can rail names, and procure a set of types upon credit, may set up as an editor, with a fair prospect of success.

"In England, it is fortunately still different. Newspapers being expensive, the great body of their supporters are to be found among people of comparative wealth and intelligence, though they practically circulate among the poorer classes in abundance sufficient for all purposes of information. The public, whose taste they are obliged to consult, is, therefore, of a higher order; and the consequence of this arrangement is apparent in the vast superiority of talent they display, and in the wider range of knowledge and argument which they bring to bear on all questions of public interest.

"How long this may continue it is impossible to predict, but I trust the Chancellor of the Exchequer will weigh well the consequences, before he ventures to take off, or even materially to diminish, the tax on newspapers. He may rely on it, that, bad as the state of the public press may be, it cannot be improved by any legislative measure. Remove the stamp-duty, and the consequence will inevitably be, that there will be two sets of newspapers, one for the rich and educated, the other for the poor and ignorant. England, like America, will be inundated by productions contemptible in

point of talent, but not the less mischievous on that account. The check of enlightened opinion—the only efficient one—on the press will be annihilated. The standard of knowledge and morals will be lowered; and let it above all be remembered, that this tax, if removed, can never after be imposed.

Once abolished, be the consequences what they may, it is abolished for ever.

“The truth is, that in all controversies of public men, the only tribunal of appeal is the people, in the broadest acceptance of the term. An American statesman must secure the support of a numerical majority of the population, or his schemes of ambition at once fall to the ground. Give him the support of the vulgar, and he may despise the opinion of the enlightened, the honourable, and the high-minded. He can only profess motives palpable to the gross perceptions of the mean and ignorant. He adapts his language, therefore, not only to their understandings, but to their taste; in short, he must stoop to conquer, and having done so, can never resume the proud bearing and unbending attitude of independence.”

These observations carry the air of truth upon their very face. The increasing degradation of the press in America is owing to the same cause as the progressive decline of its public men, and general standard of excellence. Both arise from the fatal ascendancy of a single class in society; from the prostration of talent, knowledge, genius, and eloquence, before the coarse habits and coarser tastes of a vulgar but irresistible body of electors. In this way democratic institutions, and a free press, act and react upon each other: the violence of the newspapers addressed to the class with whom such qualities are in an especial manner likely to be popular, corrupts and poisons the great majority of the electors; while universal suffrage, by vesting supreme political power in the lower classes, and rendering their votes decisive of every species of political advancement, contributes in its turn to keep in a perpetual state of debasement the press, the great modeller of public thought. And that these are not visionary dangers; that Mr Hamilton, in giving this vivid picture of the tendency of the press in America, has stated no more than the truth, is proved by the concurring

testimony of another witness, to whose evidence the revolutionists at least are not likely to state any exception. “The evils arising from the licentiousness of the press,” says President Jefferson, “have been such in America, that they exceed any thing that could possibly have resulted from its thralldom. It has become impossible to put any reliance on any thing which comes through such filthy channels.”

The religious institutions of the United States, or rather the absence of any religious institutions, have long been the theme of unmeasured eulogy from the infidel and revolutionary party all over the world. Let us hear Mr Hamilton's account of the practical working of this system.

“In the country differences of religious opinion rend society into shreds and patches, varying in every thing of colour, form, and texture. In a village, the population of which is barely sufficient to fill one church, and support one clergyman, the inhabitants are either forced to want religious ministration altogether, or the followers of different sects must agree on some compromise, by which each yields up some portion of his creed to satisfy the objections of his neighbour. This breeds argument, dispute, and bitterness of feeling. The Socinian will not object to an Arian clergyman, but declines having any thing to do with a supporter of the Trinity. The Calvinist will consent to tolerate the doctrine of free agency, if combined with that of absolute and irrespective decrees. The Baptist may give up the assertion of some favourite dogmas, but clings to adult baptism as a *sine qua non*. And thus with other sects. But who is to inculcate such a jumble of discrepant and irreconcilable doctrine? No one can shape his doctrine according to the anomalous and piebald creed prescribed by such a congregation, and the practical result is, that some one sect becomes victorious for a time; jealousies deepen into antipathies, and what is called an *opposition church* probably springs up in the village. Still harmony is not restored. The rival clergymen attack each other from the pulpit; newspapers are enlisted on either side; and religious warfare is waged with the bitterness, if not the learning which has distinguished the controversies of abler polemics.

"There is one advantage of an established church, which only those, perhaps, who have visited the United States can duly appreciate. In England, a large body of highly educated gentlemen annually issue from the Universities to discharge the duties of the clerical office throughout the kingdom. By this means, a certain stability is given to religious opinion; and even those who dissent from the church, are led to judge of their pastors by a higher standard, and to demand a greater amount of qualification than is ever thought of in a country like the United States. This result is undoubtedly of the highest benefit to the community. The light of the established church penetrates to the chapel of the dissenter, and there is a moral check on religious extravagance, the operation of which is not the less efficacious, because it is silent and unperceived by those on whom its influence is exerted.

"Religion is not one of those articles, the supply of which may be left to be regulated by the demand. The necessity for it is precisely greatest when the demand is least; and a government neglects its first and highest duty, which fails to provide for the spiritual as well as temporal wants of its subjects."

There is a regulation of a most absurd nature in the United States, that no man can be a Member of Congress but for the state to which he belongs. The effects of this are to the last degree narrowing and injurious to the legislature. They are thus ably given by our author.

"The regulation, that the members of both Houses should be *resident* in the particular State in which they are elected, I cannot but consider as particularly objectionable. In the first place, it narrows, very unnecessarily, the limits of choice in the electors. In the second, it tends to promote that sectional feeling, that exclusive devotion to the petty interests of some particular district, which is generally inconsistent with the adoption of an enlarged and statesmanlike policy. It places the representative in a state of absolute dependence on his immediate constituents, and prevents all appeal to other bodies of electors, by whom his talents and principles may be more justly appreciated. It prevents a state, in which there happens to be a dearth of talent, from availing itself of the superfluity in another. It contributes also to feed and keep alive those provincial jealousies, which often border so closely on hostility of feeling, and to ren-

der more prevalent in the different states that conviction of incompatibility in their various interests which threatens at no distant period to cause a total disruption of the Union.

"In Great Britain, notwithstanding the experience of centuries, no such legislative absurdity ever was contemplated. A man from the Land's End may sit for Caithness or the Orkneys. A Burgess of Berwick-upon-Tweed may be elected at Cork or Limerick. In short, a member, without once changing his domicile, often sits in different Parliaments, for different places; nor has it ever entered the imagination of any one, that this freedom of choice has been productive either of injury or inconvenience. Its advantages, however, are manifold. An English member of Parliament is not necessarily dependent on the judgment of his immediate constituents. He advocates the particular policy which appears to him best calculated to promote the interest of his country, and, whatever his opinions may be, he is not afraid to express them emphatically and openly. It is no doubt possible that this may prevent his re-election for some borough or county, but the whole country is open to him; he does not feel himself to be meanly subservient to the inhabitants of one particular district; and his opinions must be strange indeed, if he cannot find some body of constituents with whose notions of policy his own are in accordance.

"But in America all this is different. There no man can be elected except for the particular district in which he chances to reside. If his opinions differ from those which happen to prevail in his own petty circle, he is excluded from public life altogether. There is no alternative, but that of giving up all hope of political distinction, or of speaking and acting in a manner basely subservient to the prejudices and caprices of his constituents. Let a member of Congress attempt to follow a bold, manly, and independent course, and he is instantly sent back into private life, with his feelings injured, and his future chances of success materially diminished by the reputation of public failure."

There is great good sense in these observations. The restricting a Member of Parliament to his own district, necessarily subjects him to a state of bondage to his immediate constituents, from which it is impossible for him to escape by flying to another part of the country. But as America is the great prototype of

the future political condition of this empire, so, we fear, in this particular too, we are destined to run headlong into the evils of which their institutions furnish so prominent an example. The Reform Bill has virtually and practically restricted a member to his own locality. It has greatly diminished the number of those who are confined to no particular district, but sit at large for the distant interests of the empire in any borough. Few can now secure a seat but in their own immediate neighbourhood. Incessant working at the electors, or unqualified submission to their will, is the only passport to re-election. Having before our eyes the manifold evils of this system of local bondage in America, we have voluntarily introduced a constitution which promises to spread thence indefinitely through this country. Such is the wisdom by which the world is governed!

We have frequently had occasion to point out, and in the last Number have particularly enforced, with reference to the financial interests of the British Empire,* the ruinous effects of that vacillation of measures, and attention only to present objects, which is the inherent vice of all democratic governments. As might be expected, the United States exhibit on a still greater scale the evils of the same system.

"The shortness of the period during which any President, or any Cabinet, can hope to continue in office, appears a circumstance directly injurious to the national interests. It prevents the adoption of any permanent and far-sighted policy, tending progressively to augment the public wealth and prosperity. One man will not plant, that another may reap the harvest of his labours; he will not patiently lay the foundation of a structure, the plan of which is continually liable to be changed by his successors, and on whom, if completed, the whole honours must ultimately devolve. In short, it is an inherent and monstrous evil, that American statesmen must legislate for the *present*, not for the *future*; that they are forced, by the necessity of their situation, to follow the policy most in accordance with the immediate pre-

judices of the people, rather than that which is calculated to promote the highest and best interests of the community. Immediate and temporary expediency is, and must be, the moving and efficient impulse of American legislation. The political institutions of the United States are consistent neither with stability of purpose in the legislative, nor vigour in the executive departments. Let us look where we will, all is feeble and vacillating. There is no confidence reposed in public men; no appeal to the higher and more generous motives which influence conduct; no scope for the display of lofty and independent character; no principle from the operation of which we can rationally expect any higher development of the national mind."

Supreme power must in every government, how liberal soever in appearance, rest somewhere. It is curious to observe, where, under the Republican institutions of America, it is really vested. It neither is placed in the Executive, or the Ministers of State, but in the different committees of the Legislature, where the public business is really prepared, and the power of wielding the democratic legislative in truth exists. The case was the same in France; the Committees of Public Safety and General Safety, have shadowy resemblances on the other side of the Atlantic.

"When we look somewhat more minutely into the details of this republican government, it is soon perceived that the members of the Cabinet are, in truth, nothing better than superintending clerks in the departments over which they nominally preside. At the commencement of every Congress, the practice is to appoint standing committees, who, in fact, manage the whole business of the executive departments. The process is as follows:—The President, in his message, invites the attention of Congress to such subjects as may appear of national importance. Permanent committees are appointed by both Houses, and to these the consideration of the various interests of the country is referred. Thus, whatever relates to finance falls within the department of the 'committee of ways and means,' while that on foreign affairs assumes cognizance of every thing con-

* Vide Financial Policy of Mr Pitt and his Successors. August, 1833.

nected with the external relations of the government. These committees have separate apartments, in which the real business of the country is carried on, and from which the heads of the executive departments are rigidly excluded. The whole power of the government is thus absolutely and literally absorbed by the people, for no bill connected with any branch of public affairs could be brought into Congress with the smallest prospect of success, which had not previously received the initiative approbation of these committees."

We have no doubt, that if the Reformed Parliament works smoothly, and does not tear the Government to pieces, the result will be the same in this country. It is impossible that the Reformed Parliament can go on, with the confusion, indecision, stoppage of business, and vacillation, which has distinguished its first session. Order must in the end emerge even from the chaos which the Whigs have created out of its first elements. Committees, representing and organizing the power of the great interests of the State, must ultimately be formed, which will rule the Legislature. They in their turn will fall under the dominion of a few leaders among themselves, and thus, after the chimera of popular government has sunk from its native weakness to the earth, the people will find themselves ruled with despotic sway by a few demagogues, elevated on their passions, and tinged by their vices. The great interests of the State will be unrepresented and disregarded; popular passion will be the sole engine of political exaltation, and the Press the instrument with which the battle in this strife of ambition will be fought. Of our future destiny in this particular, we may behold the picture shadowed out in the institutions of the United States.

"In America the power of persuasion constitutes the only lever of political advancement. In England, though the field for the exercise of this talent be very great, yet rank, wealth, family connexions, hereditary claims, and a thousand other influences must be taken into account, in reckoning the ordinary elements of successful ambition. How powerful—whether for good or evil I shall not enquire—many of these are, is well

known, but none of them exist in the United States. There, rank is unknown; there are no great accumulations of property; and competition for the higher offices of the commonwealth, has long been rather the struggle of men, or more properly, perhaps, of sectional interests, than of principles. The candidates, however, for every situation of emolument, are, beyond all example in this country, numerous; and, as each individual is naturally anxious to establish some trifling point of superiority in reference to his opponents, the consequence is, that political opinion is dissected with a degree of nicety which the most accomplished metaphysician would find it difficult to surpass. But all enter the contest armed with the same weapons, displaying the same banner, appealing to the same umpire, and contending for the same reward. Patronage of every kind is virtually in the hands of the people. They are the fountain of fame and of honour, the ultimate tribunal by which all appeals must be heard and decided.

"In the United States, oral eloquence, and the newspaper press, constitute the only instruments really available in acquiring influence over this many-headed and irresponsible arbiter of merit and measures. There exists, indeed, no other channel through which there is any possibility of attaining political distinction. The influence and circulation of newspapers is great beyond any thing ever known in Europe. In truth, nine-tenths of the population read nothing else, and are, consequently, mentally inaccessible by any other avenue. Every village, nay, almost every hamlet, has its press, which issues secondhand news, and serves as an arena in which the political gladiators of the neighbourhood may exercise their powers of argument and abuse. The conductors of these journals are generally shrewd but uneducated men, extravagant in praise or censure, clear in their judgment of every thing connected with their own interests, and exceedingly indifferent to all matters which have no discernible relation to their own pockets or privileges.

"The power exercised by this class of writers over the public mind is very great. Books circulate with difficulty in a thinly-peopled country, and are not objects on which the solitary denizen of the forest would be likely to expend any portion of the produce of his labour. But newspapers penetrate to every crevice of the Union. There is no settlement so remote as to be cut off from this channel of intercourse with their fellow-men. It

is thus that the clamour of the busy world is heard even in the wilderness, and the most remote invader of distant wilds is kept alive in his solitude to the common ties of brotherhood and country.

"The power of public speaking is practically found in the United States to outweigh every other accomplishment. A convincing proof of this almost uniform preference may be found in the fact, that of the whole federal legislature, *nineteen-twentieths* are lawyers, men professionally accustomed to public speaking. The merchants—the great capitalists of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and the other Atlantic cities, constituting, I fear not to say, the most enlightened body of citizens in the Union—are almost as effectually excluded from political power, by deficiency in oratorical accomplishment, as they could be by express legal enactment."

Nineteen-twentieths of a Legislature composed of lawyers!! Such is the *beau idéal* of republican legislation; such the euthanasia of the British Constitution prepared for us by the Reform Bill! We are to be ruled by men in great part destitute of property, intelligence, or stake in the State; country attorneys, or members of the "provincial bar;" men whose only recommendation to public life, has been the favour of mobs, as illiterate, prejudiced, and absurd as themselves; who have risen to notice by extravagant eulogies on the wisdom, virtue, and intelligence of their haughty constituents. One-sixth of the Constituent Assembly were provincial lawyers, and their fatal ascendancy was long and bitterly felt in France. The Republican institutions of the United States have produced nineteen-twentieths of Congress out of the same class. One only comfort remains. In the progress of democratic change, the speaking men are superseded by the fighting; the Rewbells, Barrases, and Roger Ducoses by the Napoleons and Cromwells; and the sword thrown into the balance, rights the scale, and restores the lower orders to the situation for which they were destined by Providence, and in which their labours are really useful to society. Such is doubtless the final result prepared for us by the Reform Bill.

One of the worst effects, however, of this enormous preponderance of

lawyers, is the prodigious loquacity of the Members of Congress, and the interminable harangues, to the entire exclusion of all useful progress in business, which are daily put forth by its members, not with the slightest view to influence the decision of the Legislature, but solely in order to win the favour, and astound the minds of their admiring constituents. To such a pitch has this risen, that the American Legislature makes a shew of getting through business, only by having very little to do; and if they were to be overwhelmed with one-tenth of the weighty matters which await the decision of the British Parliament, the machine of Government would literally stand still, choked up by lawyers' speeches! We can now sympathize with such a state of things; the first session of the Reformed Parliament has shewn us, that it is ere long destined to be our own.

"There is a sectional jealousy," says Mr Hamilton, "throughout the United States; a restless anxiety in the inhabitants of each district, that their local, and perhaps exclusive interests, however insignificant, should be resolutely obtruded on the attention of the legislature. They consider also that their own consequence is intimately affected by the figure made by their representative in Congress, and would feel it to be a dereliction, on his part, of their just claims, were he to suffer any interesting question to pass without engrossing some portion of the attention of the Assembly.

"Verily, the yoke of such constituents is not easy, nor is their burden light. The public prints must bear frequent record of the loquacity of their representative, or they are not satisfied. The consequence is, that in the American Congress there is more of what may be called *speaking against time*, than in any other deliberative assembly ever known. Each member is aware that he must either assume a certain prominence, or give up all hope of future re-election, and it is needless to say which alternative is usually preferred. A universal tolerance of long speeches is thus generated, and no attempt is ever made to restrict the range of argument or declamation within the limits even of remote connexion with the subject of debate. One continually reads in the public papers such announcements as the following:—

"In the House of Representatives, yesterday, Mr Tompkins occupied the whole day with the continuation of his

brilliant speech on the Indian question, and is in possession of the floor to-morrow. He is expected to conclude on Friday; but, from the press of other business, it will probably be Tuesday next before Mr Jefferson X. Bagg will commence his reply, which is expected to occupy the whole remainder of the week.'

"In fact, an oration of eighteen or twenty hours is no uncommon occurrence in the American Congress. After this vast expenditure of breath, the next step of the orator is to circulate his speech in the form of a closely-printed pamphlet of some hundred and fifty pages. A plentiful supply of copies is despatched for the use of his constituents, who swallow the bait; and at the conclusion of the session, the member returns to his native town, where he is lauded, feasted, and toasted, and—what he values, I doubt not, still more—re-elected."

As might be expected, the style of speaking in this popular assembly is very indifferent. The object of all is not to influence others, or sway public measures, but to dazzle the electors, and benefit themselves.

"The style of speaking is loose, rambling, and inconclusive; and adherence to the real subject of discussion evidently forms no part, either of the intention of the orator, or the expectation of his audience. A large proportion of the speakers seem to take part in a debate with no other view than that of individual display, and it sometimes happens that the topic immediately pressing on the attention of the assembly, by some strange perversity, is almost the only one on which nothing is said.

"The truth, I believe, is, that the American Congress have really very little to do. All the multiplied details of local and municipal legislation fall within the province of the State governments, and the regulation of commerce and foreign intercourse practically includes all the important questions which they are called on to decide. Nor are the members generally very anxious so to abbreviate the proceedings of Congress, as to ensure a speedy return to their provinces. They are well paid for every hour lavished on the public business; and being once at Washington, and enjoying the pleasures of its society, few are probably solicitous for the termination of functions which combine the advantage of real emolument, with the opportunities of acquiring distinction in the eyes of their constituents. The farce, therefore, by common consent, continues to be played on.

Speeches apparently interminable are tolerated, though not listened to; and every manœuvre by which the discharge of public business can be protracted is resorted to, with the most perfect success."

As might be expected from the descendants of the countrymen of Locke and Bacon, it is from no deficiency of talent, but the mere necessity of bending to a jealous, conceited, and ignorant constituency, that this absurd mode of protracting business by irrelevant and interminable speeches has arisen. This distinctly appears from the ability of their State papers, and the very different character of their speeches at the bar.

"The most distinguished lawyers of the Union practise in the Supreme Court, and I had there an opportunity of hearing many of the more eminent members of Congress. During my stay there was no Jury trial, and the proceedings of the Court consisted chiefly in delivering judgments, and in listening to legal arguments from the bar. The tone of the speeches was certainly very different from any thing I had heard in Congress. The lawyers seemed to keep their declamation for the House of Representatives, and in the Supreme Court spoke clearly, logically, and to the point. Indeed, I was more than once astonished to hear men whose speeches in Congress were rambling and desultory in an extreme degree, display, in their forensic addresses, great legal acuteness, and resources of argument and illustration of the first order. In addressing the bench, they seemed to cast the slough of their vicious peculiarities, and spoke, not like school-boys contending for a prize, but like men of high intellectual powers, solicitous not to dazzle but to convince."

Under a government such as America, composed of legislators elected by so numerous a constituency, independence of conduct cannot be expected in public men. It is accordingly nowhere to be found.

"Many evils arise from the circumstance of the Government, both in its executive and legislative branches, being purely elective. The members of the latter, being abjectly dependent on the people, are compelled to adopt both the principles and the policy dictated by their constituents. To attempt to stem the torrent of popular passion and clamour, by a policy at once firm and enlightened, must belong to representatives somewhat more firmly seated than any which are to be found in Congress. Pub-

lic men in other countries *may* be the parasites of the people, but in America they are necessarily so. Independence is impossible. They are slaves, and feel themselves to be so. They must act, speak, and vote according to the will of their master. Let these men hide their chains as they will, still they are on their limbs, galling their flesh, and impeding their motions; and it is, perhaps, the worst and most demoralizing result of this detestable system, that every man, ambitious of popular favour,—and in America who is not so?—is compelled to adopt a system of reservation. He keeps a set of exoteric dogmas, which may be changed or modified to suit the taste or fashion of the moment. But there are esoteric opinions, very different from any thing to be found in State documents, or speeches in Congress, or kth of July orations, which embody the convictions of the man, and which are not to be surrendered up at the bidding of a mob."

Every person acquainted with the state of this country during the last ten years, must have observed the vast and painful increase in the virulence of party spirit which has taken place during that period. The Reform Bill has brought matters to a fearful climax, and divided society in a way which can never be healed in the lifetime of the present generation. These evils, however, great as they are, appear to be but a faint image of what the example of America teaches us we may expect from the increase of popular influence in the Legislature.

"The election of the President," says Mr Hamilton, "affects so many interests and partialities, and appeals so strongly to the passions of the people, that it is uniformly attended with a very injurious disturbance of the public tranquillity. The session of Congress immediately preceding the election, is chiefly occupied by the manoeuvres of both parties to gain some advantage for their favourite candidate. The quantity of invective expended on men and measures is enormously increased. The ordinary business of the country is neglected. Motions are made, and enquiries gone into, in the mere hope that something may be discovered which party zeal may convert into a weapon of attack or defence. In short, the legislature of a great nation is resolved into electioneering committees of rival candidates for the Presidency.

"Without doors, the contest is no less keen. From one extremity of the Union

to the other, the political war slogan is sounded. No quarter is given on either side: Every printing press in the United States is engaged in the conflict. Reason, justice, charity, the claims of age and of past services, of high talents and unsupported integrity, are forgotten. No lie is too malignant to be employed in this unhallowed contest, if it can but serve the purpose of deluding even for a moment the most ignorant of mankind. No insinuation is too base, no equivocation too mean, no artifice too paltry. The world affords no parallel to the scene of political depravity exhibited periodically in this free country.

"In England I know it will be believed that this picture is overcharged, that it is utterly impossible that any Christian community can be disgraced by scenes of such appalling atrocity. It may be supposed too, that in getting up materials for the charge, I have been compelled to go back to the earlier period of the constitution, to the days of Adams and Jefferson, when the struggle of men was the struggle of great principles, and the people were yet young and unpractised in the enjoyment of that liberty which they had so bravely earned.

"Of either hypothesis I regret to say that it is more charitable than true. I speak not of the United States as they were, but *as they are*. Let the moral character of the past generation of Americans rest with them undisturbed in their graves. Our business at present is with living men, and it is these who are now charged, not by me, but by *writers of their own age and country*, with the offences I have ventured to describe.

"*'Party spirit,'* says the late Governor Clinton, in his annual message to the legislature in 1828, quoted by Captain Hall, '*has entered the recesses of retirement, violated the sanctity of female character, invaded the tranquillity of private life, and visited with severe afflictions the peace of families. Neither elevation nor humility has been spared, nor the charities of life, nor distinguished public services, nor the fireside, nor the altar, been left free from attack: but a licentious and destroying spirit has gone forth, regardless of every thing, but the gratification of malignant feelings, and unworthy aspirations.'*"

It has been justly observed of the description of American Manners by Mrs Trollope, that they refer, for the most part, to the back settlements, and the frontiers of civilisation, and cannot be fairly taken as a standard of what is to be found in the higher orders. It appears, however, from Mr Hamilton, that the inherent vice

of democratic institutions poisons society even in the highest grades, where popular influence can find an entrance. The following description of a scene which our author witnessed at the President's levee at Washington, amidst the Members of both Houses, the Foreign Ambassadors, and all that is elevated in the Union, both in point of station and acquirement, is unparalleled, we believe, in the history of the world.

"On the following evening I attended the levee. The apartments were already full before I arrived, and the crowd extended even into the hall. Three—I am not sure that there were not four—large saloons were thrown open on the occasion, and were literally crammed with the most singular and miscellaneous assemblage I had ever seen.

"The numerical majority of the company seemed of the class of tradesmen or farmers, respectable men fresh from the plough or the counter, who, accompanied by their wives and daughters, came forth to greet their President, and enjoy the splendours of the gala. There were also generals and commodores, and public officers of every description, and foreign ministers and members of Congress, and ladies of all ages and degrees of beauty, from the fair and laughing girl of fifteen, to the haggard dowager of seventy. There were majors in broad cloth and corduroys, redolent of gin and tobacco, and majors' ladies in chintz or russet, with huge Paris ear-rings, and tawny necks, profusely decorated with beads of coloured glass. There were tailors from the board, and judges from the bench; lawyers who opened their mouths at one bar, and the tapster who closed them at another;—in short, every trade, craft, calling, and profession appeared to have sent its delegates to this extraordinary convention.

"For myself, I had seen too much of the United States to expect any thing very different, and certainly anticipated that the mixture would contain all the ingredients I have ventured to describe. Yet, after all, I was taken by surprise. There were present at this levee, men begrimed with all the sweat and filth accumulated in their day's—perhaps their week's—labour. There were sooty artificers, evidently fresh from the forge or the workshop; and one individual, I remember—either a miller or a baker—who, wherever he passed, left marks of contact on the garments of the company. The most prominent group, however, in the assemblage, was a party of Irish labourers,

employed on some neighbouring canal, who had evidently been apt scholars in the doctrine of liberty and equality, and were determined, on the present occasion, to assert the full privileges of 'the great unwashed.' I remarked these men pushing aside the more respectable portion of the company with a certain jocular audacity, which put one in mind of the humours of Donnybrook.

"During the time I was engaged at the levee, my servant remained in the hall through which lay the entrance to the apartments occupied by the company, and on the day following he gave me a few details of a scene somewhat extraordinary, but sufficiently characteristic to merit record. It appeared that the refreshments intended for the company, consisting of punch and lemonade, were brought by the servants, with the intention of reaching the interior saloon. No sooner, however, were these ministers of Bacchus despatched to be approaching by a portion of the company, than a rush was made from within, the whole contents of the trays were seized *in transitu*, by a sort of *coup-de-main*; and the bearers having thus rapidly achieved the distribution of their refreshments, had nothing for it but to return for a fresh supply. This was brought, and quite as compendiously despatched, and it at length became apparent, that without resorting to some extraordinary measures, it would be impossible to accomplish the intended voyage, and the more respectable portion of the company would be suffered to depart with dry palates, and in utter ignorance of the extent of the hospitality to which they were indebted.

"The butler, however, was an Irishman, and in order to baffle further attempts at intercepting the supplies, had recourse to an expedient marked by all the ingenuity of his countrymen. He procured an escort, armed them with sticks, and on his next advance these men kept flourishing their *shilleahs* around the trays, with such alarming vehemence, that the predatory horde, who anticipated a repetition of their plunder, were scared from their prey, and amid a scene of execrations and laughter, the refreshments thus guarded accomplished their journey to the saloon in safety!

"The man who would study the contradictions of individual and national character, and learn by how wide an interval profession may be divided from performance, should come to Washington. He will read there a new page in the volume of human nature; he will observe how compatible is the extreme

of physical liberty, with bondage of the understanding; he will hear the words of freedom, and he will see the practice of slavery. Men who sell their fellow-creatures will discourse to him of infeasible rights; the legislators, who truckle to a mob, will stun him with professions of independence; he will be taught the affinity between the democrat and the tyrant; he will look for charters, and find manacles; expect liberality, and be met by bigotry and prejudice;—in short, he will probably return home a wiser, if not a better man; more patient of inevitable evils,—more grateful for the blessings he enjoys,—better satisfied with his own country and government,—and less disposed to sacrifice the present *good* for a contingent *better*.”

We must now, however, reluctantly conclude these extracts. If we were to transcribe every passage in this admirable work, which is both valuable in itself, and in an especial manner applicable to the present political state of this country, we should occupy more than the whole of the present Number. Mr Hamilton's discernment is of a very high order—his descriptions graphic and powerful—his reflections sound and sagacious—his principles pure and elevated. He neither views America with the jaundiced eye of a bigoted Tory, nor the frantic partiality of an enthusiastic democrat. He appreciates things as they really are—nothing extenuating, setting down nought in malice. His work is not open to the imputation of being “a picture only of the backsettlements—of steam-boat society, or stage-coach conversation.” He has mingled with Americans of every grade and degree, from the most elevated members of Congress, to the humblest slaves in the Southern States; from General Jackson, and Mr Livingstone, and Mr Webster, to the poor negroes, to whom the free Americans would deem it contamination to address a word of kindness, or a feeling of pity. He gives full credit to the many good and eminent men whom the country contains, and exposes the tendency of the institutions, on account of which their country is so much the object of eulogy to the Revolutionary Party all over the world.

This paper, it will be seen, is the first of a series which will regularly

appear, on the United States. The series will be written by different hands, but by heads and hearts holding generally the same opinions, and inspired with the same sentiments, respecting the character and condition of the people of the New World. Nor shall we omit full and fitting mention of the beautiful and majestic scenery of that fair and mighty continent, of which no American writer but Cooper has drawn any distinctive pictures, or written with a truly national spirit. Washington Irving and Bryant, men of taste, feeling, and genius though they be, being to our mind unaccountably tame in their landscape-painting, and, from their study of our descriptive poetry, rather than of their own country's nature, European rather than American. There are in Mr Hamilton's volumes—see, for example, his descriptions of the scenery of the Mississippi and the Falls of Niagara—pictures far superior, in vividness, originality, and truth, to the best of theirs—and, indeed, throughout his work, whenever he touches on external nature, we recognise the vigorous and graphic powers of the author of *Cyril Thornton*. The agriculture of America, too, must be described in detail and at large, and her magnificent inland navigation—natural and artificial—her sea-like rivers, and, though somewhat shallow, her long lines of canals—her commerce—and her navy, mercantile and for war. We have collected materials for many articles; they are now undergoing the necessary processes, and assuming shape before our complacent eyes. But our chief attention, in the midst of all those enquiries, must constantly be kept on the American mind; and what are manners but the outward and visible signs of character? Not trifles they; but rightly understood, and to be so they must be fairly and philosophically studied, they are keys that unlock the secret recesses of a people's heart. In discussing their manners, we shall have likewise to discuss our own; and perhaps many unsuspected or at least unadmitted truths—not very palatable to our national pride—which is great and blind—may rise up against us while we are endeavouring to see into the mental

constitution of our brethren beyond the Atlantic. To hear some people speak, you might think there was no coarseness, no rudeness, no vulgarity, no boorishness, no brutality in Great Britain—that our middle ranks were all illustrious for politeness, amenity, and “sweet civility,” sacrificing self at all times for sake of others’ feelings—that good-breeding was a flower indigenous to our highly cultivated soil of social life—while even the man in the moon might look down with horror on the manners of the Americans!

For our own parts, we are disposed to rate the American character very high indeed, and for a reason of more general application than the testimony of any traveller, however trustworthy or able. When we contemplate their *institutions*, even with all the advantages of the back settlements, and a boundless demand for labour, to draw off their ardent spirits, it is with astonishment that we find them such as their bitterest enemy has alleged them to be. That is the real test of the admirable national character which they have received from their British descent, and the wisdom, moderation, and good sense which have descended to them through English veins from the woods of Germany. Certain it is, that neither France, with its military glories and chivalrous spirit, nor England, with its centuries of freedom and representative government, could withstand the influence of the universal suffrage and republican

government of the United States. We can appreciate the stability of character which they must possess, from the deplorable effects which an approximation to their institutions has produced in this country.

One thing is perfectly clear, that the tendency of American institutions can never be sufficiently the subject of study to our people, because it is to a similar government that we are evidently tending. The current sets in strong and steady from the Transatlantic shores, and the old bulwarks of England are fast giving way before its fury. What the ultimate result of the present changes will be, no man can with certainty predict; but it will, to all appearance, either be the horrors of the French Convention, or the degradation of the American Congress. We must either go through the Reign of Terror, or sink into the slough of democratic rule. We shall either become beasts of prey, or beasts of burden. The longed-for euthanasia of the British Constitution—the fondest hope of patriotism, is now limited to the hope, that we step at once, and without blood, into the servitude, the degradation, and slavery of the delegates of Congress. Such is the destiny of the country of Pitt and Fox, of Burke and Chatham, of Nelson and Wellington. The authors of the Reform Bill require no other epitaph; future ages, when contrasting New with Old England, will duly judge their conduct: *Si monumentum queris, circumspice.*

THE SKETCHER.

No. III.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS says, "Nothing is denied to well-directed labour," which, in a discussion about genius, is little better than a misdirection to his pupils; and it is a deception too, and somewhat jesuitically said, *ex cathedra*, as if it were his duty to encourage industry and yet not commit himself upon the question; for, let the pupils be as laborious and industrious as you please, if genius be not the guide and *director*, the labour is, in art, thrown away, and this he knew, and therefore slipped in "well-directed labour," leaving the construction to the vanity or stupidity of the young aspirants. Now, if it be useful to look daily into one's self, to scrutinize thoughts and actions, to form a right estimate of one's moral character,

and thence to form the social scheme of life, so must it be desirable, from the very first step you take in art, to examine well your own mind, and search deeply to ascertain the nature, cast, and character of your genius, that you may know to what your study shall be directed. There are, perhaps, thousands of beauties in nature and art, to study which, may be absolutely injurious to one, and advantageous to another. There are fascinations of a contrary character, leading different ways, and unless you know to what sort of things you should direct your mind, at the cost of the rejection of all others which you may yet admire, you will have but broken views, a distracted fancy, and an uncertain hand.

"Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, equam
Viribus: et versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri,"

says Horace, in poetry; and painting and poetry are one and the same. Few people begin in art without having as much to unlearn as to learn; and they must first learn not to be too well pleased with *many* things, and to find out what is, and what is not, most congenial to their genius. I am here supposing there to be genius—if there be not, desist. The divine art of painting has an utter abhorrence of all that make pretensions to be in her service, and remain too long in the awkward squad. Now this advice is particularly useful to the young, and perhaps to the old sketcher. Few sketchers, I fear,

can look over their portfolios without some annoying feeling at the misdirection of their labour. What specimens of mischievous toil do they not find, and what resolution has it not required to reject and confine their after studies simply to what their peculiar genius can use. Whatever is sketched should be for use, and as part of a whole that is not in nature but in the mind—a portfolio of distractions is a fatiguing thing to the eye. There may be all beauties, and yet the power of selection taken away, and the artist is bewildered.

"Ces Fleurs ainsi de tous cotes—
Nous etalent tant de beautés,
Et de l'art, et de la nature,
Que l'œil étonné de plaisir
Ne sauroit en cette peinture
N'y que laisser, n'y que choisir."

Many are there who suppose that all that nature does is right, and that every thing in the universal world is to be sketched, and nature is art, and there is no art independent of

nature. Here they mean external nature; and it won't do. But, in a more enlarged sense, nature is in the mind, the imagination—and dreams are nature, (if you are not sick.)

And with all *this* nature must the painter strive to be conversant, as well as mere external nature, which is too often all that is recommended to be thought of. Nature! Nature will suit herself to your taste and temper. She will be the coy maiden to be sought after; to catch a glimpse of through thickets, and round brooks, and off again, fascinating and puzzling the pursuer—up mountains and down dells—or you may meet her a flaunting slattern with a vulgar stare. She may be the imperative mistress, but you will treat her best if you make her but “the handmaid to the arts”—make her obey, not command; she must submit to your genius. In fact, nature, in the sense in which the word is mostly used of external nature, to the man of genius, does little more than set his palette, furnish isolated models and parts, or some imperfect combinations. If more, there would be nothing for the master-mind to perform. Nature does no more for painting than for music. She never plays Handel’s, Haydn’s, or Corelli’s concertos. She furnishes the sounds, which the other nature (for there must be two, like Tom Cringle’s consciences) works into audible wonders, as Iris weaves the scattered colours into her rainbow. Nature should be, in short, the slave of the palette, which you must rub, and she must appear, and send her off over the four quarters of the globe, to the various Hesperides, to bring you golden fruit. But you must give her particular directions, or she will bring you disguised ratsbane and hemlock. Be suspicious of her voluntary contributions; but lay by the exactions for use. Now genius must hold the wand and the palette, must bid her what to select, and then the after labour will be “well directed,” and nothing denied to it. But remember “*Quid ferre recusant, quid valeant humeri*,” and to discover this, it may not be amiss to question yourself, particularly as to your pursuits out of the art. • What sort of books do you read? What is the character of your amusements? (be not offended) are you gentle or a bear? You may be a ruffian and love banditti—you may be the sighing lover—the “Gentle Shepherd”—the political economist, if the latter,

be a House Painter. Find out the bent of your mind, and if you approve of it, and it is ten to one that you do, give it free scope, and think no objects, no effects worth your studying, that do not perfectly suit it. What advantage would it have been to Salvator Rosa and Wynants to have exchanged studies? The latter saw nothing but a dock or a thistle, with their thin dewdrops and partial decay, and to this, the whole landscape was but a background. Salvator saw nothing but savage rocks and wild woods; and with an execution disdaining little detail, and more trifling or tender beauties, he dashed into his rocks and his wilds a savageness more accordant with his ideas than with any natural scenery, as it appears to the eye that has not previously been taught to abstract pretty largely all minute particulars; and then his hand, unshackled by the exact form and colour before him, stamped objects with his own thought, and made them, by their unlikeness as it were, his own creation; all is of the same fling of the master-hand, so that no eye can be offended, because this or that branch and leafage has too ragged a character, and unlike in detail and colour any thing actually seen, because the whole is creation, neither parts nor the whole have been seen, but may have been imagined, and in that imagining lies a truth that genius seizes and values ten thousand times more than all the common ware of nature’s garniture. Suppose Salvator to have painted on so large a scale that you could have adapted to his picture, say the boughs and branches of some green ash, with all that beautiful, transparent, and light green, and distinct yet multitudinous leafage, beautiful as it would be *per se*, or in another picture, you would instantly be offended, and prefer Salvator’s studies. And what would poor Wynants have done with Salvator’s studies? scraping down the rude dash and unevenness on the surface, to prepare for a higher finish, and though no Hannibal, melting rocks with vinegar or aqua fortis, to make room for a dock leaf and a grub on it.

It is of some importance for the sketcher to know *what* he should be

doing, and not always to trust his own eyes; and even after he has determined that a scene will suit him, and he is pleased with it, before he sketches, to ascertain *what* it is in it that charms him, ascertain the character the scene has, or that he intends it to have—whether it is to be grave, gay, melancholy, sublime, pastoral, or minute and delicate. He will then know what to reject; and he will exchange for something his eyes see, something his mind only conceives. How many will call this dangerous doctrine! What is not dangerous in the hand of little discretion? But frequent studies with this view, whether in the painting room, or in the open air, make the painter. Without them, he will not be more than the delineator of objects. In one sense, nature may be considered as but the raw material upon which the painter is to work. He is to be the maker, the poet. He is to learn the effect of forms and of colours in all their combinations, a knowledge not acquired by the scrutiny of any one, or of many scenes, as wholes, but by careful separations from all; by studying their characters, both as connected with, and removed from, any given subject before him. For let it ever be borne in mind, the painter is not a delineator of views. He must, like the poet, throw his own mind into his composition, thoughts from the hidden treasures of the storehouse of genius, which, when displayed before those who may never have conceived such to be in existence, will yet come with a conviction of truth and with power, and be acknowledged as nature, touching upon some chord in the common mind that vibrates to them, though never touched before. Nay, it is not improbable but that the mind may even more delight in the view of things somewhat belying the common observation by this contribution of the possible to the sense of vision; thereby extending the magnitude and mystery of creation, by drawing within the mental conception what the eye hath not seen. It is the inventive faculty that must discover the use—and but for this the cotton-plant might have been as worthless as a weed—so, the raw

materials of nature may lie infinitely scattered, and but raw materials—to combine them so as to give them new form and beauty, is art. As I have much discussed form already, I will exemplify this in colour. As in music, all notes have their own expression, and combinations of them have such diversity of effect upon the mind—may not the analogy hold good with regard to colours? Has not every colour its own character? and have not combinations of them effects similar to certain combinations in sounds? This is a subject well worth the attention of any one who has leisure and disposition to take it up; and I am persuaded that the old masters either worked from a knowledge of this art, or had such an instinctive perception of it, that it is to be discovered in their works. Suppose a painter were to try various colours on boards, and combinations of them—place them before him separately with fixed attention, and then examine the channels into which his thoughts would run. If he were to find their character to be invariable and peculiar to each of the boards put before him, he would learn that before he trusts his subject to the canvass, he should question himself as to the sentiment he intends it to express, and what combination of colours would be consentient or dissentient to it. This will certainly account for the colours of the old (particularly the historical) painters being so much at variance with common nature, sometimes glaringly at variance with the locality and position of the objects represented. I know not what led me to this theory, but I was, in the outset of my speculation, confirmed in it by two pictures of Ludovico Caracci, quite opposite in character. The colours, which in my view would have been suitable to, or at variance with the sentiment of the subjects, were carefully adopted or avoided. I have now neither picture before me, but I can, perhaps, recollect the impression made by the colours. The one was a St John, caressing a lamb; the other, the Virgin and dead Christ: though taken from the painter's common stock, highly beautiful subjects, and in these pictures poetically treated. The St

John was a picture of quiet tenderness—the Virgin of active poignant grief, too active for the true melancholy, and the subject too awful to admit it. The tones and colours of the first picture were equally such as, I should believe, if seen without representing any thing, would dispose the mind to melancholy tenderness. The sky was (unlike any sky in nature, for it was not cloudy, be it remembered) brownish yellow and semi-transparent, with just sufficient grey in it to stand for air; it was therefore most sombre: towards the horizon was a very faint streak of subdued yellow. The flesh colour was very true, and boldly thrown out from the background; the little drapery was a subdued and warm grey—so warm as to be in perfect harmony with the yellow brown about it. There was no red, or blue, or strong active colour in the whole picture. The lamb was neither in form nor colour one taken from a flock, but an abstract of the tenderness and innocence we ascribe to the species. These brownish-yellow tones not only pervaded the picture, but spread over it, as it were, a veil of sentimental feeling, obscuring all detail of ground between the objects and the horizon. There was space and distance, and, if I may so express it, a secluded wilderness, but you would not know the ground on which the foot would tread, that should wander over it. The whole colour represented what the subject did—melancholy tenderness. But was it such as the eye ever saw in nature, that is, in any actual scenery of nature—especially under such a light as would render the figures so distinctly prominent? The difference in colour between this and the other picture, was just such as would give activity and poignancy to the grief, and an awful sublimity to the subject, as due to affliction in the presence of death, and such a death as was yet to yield to an immortal life of glory and power. There was much of deep awful brown, but the drapery of the figures was of the active and more sublime colours, and less subdued, red and blue; though the blue, as the more active, predominated: there was likewise white drapery, which, though subdued, was yet too sudden and power-

ful for a subject intended for melancholy and contemplative tenderness. Now, had the great artist, after he had conceived his pictures, thought it necessary to place his figures under the exact light of an Italian sky, and amid the actual colours and forms of any one scene he might have seen; if his pictures had not been failures, they would have been deficient in that great power of sentiment he has, by his art alone, been enabled to give them. This knowledge of the effect of colours, is certainly very remarkable in the Bolognese School. Who ever saw Correggio's backgrounds in nature, or, indeed, the whole colour of his pictures, including figures? Examine the background to his Christ in the garden—what a mystery is in it! The St Peter Martyr, at first sight, from the charm of truth that genius has given it, might pass for the colour of common nature; but examine the picture as an artist, and you will come to another conclusion, and you will the more admire Titian. Then there is Rembrandt and Rubens—what must be said of them? Perhaps, with respect to the latter, I may incur the anathema of the school of connoisseurs, if I pronounce him deficient in the *sentiment* of colour, that I think him too near nature often, and that sometimes where he deviates, it is not a poetical deviation. Such is my heterodoxy; but I will submit to the knout for it from none but Christopher. There is a passage in Lord Byron's letter to Mr Bowles, which, as he was not practically a painter, shews, that if he had been, he would have transferred all his poetry to his canvass. His views of nature were not very different from those I have given. It is true, he neither minutely enters into the theory of form or colour, but he would have directed, had he sat in the chair of Professor of Painting, studies from nature, or, at least, the use of them, with a view to engraft the poetry of mind on nature; he says,—“In landscape painting, the great artist does not give you a literal copy of a country, but he invents and improves one. Nature in her actual aspect does not furnish him with such existing scenes as he requires; even where he presents

you with some famous city, or celebrated scene from mountain or other nature, it must be taken from some particular point of view, and with such light, and shade, and distance, &c., as serve not only to heighten its beauties, but to shadow its deformities. The poetry of nature alone, *exactly* as she appears, is not sufficient to bear him out. The very sky of his painting is not the *portrait* of the sky of nature; it is a composition of different *skies*, observed at different times, and not the whole copied from any *particular* day;—and why? Because nature is not lavish of her beauties, they are widely scattered, and occasionally displayed, to be selected with care, and gathered with difficulty.”

It would be an admirable thing if our Universities would establish Professorships of Painting—for artists by profession are too much artists, and each one too much confined to his own walk; therefore, such Professor should not be professional. I cannot but think the Arts would

gain much from an intercourse with classical literature, and that refined taste, which, if anywhere, is in the very atmosphere of those noble seats of learning, Oxford and Cambridge; I cannot but persuade myself,—and I wish the powerful pen of Christopher would take up the subject,—that the Arts, by such a foundation, would acquire both strength and polish, and that it would foster true genius, and elevate the Arts, by making it the delight and occupation of the noble and highly educated, and that it would have an immediate tendency to extinguish the almost desperate vulgarity that is continually disgracing the English school.

Poets are always painters; why are not painters always poets? Poets take their sketches from nature—but how do they embellish? They improve sentiment, where a Professor of Political Economy would see nothing but chain acres and naval stores. How magnificently Milton paints the very creation of landscape:—

“ Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
Their blossoms—with high woods the fields were crown'd,
With tufts the valleys and each fountain side;
With borders long the rivers: that earth now
Seem'd like to Heaven, a seat where gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades.”

“ The stately trees,” like beings of life, “ as in a dance ”—the terrene of gods—there is a “ Golden Age.” But that was the grand creation, and he composed it, perhaps, after he had heard the divine music of some

Handel, and his mind's eye was gifted. But what does he make out of our poor degenerate earth, inhabited by our dwindled, working race? See, here is a picture —

“ Russet lawns and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray:
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest:
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.”

“ Where the clouds do *often* rest ”—there is a dash of poetry: the clouds, you see, are almost sentient things, for they are made to labour all for man's good, and after dropping fatness in the valleys, take their

rest upon the mountain's barren breast; and this shews you there is no disturbing wind, but just air enough to let the clouds rest and balloon themselves. How soon he converts all into his own poetical

domain—the choicest in all his Utopia, the free range of noble thought, magnificent repose, and gentle love and beauty ! And mark the concealment—he does not obtrude coarse figures on the eye, but whispers to your ardent imagination of the most

perfect beauty in repose — “some beauty lies” amid battlements “bosom’d high in tufted trees :”—and here is *the* picture ; all must direct their eyes to this point—for she lies “the Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.” Now, see in his *Il Penseroso*—

“ And when the sun begins to fling
His flaming beams, me, goddess ! bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow’d haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day’s garish eye,
While the bee, with honey’d thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather’d sleep ;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display’d,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirits to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.”

Here you know at once that this is the habitation of nymphs and dryads, and hamadryads ; and old Sylvanus is curate of the extended parish, and cares not for his stipend. And yet you do not see one—but if there is nothing to fright them, you are satisfied you may be hid in close co-

vert by some brook—and there you will sleep and dream, and such a dream as only poets dream. There is no better landscape among the presentations of the R. A.’s at Somerset House. But Milton can dash off like Salvator when he pleases, as,

“ There under ebon shades, and low-brow’d rocks
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.”

Now it is for such purpose sketchers should sketch, and such use should landscape-painters make of their studies from Nature.

Though it seems as if I would exclude from the glorious fraternity all who are mere delineators, who have no sentiment either in themselves or their works, it does not follow that none should be admitted to their degree who take not the first class. Let the deficient alone be plucked. Notwithstanding our boast of knowledge, and power, and Academies, and newfangled Universities, there will not be for some few years to

come many Titians in landscape, and it would not be well to see the gallery of the world without its varieties. The fine models, therefore, that the above great landscape-painter, Milton, painted, are not standard examples all are expected to reach. There are great beauties in minor artists, that gain for them immortal praise and admiration. I would only assert, that these painters always convey *some* sentiment, always acting upon the mind, though, perhaps, not always quite palpable to the critical handling and explanation of the many who do not analyse

their own feelings. There are painters who approach very near to common and every day nature in subject, and in colour, who yet select so judiciously, that poetry is present, and very sweet poetry too, and of many degrees, from the humble to the elegant.

There is, for instance, the pastoral of Berghem and of Cuyp, and Both and Ruysdael. These masters have great beauties, and some pastoral poetry, not perhaps, of a high cast, and Cuyp but little; but there is just enough to keep him within the pale. I like, perhaps, Ruysdael the best, because you might take a fancy to stretch yourself at the foot of one of his oaks by a stream; Hobbima's landscape has too much of the low village about it—Berghem's is sweet, and his figures are gentle, in their rustic way somewhat given to courtship—and his very cattle, and goats, and sheep, are gentle too, and sometimes sportive; his is the land of honest labour and contentment, with a fair share of unromantic love. It is far from brawl; there is peace, no murmuring at the daily toil, thus sweetened by sunny eye and smiling matrons and maidens. His inhabitants are, indeed, rustic, but not vulgar. The pastoral should be ever peaceful, or the whole intention it ought to have is lost, which should be the greatest contrast to urban cares, vices, and broils. The poetical pastoral, therefore, should know nothing of the exciseman. The politics of court should never reach it even in its edicts. It should be a refuge from all that civic sickness that makes life a loathing; it should have a free, unsooted, unpent air, borne about in placid or joyous clouds, that laugh at the gauger's measure; it should be of happiness, instant happiness, or at least in very immediate prospect; and for this reason, there is more touching true pastoral in a few lines of Horace, than in all Virgil's Eclogues; and he knew the touch of the painter, and loved the

“Rura, quæ Liris quietâ
Mœdæ aquis taciturnus amans,”

and delighted in the shade of Tivoli. You could delight to lie by that silent river *indenting* the lands with its peaceful water. But Virgil's pas-

toral is querulous and unhappy, it is full of recollections of court politics; there is envy at one man's happiness, and the misery of another; it breathes of banishment and outlawry—and even the courtships are without hope, but the lovers are so insipid, that you have little sympathy for them, and think they richly deserve the stick for which they contend. Theocritus is sweeter, but sometimes complaining; still there is more love, and that is the soul, or ought to be, of the pastoral all over the world—all over the world—for the very Laplander has his snow valleys—“Haste, my reindeer.” And in Theocritus's complaints against love, there is an archness that shews you he is not serious; and the appealing to Jupiter himself, as the lover of his rival maidens soothing his passions, is amusing. The peril of man, quoth he, is—

Ἄνθρωπος δὲ πανθενικῆς ὑπὸ πᾶσι πῦρός—ὡς
πατήρ, ἢ υἱός.

Ὁὐ μόνος τραπιδὼν καὶ συζητῶν κακοφύλος.

Virgil, in his best descriptions of cool rural shade and mossy fountains, cannot avoid the unnecessary contrast of the disagreeable. He must remind you that the climate is detestable, the summer is torrid, and the shelter is not for man's enjoyment, but for his cows.

“Muscosi fontes, et somno mollior herba,
Et quæ vos rana viridis tegit arbutus umbra,
Solstitium pecori defendite; jam venit æstas
Torrida.”

His very shepherds, as well as his sheep, fear the wolf. His picture of the bound and compelled Silenus and the nymph Ægle, is, however, an exception, and prettily told. Now, what think you of Shakspeare's few sweet Pastorals? Rosalind and Celia do not hopelessly moan, and you know at once that in the end all will be happy, and that love and peace will eternally dwell at the purchased farm. Where happiness is the character of a picture it will always charm, and this is the reason that many of the pictures of Teniers, which would be otherwise low life, charm,—some of them are really delightful, for they not only (I allude to his out-of-door scenes, and therefore landscape) picture the happiness of the assembled villagers, but keep them in their best manners, by

representing the antiquity of the chateau, and the protecting regard and cheerful eye of the aristocratic lord and lady of the domain, who take pleasure in the delight of their dependents, and you see at a glance that there is one pair at least to be blest, and know where the dowry comes from. You have a sympathy with what is going on, and the whole scene is rescued from vulgarity. But for the highest pastoral we must look to the Italian painters, and even in the backgrounds to some historical pictures we have admirable specimens. For there is mind, feeling, sentiment in them. Look at the Dictionary of Painters—how many there have been in the world, (and how many *will* there be)—yet how few of real note! The great, comparatively speaking, unregarded mass, are no contemptible *artists*, and they might shine in a *mechanical* institution of their own. They often want but little to put them on the roll of Fame—but that little wanting is the poetry of sentiment, and the deficiency is fatal. They appeal to nothing but the eye—and the eye's best office is not to cater for itself, but for the mind—it knows its duty, and turns away in disgust.

I assert that the Italian painters shew the best pastoral, because their's is a more enchanted land; I speak not of Italy, for I doubt if it be not

half of it under malaria, but of the painter's land. It is a land blest by leisure, where, under green boughs, in nooks, and under shade made at once cool and musical by waterfalls, you may not sleep, as Virgil's stupid clown would, to forget his cares, but recline and think all joyous and gentle things. It is not the land of the somnambulist. It is the sweet land of Idlesse, not idleness, which is quite another thing. Idleness is often boisterous, almost always mischievous, and if he lies down on the grass, will pick the flowers to pieces, stick pins through the golden beetles, sling stones at, and set traps for the innocent birds—and he is a sturdy, robust, intellectual fool—he is "Cymon the clown, who never dreamt of love"—one whose very gait was far from the Italian "*dolce far niente*," for he was laborious in his vocation of idleness.

"He *trudged* along, unknowing what he sought,
And *whistled* as he went for want 'of thought."

Idlesse is all thought, all gentleness—neither clownishly *trudges* nor *whistles*, but, like the bee, seeks honey, and feeds a gentle heart with the gathered essence of all goodness, kindness, gentleness. This Idlesse is the "Genius Loci" of the Pastoral, be it in Poetry or Painting.

EDMUND BURKE.

PART IV.

FROM the close of the American war, a great European era had commenced. The spirit which had gone forth in that revolution was to distend, to take successive forms of popular fascination and royal terror, to dazzle every nation of Europe, and, after leading some nations to a precarious freedom, and plunging others into all the miseries of the most ruinous of all wars, was to sink down suddenly into the spot of corruption from which it rose. The freedom which was given by revolt in Europe, was to be punished by the tyranny which in all ages has been its natural offspring; and the nation which had blackened its name with crimes which ages cannot wipe away, was to furnish the great compensating moral, that out of evil only evil can come. But this moral was not to flash upon man in the lightnings of heaven, nor be written before his eyes by a supernatural finger on the walls of his banqueting rooms. It was, like all those high lessons of Providence, (whose chief human acts are expressly for the teaching of man,) to be forced upon his comprehension by degrees suited to its slowness. His fears and hopes were to be made sensitive by actual suffering, before his discovery that national virtue was national strength. Great reverses of fortune were to teach him that there was something concerned in the regulation of human affairs beyond the foresight of politicians; striking successes were from time to time to revive the drooping vigour of Europe. At length the whole power of evil, scattered through the whole revolutionary soil, was to unite in one centre; an individual was to start up, like the crown of a new volcano, to be the conduit of all the scattered streams of eruption, and to dazzle all eyes with the malignant lustre of his blaze. But while the last hour of European hope seemed to be at hand, it was to be shewn that the old laws of Providence were still in being, that "the race was not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;" that a

principle of decay was already feeding on the heart of that great figure of defiance to God and man, and that, like the Herods and persecutors of old, an invisible might was commissioned to walk upon his path, and in the very moment when the "people shouted for him, and called him a God," to smite him and his empire to the dust, and vindicate Heaven. But, for the general restoration of Europe, a memorable provision was to be made in the increased power of England. The fortress which was at once to receive within its gates the remaining virtues of mankind, lying for shelter from the furious proscriptions of France, and finally to send forth that force by which the madness of revolution was to be coerced with the chains which it bore for every other people of the earth, must be prepared for its purposes. We are not yet sufficiently remote from the time, to be permitted to see the whole result, nor even the whole preparative. But there is no instance in history of a nation so suddenly assuming vigour at home, and influence abroad, as England, from the period of the American war until that of the war with France; a vigour and influence unconnected with warlike success, with the discovery of new dominion, with encroachments on neighbouring States, or new inroads on the great outlying wealth of the world. The loss of the American provinces had actually strengthened her frontier, by concentrating her force within her own borders; relieved her finances from a perpetually increasing burden for the expenses of a restless possession; converted a rebellious colony into a powerful commercial ally, and, by a still more effectual change, had healed a source of angry divisions at home, and withdrawn the public mind from Transatlantic bickerings, to fix it upon the fearful hazards that were swelling and shaping within twenty miles of her shore. But a still more important change was in the character of her government. For

twenty years before, the English Cabinet was the very scene of mutation; a political caravansera, in which the guests of to-day were the strangers of to-morrow; a tideway, filled and empty every twenty-four hours; a perpetual flux and reflux of the political stream;—if its truer emblem, in those days of public impotence, was not to be found in the churchyard, the successive remnants of the decaying, to make room for the successive deposits of the dead. But this system was now to be at an end. England was to have a solid government at last. The Cabinet was to be no more an antechamber to the King's closet, and the levee done, the doors to be locked, until it pleased the court officials to announce that they were open for a fresh accession of visitors, equally temporary. Pitt was to stand at the head of English council, and to stand until he had impressed his own powerful spirit upon English resistance, had crushed disaffection, given confidence to Europe, asserted the steadiness of British principle, and marshalled the strength of the empire into that order, which waited only the word to carry the standards of loyalty and national safety over the fallen force of military usurpation. The share which fell to the lot of Burke in this most brilliant era of our history, is to be told in a more advanced portion of this brief Memoir. But even here we cannot refuse the expressive panegyric of Grattan, a kindred genius, like him converted, however late in life, from partisanship to the cause of his country, and fitter than any man then alive to inscribe an imperishable record on the tomb of departed greatness.

"On the French subject," said Grattan, in 1815, in his speech for the renewal of the war, "speaking of authority, we cannot forget Mr Burke—Mr Burke, the prodigy of nature and acquisition. He read every thing, he saw every thing, he foresaw every thing. His knowledge of history amounted to a power of foretelling; and when he perceived the wild work that was doing in France, that great political physician, intelligent of symptoms, distinguished between the access of fever and the force of health; and what

other men conceived to be the vigour of her constitution, he knew to be no more than the paroxysm of her madness; and then, prophet-like, he pronounced the destinies of France, and in his prophetic fury admonished nations."

But a long interval was to interpose in the life of Burke, between his growing reluctance to the rash and heady politics of Fox, and his direct recognition of the manly, rational, and English-minded system of the Minister. With no personal habits of prostration to urge him into a degrading bond with power; stimulated by neither the passion for title, which turns so many proud men into slaves, nor the craving for wealth, which presents the covetous man a willing tool for any public baseness, Burke, reposing on the strength of a reputation, of which he must have been conscious, and contented with the rank, nobler than all adventitious title, which he had secured in the minds of his country and mankind, calmly waited his time.

We have hitherto seen Burke forcing his way through the obstacles of obscure birth and narrow fortune, to a high influence in the councils of the nation; his weapons and his ambition were equally legitimate; no man less sacrificed the sense of right to the sense of expediency. No man more openly asserted his principles, and no man's principles were clearer of the plague-spot of our time, the passion for overthrow,—were more reverent of the old institutions of his country, and more hostile to the follies of popular innovation, or the furies of popular rapacity. He had seen the heights of popularity reached hourly at a spring, while he was climbing his way, sometimes dubiously, always slowly. Wilkes was chicaning his ascent to the summit, and Fox was storming it, while Burke was advancing by the broad and deliberate road of great abilities exercised on great subjects, sustained by unexampled industry, and directed by unimpeachable honour. But his political life had commenced under circumstances which for many years threw their shadow over his career; his early connexion with the Marquis of Rockingham had bound him to the whole heavy system of that most formal of Ministers. But

it had done worse. Party is not buried in the grave of a Minister. It bound him to the fortunes of his successors; for, under ordinary circumstances, no man can break off his alliance with party, untouched by the imputation of having broken his faith; and Burke found himself suddenly transferred from the cold and decorous policy of his noble patron, to the rash, passionate, and hazardous system of Fox. It was matter of common knowledge, that the extravagances of that celebrated leader were altogether alien to the clear and temperate views of Burke, as it is now matter of history, that this incompatibility at length took the shape of open variance; and when the question was no longer one of abstractions, but of the actual existence of England, Burke unhesitatingly cast off the bond, thereforth devoting himself to a cause always congenial to his feelings, and alone worthy of his genius. He finally left his assailants to the forlorn task of struggling against truth, under the name of principle, and fighting against the security of England, under the name of patriotism—retrieved his fame, established himself in the highest place of national gratitude, and made his country the light and leader of Europe.

The transaction which we have now reached in his career was still among the penalties of his bond. The memorable India Bill had overthrown the Administration headed by Fox. In all cases of party failure, the first effort of the friends of the criminal is to transfer the blame; and while Fox, with the openness which belonged to his nature, acknowledged the project as his own, his adherents laboured, and still labour, to throw its whole weight on the head of Burke. But the bill perished; the party who were to have been borne on it into power, into more than power, into tyranny, a complete and irreversible domination over the empire, went down with the wreck. Burke, as a leader in all the councils of Opposition, had been largely consulted in the Indian details; and this knowledge, which had a peculiar charm for his vivid fancy, urged him into enquiries relative to the conduct of the chief public servants in Hindostan. Among

those, the highest was deemed the most guilty; and the result of the long studies and ardent impulses of the enquirer was the memorable impeachment of Warren Hastings.

A preliminary was the scarcely less memorable enquiry into the Nabob of Arcot's debts,—a topic which has partially engaged the attention of English statesmen from that period, 1785, to this hour, giving rise to a board of commissioners, whose duties are not yet completely closed, and involving immense sums of money, and the characters of a great number of important individuals.

The Nabob of Arcot was placed in possession of his dominions, against the claims of an older brother and other competitors, by the arms of the East India Company, about the year 1765. It was charged on him, that he subsequently attempted some seizures of neighbouring territory, and some interior arrangements of his own, incompatible with right, and his compact with the Company; that, for those purposes, he had intrigued largely with the chief servants of the Company, and that in the course of the traffic he had disbursed vast sums among the delinquent officials. It was considered as an evidence of some extraordinary and under-hand proceedings, that this prince, on his being put in possession of his dominions, seemed to relinquish all personal interest in them. He soon withdrew from his palaces and provinces, and settled in a comparatively obscure abode in the suburbs of Madras. There he remained for a succession of years, carrying on various complicated negotiations with the Company, which were presumed to be a cloak to extensive practices of corruption, thwarting the Government by means of its own officers, and purchasing immunities and territories in defiance of the principles alike of British faith and India tranquillity. It was alleged, that not merely secret moneys, were distributed among the principal individuals of the Government, but that the *debts* which the Nabob stated to be due to a whole host of creditors, were, in fact, bribes, amounting to some millions. The entire was charged with being a fictitious obligation; and Parliament was called on to make enquiry

into the right of the claimants, as British subjects, to demand payment of those debts from a territory which was under British protection. It was a natural Opposition topic, and Fox, in 1785, brought it before the House, in a motion "for copies and extracts of all letters and orders of the Court of Directors" on the subject. It was farther alleged, that the Nabob of Arcot had sent troops into the dominions of the Rajah of Tanjore, pillaged the country, and imprisoned the prince, for the seizure of money sufficient to pay those debts. An outcry now rose through all circles connected with Indian affairs against the injustice and impolicy of this course, and the Directors commenced an enquiry. The enquiry was again negatived by the Minister, who had formed other views of Indian government. All enquiry into the principal accounts was now withheld. The debts were acknowledged, and a fund for their discharge was assigned out of the revenues of the Carnatic. This detail was necessary for understanding Burke's speech, of which we now give some of the more striking fragments. It was the last in the debate on Fox's motion, and was worthy of concluding a struggle between the great masters of parliamentary eloquence.

After some general observations on the deficiency of enlarged views in the Ministry, and on the ability still residing in the House of Commons ("stripped as it was of its brightest ornaments, and of its most important privileges," so old is the language of political complaint), he proceeded to contrast the narrowness of the Ministers' restoratives with the profusion of his ruin. "Out of some, I know not what, remains of Irish hereditary revenue, out of the surplus of deficiency, out of the savings of prodigality, this Minister of wonder (Pitt) will provide support for this nation, sinking under the mountainous load of *two hundred and thirty millions* of debt! But while we look with pain at his desperate and laborious trifling,—while we are apprehensive that he will break his back in stooping to pick up chaff and straws, he recovers himself at an elastic bound, and, with a broad-cast swing of his arm,

he squanders over his Indian field a sum far greater than the whole hereditary revenue of the kingdom of Ireland. Strange as this conduct in Ministry is, it is still true to itself, and faithful to its own perverted order. Those who are bountiful to crimes, will be rigid to merit and penurious to service. Their penury is even held out as a cover to their prodigality. The economy of injustice is to furnish resources for the fund of corruption. They pay off their protection to great crimes and great criminals, by being inexorable to the paltry frailties of little men. Those modern flagellants are sure, with a rigid fidelity, to whip their own enormities on the vicarious back of every small offender."

The Nabob's debt.—"From 1760 to 1780, the extraction of money from the Carnatic probably did not amount to a great deal less than twenty millions of money. During the deep silent plan of this steady stream of wealth, which set from India into Europe, it generally passed over with no adequate observation. But happening at some periods to meet rifts of rocks that checked its course, it grew more noisy and attracted more notice. The pecuniary discussion caused by the accumulation of part of the fortunes of their servants in a debt from the Nabob of Arcot, was the first thing which very particularly called for, and long engaged, the attention of the Court of Directors. The debt amounted to L.880,000 sterling, claimed, for the most part, by English gentlemen residing at Madras. This capital, settled at length by order at 10 per cent, afforded an annuity of L.88,000. Finally, the whole debt, amounting to four millions four hundred and forty thousand pounds! produced annuities amounting to L.623,000 a-year; a good deal more than one-third of the land-tax of England, at 4s. in the pound; a good deal more than double the whole annual dividend of the East India Company, the nominal masters of those proprietors.

"When this gigantic phantom of debt first appeared before a young Minister, it naturally would have justified some apprehension. Such a prodigy would have filled any man with superstitious fears. He would

have exorcised that shapeless, nameless form, and adjured it to tell by what means a small number of individuals, of no consequence, possessed of no lucrative offices, without the command of armies, or administration of revenues, without profession of any kind, or any sort of trade sufficient to employ a pedlar, could have in a few years, some in a few months, amassed treasures equal to the revenues of a respectable kingdom." * * * "That there is an eternal debt 'still paying, still to owe,' which must be bound on the present generation in India, and entailed on their mortgaged posterity for ever. A debt of millions in favour of a set of men, whose names, with few exceptions, are either buried in the obscurity of their talents, or dragged into light by the enormity of their crimes." * * *

"The Nabob and his creditors are not adversaries, but collusive parties. The litigation is not between their rapacity and his riches; but between him and them confederating on the one side, and the miserable inhabitants of a ruined country on the other. Refusing a shilling from his boards, he is always ready, nay, with eagerness and passion, he contends for delivering up to those pretending creditors, his territory and subjects. It is therefore not from treasures and mines, but from the food of your unpaid armies, from the blood withheld from the veins and whipped out of the backs of the most miserable of men, that we are to pamper extortion, usury, and speculation, under the false names of debtors and creditors of state."

He then fiercely turns to the Ministerial share in sanctioning a portion of those claims. "What corrupt men, in the fond imaginations of a sanguine avarice, had not the confidence to propose, they have found a Chancellor of the Exchequer hardy enough to undertake. He has cheered their drooping spirits: he has thanked the speculators for not despairing of their common wealth: he has replaced the twenty-five per cent due." * * * "Let no man hereafter talk of the decaying energies of nature. All the acts and monuments in the records of speculation, the consolidated corruption of ages, the patterns of exemplary

plunder in the heroic times of Roman iniquity, never equalled the gigantic corruption of this single act. Never did Nero, in all the insolent prodigality of despotism, deal out to his praetorian guards a donation fit to be named with the largess showered down by the bounty of our Chancellor of the Exchequer on the faithful band of his Indian sepoys."

After this burst, which must be looked on as merely a shewy oratorical exaggeration to awake the ears of the House to the graver truths, he states, with striking effect, the sources of Indian emoluments in his day, and the true origin of those intricate transactions. "The great fortunes made in India in the beginning of conquest, naturally excited an emulation through the whole succession of the Company's service. But, in the Company, it gave rise to other sentiments. They did not find the new channels of acquisition flow with equal riches to them. On the contrary, the high flood-tide of private emolument was generally in the lowest ebb of their affairs. They began also to fear that the fortune of war might take away what the fortune of war had given. Wars were accordingly discouraged by repeated injunctions: and, that their servants might not be bribed into them by the native princes, they were strictly forbidden to take any money whatsoever from their hands. But vehement passion is ingenious in resources. They soon fell upon a contrivance which answered their purposes far better. They reversed their proceedings. Instead of receiving presents, they made loans: instead of carrying on wars in their own name, they contrived an authority at once irresistible and irresponsible, in whose name they might ravage at pleasure; and, thus freed from all restraint, they indulged themselves in the most extravagant speculations of plunder. The cabal of creditors inspired into the mind of the Nabob of Arcot, then a dependent of the humblest order on the Company, a scheme of the most wild and desperate ambition. First, they persuaded him to believe himself a principal member in the political system of Europe. Next, they held out to him, and he readily imbibed, the idea of the general empire

of Hindostan. As a preliminary, they prevailed on him to propose a tripartite division of that vast country; one part to the Company, another part to the Mahrattas, and the third to himself. To himself he reserved all the southern part of the great peninsula, comprehended under the general name of the Deccan."

The Orator then proceeds to detail interior arrangements of this extraordinary scheme, which seem almost incredible, if any thing can exceed the extravagance of minds stimulated by avarice, and in possession of power. "The Company was to appear in the Carnatic in no other light than as a contractor for the provision of armies, and in the hire of mercenaries. This disposition was to be secured by the Nabob's putting himself *under the guarantee of France*, and by means of that rival nation, preventing the English for ever from assuming an equality, much less a superiority, in the Carnatic. In pursuance of this treasonable project, they extinguished the Company as a sovereign power in that part of India; they withdrew the Company's garrisons from all the forts and strongholds of the Carnatic, they declined to receive the ambassadors from foreign courts, and remitted them to the Nabob of Arcot; they fell upon and totally destroyed the oldest ally of the Company, the King of Tanjore, and plundered the country to the amount of near five millions sterling." If those statements were faithful, European treason must hide its diminished head; the most capacious contempt of law, allegiance, and national interests in England, shrunk into trifling before this gigantic turpitude. Well might the indignation of the Orator flame out against culprits who thus trafficked in kingdoms, and swindled away the supremacy of their country. But a still more striking scene opens, when he summons us from the details of the crime to the history of the punishment; and after leading us through the labyrinth of darkness and iniquity, suddenly brings us into the broad and angry light of the tempest of retributive justice. The fragment which we now give has

long been memorable as one of the finest evidences of the genius of the great speaker, as unequalled in its combination of the images of magnificent horror, the most splendid picture of desolation in the annals of eloquence.

The Invasion of the Carnatic.—"Among the victims to this plan of universal plunder, worthy of the heroic avarice of the projectors, you have all heard, (and he has made himself to be well remembered,) of an Indian chief called Hyder Ali Khan. This man possessed the Western, as the Company, under the name of the Nabob of Arcot, does the Eastern division of the Carnatic. It was among the leading measures of the Cabal, (according to their own emphatic language,) to *extirpate* this Hyder Ali. They declared the Nabob of Arcot his sovereign, and himself a rebel, and publicly invested their instrument with the sovereignty of the kingdom of Mysore. But their victim was not of the passive kind. They were soon obliged to conclude a treaty of peace with this *rebel* at the gates of Madras. But the Cabinet Council of English creditors would not suffer the Nabob to sign the treaty. From that time forward, a continued plot was carried on within the Divan, black and white, of the Nabob of Arcot, for the destruction of Hyder Ali.

"When at length Hyder found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by those incorrigible and predestined criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those, against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every

rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction, and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation, into one black cloud, hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. While the authors of all those evils were stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and strange land. Those who were able to evade the tempest fled to the walled cities. But escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

"The alms of the settlement in this dreadful emergency were certainly liberal, and all was done that private charity could do. But it was a people in beggary, it was a nation which stretched out its hands for food. For months together, those creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days had fallen short of the allowance of our austere fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by a hundred a-day in the streets of Madras; every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India.

"For eighteen months, without

intermission, this destruction raged, from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore. And so completely did those masters in their art, Hyder Ali, and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic, for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march, they saw not one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead, uniform silence reigned over the whole region. The hurricane of war passed through every part of the central provinces of the Carnatic. The Carnatic is a country not much inferior in extent to England. Figure to yourself, Mr Speaker, the land in whose representative chair you sit; figure to yourself the form and fashion of your sweet and cheerful country from Thames to Trent, north and south, and from the Irish to the German Sea, east and west, emptied and disembowelled (may God avert the omen of our crimes) by so accomplished a desolation!"

In hovering over the map of India, his eye is caught by that characteristic of the country, the vast reservoirs which abound in India, and which are connected with almost every purpose of Indian life, religion, show, pleasure, and subsistence; his imagination is excited again, and he pours out a rich though brief panegyric on their founders.

"There cannot be in the Carnatic and Tanjore fewer than ten thousand of those reservoirs of the larger and middling dimensions, to say nothing of those for domestic services and the uses of religious purification. Those are the monuments of real kings, who were the fathers of their people; testators to a posterity which they embraced as their own. Those are the grand sepulchres built by ambition, but by the ambition of an insatiable benevolence, which, not contented with reigning in the dispensation of happiness during the contracted term of human life, had strained, with all the reachings and graspings of a vivacious mind, to extend the dominion of their bounty beyond the limits of nature, and to perpetuate themselves through generations of generations

the guardians, the protectors, the nourishers of mankind."

From his views of the productive powers and of the ruin of those vast provinces—which held the House suspended in delight at the picturesque eloquence of the description—Burke suddenly started into a keen invective against the conduct of the Indian Officials, and its sanction by the British Ministers.

"On the view of such a chasm of desolation as that which yawned in the midst of those countries, to the north and south, what would a virtuous and enlightened Ministry have done? They would have reduced all their most necessary establishments, they would have suspended the justest payments, they would have employed every shilling derived from the producing, to reanimate the powers of the unproductive parts. While they were performing this fundamental duty, while they were celebrating those mysteries of justice and humanity, they would have told the corps of fictitious creditors, whose crimes were their claims, that they must keep an awful distance, that they must silence their inauspicious tongues, that they must hold off their profane, unhallowed hands from this holy work; they would have proclaimed with a voice that should make itself heard, that on every country the first creditor is the plough! that this original, indefeasible claim supersedes every other demand."

"But, on this grand point of the restoration of the country, there is not one syllable to be found in the correspondence of Ministers; they felt nothing for a land desolated by fire, sword, and famine. Their sympathies took another direction. They were touched with pity for bribery, so long tormented with a fruitless itching of its palms; their bowels yearned for usury, that had missed the harvest of its returning months; they felt for speculation, raking in the dust of an empty treasury; they were melted into compassion for rapine and oppression, licking their dry, parched, unbloody jaws."

Before we turn to other topics, we must give a specimen of a different kind; the orator's style of picturing one of those whom he designated as "gorgeous criminals," the once well-

known Paul Benfield. Benfield was a man of cleverness and activity, who, having made himself useful to the governors of the Presidencies in the difficult times of India, rapidly became wealthy, and of course influential. The native princes were still powerful, and the British supremacy was hourly in danger. The chief source of our conquests has been the habit and power of keeping up a standing army; as the native princes generally disbanded their troops at the end of the campaign, or the troops disbanded themselves, and thus their highest success could be only temporary; while on the other hand, the command of a constant force, however inferior in numbers, rendered defeat on the British side almost nugatory, and made success solid. But the standing army must depend on the permanence of the revenue; and thus the chief skill of the government was gradually absorbed in expedients of finance. Benfield, and men of his species, were essential instruments to the stability of British possession; and rapacious as he probably was, the necessity of the case brought him within the protection of the Cabinet. The motion against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot was thrown out by a great majority. But it is one of the thousand instances of the precariousness of wealth suddenly acquired, that Benfield died a bankrupt. The man of whom it was told, that standing at the door of his magnificent mansion in England, and seeing some tardiness in the coming up of his equipages, he cried out, "Why don't you send up *some more coaches and six!*" and who was at one time in the possession of wealth which almost justified the ostentatious cry, sank, by some change of Indian affairs, into utter decay. But, at the time of this motion, he was the great Goliath of the Philistines of finance, the mark for every shaft of the troops, light and heavy, of Opposition.

"Our Minister," said Burke, "formed, as you all know, a new plan, for supporting the freedom of our constitution by court intrigues and for removing its corruptions by Indian delinquency. In his anxious researches upon the subject, natural instinct would settle his choice upon Paul Benfield. Paul Benfield is the

grand parliamentary reformer, the reformer to whom the whole choir of reformers bow, and to whom even the right honourable gentleman himself must yield the palm; for what region in the empire, what city, what borough, what county, what tribunal in this kingdom, is not full of his labours?" "Not content with this, this public-spirited usurer, amidst his charitable toils for the relief of India, did not forget the poor constitution of his native country. He did not disdain to stoop to the trade of a wholesale upholsterer for this House, to furnish it, not with the faded tapestry-figures of antiquated merit, such as decorate, and may reproach some other houses, but with real, solid, living patterns of true modern virtue. Paul Benfield made, reckoning himself, no fewer than eight members in the last Parliament. What copious streams of pure blood must he not have transfused into the veins of the present!

"But, what is more striking than the real services of this newly-imported patriot, is his modesty. As soon as he had conferred this benefit on the constitution, he withdrew himself from our applause. He was no sooner elected, than he set off for Madras, and defrauded the longing eyes of Parliament. We have never enjoyed in this House the luxury of beholding that minion of the human race, and contemplating that visage which has so long reflected the happiness of nations." "The Minister, through a sagacity which never failed him in those pursuits, found out in Mr Benfield's representative his exact resemblance. A specific attraction by which he gravitates towards all such characters, soon brought him into a close connexion with Mr Benfield's agent here. This man was held up to the world as legislator of Hindostan. To secure his zeal against all risk, he was brought in for a Ministerial borough. For your Minister, this worn out veteran submitted to enter into the dusty field of a London contest. In the same cause he submitted to keep a sort of public office, or counting-house, where the whole business of the last election was managed. It was managed upon Indian principles, and for an Indian

interest. This was the golden cup of abominations—this the chalice of the fornications of rapine, usury, and oppression, which was held out by the gorgeous Eastern harlot; which so many of the people, so many of the nobles, of this land, drained to the very dregs. Do you think that no reckoning was to follow this debauch—no payment was to be demanded for this riot of public drunkenness?"

The Orator asserts, that the agreed payment for those parliamentary services was the protection of the Minister to Benfield's Indian plunder. This plunder he calculates, in the first instance, as amounting to £.592,000, at 6 per cent; and, finally, as by a profit of 24 per cent on £.180,000 a-year, producing to him an income of £.149,000 sterling a-year! "Here," he exclaims, "is a specimen of the new and pure Aristocracy created by the Right Honourable Gentleman, as the support of the Crown and Constitution, against the old, corrupt, refractory, natural interests of the kingdom. This is the grand counterpoise against all odious coalitions of their interests. A single Benfield outweighs them all: a criminal, who long since ought to have fattened the region kites with his offal, is, by his Majesty's Ministers, enthroned in the government of a great kingdom, and enfeoffed with an estate, which, in the comparison, effaces the splendour of all the nobility of Europe."

In an admirable passage, bearing reference to all governments and all times, he then refutes the argument of impunity derived from distance. "It is difficult for the most wise and upright Government to correct the abuses of remote, delegated power, productive of unmeasured wealth, and protected by the boldness and strength of the same riches. Those abuses, full of their own wild vigour, will grow and flourish under mere neglect. But, where the supreme authority, not content with winking at the rapacity of its inferior instruments, is so shameless as openly to give premiums for disobedience to its own laws, when it will not trust to the activity of avarice in the pursuit of its own gains, when it secures public robbery by all the careful jealousy with which it ought to protect property, the commonwealth

is then totally perverted from its purposes. Neither God nor man will long endure it; nor will it long endure itself. In that case there is an unnatural infection, a pestilential taint fermenting in the constitution of society, which fevers and convulsions of some kind or other must throw off, or in which the vital powers, worsted in an unequal struggle, are pushed back upon themselves, and, by a reversal of their whole functions, fester to gangrene, to death; and, instead of what was just now the delight and boast of the creation, there will be cast out into the sun a bloated carcass, an offence and horror to the world."

Burke's indignation at what he thus powerfully describes, was not a sudden impulse; it had been growing upon him for years. In a Select Committee of the House of Commons, in 1780, his attention had been strongly drawn to the abuses of the Indian Government. All that belonged to India found a congenial interest in the Oriental structure of his mind. A long succession of Indian calamities,—public feeling rapidly fixed on those remote but most important subjects,—the magnitude of the asserted crimes,—the insolent contempt of the Indian officials for a Legislature at the distance of eight thousand miles,—the almost overwhelming opulence of Indian fortunes,—all combined to render the whole enquiry at once worthy of a British statesman, and exciting to a man of equal talent and sensibility. In examining the affairs of the Company, Burke had at first no peculiar culprit in his contemplation. It has been injuriously and untrue said, that his hostility to Hastings arose from some offence offered to William Burke, his relative. But we see that Hastings was not the original object. Paul Benfield, Sir Elijah Impey, Atkinson, the whole line of Indian agency, were assailed as they rose in succession before him. It was only when he had followed the agents to their principals, and found the chain of presumed enormities finally held in the hand of the Governor-General, that, leaving all inferior criminals behind, he grasped at the leader of the "usurpation of the throne of India."

Hastings was a remarkable man,

even in a time of eminence. He was born in 1732, the son of a clergyman in Oxfordshire, and, after an education at Westminster, commenced his Indian career as a Writer in Bengal, in 1750. He there applied himself to the study of languages, and became distinguished for his proficiency in Persian. After a residence of fifteen years, he returned to England, but with a fortune so limited, that he is said to have found it necessary to give lessons in the Oriental tongues; and he certainly made some exertions for the establishment of a Persian professorship in Oxford. Yet this humble period was probably not among the least happy of his brilliant and powerful career. His literature brought him into society in London, and he enjoyed for some years the intercourse of Johnson and other accomplished men.

But his merits, though overlooked, had not been forgotten. In 1768 he was again sent to India, as second in council at Madras. His ability there deserved a higher rank, and in three years he was President of the Council in Bengal. In three years more he was Governor-General of India! This high rank he held for the unequalled period of fifteen years, frequently clannoured against in England by the successive Oppositions, Cabinets, and Boards of Directors, yet resolutely retaining his power, and making its retention popular, in both India and England, by the vigour, intelligence, and uniform success of his enterprises. A character of this decisive cast must make enemies among those who suffered from his animadversion, envied his success, or doubted his policy. A class different from all those, and superior, looked with a keener sense to the means than to the results of his government, and forgot the necessity for strong measures in a country of half-barbarian chieftainries, in the casual violence to native feeling in the struggle. Every percolation of minor authority, and every ravage of minor power, was heaped on the head of the supreme authority; and while the Cabinet, conscious of his services, sustained Hastings against the caprices of the India House, and the India House, in its turn, sustained him against the jealousy of

the Cabinet, the national mind, ignorant of the difficulties, and unexcited by the successes of a Government removed half the world from England, rapidly gave way to a general and angry prejudice against the most successful public servant of the empire.

At length, in 1785, he voluntarily resigned, and returned to Europe, just as Lord Macartney had been appointed to take his office, an appointment which—such was the vigorous grasp with which he held power, and his habitual contempt for the vacillating councils of his masters—Hastings declared that he would have resisted by force. But his own act prevented a collision which would have sent the new official to a dungeon, and might have ended in the revolt of Hindostan. He returned to England, and was instantly met by an impeachment. This severe and violent proceeding was supported by the whole strength of the Opposition, which had been thrown out by the India Bill, and felt the double interest of vengeance for their fall, and of the popularity which might be found in adopting the cause of the weak against the strong, of declaiming on the principles of popular justice, and heaping oratorical vengeance on a protégé of the triumphant Minister. What with Burke was enthusiasm, with his associates was faction. The impeachment was equally inpolitic and unsuccessful. After a trial which continued at intervals for the extraordinary period of nine years, Hastings was fully acquitted; and, probably heartily wearied of public life and public men, he retired with a fortune much diminished by the expenses of his prosecution, but reinforced by an honourable annuity of some thousands a-year from the East India Company, to an estate at Daylesford in Worcestershire, where, in 1818, he died. He had been made a privy counsellor, but taking no interest in public affairs, his later years were given up to literature and ease.

The rapidity of Hastings's progress from a clerkship to the highest rank of India, has often excited surprise, but India had been always the land of rapid elevation. Something of that sudden fortune which

makes the Turkish cobbler of to-day the Turkish vizier of to-morrow, belongs to all Asiatic countries. Hastings was only an instance that the spirit of the clime had penetrated even the solid barriers of English office. France had furnished a similar example in her Indian possessions but a few years before, in the instance of the celebrated and unfortunate founder of her brief Indian empire, Joseph Dupleix. The life of this man had begun in obscurity; by some accident his attention was turned to the East, and in 1730 he had been sent out as a principal agent to Chandernagore. The genius which in France might have exhibited itself only in the more expert use of the die, or flourished in panegyrics on a King's mistress, or epigrams on a Minister, had now found its natural field. By singular intelligence, animation, and activity, he became the soul of this decaying settlement, and in a few years raised it to prosperity. The Asiatic rivalry had now begun between England and France, and the value of a vigorous administration was so fully felt by the government at home, that Dupleix was placed in charge of Pondicherry, the principal settlement of the French in India. The English fleets and armies were soon in motion; Pondicherry was the first point of attack. But it was found to be no longer in the listless and disordered state of former governors. Dupleix, by new connexions with the native powers, by the exertion of all the resources of his province, and still more by the gallantry and vividness of a mind made for the conduct of great affairs, had put the fortress and territory in a condition of defence for which the assailants were altogether unprepared. The expedition failed, and the new governor received the honours due to his success, in a Marquisate from home, and the ribbon of one of the military orders. With his honours his political views expanded. He spread his connexions still more widely through Hindostan, and by acting at once upon the corruption, the fears, and the ambition of the native sovereigns, proceeded with signal skill and celerity to raise the fabric of French domination in India. The Nabobship of Arcot, the old

prize of all competitorship, gave him his first opportunity. Two rivals were in the field. Dupleix instantly entered into a compact with one of them—Chunda Saheb. The French troops put him in possession of the throne; and their services were rewarded by a large territory. A succession of wars and intrigues, conducted with equal promptitude, at length raised Dupleix to sovereign power in his own person, and all India saw, with astonishment, the clerk of the factory of Chandernagore, proclaimed Nabob of the Carnatic, living in royal splendour, and assuming all the functions of sovereignty.

But he had now reached the point from which all future steps must be downwards. The English, who had carried on the war languidly in the beginning, as is their custom, were at length roused by the evidence of their territorial hazard, and their exertions suddenly shewed the innate vigour of the national spirit; and, as is equally their custom, they swept all resistance before them. The military genius of Clive, a name equivalent to all that the art of war has of decision, intrepidity, and intelligence, first put a sudden stop to the French progress in the field, and then proceeded from fortress to fortress, until he shook the whole frame of the enemy's power. Dupleix, unsuccessful abroad, became unpopular at home. The English redoubled their efforts. In his perplexity he was forced to make use of the strong measures of men fighting for their last stake. He thus gave new advantages to his opposers in France. The Minister, to escape being crushed in his fall, abandoned him. Dupleix was recalled in 1754, indignant at the Minister, whom he accused of treachery; at the French India Company, against whom he commenced a suit for what he pronounced their robbery of him; at the ingratitude of France, and at the caprices of fortune. But the change was too great to be borne by any of the resources that are to be found in French philosophy. His spirit was broken by his fall; and in a short time this proud, powerful, and brilliant statesman, general, and sovereign, died, and with him died the dominion of his country in India.

Burke has been charged with personal motives in the impeachment of Hastings. The charge was unquestionably groundless. His determination to India affairs was the work of his nature, his circumstances, and his opportunities. He has been charged with the personal ambition of figuring as the great assailant of a criminal supported by great influence. But this ambition found no place in his character. No man was more clear-sighted in perceiving the obstacles to his success; no man more habitually declined rash resistance to authority, to harmless prejudice, or to the natural impressions of old attachment, or vigorous service. Burke saw the Crown, the Ministers, and the whole Indian interest, abroad and at home, forming an entrenchment round Hastings. No man better knew the difficulty of forcing that powerful circumvallation. If he attempted it, he knew that he must be prepared to encounter long opposition, to hazard the total loss of popularity, to commit himself and his friends to a cause which might overwhelm their whole public buoyancy, and finally, after years of labour, personal obloquy, and perhaps individual hazard, find such comfort as he might in the consciousness that he had volunteered the ruin of his party. The true cause was, that he was urged to this anxious undertaking by the motive which has given birth to all the arduous and illustrious successes of man,—a sense of duty extinguishing all sense of danger. And this was the opinion at the time, of all those most conversant with his mind, and has continued to be the opinion to this hour. "In the mind of Mr Burke," says King, Bishop of Rochester, eloquently and truly, "political principles were not objects of barren speculation. Wisdom in him was always practical. Whatever his understanding adopted as truth, made its way to his heart, and sunk deep into it; and his ardent and generous feelings seized with promptitude every occasion of applying it to the use of mankind. Where shall we find recorded exertions of active benevolence at once so numerous, so varied, and so important, made by one man? Among those, the redress of wrongs, and the pro-

tection of weakness from the oppression of power, were most conspicuous. And of this the impeachment of Mr Hastings was considered by Mr Burke as, beyond all comparison, the most momentous.

"The assumption of arbitrary power, in whatever shape it appeared, whether under the veil of legitimacy, or skulking in the disguise of state necessity, or presenting the shameless front of usurpation—whether the prescriptive claim of ascendancy, or the brief career of official authority, or the newly acquired dominion of a mob, was the pure object of his detestation and hostility; and this is not a fanciful enumeration of possible cases. In the history of Mr Burke, examples will be found referable to each case. His endeavours to stifle it in its birth, or to obstruct its progress, or to redress its oppressions, will be found to have occupied no small portion of his life. The scale upon which oppressions of this kind had been exercised in our East Indian possessions was of such a magnitude, that it required a mind like his to grapple with them. His ardent zeal and unwearied perseverance were not more than equal to the task. He well knew that the impunity of Indian delinquency was demanded by interests too weighty and extensive, and was secured by influence and protection too powerful, to be resisted. The event accordingly did not correspond with his wishes; but the éclat of a triumph was neither necessary to his fame, nor the triumph itself to the satisfaction of his mind. The real cause which he advocated did not depend upon the decision of the Court of Judicature, before which the impeachment was tried. From the moment it was voted by the House of Commons, the attainment of its main object was placed out of the power of his opponents. The existence of the enormities with the commission of which the Governor-General was charged, required only to be known; and Mr Burke was firmly persuaded that, by the investigation of the affairs of this Government resulting from the trial, and by the public exposure of the crimes which had been perpetrated, he had not only discharged a sacred and imperative duty, but had at the same

time interposed a powerful check to the future commission of such enormities."

The Bishop concludes with stating, that it was the intention of his memorable friend himself to write a "History of the Impeachment," had he not been prevented by illness. A work of this order would have been among the finest treasures of literature. It is not difficult to conceive with what lessons of wisdom such a performance from such an authority would have enriched the future generations. The subject might be local, and the occasion temporary, but eloquence, polity, and justice would have found in it a great storehouse of their noblest examples. The monument raised to preserve the memory of the passing transactions of India, would, like the pyramid over the dust of forgotten monarchs, have been an imperishable monument of the power of the hand that raised it, and of the advance of the country in which it was raised; the casual purpose extinguished in the lasting evidence of the knowledge, the vigour, and the grandeur of the past, to posterity.

The trial of Hastings was the most august form in which English justice had ever appeared. The State had put on its whole majesty: the King, with the Prelates and the lay Peers, sat on the tribunal—the Commons of England stood at the bar. The great functionaries of State and justice were all present in their respective departments. The accused was worthy of this solemnity of preparation. The chief sustainer for fifteen years of British supremacy in the most important dominion of the Crown, the conqueror of a vast territory, the great administrator, the financier, the judge, the general, bearing in his own person a power more extensive, more uncontrolled, and more irresponsible, than had ever before been borne by a British viceroy, possessing almost the unbounded confidence of his masters at home, and repaying that confidence by almost an empire, Hastings, the governor of sixty millions of men, and a territory as large as Europe, was the most magnificent victim that ever was swooped on by the beak and talons of public crimination.

The first days of the trial were

given up to ceremonial. On the third, Burke, as the head of the Committee of the Commons, thus opened the *Impeachment* (February 15, 1788):—"My Lords,—The gentlemen who have it in command to support the *Impeachment* against Mr Hastings, have directed me to open the cause with a general view of the grounds upon which the Commons have proceeded in their charge against him. They have directed me to accompany this with another general view of the extent, the magnitude, the nature, and the effect of the crimes which they allege to have been by him committed. They have also directed me to give an explanation of such circumstances preceding the crimes charged on Mr Hastings, or concomitant with them, as may tend to elucidate whatever is obscure in the articles. To those they have wished me to add a few illustrative remarks on the laws, customs, opinions, and manners of the people, who are the objects of the crimes which we charge on Mr Hastings." On this foundation was raised the long series of noble efforts which made the whole progress of this trial one of the most remarkable displays of learning, legal knowledge, and oratorical ability in the annals of modern nations. But, as with its time, the local interest has naturally found its close, and it lives to us merely as a fine intellectual effort, we shall limit ourselves to the passages that most strikingly exhibit the general powers of their distinguished speaker.

The India Company.—"There is something in the representation of the East India Company, in their Oriental territory, different from that perhaps of any other nation that has ever transported any part of its power from one country to another. The Company in India is not properly a branch of the British nation, it is only a deputation of individuals. When the Tartars entered into China, when the Arabs and Tartars successively entered into Hindostan, when the Goths and Vandals penetrated into Europe, when the Normans forced their way into England,—in all conquests, migrations, settlements, and colonizations, the new people came as the offset of a nation. The Company in

India does not exist as a national colony. The English in India are nothing but a seminary for the succession of officers; they are a nation of placemen; they are a commonwealth without a people; they are a State wholly made up of magistrates. There is nothing that can, in propriety, be called a people, to watch, to inspect, to balance against the power of office. The power of office, so far as the English nation is concerned, is the sole power of the country. To a body so constituted, confederacy is easy, and has become general. By means of this peculiar circumstance, it has not been difficult for Mr Hastings to embody abuse, and put himself at the head of a regular system of corruption."

* * * * "A circumstance which distinguishes the Company, is the youth of the persons who are employed in its service. The servants have almost universally been sent out to begin their progress in the exercise of high authority at that period of life, which, in all other places, has been employed in the course of a rigid education. They are transferred from slippery youth to perilous independence, from perilous independence to inordinate expectations, from inordinate expectations to boundless power. Schoolboys without tutors, minors without guardians, the world is let loose on them with all its temptations, and they are let loose upon the world with all the powers that despotism involves."

The Gentoo.—"The system and principle of their government is locality: their laws, their manners, their religion, are all local: their legislator (he is lost in the mists of a most obscure antiquity) had it as the great leading principle of his policy, to connect the people with their soil. Accordingly, by one of those anomalies, which a larger acquaintance with our species daily discovers, this aboriginal people of India, who are the softest in their manners of any of our race, approaching almost to feminine tenderness, formed constitutionally benevolent, and, in many particulars, made to fill a larger circle of benevolence than our morals take in, who extend their goodwill to the whole animal creation, are of all nations the most unalliable

to any other part of mankind. That bond, which is one of the chief instruments of society, can have no existence with them, the convivial bond. No Hindoo can mix at meals even with those on whom he depends for the meal he eats. But there are other circumstances which render our intercourse full of difficulty. The Sea is between us. The mass of that element, which, by appearing to disconnect, unites mankind, is to them a forbidden road. It is a great gulf fixed between you and them; not so much that elementary gulf, as that gulf which manners, opinions, and laws have *radicated* in the very nature of the people. None of their high *castes*, without great danger to his situation, religion, rank, and estimation, can ever pass the sea; and this forbids for ever all direct communication between that country and this. If we undertake to govern the inhabitants of such a country, we must govern them upon their own principles and maxims, and not upon ours. All change on their part is absolutely impracticable. We have more versatility of character and manners, and it is we who must conform: we know what the empire of opinion is in human nature—I had almost said that the law of opinion was *human nature itself*. It is, however, the strongest principle in the composition of the frame of the human mind, and more of the happiness and unhappiness of mankind resides in that inward principle than in all external circumstances put together. But if such is the empire of opinion even among us, it has a pure, unrestrained, and despotic power among them."

From this general view, he went into the detail of Indian feelings, peculiarly as connected with *Caste*, a topic which, fifty years ago, must have looked like the unveiling of some great Oriental mystery. His sketch is admirably adapted to the mysticism of the subject. He approaches it with the solemn ceremonial language of a high priest of the shrine. "Your lordships are born to hereditary honours in the chief of your houses, the rest mix with the people; but with the Gentoo, they who are born noble can never fall into any second rank. They are divided into four orders; an eternal

barrier is placed between them. A man who is born in the highest caste, which at once unites what would be tantamount in this country to the dignity of the Peerage, and the ennobled sanctity of the Episcopal character; the Brahmin who sustains those characters, if he loses his caste, does not fall into an inferior order; he is thrown at once out of all ranks of society; he is precipitated from the proudest elevation of respect and honour to a bottomless abyss of contempt; from purity to pollution, from sanctity to profanation. No honest occupation is open to him; his children are no longer his children. The parent loses that name. The conjugal bond is dissolved. Few survive this most terrible of all calamities. To speak to an Indian of his caste, is to speak to him of his all. But the rule of caste has given one power more to fortune; for it is singular that caste may be lost not only by voluntary crimes, but by certain involuntary sufferings, disgraces, and pollutions, utterly out of their power to prevent. Those who have patiently submitted to imprisonment; those who have not flinched from the scourge; those who have been as unmoved as marble under the torture; those who have laughed at the menaces of death itself, have instantly given way, when it has been attempted to subject them to any of the pollutions by which they lose caste. Tyranny is armed against them with a greater variety of weapons than are found in its ordinary stores. In the course of this trial, your Lordships will see with horror the use which Mr Hastings has made, through his wicked instruments, chosen from the natives themselves, of those superadded means of oppression."

Then follow a series of brilliant touches of the several races who have been paramount in India. "My Lords, those Gentoo people are the aboriginal people of Hindostan. They are still, beyond comparison, the most numerous. Faults they may have, but Heaven forbid we should pass judgment upon people who framed their laws and institutions prior to our *insect origin* of yesterday." * * * "They still exist, in a green old age, with all the reverence and passion of antiquity,

which other nations have for novelty and change. They have stood firm on their ancient base; they have cast their roots deep in their native soil; their blood, their opinions, and the soil of their country, make one consistent piece, admitting no mixture, no adulteration, no improvement; their religion has made no converts; their dominion has made no conquests. They have existed, in spite of Mahometan and Portuguese bigotry, in spite of Tartarian and Arabian tyranny; in spite of all the fury of successive foreign conquest."

"The second era is the time of the Prophet Mahomet. The enthusiasm which animated his first followers; the despotic power which his religion obtained through that enthusiasm; and the advantages derived from both over the enervated, great empires, and broken, disunited, lesser governments of the world, extended the influence of that proud and domineering sect from the banks of the Ganges to the banks of the Loire. This is the period of the Arabs. Those people made a great and lasting impression on India. They established, very early, Mahometan sovereigns in all parts of it." * * * * "Those people, when they first settled in India, attempted with the ferocious arm of their prophetic sword to change the religion and manners of the country. But at length, perceiving that their cruelty wearied out itself, and could never touch the constancy of the sufferers, they permitted the native people to remain in quiet, and left the Mahometan religion to operate upon them as it could, by appealing to the ambition or avarice of the great; or by taking the lower people who had lost their caste into the new sect, and thus, from the refuse of the Gentoo, increasing the bounds of the Mahometan religion. The Mahometans, during the period of the Arabs, never expelled or destroyed the native Gentoo nobility, Zemindars or landholders of the country."

"The third era was the invasion of the Tartars under Tamerlane. Those Tartars did not establish themselves on the ruins of the Hindoos. Their conquests were over the other Mahometans; for Tamerlane invaded Hindostan, as he invaded other

countries, in the character of the great reformer of the Mahometan religion. He came as a sort of successor to the rights of the Prophet upon a divine title. He struck at all the Mahometan princes who reigned at that time. He considered them as degenerate from the faith, and as tyrants, abusing their power. To facilitate his conquests over those, he was often obliged to come to a composition with the people of the country. Tamerlane had neither time nor means, nor inclination to dispossess the ancient Rajahs of the country." * * * * "He freed the Hindoos for ever from that tax which the Mahometans laid on every other country over which the sword of Mahomet prevailed; a capitation tax upon all who do not profess the religion of the Mahometans. The Hindoos, by express charter, were exempted from that mark of servitude, and thereby declared not to be a conquered people." * * * * "These circumstances mark that Tamerlane, however he may be indicated by the odious names of Tartar and Conqueror, was no barbarian; that the people who submitted to him, did not submit with the abject submission of slaves to the sword of a conqueror, but admitted a great, supreme Emperor, who was just, prudent, and politic; instead of the ferocious, oppressive, lesser Mahometan sovereigns, who had before forced their way by the sword into the country."

"The fourth era was that of the Emperor Akber. He was the first of the successors of Tamerlane who obtained possession of Bengal. It is easy to shew what his conquest was. It was over the last Mahometan dynasty: he too, like his predecessor Tamerlane, conquered the prince, not the country. The natives, great men and landholders, continued in every part in the possession of their estates, and of the jurisdictions annexed to them."

"The next, the fifth era, is a troubled and vexatious period; the era of the independent Soubahs of Bengal. Five of those Soubahs governed from the year 1717. They grew into independence partly by the calamities and convulsions of the empire, which happened during the disputes for the succession of Tamer-

lane; and principally, by the great shock which the empire received when Thamas Kouli Khan broke into that country, carried off its revenues, overturned the throne, and massacred not only many of the chief nobility, but almost all the inhabitants of the capital. This rude shock, which that empire was never able to recover, enabled the viceroys to become independent; but their independence led to their ruin. Those who had usurped upon their masters, had servants, who usurped upon them. Allaoerdy Khan murdered his master, and opened a way into Bengal for the Mahrattas. Their retreat was at length purchased, and by a sum which is supposed to amount to five millions sterling. By this purchase he secured the exhausted remains of an exhausted kingdom, and left it to his grandson, Surajah Dowlah, in peace and poverty. On the fall of Surajah Dowlah, in 1756, commenced the last, which is the sixth, the era of the British empire."

In the second day's address, there is a fine passage, in the orator's peculiar style, of relieving the local details by an appeal to general principles. Political philosophy never wears a more stately robe.

"My Lords, to obtain empire is common. To govern it well has been rare indeed. To chastise the guilt of those who have been instruments of imperial sway over other nations, by the high superintending justice of the sovereign state, has not many striking examples among any people. Hitherto we have not furnished our contingent to the records of honour. We have been confounded with the hardy conquerors; our dominion has been a vulgar thing; but we begin to emerge, and I hope that a severe inspection of ourselves, a purification of our own offences, a lustration of the exorbitance of our own power, is a glory reserved for this time, in this nation, to this august tribunal. The year 1756 is a memorable era in the history of the world. It introduced a new nation from the remotest verge of the Western World, with new manners, new customs, new institutions, new opinions, new laws, into the heart of Asia.

"My Lords, if in that part of Asia, whose native, regular government

was then broken up—if, at the moment when it had fallen into darkness and confusion, from having become the prey, and almost the sport of the ambition of its homeborn grandeur—if, in that gloomy period, a star had risen from the west, that would prognosticate a better generation, and shed down the sweet influences of order, peace, science, and security to the natives of that vexed and harassed country, we should have been crowned with genuine honour, it would have been a beautiful and noble spectacle to mankind."

In remarking on the reply made by Hastings's friends, that at the worst his despotism was only the common habit of power in India, Burke overwhelms them with a magnificent refutation. "Nothing is more false than that despotism is the constitution of any country in Asia. Will your Lordships submit to hear the corrupt practices of mankind made the principles of government? Was there ever heard, that a governor would dare to heap all the evil practices, all the cruelties, oppressions, extortions, corruptions, bribes, of all the ferocious usurpers, desperate robbers, thieves, cheats, and jugglers, that ever had office, from one end of Asia to another, and consolidating all this mass of the crimes and absurdities of barbarous domination into one code, establish it as the whole duty of an English governor!"

"He have arbitrary power! My Lords, the East India Company have not arbitrary power to give him, the King has not arbitrary power to give him, your Lordships have not, nor the Commons, nor the whole Legislature. We have no arbitrary power to give, because arbitrary power is a thing which neither any man can hold nor any man can give. No man can lawfully govern himself according to *his own will*, much less can one person be governed by the will of another. We are all born in subjection, all born equally, high and low, governors and governed, in subjection to one great, immutable, pre-existent law, prior to all our devices, paramount to all our ideas, antecedent to our very existence; by which we are knit and connected in the eternal frame of the universe. This

great law does not arise from *our* conventions or compacts; on the contrary, it gives to our conventions and compacts all the force and sanction they have. Every good gift is of God! All power is of God! And He who has given the power, and from whom alone it originates, will never suffer the exercise of it to be practised upon any less solid foundation than the power itself. If all dominion of man over man is the effect of the Divine disposition, it is bound by the eternal laws of Him who gave it. If men were mad enough to make an express compact that should release the magistrate from his duty, and declare their lives, liberties, and properties dependent, not upon rules or laws, but upon his mere capricious will, *the Covenant would be void*. The acceptor of it has not his authority increased, but his crime doubled.

"The title of conquest makes no difference. No conquest can give such a right; for conquest, that is, force, cannot convert its own injustice into a just title. By conquest, which is a more immediate designation of the hand of God, the conqueror succeeds to all the duties and subordination to the power of God, which belonged to the Sovereign whom he displaced, just as if he had come in by the positive law of descent or election.

"No, my Lords, this arbitrary power is not to be had by conquest. Nor can any Sovereign have it by succession; for no man can succeed to fraud, rapine, and violence, neither by compact, covenant, or submission, for men cannot covenant themselves out of their rights and their duties. Those who give and those who receive arbitrary power, are alike criminal. There is no man but is bound to resist it to the best of his power, wherever it shall shew its face in the world. It is a crime to bear it, when it can be *rationally* shaken off. Nothing but absolute impotence can justify men in not resisting it to the utmost of their ability. Law and arbitrary power are in eternal enmity. Name me a magistrate, and I will name property. Name me power, and I will name protection. It is blasphemy in religion, it is wickedness in politics, to say, that any man *can* have arbitrary power. In every patent of office the duty is included. We may

bite our chains if we will; but we shall be made to know ourselves; and be taught that man is born to be governed by Law, and he who substitutes Will in place of it is an enemy to God!" "The moment a Sovereign removes the idea of security from his subjects, and declares, that he is every thing, and they nothing; when he declares, that no contract he makes with them can or ought to bind him, he declares war upon them. He is no longer Sovereign; they are no longer subjects. No man, therefore, has a *right* to arbitrary power!"

It is a striking circumstance that the Tartar conquerors, the scourges of the Eastern world, and the most unequivocal robbers of any race that earth has seen, should have generally aspired to the fame of great moralists. The "Ten Precepts of Genghiz Khan" are alluded to by Burke as remarkably pure from all suggestion of tyranny. Of the "Institutes of Tamerlane" he declares, "That there is no book in the world which contains nobler, more just, more manly, or more pious principles of government." On the trial, he produced this book, and read from it the leading clauses. Of those we shall give a few sentences, as curious remembrances of a man whose wisdom was learned in the wilderness, whose morality was gained on horseback, and whose rights were the rights of the sword. Under those circumstances the Institutes of Tamerlane exhibit an extraordinary power of mind. The preamble is grand; it has the Oriental dignity without the Oriental extravagance.

"Be it known to my fortunate sons, the conquerors of kingdoms, to my mighty descendants, the lords of the earth, that since I have hope in Almighty God, that many of my posterity shall sit upon the throne of power; having established laws for my dominions, I have collected those laws as a model for others, to the end that every one of my children, descendants and posterity, acting agreeably thereto, my empire, which I acquired through hardships, difficulties, perils, and bloodshed, by the Divine favour, and the influence of the holy religion of Mahomet, (God's peace be upon him!) and with the assistance of the powerful descendants and illustrious followers of

that prophet, may be by them preserved." * * * "Now therefore be it known to my sons, the fortunate and illustrious, to my descendants, the mighty subduers of kingdoms, that in like manner as I, by *Twelve Alasims*, attained to regal dignity, conquered kingdoms, and decorated the throne of my empire, let them act according to those principles, and thus preserve the splendour of their dominions.

"Among the rules that I established for the support of my glory and my empire, the *first* was this,—That I promoted the worship of Almighty God, and propagated the religion of Mahomet throughout the world. *Secondly*, with the people of the 'Twelve Classes and Tribes,' I conquered kingdoms, and from them I formed my assembly. *Thirdly*, by consultation, and deliberation, and caution, and vigilance, I vanquished armies, and I reduced kingdoms." * * * "*Fourthly*, by order and discipline, I so firmly established my authority, that the soldiers and the subjects could not aspire beyond their respective degrees. *Fifthly*, I gave encouragement to my ancers and to my soldiers, and with money and jewels I made them glad of heart. I permitted them to come in to the banquet; and in the field of blood they hazarded their lives; and by the edge of the sword I obtained the thrones of seven-and-twenty kings." * * * "When I clothed myself in the robe of empire, I shut my eyes to safety, and to the repose which is in the bed of ease; and from the *twelfth year of my age* I travelled over countries, and combated dangers, and formed enterprises, and vanquished armies. *Sixthly*, by justice I gained the affections of the people of God, and I extended my clemency to the guilty as well as to the innocent, and I passed the sentence which truth required. *Seventhly*, I selected and treated with veneration the posterity of the Prophet, and the theologians, and the teachers of the true faith, and the philosophers and the historians. *Eighthly*, I acted with determination; and on whatever undertaking I resolved, I made that the only object of my attention, and I withdrew not my hand from that enterprise until I had brought it to a conclusion; and I acted according to that

which I said; and I dealt not with severity towards any one; and I was not oppressive in any of my actions, *that God Almighty might not deal severely towards me*, nor render my own actions oppressive unto me."

"*Ninthly*, the situation of my people was known unto me; and those who were great among them I considered as my brethren, and I regarded the poor as my children." * * * "*Tenthly*, whatever horde, whether Turk or Tautcheek, Arab or Ajum, came into me, I received their chiefs with respect, and their followers I honoured according to their degrees; and whoever had been my enemy, and was ashamed thereof, and, flying to me for protection, humbled himself before me, I forgot his enmity, and I purchased him with kindness." * * *

"*Eleventhly*, my associates and my neighbours, and all such as had been connected with me, I distinguished in the days of my prosperity; and, as to my family, I rent not asunder the ties of blood and mercy; I issued not commands to slay them, or bind them with chains." * * * "*Twelfthly*, soldiers, whether friends or enemies, I held in esteem; and the man who drew his sword on the side of my enemy, and preserved his fidelity to his master, him I greatly honoured; and when such a man came unto me, knowing his worth, I classed him with my faithful associates, and I valued his fidelity."

"And, behold, it was known unto me by experience, that every empire, which is not established in morality and religion, nor strengthened by regulations and laws, from that empire all order, grandeur, and power shall pass away, and that empire may be likened unto a naked man, and to a house that hath neither roof nor gates, but into which whosoever willet may enter unhindered; therefore I established the foundation of my empire on the morality and the religion of Islam, and by regulations and laws I gave it stability."

The purpose of quoting this volume on the trial, was to strike the ground from under the feet of all who attempted to vindicate the Governor-General's conduct on the assumed maxims of Indian despotism. The plea had been, that, if tyrannical, he was urged to the tyranny by

the rules of native government. The Institutes of the great founder of the chief throne of India were adduced to disprove this charge; and, if the Indian princes had preserved the spirit of the rules as carefully as the letter, the imputation must fail. But with the vigour of Timour his justice had passed away; and, if Hastings had desired to shelter crimes tenfold deeper than his own were ever supposed to be, under the wing of Indian atrocity, it was broad enough and black enough to have covered them from the eye of human retribution.

We shall pass through the variety of speeches which Burke made on the subject, merely selecting, as hitherto, those passages which are most characteristic of his rich and powerful style. In treating of the charge of receiving presents, a form of Oriental bribery, of which Hastings was charged with being a zealous favourer, he suddenly burst forth:—"He who would set up a system of corruption, and justify it upon the principle of utility, is staining not only the nature and character of office, but that which is the peculiar glory of the official and judicial character of this country. My Lords, it is certain that even tyranny itself may find some specious colour, and appear as a more severe and rigid execution of justice. Religious persecution may shield itself under the guise of a mistaken and over-zealous piety. Conquest may cover its boldness with its own laurels, and the ambition of the conqueror may be hid in the secrets of his own heart, under the veil of benevolence, and make him imagine that he is bringing temporary desolation upon a country, only to promote its ultimate advantage. But, in the principles of that governor who makes money his object, there can be nothing of this. There are here none of those specious delusions, that look like virtues, to veil either the governed or the governor. His pretensions to merit are, that Mr Hastings squeezed more money out of the people than others could have done." * * *

"Governors, we know, cannot with their own hands be continually receiving bribes, for they must have as many hands as one of the idols in an Indian temple. As he has many offices, so he has many officers for

receiving and distributing his bribes, some white and some black. The white men are loose and licentious, apt to have resentments, and to be bold in revenging them. The black are secret and mysterious; they are not apt to have very quick resentments; they have not the boldness and liberty of language which characterises Europeans. They have fears, too, for themselves, and thus they will conceal any thing committed to them by Europeans; and thus it is almost impossible to make up a complete body of his bribery; you may find the scattered limbs, and while you are picking them up here and there, he may escape entirely in a prosecution for the whole."

One of the incidental charges against Hastings had been, that he made visits to the native princes, and then, accepting, in place of the customary hospitality, a sum of money, turned the whole process into a system of violent extortion. "Two hundred pounds a-day for a visit!" exclaims the accuser; "it is at the rate of L.73,000 a-year for himself. By his account, he was giving daily and hourly wounds to his humanity in depriving of their sustenance hundreds of the ancient nobility of a great, fallen kingdom. Yet it was in the midst of this galling duty, it was at the very moment of his tender sensibility, that from the collected morsels plucked from the famished mouths of hundreds of decayed, indigent, starving nobility, he gorged his ravenous maw with L.200 a-day for his entertainment. In the course of all this proceeding, your Lordships will not fail to observe, he is never corrupt but he is cruel; he never dines with comfort but where he is sure to create a famine. He never robs from the loose superfluity of standing greatness, he devours the fallen and the indigent. His extortion is not like the generous rapacity of the princely eagle, which snatches away the living, struggling prey; he is a vulture, who feeds upon the prostrate, the dying, and the dead. As his cruelty is more shocking than his corruption; so his hypocrisy has something more frightful than his cruelty. For whilst his rapacious and bloody hand now signs proscriptions, and now sweeps away the food of the widow and the orphan, his eyes overflow with

tears, and he converts the balm that bleeds from wounded humanity, into a rancorous and deadly poison to the race of man."

In some of the papers on the defence, Hastings had expressed his astonishment that he should stand as a culprit before the country, when, if justice were done, he should have been receiving its rewards for sustaining the British Government in the wild, ruthless, and refractory state of India. This plea was met with indignant sarcasm on the part of his great accuser. "Here," said he, "Mr Hastings changes his ground. The first era of his corruption was a bold, plain, ferocious, downright use of power. In the second, he is grown a little more guarded, the effect of subtlety. He appears no longer as a defendant; he holds himself up with a firm, dignified, and erect countenance, and says, I am not a delinquent, I am not here any longer as a receiver of bribes. No! I am a great inventive genius, who have gone out of all the ordinary roads of finance, have made great discoveries in the unknown regions of the science, and have for the first time established the corruption of the supreme magistrate as a principle of resource for Government."

Burke was a moralist and metaphysician by nature. His impressiveness was strongly connected with the weight of those maxims which he had formed from a long and profound study of the heart of man. And it is the force and abundance of those fine reflections which give an immortal value to his works on topics of the most temporary nature. He had heavily charged Hastings with corruption in peculiar instances. He now extended it to all. "But once convict a man of bribery in any instance, and you are furnished with a rule of irresistible presumption that every other irregular act, by which unlawful gain may arise, is done upon the same corrupt motive." "His conduct upon those occasions may be thought irrational. But, thank God, guilt was never a rational thing; it distorts all the faculties of the mind, it perverts them, it leaves a man no longer in the free use of his reason, it puts him into confusion. He has recourse to such miserable

and absurd expedients for covering his guilt, as all those who are used to sit in the seat of judgment know have been the cause of the detection of half the villainies of the world. God forbid, that guilt should ever leave a man the undisturbed use of his faculties. For as guilt never rose from a true use of our rational faculties, so it is very frequently subversive of them. God forbid, that prudence, the supreme director of all the virtues, should ever be employed in the service of any of the vices. No, it is never found where justice does not accompany it; and if it is ever attempted to bring it into the service of the vices, it immediately subverts their cause. It tends to their discovery, and, I hope and trust, finally to their utter destruction."

A large portion of those successive addresses was occupied with Indian details. The labour of collecting them must have been immense; the acuteness by which their strength and weakness were detected, under all the difficulties of foreign habits of concealment, aided by European dexterity of complication, exhibited in the most striking degree the logical force of Burke's mind; and the lustre which his feelings, strong passion, and vivid and vehement language, threw over the length and dryness of the subject, rendered the whole confessedly the greatest display of mental power in the annals of the Legislature. Sheridan's famous speech on the Begum charge excited a more sudden captivation. He was the enchanter of the audience. Unencumbered by details, his imagination was at liberty to fly from one prominent point to another, choosing the spot on which, like Milton's Angel, it might scatter fragrance and shoot splendour from its plumes. Burke's was the sterner labour of forcing his way through the intricate, hewing down the rugged, and taming the refractory. His path, however varied by height and depth, was confined by the nature of his duty to the ground; perpetually in the act to soar—and no imagination ever spread a broader or more brilliant wing—he is perpetually brought back to the level of the soil, bound down to the consideration of the common things of common life, and for the noblest

purposes, of establishing the cause of justice and virtue, forced to cling to the track, and wind his way through the obliquities of vulgar chicane and obscure villainy. His emblem might be found less in the enchanter, touching at will the dark and rude into brightness and beauty, than in the ancient Hero, one of the old earth-tamers, pursuing his career of ridding earth of robbers and monsters, until the time when his task was accomplished, and he was to be called to those banquets where Hebe administered. The impeachment of Hastings failed. The evidence against him was insufficient to justify the punishment of a man of unquestionable fidelity to his employers, of personal honour, and of official talent. The Peers, wearied by the length of the procedure, in itself amounting to a formidable penalty, acquitted Hastings as impatiently as they had entered into judgment on him. But his great accuser came forth free, from the keenest investigation of his motives. His indignation had been roused by a sense of Indian suffering, against its perpetrators. He disdained to take into account the difficulties of the time, the habits of the Indian government, or the natural growth of arbitrary measures in the hands of even the purest administrators, eight thousand miles from home, surrounded by intrigue, threatened with hourly ruin, and all but forced into violence through the mere dread of universal extinction. But those were the reasons of policy. Burke stood upon principle. The Legislature bowed to the difficulties of circumstances, and acquitted Hastings of acts in India which would have been incapable of pardon in England. Burke would not stoop to comprehend this, as he called it, geographical morality; he denied that justice could be altered like the human complexion, and that the same features of eternal law should be black within the tropics, and white as they advanced towards the pole. He could not comprehend that the moral feeling should change more than the senses, and demanded why the eye of the mind should not see as straight in Bengal as it saw in England, or why it should discover policy in bad faith, directness in artifice, honour in circumvention, and good government in the legislation

of the sword, though the sun burned in the zenith, or the land was swept alternately by the Tartar and the tornado.

The heart was right, but the philosophy was wrong. For gratuitous tyranny there can be no defence, as for gratuitous artifice there can be no palliation. But there may be times when a stronger necessity than man was ever commanded to oppose, throws all the old rules of morals into confusion. The man with a dagger at his throat kills his adversary, and none call it murder. The man perishing of famine, seizes the first food within his reach, and none call it robbery. No law of earth has condemnation for either; and law is the voice of Providence, uttered by the lips of man. The paroxysm of self-preservation converts injustice into a right, and violence into a protective principle. Burke himself, at a maturer period, could acknowledge that "the statutes of mercy and justice might be veiled in the war of the vices." The only barrier that society can erect against this general invasion of its peace, is that the necessity should be fully shewn; that it should allow no factitious suffering to be substituted for the true agony; that it should not yield to dexterous imposture the submission due only to the melancholy rights of madness and misery.

The brief peroration of the speech was majestic. "In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this guilt upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

"My Lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my Lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, of wasted kingdoms!

"Do you want a criminal, my Lords? When was so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my Lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

"My Lords, is it a prosecutor that you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain

as prosecutors; and I believe, my Lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, thus united by the bond of a social and moral community, the Commons of England, resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties offered to the people of India."

From thus laying out the branches of his principal appeal, he took occasion to pay a magnificent series of compliments to the King, the Royal Family, and the Peerage. "Do we want a tribunal? My Lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. Here we see virtually in the mind's eye that sacred majesty of the crown under whose authority you sit, and whose power you exercise. We see in this invisible authority, what we all feel in reality and life, the beneficent powers and protecting justice of his Majesty. We have here the Heir Apparent to the Crown, such as the fond wishes of the people of England wish an Heir Apparent of the Crown to be. We have here all the branches of the Royal Family in a situation between majesty and subjection, between the sovereign and the subject, offering a pledge in that situation for the support of the rights of the Crown, and the liberties of the people, both whose extremities they touch. My Lords, we have a great hereditary Peerage here. Those who have their own honour, the honour of their ancestors, and of their posterity to guard, and who will justify, as they have always justified, that provision in the constitution by which justice is made a hereditary office. My Lords, we have here a new Nobility, who have risen, exalted by various merits, by great military services, which have extended the fame of this country from the rising to the setting sun. We have those, who, by various civil merits and talents, have been exalted to a situation which they well deserve, and in which they will justify the favour of their Sovereign.

"My Lords, you have here also the lights of our religion, you have

the Bishops of England, you have that true image of the primitive church in its ancient form, in its ancient ordinances, purified from the superstitions and the vices which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions. You have the representatives of that religion which says that their God is Love, that the very vital spirit of their institution is Charity. "Those are the considerations which animate them, and will animate them, against all oppression; knowing that he who is called first among them, and first among us all, both of the flock that is fed and of those who feed, made Himself the 'Servant of all.'

"My Lords, those are the securities which we have in all the constituent parts of the body of the House. We know them we reckon upon, we rest upon them, and commit safely the interests of India and humanity into your hands. Therefore, it is with confidence, that ordered by the Commons,

"I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanours.

"I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled, whose Parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

"I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonoured.

"I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose properties he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

"I impeach him in the name, and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

"I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition."

Those speeches, which had occupied six days, and ended on February 19th, 1788, were followed by the opening of the first article of the Impeachment by Fox, on the 22d, supported by the present Earl Grey. The evidence was then adduced, and the whole was summed up by Mr Anstruther on 11th of April. The evidence on the second charge was

next summed up by Sheridan in his famous speech, on the 3d of June. The King's illness then intervened; nearly a year elapsed, and it was not till April, 1789, that Burke was enabled to address the Peers once more. He then opened the sixth charge, that of bribery and corruption. The delay of the trial had been used by the friends of Hastings as a plea against the severity of having any trial at all. Burke strongly replied to this plea in the first instance. "We know," said he, "that, by a mysterious dispensation of Providence, injury is quick and rapid, and justice slow. And we may say, that those who have not patience and vigour of mind to attend the tardy pace of justice, counteract the order of Providence, and are resolved not to be just at all. We, therefore, instead of bending the order of nature to the laxity of our characters and tempers, must rather conform ourselves, by a manly fortitude and virtuous perseverance, to continue within those forms, and to wrestle with injustice, until we have shewn, that those virtues which wickedness sometimes debauches into its cause, such as vigour, energy, activity, fortitude of spirit, are called back and brought to their true and natural service; and that in the pursuit of wickedness, in following it through all the winding recesses and mazes of its artifices, we shall shew as much vigour, as much constancy, as much diligence, energy, and perseverance, as others can do in endeavouring to elude the laws, and triumph over the justice of the country."

In examining some details of the cruelty to which the Indian tax-gatherers urged their office, he thus gave the philosophy of outrage:—"It is the nature of tyranny and rapacity never to learn moderation from the ill success of first oppressions. On the contrary, all oppressors, all men, thinking highly of the methods dictated by their nature, attribute the frustration of their designs to the want of sufficient rigour. Then they redouble the efforts of their impotent cruelty, which producing, as they must ever produce, new disappointments, they grow irritated against the objects of their rapacity; and their rage, fury, and malice, implacable because unpro-

voked, recruiting and reinforcing their avarice, their vices are no longer human. From cruel men they are transformed into savage beasts, with no other vestige of reason left, but what serves to furnish the inventions and refinements of ferocious subtlety for purposes of which beasts are incapable."

In alluding to a large sum of money, of which no account was given, he burst out into strong reclamation. "Charity is the only virtue that I ever heard of, that derives from its retirement any part of its lustre; the others require to be spread abroad in the face of day. Such candles should not be hid under a bushel. Like the illuminations which men light up when they mean to express great joy and magnificence for a great event, their very splendour is a part of their excellence. We, upon our feasts, light up our whole city. We, in our feasts, invite all the world to partake them. Mr Hastings feasts in the dark; he feasts alone. He feasts like a wild beast. He growls in his corner over the dying and the dead, like the tigers of that country, which drag their prey into the jungles. Nobody knows of it, till he is brought into judgment for the flesh which he has destroyed. This is the entertainment of Tantalus; an entertainment from which the sun hides his light."

The trial lingered through various postponements, until the world grew wearied of charges which seemed endless, and the accused became an object less of personal vindication than of popular sympathy. His friend now exerted themselves with growing activity. The dignity of the great tribunal before which Hastings was arraigned, had at first appalled them; but they became accustomed to the sight, the terror passed away, their vigour was now strong, and all the instruments of dexterous intrigue, contemptuous re- crimination, legal subtlety, and, it must not be denied, solid reasoning, were set in motion. Parliamentary influences, too, had begun to operate. Fox and India were names of unfortunate connexion. The genius and the measures of Pitt had cast the politics of Opposition and its once popular leader into the shade, and the fall of the party drew down

with it the labours of Burke in a cause which he had sincerely adopted as the cause of humanity, and sustained by what he as sincerely believed to be the spirit of justice. The trial was now compelled by the force of circumstances to a close, and the first sentence of Burke's first speech in 1794 was a contemptuous acknowledgment that the cause had been dashed to pieces on the rules of the House. This speech, which abounded in brilliant passages, the only indulgence which we can now derive from the whole transaction, was, in fact, a defence of the Managers. It treated severally of the chief points of public blame. They had been charged with using severe language to Hastings. This Burke vindicated on the ground of the necessity of speaking the truth. "When ignorance and corruption," said he, "have usurped the professor's chair, and placed themselves in the seats of science and virtue, it is high time for us to speak out. We know that the doctrines of folly are of great use to the professors of vice. We know that it is one of the signs of a corrupt and degenerate age, and one of the means of ensuring its further corruption and degeneracy, to give lenient epithets to corruptions and crimes. The world must think that persons who use such terms palter with their sacred trust, and are tender to crimes, because they look forward to the possession of the same power which they now prosecute, and purpose to abuse it in the manner in which it has been abused."

The Managers had been charged with a spirit of vindictiveness. This is finely retorted. "Lord Bacon has well said, that revenge is a kind of wild justice! It is so, and without this wild, austere stock, there would be no justice in the world. But when, by the skilful hand of morality and wise jurisprudence, a foreign scion, but of the very same species, is grafted upon it, its harsh quality becomes changed, it submits to culture, and, laying aside its savage nature, it bears fruits and flowers, sweet to the world, and not ungrateful even to that Heaven to which it elevates its exalted head. The fruit of this wild stock is revenge, regulated, but not extinguished—revenge transferred from the

sufferer to the communion and sympathy of mankind. This is the revenge by which we are actuated, and which we should be sorry if the false, idle, girlish, novel like morality of the world should extinguish in the breast of those who have a great public duty to perform. This sympathetic revenge, which is condemned by clamorous imbecility, is so far from being a vice, that it is among the greatest of all virtues; a virtue which the uncorrupted judgment of mankind has in all ages raised to the rank of heroism. To give up all the repose and pleasures of life, to pass sleepless nights and laborious days, and, what is ten times more irksome to an ingenious mind, to offer one's self to calumny, and all its herd of hissing tongues and poisoned fangs, in order to free the world from fraudulent prevaricators, from cruel oppressors, from robbers and tyrants, has, I say, the test of heroic virtue, and well deserves the distinction. The Commons, despairing to attain the heights of this virtue, never lose sight of it for a moment. For seventeen years they have, almost without intermission, pursued by every sort of enquiry, by legislative and by judicial remedy, the cure of this Indian malady, worse ten thousand times than the leprosy which our forefathers brought from the East. Could they have done this if they had not been actuated by strong, vehement, perennial passion, which, burning like the vestal fire, chaste and eternal, never suffers generous sympathy to grow cold in maintaining the rights of the injured, or denouncing the crimes of the oppressor?"

The third, and, practically, the principal imputation, was the tardiness of the proceedings. To this an equally brief, but equally sufficient answer is given. "I now proceed, my Lords, to the next recriminatory charge, which is Delay. I confess I am not astonished at the charge. From the first records of human impatience down to the present time, it has been complained that the march of violence and oppression is rapid, but that the progress of remedial and vindictive justice has almost favoured the appearance of being languid and sluggish. Something of this is owing to the very nature and constitution of human affairs. Because

justice is a circumspect, scrutinizing, balancing principle, full of doubt even of itself, and fearful of doing wrong even to the greatest wrong-doers; in the nature of things its movement must be slow, in comparison with the headlong rapidity with which avarice, ambition, and revenge, pounce down upon the devoted prey of those violent and destructive passions. My Lords, the disproportion between crime and justice, when seen in the particular acts of either, would be so much to the advantage of crimes and criminals, that we should find it difficult to defend Laws and Tribunals, if we did not look, not to the *immediate*, not to the *retrospective*, but to the *provident* operation of justice. Its chief operation is in its future example. And this turns the balance, upon the total effect, in favour of avenging justice, and reconciles a pious and humble mind to this great, mysterious dispensation of the world."

Burke's remarks on the habits and history of India, had been angrily discussed by Hastings's counsel. They had charged him with attempting to perplex the cause by carrying the public mind into the mystic absurdities of Indian ceremonial, by images of Ancient Mythology, and by romances on the triumphs of Tamerlane and Gengis Khan. Those charges peculiarly roused the indignation of the great accuser, and the whole of the speeches scarcely contain a finer burst of oratorical rage than his answer:—"They will shew you, they say, that Gengis Khan, Khoulî Khan, and Tamerlane, destroyed ten thousand times more people in battle than this man did. Good Heavens! have they run mad? Have they lost their senses in their guilt? Did they ever expect that we meant to compare this man to Gengis Khan, Kouli Khan, or Tamerlane? To compare a Clerk at a bureau; to compare a fraudulent bullock contractor—(for we could shew that his first elementary malversations were in carrying on fraudulent bullock contracts, which contracts were taken from him with shame and disgrace; and restored with greater shame and disgrace)—to compare him with the conquerors of the world! We never said he was a tiger and a lion; no, we said he was a weasel and a rat.

What we said was, that he has desolated countries by the same means that plagues of his description have produced similar desolations. We said, that he, a fraudulent bullock contractor, exalted to great and unmerited powers, can do more mischief than all the lions and tigers in the world. We know that a swarm of locusts, however individually despicable, can render a country more desolate than Gengis Khan or Tamerlane. When God Almighty chose to humble the pride and presumption of Pharaoh, and bring him to shame, he did not effect his purpose with tigers and lions. He sent lice, mice, frogs, and every thing loathsome and contemptible, to pollute and destroy the country. Think of this, my Lords, and of your listening here to their long account of Tamerlane's camp of two hundred thousand people, and of his building a pyramid at Bagdad with the heads of ninety thousand of his prisoners."

In selecting those powerful passages, we must feel that we offer a valuable service to the Student of Eloquence, that most important acquisition for the most important successes of the highest intellectual struggle in a free country. The voluminous nature of Burke's speeches makes their study too laborious for the general indolence of the time. Their vast quantity of extraneous matter makes selection a task which will not be generally undertaken. The circumstances of Burke's day, the occasions on which those great orations were delivered, the facts on which they were founded, and the purposes which they were designed to accomplish, all require to be detailed before their fitness, their force, or even their beauty, can be fully perceived. But, as long as Eloquence is an instrument of honour in the land, so long will the eloquence of Burke stand, perhaps in the very first rank of fame, and form, perhaps, the very first school of all that is manly in principle, magnificent in imagination, and rich, classical, and impressive in language?

The Impeachment was now virtually at an end. The King's illness in 1789, had suddenly checked the proceedings. The dissolution of Parliament in 1790 threatened to extinguish them altogether. The Law Authorities declared that the Im-

peachment had necessarily died with the dead Parliament. Long discussions took place, but at length the question was carried for the renewal of the proceedings: a result which may, not improbably, be attributed to the Ministers' discovery, that the employment of Opposition in Westminster Hall, was a safe diversion of their hostility in St Stephen's. It is certain, that the trial had practical effects, strongly injurious to the Parliamentary successes of the Whigs. Their hours were wasted in harangues before the half-empty benches of the Peerage; their activity was thrown away in ransacking piles of Indian records, their spirits hourly flagged under the growing despair of success, and they felt that their popularity was following the failure of their spirits. No powers of man could for ever keep up a public interest in the concerns of a country with half the world between, and the Orator, who had poured out his eloquence to a thin and wearied auditory at noon, incurred the formidable risk of speaking to deserted benches at night. Fox, Sheridan, and the more worldly and exhaustible portions of the party, had rapidly relaxed their attendance, and nothing but the enthusiastic vigour of Burke, nerved by that sense of right which made him the foremost champion of all that was generous, high-minded, and pure, in the concerns of man, could have persevered. Still he persevered, and bore the whole exhaustion of the labour, the whole weight of the responsibility, the whole virulence of the crowd of angry interests which fought in the cause of Hastings. In June, 1794, the trial had been all but formally concluded, by the general summing up of the charges by the successive Managers, Burke's reply, of nine days' length, closing the whole. On the 23d of April, 1796, Hastings was *acquitted*, by a large majority of the Peers; the Chancellor, however, voting against him. To complete this long proceeding in general harmony, Ministers paid it a parting compliment. Pitt moved thanks to the Managers; the motion was seconded by Dundas, and, of course, carried.

The chief destruction to the effectiveness of the trial was the exces-

sive official tardiness of its steps. Hastings had, in fact, undergone two trials, one before the Commons in addition to that in Westminster Hall. But no part of the delay was attributable to Burke. Hastings had returned to England in 1785, on the 16th of June. On the 20th of the same month, Burke gave notice of an enquiry into his acts, for the next Session. In June, 1786 he opened the first charge. In 1787 Sheridan opened, in January, with the famous speech on the Begum charge. The Committee of Impeachment was then appointed. On the 9th of May the Articles were debated, and Pitt gave his vote, in the most direct manner, *for* the Impeachment. No time was now lost, for on the very next day Burke accused Hastings at the bar of the House of Lords, in the name of the Commons of England. The trial commenced in Westminster Hall, on the 13th of February, 1788. The proceeding had all the solemnity that could be given to it by the forms of official stateliness. Burke, at the head of the Managers, all in full Court costume, led the way, followed by the Members of the House of Commons, a train of Masters in Chancery and other Officials, the Judges, the Peers, and the Royal Family.

The whole process thus occupied ten years, from 1785 to 1795. Yet so much of it was consumed in delays, entirely official, in Parliamentary prorogations, and legal ceremonial, that if the Court had sat but ten hours a day, as is customary in the tribunals of law, the trial would have been finished in two months! Justice probably triumphed. But Burke bore all his laurels untarnished from the field. The nation was full of astonishment at the vast and unremitting power of his appeals, of which, perhaps, the most striking evidence was given in the language of Hastings himself. "For the first half hour," said he, "I looked up to the Orator in a reverie of wonder, and, during that time, I felt myself the most culpable man on earth. But," said he, "I recurred to my own bosom, and there found a consciousness that counselled me under all I heard and all I suffered."

NORA BOYLE.

"It was a winter evening, and fast came down the snow,
And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast did blow."

THERE WAS SNOW enough to mottle the tempestuous darkness, but it melted into rain ere it had broken the black monotony of the ground. On all the dreary upland of Derrimahon Moor there was neither human habitation, house, nor tree. One gaunt pillar stone, a solitary monument of unknown times, was all that rose upon the bare expanse to break the rush of the blast, and the sweeping current did surge against and pour over it like the waters of a headlong river. The only shelter obtainable within sight was that afforded by its base, and some seemingly belated traveller, or houseless outcast, had taken its protection; for there sat at its foot a figure wrapped and gathered up in the folds of a long mantle, but so motionless that, save for an occasional movement of the head to cast a glance past its shielding side into the stormy weather beyond, she,—for, alas! it was a female form,—might have been supposed either numbed into insensibility by the cold, or fast asleep. The storm continued; she kept her comfortless position, her head sunk upon her bosom, and the dark mantle drawn so close around her, that her figure was soon scarcely distinguishable from the dark ground where she sat. A most forlorn half hour had passed, and no other human being had appeared upon the scene. The watcher had sunk her head lower and lower, and had drawn herself closer and closer to the rugged shelter, for the gale had now swelled into a storm, that raved over the bleak desert till yellow tufts of the last year's grass, and bushy wisps of straw and heather, rolled before it in a whirling drift, that emulated the driving tumult of the sky. At length, upon the faintly marked pathway that crossed the moor within a stone's throw of the pillar, there emerged from the darkness a single horseman—his cloak, and the mane of the strong animal he rode, streaming straight out into the blast, and his back and shoulders crusted white with snow. He drew

up from the gallop at which he had approached, and, as he slowly rode past the spot described, cast round an anxious but disappointed glance, then turning from the horse track, directed his course over the open moor, and twice made the whole circuit of the pillar before he at last rode up to it and dismounted. It was only as he leaped to the ground that he at length observed the presence of the other.

"Ha, my true girl!" he exclaimed in a voice of joyful surprise, as he cast his reins over the top of the grey stone, "I feared this wild weather had marred our meeting—it has been a cold trysting-place for you, Nora, and I have kept you waiting, but I could not come sooner, and when I did come, I could not see you for this blinding sleet.—Have you brought the child?" There was no answer; he stooped and drew the cloak from her face, "Ho, Nora, awaken! how can you sleep on such a night as this? 'Tis I, Nora—rouse yourself."

"Oh, Richard," replied a feeble voice, as the benumbed being awoke from her stupor—"oh Richard, are you come at last? I thought I was doomed to die at the foot of this cold stone. God and my own chilled heart only know what I have this night suffered for your sake."

Her words, half inarticulate from weakness, were almost inaudible from the violence of the wind, but their faintness made her wretched plight sufficiently understood.

"Get up, Nora dear," said her companion, bending over her, and extending his cloak between her and the blast, while he urged her to rise,—"You will perish, Nora, if you sit longer here," he said. "I have a pillow for you behind my saddle; we can be in Banagher before an hour."

"In Banagher!" she exclaimed; "and shall we not first go to Loughbeg chapel?"

"Yes, yes," he replied hastily; "certainly we shall—I had forgotten."

"Oh, Richard," she cried, taking

his hand, "you would not, you surely would not deceive me?"

"Do I live? do I breathe?" he exclaimed; but the tone of indignant affection in which he spoke was too extravagant to be real:—"but, Nora," he added quickly in a low and eager whisper, "have you brought the child?"

"Alas! poor infant," she replied, "he is here in my arms. I would to God I were free of the sin of bringing him out this bitter night!—Baby, baby," she passionately added, addressing her covered and apparently sleeping burthen, "I have stolen you to-night from your lawful mother, but it was to gain a lawful father for my own. Oh, Richard, shall we not be kind to him when we are the happy couple that you promise this night's theft shall make us?"

"We will, we will, Nora; but waste no more time, rise and let us go." He aided her to rise slowly and painfully, and placing his arm round her waist, supported her, while she began to lap the infant closer in its muffings. Suddenly she started, and drew in her breath with the quick sob of terrified alarm. "What is the matter?" cried her supporter.

"Oh, nothing—I hope, I trust in God, nothing," she replied, sighing convulsively, and trembling, as with a shaking and hurried hand she undid the wrappers in which the infant lay; but when she had bared its neck, and once pressed her cheek to its face, and her hand to its little feet, she fell from his arms to the ground, with one long cry, and fainted.

"What is the meaning of all this?" cried the man, in a voice of rough impatience and vexation, as he stooped down and raised her on his knee. Her head sank back upon his arm, and the child rolled from her relaxed embrace. He grasped it roughly as it fell, bent down, and gazed upon its still features, and laughed horribly.—"Ah ha!" he muttered, "here is a speedy consummation. No more need for plotting and planning now;—no more need for coaxing and quieting the scrupulous fool after this. Ha, ha, Sir Richard Morton, I wish you joy!"

But consciousness was now returning to the wretched girl; she

heaved a deep sigh, and raised her hands to her forehead—"Nurse, bring me the baby—oh! gracious God, what is this!—Richard, Richard, where am I?—is this the Brehon's pillar?—and the infant—is he—oh! is he so numbed?"

"Numbed!" repeated Morton, in a voice of ill-subdued triumph, "he is numbed to death, I think."

"No, no, no," she exclaimed, frantically tearing away the kerchief from her bosom, and snatching the motionless body from the ground, where it had fallen like a clod out of the hands of the exulting villain, to press it ineffectually against her chilled and terrified heart. "Oh! no, no, he is not dead—he is not dead," she cried, "or I am the most accursed of women;" and starting to her feet, she rushed wildly into the storm. The storm caught her like a withered leaf in autumn, and upon the wings of the wind, and in the frenzy of despair, she flitted before her astonished pursuer, for Morton had followed on the instant; yet although he ran swiftly, impelled by anger and apprehension, he had left both horse and pillar far out of sight, before he overtook, and at length arrested her. "Touch me not, Richard!" she exclaimed, "touch me not, for I am a wretch that would pollute the hangman. Oh, God! send the storm to sweep me to the river, or the snow to bury me where I stand, for I have taken the life of that innocent babe, and am not fit to live!"

Amid her passionate lamentations, the voice of Morton was hardly heard; but when her tears and sobs at length choked their utterance, he said to her, as she sank exhausted in his arms, "Cease your useless complaints, and hear me. What is done cannot be undone; but listen to me, and, even as it is, I will shew you how to make it better for us both—Do you hear what I say to you, Nora Boyle?"

"Richard, Richard, do you know what I have done?" she sobbed in reply.

"I'll tell you what," cried he sternly, "you have done me better service than you ever did before—you have done the very thing I wanted."

"My brain is bewildered and burning," she said, "and I hardly comprehend what you would tell

me. Service, did you say? Alas! I can do you no service, Richard. I would to God I were dead!"

"I did not ask you to do more service," cried he,—"I told you, you had done enough already. The stealing of their heir, I tell you, was of no use without this; and this would have been done sooner or later.—Why, what a simpleton you were, to think that I would succeed to these estates, till a jury had been shewn that the next heir was dead! I was jesting with you when I said that I would rear him in France."

Consciousness of something dreadfully sinful in her companion seemed to have been gradually forcing itself upon the reluctant mind of the miserable girl; she had shrunk partially from his embrace at the first faint suspicion, but now she sprung from his side with the energy of entire horror.

"Jesting! jesting!" she exclaimed; "and your promise that you would marry me—oh! blessed Virgin! was that jesting also?"

"Perverse and provoking fool," he cried furiously, and grasped her by the arm, "dare you reproach me with a falsehood when the guilt of murder is on your own soul? What would you do? Would you rush into Lady Morton's chamber with her dead child in your arms, and tell her that you come to be hanged? Would you go mad, and rave to the tempest here, till you sink upon the common, and become like what you carry?"

"Oh! that I were;—oh! would to God that I were!" she exclaimed, with a fresh burst of passionate weeping.

"Well, well," said he, "be calm; be calm, I entreat you now, and listen to me."

He set his back doggedly against the blast, and again drew her to his side, where, under the shelter of his cloak, he said, in a strong whisper—

"You can save us both if you will, Nora. Go down to Mount Morton; I will see you safe to the door. Steal in as you came out. Dry the wet from the child's hair, and the marks of the soil from his night-dress, and lay him as you found him, in his cradle. The draught you gave the nurse secures you from interruption. Then, go to your own bed; but you must hang your wet clothes to dry,

and throw your shoes into the river out of your window. They will all say in the morning that the child died a natural death overnight. Come!"—for all at once, as he was speaking, she had clasped her hands closer over her breast, where the infant still lay, and with a deep and fluttering inspiration had made a motion of assent, in the direction of the house,—
"Come, there is a good girl. Did I not say well, Nora? Why, you are a woman of spirit after all. I was wrong to quarrel with you. This was no fault of yours. You could not tell how cold it would be; never blame yourself then. By my honour I will marry you yet, if you only do this thing well;—but why do you not speak, Nora?"

"Make haste, make haste," in a voice of forced and tremulous calmness, was all the reply she made.

"Yes, let us hurry on," he answered; "the sooner it is done the better. But, I cannot take you with me to-night, Nora; you are aware of that. You must stay to avoid suspicion. And, mark me, be not too eager in the morning to take the alarm; and when you have to look at it along with the rest"—

But let us not pollute our pages with the minutiae of deliberate villainy which, in the pauses of the wind, he ceased not to pour into the ears of Nora Boyle, till they had passed the farthest skirts of the declining moor, and were arrived beneath an arch of tossing and leafless branches. Through this the blast shrieked so loud and shrilly, that neither heard the other till they stood before an antique and extensive building at its farther end.

"Now, Nora," whispered Morton, as they advanced to a low door in the thickly ivied wall, "remember what I have told you; I will see you to-morrow: till then, give me a kiss!"—

But she had hurried in through the unfastened postern, and he heard the bolts shoot and the chains fall on the inside ere the unhallowed words had passed his lips.

"She cannot mean to play me false," he muttered; "she cannot do but as I have desired. She has no choice. Yet I will not trust her. I will round to her window, and see to it myself."

So saying, he turned from the door, and dived into the thick shrubbery that skirted the court-yard in front.

Mount-Morton House was built on the precipitous bank of a torrent that poured the collected waters of its course into the Shannon, sometimes in a tiny cascade that was hardly visible, trickling down the face of its steep channel, and sometimes, as on this occasion, in a thundering waterfall that shook the trees upon its sides, and drove the beaten flood in a tumultuous repulse far over its level banks beyond. The rear walls of the building rose almost from the verge of the rock; and any ledge that their regular foundation had left, was inaccessible except from below.

Morton descended the steep and wooded bank till he arrived at the water's edge, which was now risen so high, that in some places there was barely footing between it and the overhanging precipice. The jagged and confused masses of rock that usually obstructed the course of the howling brook were now covered by a deep river that poured its silent weight of waters from bank to bank, uninterrupted, save here and there where a sullen gurgle told that some overhanging branch or twisted root was struggling ineffectually with its swift oppressor.—Every stock and stone, from the spot where he stood to the window of Nora Boyle, was known—alas! too well known—to Richard Morton; yet he paused and shuddered when he looked at the drifting tempest and black precipice above him, and at the swelling inundation at his feet. Bound upon whatever errand of sin, he might have clambered up the ragged pathway before, yet his hand had never trembled as it grasped branch or tendril, and his knee had ever been firm above the narrowest footing; but whether it was the increased danger of the ascent on such a night, or the tremendous consciousness of what that perilous ascent was undertaken for, that now unmanned him, he stood in nerveless trepidation, his hand laid upon the first hold he had to take, and his foot placed in its first step up the sheer face of the crag, motionless, till suddenly a strong light flashed

successively from the three loopholes of the hall, and after disappearing for a moment, streamed again with a strong and steady lustre from the well-known window of his paramour. He started from his trance, and flung himself to the next ledge at a bound; thence toiling upward, now swinging from branch to branch, now clambering from crag to crag, sometimes hanging from the one hand, sometimes from the other, panting and exhausted he at length gained the projection beneath Nora's window. He caught the sill, and raising himself slowly, looked into the apartment. A light burned on the high mantel-piece, and a low fire was gathering into flame below. On the floor knelt Nora Boyle, and before her, wrapped in blankets, lay the discoloured body of the frozen child.

"Nora," cried Morton in a strong whisper, "what are you doing? You will ruin all! Put him in his cradle, and get to bed."

She raised her head with a strong shudder. "Villain, I defy you!" she cried, and bent down again—it was to chafe the little limbs with both hands.

"Villain! villain!" repeated Morton—"are you mad? do you know what you say? open the window, and I will shew you what to do myself."

Her long hair, glistening with rain, had fallen down dishevelled over her hands; she threw back her head to part it on her brow, and bind up the wet locks behind; and, as with unconscious violence, she drew the dark and glossy bands till the water streamed from their hard knot, cast one glance of exulting abhorrence at the window, and cried again, "Villain, I defy you! *The baby is not dead!*"

"It is a lie!" cried Morton, furiously, but his heart misgave him as he uttered the words; and the chance of losing all by that unforeseen possibility, smote upon his soul with sickening suddenness. "No, no, Nora," he cried, "you are deceived. It cannot be. The body is as cold as a stone. You will be hanged for his murder if you go on.—Nora!"—for she did not seem to hear him, bending with her face to

the infant's, and constantly chafing with both her hands,—“Nora! give it up and save yourself. Put him in the cradle. I will marry you—I will, by all that is sacred, if you do! I will make you Lady Morton, by Heaven I will, before to-morrow morning if you give it up.—Nora! wretch! hear me, I will not be trifled with. Open the window or I will break it in,” and he shook the staucheons furiously, but she heard him not.

“Oh, blessed mother, if ever I prayed to you with a pure heart, make my hands warm now,” she cried, for the livid purple was already changing upon the little limbs. “Baby, dear baby!” she sobbed with bursting tears of joy, “are you coming at last to save me? Oh, open your blue eyes! smile upon me:—bless me for ever with one breath! —Oh, gracious God, I bless thee! his eyes are opening!” and she fell by the re-animated infant's side, swooning again; but from the excess of feelings, oh how different from those which had stricken her down, a conscious and despairing sinner at the foot of the cold stone on Dirrimahon Moor!

Nora Boyle returned slowly and painfully to consciousness. The images of life's bright dawning in the eyes of the little one, and of the savage scowl that had glared upon her through the window, as the baffled villain saw his last dark hope dispelled, still floated before her confused senses, but she remembered nothing distinctly. Something was moving, twining, warm, among the long tresses on her neck.—Oh, blessed touch! it was the little hand with its soft busy fingers playing with her curls! She would have clasped the recovered treasure to her heart, but returning recollection of the wrong she had done him deterred her, and she could only sit and gaze with an awful and reverential wonder upon the miracle of Heaven's kindness that lay, moving and smiling in the now genial glow of the bright hearth before her.

She gazed till the fulness of her heart had almost overcome her once more, but tears at last came struggling up with the imprisoned passion, and poured it forth in long and relieving weeping. But her unbur-

thened heart had hardly expanded again within her bosom, when the thoughts of her own injuries, degradation, and abandonment, and the dreadful reflection that all had been endured for the sake of such a man as Morton, came crowding on her soul, and choked the relieving tears at their source. She covered her face with her hands, as if to hide herself from the innocent being before her, and it was not till she had knelt in long and fervent prayer that she dared at length to look upon or touch him. At last she arose, and, giving him one timid caress, lifted her sweet burden again, and bore him with steps that seemed, unsteady as they were, to tread on air, to his own empty cradle by the bedside of the still sleeping nurse. She placed him softly in his little nest, and stole to the door,—returned—kissed him—he laughed, and stretching out his tiny arms, wound them round her neck, “Oh, blessed baby, let me away,” she unconsciously whispered, as she strove gently to disengage herself, but he wreathed the playful embrace still closer and closer. She heard a door open suddenly, and a footstep on the lobby; then her own name called at the door of her chamber in a voice of fearful alarm—the voice of Lady Morton roused from her sick bed by some new calamity. Nora's first impulse was to go, to cast herself at her feet, to confess all, and to implore her pardon; but the shame of that confession seemed so dreadful that she stood trembling in irresolute confusion till her kinswoman entered. Lady Morton was ghastly pale, as well from recent illness as from agitation. “Oh, Nora, are you here? has the baby been unwell?—No, no, you need not lift him now, but call the servants, dear Nora, for I can go no farther,” she said as she sank exhausted on a seat. Nora gazed at her in wild confusion. “Leave the infant with me, Nora,” continued Lady Morton, “and go rouse the servants, for I am terrified almost to death. There is some one drowning in the river!” Nora uttered one piercing scream and rushed towards the window. “You cannot hear it here, Nora,” said the lady, “the cry comes from under the black crag. Oh, God protect me from ever hearing such a sound again!”

Nora clasped her hands tight over her breast to suppress the agony of rising despair, and rushed from the room. Her cries soon raised the household; and in a short time servants were thronging from the front with ropes and lanterns, and scrambling down the steep bank to the water's edge. Nora was the first at the river's brink. All was the moaning of the wind, and the sullen rush of waters.—“Lights, lights!” she cried, “bring hither lights, for it is here that the pathway crosses the crag; but I cannot find it.”

“Ah, miss,” cried old Felix Daly, the butler, as he gained her side with the dull light of his lantern; “the pathway is six feet under water by this; the man is not in Ireland that dare attempt it.”

Suddenly Lady Morton's voice was heard from her window above, and there was something wildly earnest in the tones as they swept over their heads upon the wind—“Hold out your lantern farther over the water. I see something in the bend of the river.”

The old man bent over the torrent with his arm extended.

“Farther yet,” was all they could hear of the lady's next cry.

“I cannot reach farther, my lady,” said Daly.

“Give me the light,” cried Nora. She took the lantern from his hand, and, as a mass of loose rubbish, long straws, grass, and briars, gathered in some upland eddy, came sailing down the river, she cast it with a firm hand on the rude raft it offered. The lantern sunk through the yielding brambles till the light was almost level with the water, but some stronger branch, or firmer texture of the sods and rushes, arrested its farther descent, and, flickering up from the very verge of the stream, it floated away, casting a pale yellow light around, that showed the naked rocks with their waving crown of woods on either hand, and the brown twisted torrent between, like the back of a great serpent, writhing and rushing down the glen. It disappeared behind the black crag, and in breathless suspense they listened for the next cry from above. First came a scream sounding shrilly over all, and then they could distinguish the exclamations,—

“I see it now! alas! It is a man. He is caught upon a branch, and the water breaks over him. His hands and feet are swept out in the current. The light is sinking—it flickers on his face. Merciful Heaven! it is my cousin Richard!”

While Felix Daly listened to these words which came fitfully on his shuddering ears from above, he also heard a low voice by his side say, “God have mercy on my soul!” and at the same instant beheld Nora Boyle plunge forward into the stream. He seized her dress and shouted for assistance. The river struggled hard to hold its prey, and drew him after till he stood to his knees in the flood. Another step would have precipitated both into an irresistible weight of water beyond, for they stood upon an overhanging bank covered by the stream; but timely help arrived, and both were dragged from the reluctant torrent. They drew them out upon the bank, the old man weak as an infant, the wretched girl quite insensible. They bore her to the house; they laid her in warm blankets—they chafed, and at length revived her, even as she had revived the murdered infant an hour before; but when at length she opened her eyes, alas! there was no dawning of intelligence there. She raved all night in utter delirium. Lady Morton sat by her bedside, listening in horror and amazement to the revelations of her madness. First, she gathered that her child had been carried out, she could not find for what purpose; then she heard that he had been (as the miserable being expressed it) dead; and had she not held him even then breathing and moving in her own arms, she would have run to his cradle to satisfy herself that it was not a changeling. But her fear and amazement turned to horror almost insupportable, when at length, Nora's involuntary confession disclosed her seducer's motive in making that theft the condition of their promised marriage, and that horror was again lost in gratitude and wonder, when she heard the exclamations of wild delight with which Nora acted over again the scene of her child's resuscitation; and, finally, she left her bedside at daybreak, worn out with mingled emotions of joy and sorrow.

With the earliest light of dawn, the domestics were again by the river side. Its shrunken waters now yielded them a pathway to the spot where the body of Morton had been seen at night. Body there was none; but on the branch that had arrested it there still remained a ragged piece of cloth fluttering over the turbid stream, which now flowed many feet below that last and only remnant ever discovered of the miserable man. His horse was found dead, laired in a morass, near the pillar,

girths and bridle broken. He had burst from his confinement, and foundered in the storm. Reason returned to Nora Boyle, but life was fast departing. Her kinswoman had given her her full forgiveness, and the last rites of her church had been administered. "Wilt thou too forgive me, dear child?" she said to the baby on his mother's breast. The boy stretched out his arms, she clasped him with a feeble embrace, and breathed her last in a blessing on his lips.

NIGHTS AT MESS.

CHAP. IV.

"AND a very gentlemanly proper sort of a robber, upon my life," said Colonel O'Looney. "'Twould have been a pity to hang such a good judge of claret. Now the London rogues are very different. I was walking one day down into the City, and stopt for a moment to look at some pictures in a window in St Paul's churchyard. Before I had time to say Jack Robinson, half a dozen fellows kept pushing close round me, and at last I felt a little tug at my pocket, and discovered that my purse had disappeared like lightning. I seized on the fellow who was standing next me, and intended at all events to have the pleasure of breaking every bone in his skin for my money, when a very genteel-looking young fellow came up, and says he, 'You've sustained some loss, I fear, sir?'

"'Loss!' says I, 'to be sure I have; and this little owld rascal here denies he has got my purse, though he has been close to my pocket this last quarter of an hour.'

"'May I beg,' says the gentleman again, 'may I beg to enquire if your loss is very serious?'

"'Faith it's more than I can afford, especially for so little satisfaction as only thrashing this little owld thief here.'

"'How much, may I ask, sir? I assure you I am deeply interested by your misfortune.'

"'Why, then, there was exactly fourteen sovereigns in gold, and a ten pound Bank of England note.'

"'Are you aware of the number of the note, so as to stop it at the Bank?'

"'Not I,' said I, 'I shouldn't know the note from Adam.'

"'Then, sir,' replied my compassionate friend, 'I am very much obliged to you for your information, for that d—d rascal Jim Scraggs that forked your cly, swore there was nothing but five sovereigns. There are three of us in the lay, and it's just eight pounds a-piece.'

"Before I had time to double my fist and knock his brains out on the spot, he had disappeared up some dark alley. In the meantime a great crowd had collected, and the man I had seized by the collar waited very patiently till he saw a policeman, and immediately gave me in charge for an assault. On looking at the man, he really seemed a very quiet respectable sort of person, and I was sorry for having mistaken him for the thief. I apologized to him as well as I could, and offered him any compensation he chose. He swore it was a hard thing for a gentleman, though unfortunately reduced in circumstances, to be accused of robbery on the public streets, but at last consented to accept a douceur of twenty pounds. Luckily I was known at a shop in the neighbourhood, where I went and borrowed the requisite funds. The moment he got the money into his hands, he said, 'Now don't you go telling Bill Filch or Jim Scraggs about this here trifle, as it's quite a private transaction 'tween ourselves—but I must be off for my share of the twenty-four—good-bye; so that the three gentlemen made a very

good thing of it, though the villains have never thought of making up for it by the smallest present."

We had a good laugh at the coolness of the poor Colonel's spoilers, and the conversation again became general. Our bacchanalian labours now began to produce their usual effects, and I confess, if any good things were said, I do not recollect them so accurately as if they had made their appearance at an earlier part of the evening. A stranger who sat near me, moved my envy exceedingly by the extraordinary power he seemed to possess of drinking and speaking at the same time. He spoke as incessantly as Major Newby, and filled his glass (and emptied it) as regularly as Captain Withers. He seemed a very nice fellow—very good-natured looking—and as I had nothing better to do, I resolved to listen for a little to what he was saying. There is something very captivating to a talkative sort of fellow in the appearance of attention. He caught my attitude of listening in a moment, and directed his conversation principally to me. "My grandfather," he began, "who died many years ago, commander-in-chief of the Leeward Islands, received his first commission in the —th heavy dragoons, somewhere about the year seventeen hundred and sixty. He was then quite a gay young fellow, and as romantic and ignorant of the world as youths of eighteen always are—or ought to be. This same ignorance of the world is a most ridiculous phrase, for as it means only an ignorance of the faults and wickedness which one meets with in life, it gives us to understand that there is no other kind of people in the world but thieves and liars. The old worn-out cynic, who boasts of his experience, and acts as if all men were dishonest and unworthy of one's confidence and esteem, is in reality more ignorant of the world than the young enthusiast who expects every man to be as generous and as unselfish as himself. But this is a digression. My grandfather was perhaps if any thing too enthusiastic; but, luckily, in the very outset of his career he became acquainted with a person, whose name is still greatly celebrated, from whom he derived considerable benefit and instruction. I need not

allude to this kind preceptor more particularly at present; his usefulness will appear in the course of my story. The young soldier started from home with his pockets well filled by the liberality of his father,—a good horse below him, which was intended for one of his chargers—pistols primed and loaded at his saddlebow, and thinking himself a new Alexander going forth to conquer the world. His servant and heavy luggage had been sent off two or three days before, and the young man anticipated great pleasure in his journey from the rich vale of Gloucester to Chatham, where his regiment was stationed. The first day conducted him, without any adventure, to the Black Horse at Burford—a hostel which no Oxonian of the present day will forget, if he has tasted a frothing tankard of Jimmy Stevens's beer. While he was seeing his horse properly attended to in the stable, he was struck with the remarkable appearance of a person who kept pacing to and fro in the stable-yard. He wore a long loose horseman's cloak, which completely concealed his figure; but the large silver buckles in his shoes, and a full-bottomed wig, curling a good way over his shoulders, surmounted by a little old-fashioned three-cornered hat, gave him altogether the look of some venerable relic of the days of Queen Anne. He stooped greatly as he walked, and every now and then making a dead stop, and gazing earnestly up into the sky, he muttered some strange sounds, which the young soldier could not by any means understand, and accordingly imagined to be Greek. The hostler could afford him no satisfactory information as to who the object of his curiosity was. He had only arrived an hour or two before him, and the little shaggy pony he rode was in the next stall to the magnificent charger of the youthful traveler. As he passed the stranger, in going into the house, he addressed him, in hopes of finding out something more about him. 'Good-night, father,' said the young man, 'here is a most beautiful moon.'

"Poh! don't talk of any thing beautiful standing in a stable-yard; if you were on the deck of a brave

frigate on the still bosom of the Atlantic—if you were on the summit of some ruined tower, seeing its light reflected in broken patches on the lake—or glimmering on the top of breathless woods—you might talk of its being beautiful; but here, within two yards of a dunghill—faugh!—call it a full moon, or a bright moon, or a useful moon, but never mention the word beautiful.

“‘But, my dear sir,’ replied the other, ‘it is you and I who are in the stable-yard, and in such unromantic proximity to a dunghill, and not the moon. What you say might do very well if any person in the moon had applied the epithet to us; but I maintain, in spite of all you can advance, that the moon is a beautiful moon.’”

“‘Have it your own way, young man, and beautiful let it be. I am not so romantic now as I have been. Is there nothing else in the sky that you consider beautiful?’”

“‘Every thing—star, cloud, and vapour.’”

“‘But is there no star in particular? not that bright little light at the corner of that fleecy cloud—you see it?’”

“‘Yes.’”

“‘That is the only star in heaven that *you* ought to care a rush for. ’Tis yours.’”

“‘Mine! oh! you are an astrologer, old gentleman. I should be obliged to you for a cast of your art.’”

“‘I’ll give it you to-morrow. To-night I must leave the starry host to take care of themselves, while I follow their example in the supper-room of the Black Horse.’”

“‘We’ll sup together, if you have no objection,’ said my grandfather, delighted to have made acquaintance with so out-of-the-way a character; and they proceeded very amicably into the house, to see what provision the larder could supply.

“The stranger still retained his horseman’s cloak, and, under the plea of dim sight and old age, he ornamented his nose with a pair of large horn spectacles. His conversation was quite as curious as his appearance.

“‘And so you have left your home to join the army? I thought there was something military in your air

the first moment I saw you. On what day do you reach your destination?’”

“‘This is only Monday,’ replied the young man, ‘and Chatham is not above two quiet days’ journey from this place.’”

“‘Your horse is a good one?’”

“‘The best in the county of Gloucester. I would not part with Brown Hamlet for fifty golden Georges.’”

“‘But you have made other provision for the war besides a charger? Ill fares it with the soldier at quarters who has not a purse as well as a sabre.’”

“‘Tut, man, I have both; but my journey has made me thirsty as well as hungry. What shall we drink?’”

“‘’Tis all the same to me,’ said the old man. ‘I have been in all lands, and drank their wines at the fountainhead; but my favourite was a wine we drank deeply of when we were at Breda. ’Twas Palatinate; and Charles used to say to us his father had paid right dearly for it with a Spanish war, so it mattered little whether his son ever paid for it to the tapster.’”

“‘And who was your friend Charles,’ said my grandsire; ‘he seems to have been a jolly sort of fellow.’”

“‘Why, tawny Charles Stewart the king, to be sure—a much pleasanter companion, I can tell you, than sly Noll the Protector.’”

“My grandfather nearly dropt the bottle of good hock from his hand, when he heard he was sitting with a boon companion of the merry monarch.

“‘You look astonished,’ continued the other, ‘but I could tell you more wonderful things than that. Few people give me credit for so much experience as I have, but I was quite a young fellow then, not much above threescore.’”

“‘Do you mean to say,’ exclaimed my grandfather, ‘that you were sixty years of age in the time of Charles the Second?’”

“The old man nodded.

“‘Then, in the name of Heaven, how old are you now?’”

“‘Pretty nearly your own age, Master Wellwood,—younger, perhaps, if we consider our lifetime from the space between us and the grave, and not between us and the cradle.’”

"You mean that you have a chance of living longer than I have?"

"A chance? A certainty. I have but entered on my first youth yet; and you too, I am informed, will be blest with length of days."

"Your informant was particularly obliging. His means of knowing how long I am to live were of course undeniable."

"Of course. It is impossible for me to be deceived. The stars themselves have told me."

"My grandfather entered with all the eagerness of his age into the rhapsodies of the enthusiast. He half believed in the agency of stars and conjunctions of planets, and was quite bewildered by the strange assertions of his new acquaintance. However, he did not trouble his head much about whether his statements of his extreme longevity were true or not. He found him, at all events, an exceedingly agreeable companion. Age, whatever it might have done for his eyesight, had only sharpened his appetite, and strengthened his head. The palatinate had evidently no more effect than water upon a brain accustomed to it in the banished Court at Breda, and even stout punch was entirely thrown away upon so seasoned a vessel. My grandfather, in the meantime, possessing no such preservative against the effects of his libations, after speechifying incessantly for a full hour, revealing every item of his birth, parentage, and education, was at length conveyed to his couch in a state of the most profound oblivion of nearly every thing that had passed."

"Next morning he was greatly disappointed, on finding that his companion of the night before had set off on his journey long before he was up. He breakfasted in sober sadness, paid his reckoning, and, mounting brown Hamlet, pursued his way to Oxford. After resting a short time in that 'famous University,' he proceeded at a slow pace towards Henley, with the intention of resting there for the night. When he had left Oxford four or five miles behind him, he thought he perceived the old astrologer a short way in advance, urging his shambling grey pony into a trot, an exercise to which the wearied animal seemed to have a very decided objection. A few mi-

nutes served to overtake him, and my grandfather was rejoiced to discover he had not been mistaken."

"I am glad, Master Wellwood, you have overtaken me, for this poor little pony will go all the better for your company."

"And yourself none the worse, Master Hasdrubal—for I think that was the name you told me—though, by Jupiter, my memory is not so clear this morning as it ought to be."

"My name is indeed Paulo Hasdrubal, as you so correctly remember; and I shall be delighted not only with your company, but, in this disturbed road, with your protection also."

"Fear nothing, old Hasdrubal; I have two friends in my holster shall give good account of any one who molests us. Your pony does not seem to carry his years so well as you do yours. He won't go much farther to-night."

"I hope to get him on at any rate to Henley," replied the old man, 'where, indeed, I have a little business; but if you are not in a hurry, Master Wellwood, and will give him a little breathing time, there is a pretty little copse about half a mile on, where we can retire, and pass half-an-hour over the contents of my little basket.'

"Agreed with all my heart," said the other; 'and you shall amuse the time with an account of some other of your strange adventures.'

"Come on, then," said the astrologer; and by dint of extra flogging, and the example of brown Hamlet, the pony quickened its pace, and in a few minutes they diverged from the high-road, and found themselves in a thickly-leaved coppice, about three hundred yards to the right. The old man took off his saddle, unbridled the worn-out pony, and let him pick up the grass at his ease. My grandfather merely fastened his horse to a tree, and, sitting down beside the old man, did ample justice to the luncheon contained in his basket."

"Well, father," he said, 'your teeth seem pretty good, considering what capital use you have made of them for an age or two.'

"Yes, thanks to the planet Saturn under which I was born, who ate lumps of stone when he was much

older than I am, and swallowed them as if they had been slices of butter. My nerves are as good as ever, my aim as sure, my hand as steady, and, in the daytime, even my eyes as good. See.'

"As he said this, he took a pistol from the holster of his saddle, lying beside him, and, tossing an empty bottle into the air, shattered it into a thousand pieces with the ball.

" 'Well done,' exclaimed my grandfather; 'you are a first-rate marksman, Master Hasdrubal. Let me try.'

" 'Willingly, my son; but empty the bottle before you throw it away. There is still a mouthful in it. Here is my other pistol.'

"The bottle was thrown up, fired at, and missed.

" 'Contound the bottle,' said the young man. 'Let me have just another trial. I'll go for one of my own pistols.'

" 'No,' replied the other, 'we may perhaps alarm some traveller on road: let us rather pass the time they do in Algiers.'

" 'How is that?'

" 'In telling tales. When I was there as a galley-servant, I became a great favourite with my master by my talent in setting him to sleep with my long-winded stories.'

" 'Were you long there?'

" 'Longer than I wished—but you shall hear. It was in the first James's time, towards the end of his reign—here my grandfather started, but made no observation, setting the narrator down in his own mind either as the devil, or as some old doting enthusiast—' Yes, it was somewhere about a hundred and thirty years ago,' continued the old man, as if in answer to my grandfather's start of surprise, 'that I found myself one morning without any money in my pocket, and not any settled plan in my head, walking on the landing-place on the shore of Boulogne. A little vessel attracted my attention, bearing right in for the harbour; and with the undefined curiosity of men who have nothing else to think of, I waited its arrival, to see the passengers it contained. When it lay to, a small boat put off, and in it I perceived five men, besides the sailors, who rowed to land. The first who stepped on shore was a tall, handsome

man, though rather meanly dressed; but there was a courtliness in the air with which he tendered his assistance to a thin young man, who next leapt upon the sand, which riveted my observation. The two who had disembarked walked hastily towards the town, while the three other individuals remained for the purpose apparently of making arrangements with the boatmen. The strangers directed their steps to the place where I was standing; and as they passed, I could not avoid—in spite of the vulgarity of their clothing, and their evident desire to avoid observation—lifting my hat from my head, and paying them the lowliest obeisance. The taller of the strangers stooped as soon as he saw me, and said to his companion,—'I say, Jack Smith, this won't do. Here we are discovered the moment we put foot on foreign ground. What fools to part with our long beards at Dover!'

" 'Beards, my Lord Duke,' said I, with my bonnet still in hand, 'beards would be ineffectual to conceal from the eyes of a true Englishman the princely features of one beside you who claims every Englishman's obedience.'

" 'Bribe him, Steenie, or hire him to accompany us,' said the other stranger, with a stutter which did not altogether conceal the dignity of his manner while he spoke.

" 'My Lord of Buckingham,' I said, 'and you, whom seeing in such unusual guise I dare hardly name, I shall neither be bribed nor hired. If my services can be of use, command them—if not, pass on; there is a seal upon my lips which shall never be broken.'

" 'A right good fellow, and one to be trusted, I warrant,' replied the Duke. 'Follow us, good fellow—but keep your bonnet on your head. Jerkins like ours deserve no such observances.'

" 'I followed the gentlemen, and in an hour found myself the trusted companion of Prince Charles and Buckingham, who had left England the day before to prosecute their journey to the Court of Spain. Dick Graham, my fellow-servant on the expedition, was of incalculable use. I used to think myself a person of a very decent degree of impudence before; but I found myself the most

modest of mankind compared to Dicky Graham. In several places our masters were recognised—their faces and stations were too eminent to remain long unknown. Dick Graham exhausted all the Biblical knowledge he had acquired in three years' study at the university, in calling down curses on himself and others, if the gentlemen he followed were not Master John and Master Thomas Smith, two worthy young squires from the county of Suffolk. If any one appeared a little tardy of belief, Dick only pointed to his sword, and as his reputation as a master of the rapier was pretty well established, his statement derived considerable authenticity from the vigour with which he seemed determined to enforce it. I will not tire you with all the adventures of our journey, which doubtless, as you are a well-read young gentleman, you are well acquainted with already; but you are to imagine us safely arrived at Madrid,—cannons firing, drums beating, bells ringing, and the haughty King of Spain sitting humbly, in all our processions, at the left hand of the Prince of Wales. After a while the negotiations seemed not to get on quite so favourably as at first. Buckingham and Olivarez hated each other with a fervour of detestation, which only rival courtiers can entertain. But my situation about the Prince's person became no sinecure, in consequence of these bickerings of the favourites. Buckingham had occasion for a trusty messenger to convey some useful information to the Duke de Medina Sidonia, and did me the honour to make me the bearer of it to that nobleman at his summer-palace on the Banks of the Guad-Alquibir. Such a palace was not to be found in all Spain; for my own part I preferred it to the newly built Escorial. After having delivered my despatches, I went forth to make a survey of the surrounding country. And here, for the first time, and the last, I knew what it was to be in love. All this passed so many years ago, Master Wellwood, that you would perhaps have little interest in my description of bright eyes, red lips, and glossy hair, which have now for the better part of a century been defiled in the dust of death—better,

far better than to be hidden and dimmed and buried in the living sepulchre of a joyless old age. We met often—we loved; and even now I recollect the agony of our hearts when the period of my return approached. One more meeting, unobstructed by the inquisitive eyes of the Palace, we resolved to have. A bower well known to both of us was the place fixed on,—half way between the magnificent river and the village of Saint Lucar de Barrameda. We met just at the Spaniards' witching hour of night, when the planet consecrated to love rose clearly over the grove of olive-trees in which our bower was placed; but not long had we been engaged in mutual professions of attachment, when a band of armed men rushed into the place, and holding glittering scimitars to our hearts, ordered us to follow them in silence.

“‘Lost! lost!’ exclaimed the lady —‘ My brother has discovered us, and there is no prospect of any thing but death.’

“‘ Your Highness,’ I whispered in reply, ‘ gives way too readily to despair.’

“‘ Hush, hush, my friend—I am no princess now, for I fear we are fallen into far more evil hands than even those of an enraged brother.’

“‘ How? what fear you?’

“‘ The pirates. See, we are going towards the bay; and yonder, a little way from the point, rides a felucca, which no doubt will carry us to Algiers. Give them no clue to who or what I am; call me nought but Mariana—your sister—wife—any thing to conceal from them who I really am.’

“‘ I must hurry over the remaining scenes, Master Wellwood, as it now draws near our time to jog on towards Henley. We were indeed conducted to Algiers—separated—though with a promise, if ransom came proportioned to our apparent consequence, we should be restored to each other in all safety and honour. But where was I to apply for a ransom? Buckingham and the Prince I knew too well to trouble on the subject, as their rage at being disappointed in the object of my mission would blot out all the tenderness they ever entertained for me, and all regret at my loss. My com-

panion had no friend from whom she could hope any thing. Were she even to be restored to her family, she well knew that her state would be one of greater slavery than even among the barbarians. Months passed away, and as there was no appearance of a ransom, our condition, or at least mine, for of Mariana's I was ignorant, became a good deal more rigorous and unpleasant. At last it degenerated into actual slavery, but from this I was saved by the kind offices of an old man, one Malek, a prophet and astronomer, to whom I had been useful on my first arrival in the city. He took me into his own service; he taught me the secrets of his stupendous and profound philosophy, which only fools and idiots pretend to despise. He opened to me the book of fate, and the future is at this moment clearer to me than the past. At last he said, 'My friend, I know you long to be reunited to your lady, and it is in my power to aid you. On the next great festival, the Dey has a public display of skill in all the military exercises. You, I know, are a very good horseman, and I will furnish you with bullets for your pistols, with which it is impossible to miss. A horse also shall meet you on that day. Ask no questions, but when you see the animal, whisper in its ear, "*Malek mi granda jehuri*"—spring into the saddle, and you shall have nothing left to wish for. The appointed day came, and, old as I am, Master Wellwood, if you will allow me, I will shew the manner in which I became possessed of the noblest Arabian that ever dashed up the dust of the desert in its speed.'

"The old man rose as he spoke—walked quietly up to my grandfather's horse, Brown Hamlet—untied his bridle from the tree, and, whispering something in his ear, sprang lightly as a youth of twenty into the saddle. 'Now, Master Wellwood,' he said, 'I see you are interested in the continuation of my story; but I have no time to tell it you just now—my pistols you will find both unloaded—my pony is very slow, to be sure, but very useful: and as to my face and figure, they are pretty good, I think, for an old man, that recollects all about James the First and Charles the Second, and only rewards himself for his anecdote with the charger

of a Gloucestershire bumpkin.' In a moment the shrivelled skin was pulled from his face, the flaxen wig thrown off, and the horseman's cloak cast aside, displaying a very handsome young man about five and twenty years of age, dressed in the extremest style of the fashion of that day.

"'Fool, idiot, ass, to have listened so long and earnestly to a confounded swindler in the disguise of a philosopher!' exclaimed my grandfather, grasping in vain one of the pistols which he himself had discharged at the empty bottle.

"'Your horse, Master Wellwood,' continued the other, keeping adroitly out of reach, 'is fairly mine; I have whispered "*Malek mi granda jehuri*" in his ear; and so farewell, and a pleasant journey to you to Chatham.'

"Saying this, he galloped off with a loud laugh, leaving the young soldier in no very enviable situation. However, resolving to make the best of his bargain, he saddled the old pony, and followed as quickly as he could. Brown Hamlet was out of sight, and it was absurd to think of trying to overtake him. He contented himself, therefore, with trotting on quietly towards Henley, resolving to raise the hue and cry the moment he reached the town. In passing through a little village, he asked if a person had been seen answering the description of his recent acquaintance, but the man he addressed, instead of replying to his question, laid his hand on his bridle and said, 'Where the devil, young man, didst thee get this here pony?'

"'I found it,' replied the rider.

"'Thee found it? I know thee did, and it was just on the same day that old farmer Hutchins found a broken head—you robbed the old man, and stole his pony.'

"'Leave go the bridle, you scoundrel, or I'll blow your brains out,' said my grandfather, losing patience, and seizing one of his pistols. The man, in great alarm, gave the pony its head, and the pistol kept the crowd which had quickly gathered round him at a respectful distance. My grandfather pursued his way for about three quarters of a mile, closely followed by the most active of the villagers, who in truth found no great

difficulty in keeping up with the most rapid speed of his miserable steed. At last, at a narrow lane which led up to a cottage, a few yards from the road, the pony first of all made a dead stop, and then in dogged defiance of whip, spur, and bridle, stumbled up the narrow path at a shambling sort of trot, and stood patiently at the first door he came to. The pursuers in the meantime blockaded the lane, and an old man issuing from the cottage recognised the pony in a moment. 'Ah! Bessy,' he cried, 'I are so glad to see thee—and thee, thou be'st the murderin' villain as sprang on me from the hedge and stole poor owld Bessy away from me. I'll pay thee now, I warrant, for the patch I wore on my head a full month after I met thee. Off with thee—off and be hanged!' My grandfather endeavoured to make the pony move, but all in vain. It stood stock-still at its ancient home, and in a few minutes the young man was dismounted, and secured by the united efforts of a score of men and women; the latter of whom began to pity his unhappy situation very much, when they saw how young and unlike a murderer he was. Well, of course there was no great difficulty in establishing his innocence, but still even to do this occupied more than a week, and he found he was ten days behind his appointed time when he presented himself to his commanding officer at Chatham. That gentleman was busily poring over some important despatches when he sent in his name.

"'Well, Cornet Wellwood,' he said, without lifting his eyes from the paper, 'have you had a pleasant ride?'

"'Not very much so, Colonel.'

"'No? what was the cause? didn't you find the ladies agreeable? Now, I think Miss Cecilia seemed very much disposed to make the excursion as delightful to you as she could. In fact, Wellwood, you are the luckiest fellow in life. You have not joined us more than a week. You are already the favourite of the regiment: the ladies are all in rap-

tures with you; and, in short,—but who the devil are you?'

"'I? I am Cornet Wellwood. I am extremely sorry I have been prevented by the most untoward circumstances from joining the regiment till to-day.'

"'You? you Cornet Wellwood?—and who the deuce is the jolly fellow we have had here delighting us all the last ten days? I myself have lent him a hundred guineas till his remittances come up from Gloucester;—before he arrived, he wrote to his servant, who had come up here with his luggage, to leave it, and go on particular business into Yorkshire immediately. He has just accompanied Sir Charles—and his daughters on a horse of Major Mowbray's—but he will be back in half-an-hour, and then the mystery will be cleared up.' The mystery was very soon cleared up, but not much to my grandfather's satisfaction: his representative in the regiment never made his appearance, nor did Major Mowbray's horse, or the Colonel's hundred guineas, ever find their way again to the proper owners. A letter was left for my grandfather in his room, informing him, that, by sending fifty guineas to a certain inn in London, and asking no questions, Brown Hamlet would be restored. And now, young gentleman, it proceeded, 'never believe in any stranger's honesty who begins telling you long rignarole stories about himself. Never lay yourself open by too much of communicativeness till you know your man. Accept this advice as a slight return for the pleasure I have experienced while honoured by your name, and do not think too harshly of The Highwayman, Duval.'

"My grandfather took Duval's advice, and bore him no ill-will for the tricks he had played him. I have heard him say that he had made so favourable an impression on the officers during his short residence with them, that even the Colonel was very sorry for his fate when he heard a few years after that he was hanged."

NORTHERN LIGHTHOUSES.*

THE coast of Scotland was long without the benefit of public lights, and "like ocean weeds heaved on the surf-beaten shore," was strewn with wreck. In the year 1786, when the commissioners of Northern Lighthouses were, by Act of Parliament, erected into a Board, (a measure which originated with the convention of Royal Burghs,) the only lights upon the Scottish coast were under private or local trusts, and were those of the Isle of May in the Frith of Forth, Buttonness in the Frith of Tay, and Cumbræ in the Frith of Clyde. Since that period their number, including harbour lights, has been increased to about *fifty*. The preamble of the original act states, "that it would conduce greatly to the security of navigation and the fisheries, if *four* lighthouses were erected in the northern parts of Great Britain, one on Kinnaird's Head, Aberdeenshire; one in North Ronaldshay, in the Orkneys; one on the Point of Scalpa, in the Island of Harris; and a fourth on the Mull of Cantyre, Argyleshire." The Commissioners appointed for putting the act into execution, were, His Majesty's Advocate and Solicitor-General for Scotland; the Lord Provost and first Bailie of Glasgow; the Provosts of Aberdeen, Inverness, and Campbellton; the Sheriffs of the counties of Edinburgh, Lanark, Renfrew, Bute, Argyle, Inverness, Ross, Orkney and Zetland, Caithness, and Aberdeen. By an act subsequently passed, the Commissioners were authorized, when any new lighthouse was erected on any part of the coast of Scotland, to elect the Provost or chief magistrate of the nearest Royal Burgh, and also the Sheriff-depute of the nearest county, to be Commissioners; and in virtue of this power of assumption, there have been added the Sheriffs of the coun-

ties of Ayr, Fife, Forfar, Wigton, and Sutherland. A concise summary of the operations of the Board, since its establishment, will be best exhibited by a progressive account of the whole works executed; and then we shall be able to judge of the charges which have been lately advanced, from various quarters, against the Commissioners of the Northern Lighthouses.

1. The old building of Kinnaird Castle, situated in the county of Aberdeen, at the entrance of the Moray Frith, on Kinnaird Head, was purchased from Lord Salton, and after encountering various difficulties incident to a new establishment, this station was finished on the 1st of December, 1787, by exhibition of a stationary light from oil, with reflectors, appearing like a star of the first magnitude, at the distance of five or six leagues, or at lesser distances in hazy weather.

2. On the 1st of December, 1788, a light, also stationary, from oil, with reflectors, was exhibited on the southwestern extremity of the Mull of Cantyre, in Argyleshire—appearing like a star of the first magnitude at the distance of six or seven leagues, or at lesser distances when the atmosphere is hazy.

3. On the 1st of October, 1789, a light, stationary, from oil, with reflectors, appearing like a star of the first magnitude at the distance of four or five leagues, &c., was exhibited on Island Glass, situated on the eastern side of Glass, one of the Harris Isles, in the county of Inverness, and on the western side of the Channel, between Skye and the Long Island.

4. On the 10th of October, 1789, a light was erected on North Ronaldshay, in Orkney; but after an experience of twelve years, it was found not to prevent numerous

* The British Pharos, &c. 1831.

Report to the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses. 1831.

Some Account of the Northern Lighthouses. (Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, for July, 1833.)

Letter to the Author of an Article on the British Lighthouse System, in No. 116. Edinburgh Review, by Alan Stevenson. 1833.

wrecks on the islands of Sanday and Stronsay. A beacon of the height of 100 feet, terminated with a circular ball of masonry, fifteen feet in circumference, was completed in the month of September, 1802, on the Start Point of Sanday, at the eastern extremity of its low shores; still the number of wrecks was not much diminished; and, in 1806, the tower on North Ronaldshay was converted into a beacon, and the beacon on Start Point, on the Island of Sanday, into a light-house, the most eastern point of land in Orkney. This light revolves, and is seen at the distance of four or five leagues, and appearing in its brightest state like a star of the first magnitude, once in every minute, and gradually becoming less luminous, is eclipsed.

The exhibition of the lights at these four stations, completed the operations authorized by the act of 1786, at the time of passing which, it was not contemplated that any more lights would be required on the coast of Scotland for a number of years. Previous to 1786, the chief lights on the coast of Scotland were the Isle of May in the Frith of Forth, and the Cumbrae Isle in the Frith of Clyde; and at both of these stations open coal fires, placed in elevated chauffers, were exhibited to the mariner. The Board, of which Sir James Hunter Blair, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh and Member for the City, was chairman, after corresponding with the port of Liverpool, where reflectors with oil had been substituted for the open coal fire, employed their engineer, the late Mr Thomas Smith, to carry the principle into effect, in the erection of the four lighthouses now mentioned; and these works were "necessarily executed on the smallest, plainest, and most simple plan that could be devised, and with such materials as could be easily transported, and most speedily erected, so as to meet the urgent calls of shipping, and answer the very limited state of the funds."

The benefit of these four lights, became so apparent, that numerous applications were made from different quarters for new erections. Another act was accordingly passed in the session of 1789, and under

it, the Commissioners (the embarrassments of the Board having been relieved by the liberal assistance of the house of Sir William Forbes and Company) proceeded with great zeal and strict economy to finish operations which had else been at that period interrupted by want of funds.

5. On the 1st of October, 1790, lights were exhibited upon the small island of Pladdan, situated in the Frith of Clyde, off the south-western point of Arran island, in the county of Bute. This light was a single stationary light from oil, with reflectors; but, in order to distinguish it from that on the Mull of Cantyre on the one hand, and from that of Cumbrae, belonging to the trustees of the Clyde, on the other, it was found necessary, in the course of the year 1791, to erect a small light-room immediately under the principal light, so as to shew two distinct lights, the one twenty feet higher than the other. These lights are stationary; appearing like two stars of the first magnitude at the distance of four or five leagues,—and when seen in one line, they bear from each other N. and S.

And here it is right to state, on the authority of the report, that the internal arrangements of the Board had been from the commencement formed on principles of such strict economy, and so well had the plans and buildings of their engineer been considered, and made to meet the slender funds at their disposal, that with an expenditure of little more than L.10,000, five lights had been exhibited at most important stations on the coast; although the buildings were necessarily circumscribed in their accommodation, and even temporary in their construction, yet the speedy exhibition of the lights proved of the greatest benefit to navigation, while the improving state of the duties enabled the Commissioners to extend the benefit along a greater range of coast, and the different buildings have since been enlarged and completed in a more substantial manner.

6. In the year 1793, representations were made by the shoremaster of Liverpool, regarding the necessity of erecting a light upon the Skerries, situated in the Pentland

Frith. Some difference of opinion having arisen among the shipping interest in the North, as to whether the island of Copenshaw would not be a better station than the Pentland Skerries, the point was referred to the consideration of the Shipowners' Association of Liverpool, and to the Chambers of Commerce of Glasgow and Greenock, when the Board had the satisfaction to find their resolution approved of by the unanimous and strong recommendation of these public bodies. To distinguish the light on the Pentland Skerries from the other lights on the coast, it was found necessary to erect a higher and lower tower, so as to shew two distinct stationary lights; for as yet the revolving light had not been introduced upon the coast of Scotland. This tower is placed on the larger of the Pentland Skerry islands, at the east of the entrance of the Pentland Frith in Orkney; they appear like stars of the first magnitude at the distance of four or five leagues; when seen in one line with each other they seem almost one light, bearing from each other S.S.W. and N.N.E.; and in that position are leading lights for the fore-ground to the southward of the Skerry. They have lately undergone improvement, and having been raised to a greater elevation, appear more brilliant, and are seen at a greater distance.

8. On the 1st of September, 1804, was exhibited a light on Inchkeith, Frith of Forth. It was originally a stationary light, but was subsequently changed to a revolving light, without colour, making its revolution once in every minute, and is seen at the distance of four or five leagues, appearing like a star of the first magnitude, and gradually becoming less luminous, is eclipsed. At this period an entire change took place in the construction of the lightrooms and reflecting apparatus, and the lighthouse of Inchkeith was the first which was fitted up on the new plan. The reflectors originally used in all the northern lighthouses were formed to the parabolic curve; but their powers were small, from their reflecting surfaces being composed of facets of silvered mirror glass, one point only of each facet coinciding with the curve of the parabola. The

improvement adopted at Inchkeith, and since continued, was in employing sheets of copper, plated or coated with silver, and formed with great nicety to the parabolic curve. In the early state of the northern lighthouses, whale-oil and the common lamp was in use; but in this improved condition spermaceti oil and the argand lamp have been introduced. It has been proposed by some to introduce oil-gas in a portable form for lighthouse purposes; but the able writer in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* observes that there is no mode of producing oil-gas either so effectually or so economically as by means of the argand burner. The same arguments which hold good for the use of gas for domestic purposes do not apply to lighthouses. Here there is a complete arrangement—the keepers are professionally adepts in the management of the lamps—and should a drop of oil be spilt, the floor is covered with painted floor-cloth to receive it. The greatest attention too is paid to the construction of the argand lighthouse burners; they are tipped with silver to prevent the waste and imperfection to which copper is subject from the excessive heat of the burner.

9. During the years 1807, 8, 9, and 10, the attention of the Board was directed to the Bell-Rock—a sunk rock exposed to view at low water of spring tides, situated in the North Sea, off the Friths of Forth and Tay, 11 miles S. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. from Arbroath in the county of Forfar. It is about the same distance from shore as the Eddystone Lighthouse, but in position, as regards the tide-mark, these rocks are essentially different; the Eddystone being above the level of high-water mark of spring tides, whereas the highest part of the Bell-Rock is 12 feet under water in that state of tide, while it is not even exposed to view at low-water or neap tides. The surge and the swell of the sea to which this lighthouse is exposed, are often tremendous, flying over the entire building, 100 feet in height, and shaking it with a tremulous motion. Mr Stevenson, the engineer, whose name is immortalized by this magnificent work, allows that Mr Smeaton must have overcome still greater difficul-

ties than those he himself encountered in the erection of the Bell-Rock lighthouse, from the comparative smallness of the Eddystone rock. The execution of this work occupied about four years, though such were the difficulties anticipated, that the arrangements of the Dock-Yard, &c., were made upon a scale of seven years' duration. The cost was upwards of £60,000, towards which Government, at five per cent interest, lent the sum of £70,000. In order to distinguish this light from the others on the coast, it is made to revolve horizontally, and to exhibit a bright light of the natural appearance, and a red coloured light alternately. During the continuance of foggy weather and showers of snow, a bell placed at the top of the tower, on a balcony outside, is tolled by machinery, night and day, at intervals of half a minute.

10. A patent for the erection of a private light on the Isle of May was ratified in the Parliament of Scotland in 1641, and is supposed to have been the earliest sea-light on the shores of Scotland. It was originally a coal light, and though improved subsequently to the establishment of the Board in 1786, it was found to be very unsteady when most required by the mariner—in bad weather. Lime-kilns and other accidental open fires on the coast were apt to be mistaken for this light; and on the 9th and 10th of December, 1810, the frigates *Nemphen* and *Pallas*, were wrecked near Dunbar, in consequence of the light of a lime-kiln on the coast of East-Lothian being mistaken for the coal light on the Isle of May. An act was obtained in 1814 empowering the Commissioners of the Northern lighthouses to purchase it from the Duke of Portland for £60,000; and on the 1st of February 1816, a stationary light from oil, with reflectors, was exhibited; but as that light was similar in character to that situated on Inchkeith, about twenty-two miles farther up the Frith of Forth, it was found necessary to alter the light on Inchkeith. It was formerly a revolving light from oil, but was altered, and converted into a revolving light without colour, on the same night on which the new light was exhibited at the Isle of May—the open coal fire being then ex-

tinguished after having burned for one hundred and eighty years.

11. So much having been done on the east coast, by the erection of the Bell Rock and May lighthouses, the Board turned their attention to the trade of St George's Channel and the Frith of Clyde. The engineer was directed to report, and after submitting his report to the trade of Liverpool, Glasgow, and Greenock, it was resolved to erect a lighthouse on the northern extremity of the Mull of Galloway, on the Point of Corsewall, because, in addition to the advantages of this situation as a direction both for the Irish Channel and Frith of Clyde, it would answer as a guide to the safe and commodious anchorage afforded by Lochryan. This work was commenced in 1815, and the light was exhibited on the 15th November, 1816. Corsewall light revolves, exhibiting from the same light-room a light resembling a star of the first magnitude, and one of a brilliant red colour; the one after the other. Each light appears in its brightest state at intervals of every two minutes, and gradually becoming less luminous, is eclipsed. The light of the natural or star-like appearance is visible at the distance of about six leagues, and the red coloured light at four leagues, or at lesser distances when the state of the atmosphere is hazy or unfavourable.

12. From the celebrity of the works of the Northern Lights Commission, and the confidence reposed in the Board, the trade of Liverpool applied to it to erect lighthouses upon the Isle of Man for the protection of the shipping in the Irish sea. In the month of August 1815, a committee of the Commissioners proceeded to the Isle of Man, when it was found necessary to institute a series of observations as to the weather at the Calf, in order to fix a position for the light where it might be least liable to be obscured by fogs. The light-rooms, both at the Point of Ayr and Calf, were completed before the end of 1817, and on the 1st of Feb. 1818 the lights at both stations were exhibited. The light on the Point of Ayr is a revolving coloured light, exhibiting from the same frame a light of the natural appearance, alternating with one coloured red at the

Calf of Man; there were two light-houses about 560 feet apart, and from each was exhibited a revolving light of the natural colour.

13. The attention of the Board was next directed to the Shetland Islands. The winters of 1817 and 1818 had proved most unfortunate to the shipping in the North Seas, and some very distressing cases of shipwreck had occurred in Shetland. It was resolved to erect a lighthouse on Sumburgh Head, the most southern headland of the Shetland Islands, which had been suggested as a fit place for a lighthouse in 1814, at which time several members of the Board made an entire circuit of the coast, subsequent to the passing of the Isle of May act. The work was commenced in May 1820, and a stationary light from oil, with reflectors, exhibited on the 15th January, 1821. It appears like a star of the first magnitude at the distance of seven or eight leagues. The lantern is open from Foula to Haug-Cliff Head, in Ross Island, or from N.W. by N. $\frac{1}{4}$ N. to S.E. by E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E. southerly.

14. The Carr Rock forms the seaward termination of a reef, which appears, at low water, about a mile and a quarter from the shore of Liffness, in the Frith of Forth. While the operations of the Bell-Rock were in progress, the dangerous position of this rock, as a turning point in the navigation of the Frith of Forth to vessels from the north, became very apparent; no fewer than twelve vessels having been wrecked upon it between the years 1800 and 1809; and it was therefore resolved to mark it by a beacon. Much difficulty was encountered from the hazardous situation of this rock; and although the work was commenced in 1813, the beacon was not completed till the month of September 1821. It consists of a circular basement of masonry, on which is placed a spur-beacon of cast-iron, measuring three feet six inches in diameter, and elevated thirty feet above low water-mark.

15. The Rhinns of Islay is the southwestern headland of the Island of Islay in the county of Argyre. The Commissioners had under their consideration nine different applications from the shipping interest for a new light on the small island of Oversaa,

which is almost contiguous to the mainland. It was exhibited on the 15th November, 1823. It is known to mariners as a flashing light, which in every twelve seconds emerges from a state of partial darkness, and exhibits a momentary light, resembling a star of the first magnitude, and visible at the distance of five or six leagues. The lantern is open towards Laggan Bay, within Loch-in-daal, and seaward between the headlands of Killyvie and Tanvore in Islay, or from N.N.E. to S.E. seaward.

16. On the 1st of May, 1824, a new light was exhibited on Buchanness, in the county of Aberdeen, the most eastern point of the main-land of Scotland. To distinguish it from the Bell-Rock on the one hand, and the stationary light of Kinnaird's Head on the other, a light of a new construction was exhibited at this station. From the quick revolution of its reflector frame, it has the appearance of a flashing or twinkling light, which, in every five seconds, emerges from a state of partial darkness to a transitory or momentary light. And here we cannot do better than quote a passage from the paper referred to in the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal. "With regard to the characteristic appearance of the Northern Lights, they may be classed as *stationary, revolving, flashing, and intermittent* lights. In the first, as its name implies, the light has a steady and uniform appearance, and the reflectors are ranged in circular zones upon a chandelier or piece of iron framework, which is either supported upon a pedestal, or suspended by trusswork from the roof of the light-room. The *revolving* light consists of a frame built upon a perpendicular shaft, and the reflectors are ranged on perpendicular planes or faces, which are made to revolve in periodic times, by means of a train of machinery kept in motion by a weight. When one of those illuminated planes or faces is brought round towards the eye of the observer, the light gradually increases to full strength, and again diminishes in the same gradual manner. When, on the contrary, the angle between two of these faces comes round, the observer is in darkness. By these alternate changes, the characteristic of the light-

house is as distinctly marked to the eye of the mariner as the opposite extremes of light and darkness can make it. The *flushing* light is a modification of the revolving light, and is practically a beautiful example of the infinite celerity of the passage of light. The reflectors are here also ranged upon a frame, with faces which are made to revolve with considerable rapidity; and the light thus emerging from a partial state of darkness, exhibits a momentary flash, resembling a star of the first magnitude, and thereby produces a very striking effect. The King of the Netherlands having applied to the Lighthouse Board for a description of this light, as applicable to some part of the coast of Holland, was graciously pleased, on receiving it, along with a copy of the book now before us, to present the Engineer of the Board with a massive gold medal, bearing his Majesty's effigy, with a suitable inscription upon the reverse. Similar applications with regard to the *flushing* light have been more recently made from other quarters. The *intermittent* light suddenly appears like a star of the first magnitude, and continues as a *stationary* light a minute and a half, when it is as suddenly eclipsed for half a minute, and, by this simple arrangement, a strongly marked distinction in the lights of the coast is introduced. This is accomplished by the perpendicular motion of shades before the lights. A variety of all these lights is introduced by interposing before the reflectors plates of red glass, which produce the beautiful red light alluded to in the lines of Sir Walter Scott, when he notices 'the ruddy gem of changeful light.'"

17. On the 25th December, 1828, Cape-Wrath light was exhibited on the headland of that name, in the county of Sutherland. It revolves, exhibiting from the same light-room two lights, the one resembling a star of the first magnitude, and the other being of a brilliant red colour. Each light appears in its brightest state, the one after the other, at intervals of two minutes, and gradually becoming less luminous, is eclipsed. The light of the natural or star-like appearance is visible at the distance of seven leagues, and the red light at five leagues.

18. On the 26th March, 1830, an intermittent light was exhibited on the south-eastern extremity of the Mull of Galloway, in Wigtownshire. It suddenly appears like a star of the first magnitude, and continues in view two minutes and a half; it is then suddenly eclipsed for half a minute, and thus produces its entire effect once in every three minutes, being visible at the distance of seven or eight leagues.

19. On the 29th January, 1829, an intermittent light was exhibited on the eastern extremity of Tarbetness, in Cromartyshire. It suddenly appears like a star of the first magnitude, and continuing in view two and a half minutes, is suddenly eclipsed, and thus produces its entire effect once in every three minutes, visible at the distance of five or six leagues.

20. On the 21st October, 1831, a stationary light, of the natural colour, was exhibited on the northern extremity of Dunnet-Head, in the county of Caithness, visible seven or eight leagues.

21. In 1829, it was resolved to erect a lighthouse on the island of Berneray, or Bara-head, which forms the southern extremity of the Uist, Harris, and Lewis Isles. St Kilda excepted, it is the westernmost point of land in the Hebrides, and a most important station for vessels making the land from foreign voyages. The work is now in progress; but from the prevalence of strong winds, which render the access to, and communication with the island, extremely difficult, it is doubted whether the works will be completed sooner than the fall of the present year. Due notice will be given of the appearance of the light, which will form a guide to the western entrance of the Minsh, or Frith of Uist, and for vessels on a foreign voyage making the land of the western coast.

22. To open the western entrance of the Caledonian Canal, and to facilitate the navigation of the Crinan Canal, and the inner sounds of Mull, Islay, &c., a lighthouse, it was expected, would have been finished by the end of last year on Lismore, in the county of Argyle, an island in the Linnhe Loch. We are not informed if it be so.

23. At the time when the light was placed on Buchanness, Aberdeen.

shire, (1827,) Girdleness, in Kincardineshire, was brought into competition with it, as an equally good station, and recommended by many memorials from the trade. Works were commenced there two years ago. It is expected that a light will be exhibited there during the present year.

The Committee, whose report we have now before us, remark, that the brief notice they have given of the works undertaken by the Board since its establishment, cannot convey an adequate idea of the anxiety and labour bestowed by the commissioners in selecting the situations best adapted to afford the greatest possible benefit to the general trade of the country. Their success in this respect has been marked by the approbation of those for whose benefit the lights are established, a success which, in some degree, may be accounted for from the manner in which the Board is constituted. The Commissioners being individually unconnected with the shipping interest, were at all times unbiassed by local predilections; their sole object was steadily to keep in view the general benefit of the trade of the country; they have been usually determined on the choice of stations by the representation of the great mercantile and shipping interests, and the opinions of nautical men; and having, by the most cautious enquiries, ascertained what was most for the public interest, they have uniformly been guided by this principle in the selection of their stations. And here we must again quote from the excellent paper in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*:—

“It may here be proper to notice, that no additional duty is levied for any new light-houses erected by the Board on the coast of Scotland, the whole being now maintained from the surplus duties. Since 1821, when the light of Sumburgh was exhibited, lights have been erected upon the Island of Islay, Buchanness, Tarbetness, Mull of Galloway, Cape Wrath, Dunnet Head, Bara Head, Girdleness, and Lismore. Some of these stations form the principal forelands of the coast, and their erection has been attended with very considerable expense, from the diffi-

culties of access both by sea and land. At Cape Wrath, for example, landing-places had to be formed, and ten miles of road to be made, chiefly through a deep morass. Till of late, when this district became the property of the Duke of Sutherland, the lighthouse was about seventy miles from a post-office; but there is now a post established at the small hamlet of Durness, about twelve miles from Cape Wrath. Bara Head station, however, forming the southern termination of the Lewis, Harris, and Bara Isles, is exposed to still greater difficulties in this respect than Cape Wrath, even in its former state. The lighthouse stores and coal, where peat fuel cannot be had, for the use of the light-keepers, are carried by the general Lighthouse Tender of 140 tons, assisted by the *Pharos Bell-Rock Tender* of fifty tons, belonging to the Board. In these vessels the visiting officers and artificers for repairs are also transported to the several stations; and the engineer makes his inspection in the former vessel, accompanied occasionally by some of the members of the Board. It is part of the arrangement in conducting this system, that the light-keepers, agreeably to printed forms, make monthly returns, containing in particular the quantity of oil nightly used, the precise moment of lighting and extinguishing the lights, the order in which the respective keepers mount watch, the prevailing state of the weather, the height of the barometer and thermometer, and state of the rain-gauge, with which instruments each station is supplied. As the keepers at the *Bell-Rock* have rations of provisions, their returns, which will be seen at page 423 of the account of the *Bell-Rock Lighthouse*, are necessarily more complicated than at ordinary stations. The keepers are also furnished with shipwreck returns, as at page 436, which are filled up and despatched to the engineer in case of shipwreck in the neighbourhood. They state the circumstances attending any shipwreck, and have been occasionally called for at *Lloyd's*. The Lighthouse Board has also a report from the coast guard, and the cruisers, in the event of any defect being observed in the appearance of the lights as seen at sea,

Upon the whole, the completely effective state of the Northern Lights, and the regular system of the Board, are most satisfactorily established."

According to the original Lighthouse Act for Scotland, only four stations, we have seen, were contemplated, "leaving an immense hiatus between each;" but in half a century there are now twenty-three stations, so that, with two or three additional lighthouses, vessels may "go round the mainland of Scotland, from the Frith of Forth to the Frith of Clyde, with a light always in view." A light is yet wanted for the rock of Skerry-cove, an insulated rock, standing only thirteen feet above the level of the sea, "placed far amid the melancholy main," between the islands of Tyree and Iona, in the direct line between Bara Head and Islay, and forming the seaward termination of a great mass of foul ground on the coast of Argyleshire, which is highly dangerous to West Indiamen falling in with the land. The erection of a light on it will be very expensive. There still remains one to be erected in Shetland; and two or three lights on a small scale are also wanted for the sounds of Islay, Mull, and Skye. Then the entire district of the Commissioners of the Northern Lighthouses will be complete; and the clause in the Lighthouse Act will come into operation, which provides, that when a sufficient number of lights shall have been erected on the coast, and an adequate sum provided for their maintenance, the duty is ultimately to cease.

We are now prepared to consider the charges which a *savant* in the Edinburgh Review advances against what he chooses to call the "Lighthouse System." "The first cause," quoth he, "of the imperfect state of our lighthouse system, is the improper constitution of the Boards to which it has been intrusted." The "naval problem" to be solved is, he says, the distribution of lights on the coast of a country. Have then, we ask, the lights on the coast of Scotland been improperly distributed? Has he any objections to urge against the locality of any one of them? Or has he any localities to propose for lights yet unkindled, that have not been already suggested by

the Boards? He has not mentioned any; but contented himself with a glaring *petitio principii*, which will be withstood by all those who pay the duties which maintain the lights. For we know, that all the lights within the district of the Commissioners of the Northern Lighthouses, have been placed in situations applied for, and recommended by memorials from the Trade and Shipping Interests. A body of evidence for and against the adoption of any particular site for a lighthouse, is thus brought before the Board; and we again ask, what has been the result? "Let any man," says Mr Alan Stevenson, in his Letter, "in the least degree acquainted with coasting navigation, cast his eye on the map of Scotland, and he will readily be convinced of the wisdom which has directed the Board in placing the lights in such situations as may best apprise the mariner of his approach to the rugged shore, the 'wild shelves,' and rapid tides of our iron-bound coast."

The Reviewer being unable to deny "that the judicious distribution of lighted beacons in reference to the wants of navigation is a naval problem" that *has been solved*, has recourse, in the face of that fact, to general reasoning, to prove it impossible, and that "naval men are best qualified to solve it." So they are; and here they have solved it; for naval men of all kinds were consulted, their wishes and desires most anxiously attended to, and their opinions, generally unanimous, followed in all those works. "The erection and maintenance of large and expensive watch-towers, resting often on precarious foundations, and exposed to peculiar impulses, is pre-eminently the business of an engineer." Who doubts or denies it? Can he shew one ill-built watch-tower among all the number, one that rests not on a firm foundation, however precarious it may appear? He is a sorry logician. The Board ought to be composed of naval men, engineers, and opticians, quoth he, because their science constructs the works. But that is a *non sequitur*. He would have them all *savants*. First let him undermine or blow up the present character of the Scottish Lighthouses. Then let him prove that the Board has never taken the advice of

the most distinguished philosophers upon questions of abstract science. But hear Mr Alan Stevenson.

"In the year 1787, when the Board, at its first institution, resolved to substitute reflectors for the *open coal-fires* then in use, they received plans for this apparatus from their late engineer, and brought them under the notice of Professor Robison. That distinguished person, so far from countenancing any anxiety for mathematical accuracy in the construction of these instruments, considered that there was some risk of producing so near an approach to parallelism in the reflected rays, that the light would be confined to too small a space, and thereby be liable to be removed from the sight of the mariner, even by the vibrations of the lofty tower which carried it. That this fear was groundless, we are now well aware; but the eminent philosopher who started this imaginary objection, will find a ready apologist in every candid person, who is at all acquainted with the wide distance that often intervenes between theory and practice. In addition to Robison,—Playfair, Leslie, and Brewster, the most distinguished philosophers of their day, can be reckoned among the scientific advisers of the Northern Lighthouse Board. When the application of a thunder-rod at the Bell-Rock Lighthouse was under consideration, the engineer of the Board consulted these gentlemen; and after hearing many conflicting opinions on the subject, he determined, by the advice of Playfair, to adhere to his original plan, as the most suitable for the situation. In 1809, the Board, animated by that zeal for improvement which characterises all their proceedings, determined to adopt a larger size of reflectors at the Bell-Rock. Accordingly, their engineer had again recourse to the advice of Professor Leslie, who gave the dimensions of the curve which he considered most suitable; and Mr Adie, with his usual accuracy, constructed the mould to which the reflectors were made. On the subject of polygonal lenses Dr (now Sir David) Brewster, the inventor, was consulted, in the year 1820; and the Commissioners authorized their engineer, in 1824, to visit the coast of France, for the purpose of obtaining practi-

cal information upon that subject. They also commissioned two lenses from Paris, which were executed by M. Soleil, under the immediate inspection of the late celebrated M. Fresnel; and, in 1826, they gave Sir David Brewster authority to have a lens constructed under his own directions by Messrs Gilbert of London. This lens was ordered on the representation of Sir David, who objected to the French lenses, because they were constructed of greenish glass."

It is not possible, within our limits, to follow the Reviewer through all his pages on the superiority of lenses to reflectors. But Mr Alan Stevenson sets him right in several of his statements, respecting certain experiments lately made in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, to ascertain their comparative power—experiments which were witnessed by the Members of the Lighthouse Board, and a Committee of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Sir David Brewster being also present, by the special invitation of the Commissioners. But before doing so, Mr A. Stevenson notices the Reviewer's attempt to underrate the character of the reflectors, by reference to some experiments by MM. Arago, Matthieu, and Fresnel, and described in a memoir by the last of these gentlemen. The result of these experiments was, that the lens is equal to four of Lenoir's reflectors; and because seven or eight of the Scottish reflectors were found to be equivalent to the lens, the reviewer concludes that Lenoir's reflectors have twice the power of the Scottish ones. But Mr Stevenson informs, or rather reminds the Reviewer, who could not have been ignorant of the facts, that Lenoir's reflectors are more than a third larger than those with which he compares them! and that the French experiments were made at the distance of a few feet, and the intensities measured by shadows, while, at Gulan, the observations were made at the distance of 14½ miles! As to the reflectors used on the coast of France, which, according to the Reviewer's deduction from Fresnel's experiments, have twice the power of the Scottish ones, Mr A. Stevenson says, "I have actually examined them, and can testify that they are not only of

inferior workmanship, but that the most effective part of the reflectors was in some cases cut off, in order to give them the figure of a parallelogram, for the purpose, I suppose, of arranging them more easily in the lightroom."

From the Reviewer's account of the Gulan experiments, the reader would believe that they were decisive and satisfactory in favour of the lenses, and that all reflectors must forthwith be flung into the sea. But he should have applied for a more correct account of them to Sir David Brewster. From these experiments it was seen, "that one lens, when illuminated by a lamp consuming the oil of fourteen reflectors, produces a light equal to seven or eight reflectors; and it follows, that the same quantity of oil, when burned in the common focus of a system of lenses, will produce the light of seven or eight reflectors from as many lenses as can be placed in the circumference of a circle whose radius is equal to their common focal distance." Accordingly, the Commissioners of the Northern Lights intend to try the actual use of the lens at one of their lighthouses, and the necessary alterations for the adaptation of the lightroom to the dioptric apparatus, are now in progress. They believe that the lens may be found very suitable for *revolving* lights; and that at those few stations where more than fourteen reflectors are used, a better light may be produced at a cheaper rate.

The Gulan experiments, however, were far from authorizing the adoption of the lens in *stationary* lights. Here we must not abridge, but quote entire Mr A. Stevenson's clear and interesting statement.

"The actual divergence of the refracted rays was not measured; and, therefore, the angle at which it is necessary to incline the axes of the two adjacent lenses in a lighthouse was not determined. As the common focal distance of the lenses must in all cases become the radius of the circle round which they are placed, it follows that the breadth of each lens must be such, that a sufficient number of them can be ranged in the circle so as to light up every part of the horizon. We know that, were the lens an absolutely perfect instru-

ment, and capable of projecting a beam whose sectional area at the most distant point would be exactly equal to the surface of the lens itself, it would be impossible, by means of any combination of these instruments, to illuminate the whole horizon; because the two adjacent refracted beams would, in this case, form an angle subtended by a considerable arc of the horizon, which would necessarily be deprived of the benefit of the light. Who, then, can tell, without actual trial, to what extent it may be found necessary to decrease the breadth of the lens, in order to fit it for a stationary light, and to what amount the power of the light may be thereby diminished? It may yet appear that, in this adaptation of the refracting apparatus, the light of the large lamp may become much inferior to that at present produced from a reflector with a single argand burner! I am far from offering any opinion for or against the final adoption of lenses, because I conceive there are as yet no data which can authorize a decision of the question; but I am anxious to show the true state of the investigation, which is still in progress; and which, but for your illiberal and uncandid statements, I should not have found it necessary to describe when only half-finished.

"But there are other results of the Gulan experiments which you have thought it prudent to conceal. They are certainly not calculated to raise your favourite lens in the opinion of the public; and if the mortification which the exposure occasions to you, be equal to that of an inventor when his hobby-horse breaks down, you will, I dare say, extort a modicum of pity from the bystanders. On the night of the 20th of March, the lens and a single reflector were both lighted at Gulan with argand lamps of the same size; and little difference could be observed between the two lights as seen from Calton Hill, at Edinburgh. From this I conclude that the lens owed its superiority in the instance formerly alluded to, not to its perfection as an optical instrument, but to its having on that occasion been illuminated by a large lamp of four concentric wicks burning the oil of fourteen reflectors. Again, on the night of the 21st, when the

Drummond lights were placed in the foci both of the lens and of the reflector, the result was so strikingly in favour of the latter, that I concurred in the doubts expressed by Sir David Brewster, that some failure had taken place with the lens. I, therefore, by desire of the Board, repaired to Gulan next day to investigate the matter; when I found that the experiment had been properly conducted. I remained at Gulan on the night of the 22d, and exhibited only the lens with the lime-ball, when a similar result followed. It is to be regretted that, on this second occasion, no standard of comparison could be shown; but I found it impossible, in the limited space of time which intervened between my arrival at Gulan and the hour of experiment, to effect the necessary arrangements, and prepare a proper supply of the gases for both lights. This experiment remarkably coincides with the former, in demonstrating that the lens owed its brilliancy, in the other comparisons, to the large lamp by which it was illuminated. The lime-ball employed in Lieutenant Drummond's invention is not much larger than a pea; and the fact of its producing so brilliant a light when placed in the focus of a reflector, is of itself a most ample testimony to the accuracy of that instrument. But this result agrees also with what theory would dictate. I find that the surface of the lens is equal to $\frac{1}{2}$ of the surface of a sphere whose radius is the focal distance of the lens; and it consequently follows, that not more than $\frac{1}{2}$ part of the whole light emitted by the lime-ball can reach the refracting medium. In the reflector the case is very different. From the position of its focus, $\frac{1}{17}$ ths of the whole light are incident upon its surface; and even admitting that *one-half of this is lost*, still it results that the power of the reflector is, in this case, to that of the lens, as 126 to 17; or, in one word, *the reflector is 7½ times more powerful than the lens*, when both are illuminated by flames of equal sizes. The area of the lens is also considerably above a third greater than that of the reflector; and in this result, I have given the former instrument an undue advantage. I

have made no deduction for the obstruction of light by the joints of the zones, nor any allowance for its absorption and dispersion in passing through it. This absorption must produce a great inconvenience in the use of the refracting instruments, which may become so heated as to have their joints loosened, and the glass even broken by unequal expansion. The results of these calculations require no comment; they speak for themselves.

"I shall mention one other result of the Gulan observations with which you have not thought fit to favour your readers. On the night of the 12th of February, the French and English lenses were both illuminated with lamps of equal sizes; and at the Calton Hill it was scarcely possible, without the use of a telescope, to determine which light was the more brilliant. The difference, however small, was certainly in favour of the English lens. This instrument, as before noticed, was made of flint-glass, for the Commissioners of Northern Lights, by Messrs Gilbert of London, under the direction of Sir David Brewster, who considered it a great disadvantage of the French lens that it was composed of greenish-glass. It is nearly a third larger than the French lens, but is undoubtedly of inferior workmanship. This inferiority may perhaps, in some degree, arise from the different forms of these instruments, as the plano-convex figure of the French lens admits of greater ease and accuracy in the construction than the double convex form of that made by Messrs Gilbert."

If the Scottish lighthouses are exceedingly bad, as they do not all absolutely hide their light under a bushel, they must be the most cunning of hypocrites to escape being found out, and to preserve even a decent reputation. What is thought of them in general by mariners? Are they cursed or blessed by night-wanderers over the deep? In the year 1799, no fewer than thirty vessels were wrecked on the coast in the neighbourhood of the Bell-Rock; since the erection of that edifice, the terror of the bay of St Andrews, "is merely traditional, and no wrecks have happened in its neighbourhood." In the course of twelve

years before the erection of Start Point Lighthouse, twenty-two wrecks had occurred on the north isles of Orkney; since January, 1806, when the light was exhibited, only sixteen wrecks have occurred in twenty-eight years. "To what but our efficient lights do we owe the safety of our smacks and steamers, which, like weekly diligences, ply along a dangerous coast between Leith and London, and fearlessly enter the Frith of Forth in the darkest nights? The Shipping Interest and Lloyd's have preferred no complaint about the state of the lights; while a querulous and microscopic sage vilifies them in the *Edinburgh Review*."

The next cause, alleges the Reviewer, of the insufficiency of our lighthouse system is, that the Commissioners perform their duties without any remuneration. This is the current slang of the Utilitarians. No man, they maintain, will do his duty, be that duty what it may, if he be not paid for it in hard cash. The Commissioners here have not sufficient stimulus to do their duty, in honour and in humanity, and in that noble "pride of place" which they have all gained by talent and integrity, and by the estimation in which their characters are held by their fellow townsmen, or citizens, or countrymen? 'Tis a base belief—and the conduct of the Commissioners has from first to last given it the lie. "If," says Mr Alan Stevenson, "the Commissioners, in the exercise of their official duties, discharge, without stipend, their important trust in a manner so praiseworthy to themselves, and beneficial to their country, as the facts above stated convincingly shew they have done, on what reasonable ground can you propose the expenditure of the public money, in attaching a separate maintenance to an office, the duties of which could not possibly occupy the whole time of the Commissioners?" The Reviewer, himself a *savant*, would have no objection to "remuneration." He points with a feeling finger to Admiral Rossel's report on the distribution of lighthouses in France, shewing, that in 1825, the French Lighthouse Board was chiefly composed of *savants*, who, he supposes of course, would not work for nothing; but Mr Alan Stevenson sets him right here again.

"In the French Commission, to which you point as a model for all 'Lighthouse Systems,' only the secretary and officers, as in our Boards, are paid. The others are lighthouse commissioners *ex officio*, in connexion with their duties as members of the *Commission des Ponts et Chaussées et des Mines*; and some of them are members of the Institute, as some of those connected with the 'British System' are members of the Royal Society. What, then, are those vaunted peculiarities of the *French System*, by which you would distinguish it so proudly from our own, and which so highly recommend it to our servile imitation? I fear, sir, your admiration has been caught by the list of names in De Rosset's *Rapport*, which, indeed, seems to comprehend your whole knowledge of the Board or its proceedings; and in forming your estimate of it, you seem to have taken *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. I have already shewn that the advice of the most distinguished philosophers has been sought by the Lighthouse Commission, at all times when it could possibly have been useful; and it is obvious that their advice is only necessary on particular occasions. You would not surely propose that Professors Robison and Playfair, Sir John Leslie and Sir David Brewster, should have become pensioners for life, because their opinion was asked, or their suggestions adopted? Sure am I that some of them, at least, would have spurned such a proposal."

"Another cause," says the Reviewer, "of the imperfection of our lighthouse system, arising from the preceding cause, is, that the contracts for supplying the machinery and optical apparatus are not thrown open to public competition." Is this true, or is it not true?

"So far from your conjecture being founded in truth, I have to inform you, that every contract for supply, which admits of such a mode of proceeding, is open to competition. The reflectors, burners, flames, and the 'thousand and one' items (which are just *sic* in number), are all furnished by estimate, in the same manner as the oil. The reflectors are made by several artists both in Edinburgh and Birmingham, among whom I may mention Messrs Boulton and Company of Soho." In the observa-

tions made by Lieutenant Drummond, on the Trigonometrical Survey, with his line-ball apparatus, the reflectors lent him from the stores of the Lighthouse Board were used; and when those eminent opticians, Messrs Throughton and Simms, prepared his recently proposed apparatus in London, he had the reflector made by Messrs Slight and Lillie of Edinburgh, who execute similar orders for the Lighthouse Board. With regard to the great advantage of competition in obtaining a good optical instrument, I cannot say I ever heard of such a method being pursued; and I may observe, that Sir David Brewster, who may be supposed to have followed the most proper course, both from his experience, and his desire to do full justice to his own invention, did not choose to apply to a number of opticians to construct his lens, but at once recommended Messrs Gilbert of London. With regard to the formidable list of *items* which you seem to consider as a pernicious consequence of the present 'system,' you will find it impossible to reduce their number, without injuring the efficiency of the lights, whether a reflecting or a refracting apparatus be employed."

The Reviewer boldly asserts that "articles of inferior quality are produced, where superior ones are essential to the work performed," and that those articles "which perform a humbler part in the functions of a lighthouse, and whose construction is a matter of indifference, provided they answer their purpose, are produced at a very high price." Mr Alan Stevenson publicly repels this imputation, and asks the accuser to name one article in use in the northern lighthouses "of an inferior quality." He likewise expresses a very natural wish to know what kind of articles those are "whose construction is a matter of indifference, provided they answer their purpose?" The truth is, he fearlessly says, that "the workmanship of every thing furnished to the Commissioners is of the most substantial kind, and this is highly necessary, for the expense and inconvenience attending the execution of repairs, in places of difficult access, and when workmen of sufficient skill cannot be had, without sending them from a great dis-

tance, is so great that they look for additional strength in every thing liable to injury or decay." The Reviewer talks, too, of the Commissioners possessing patronage to the extent of thousands of pounds, and of their forming with "influential individuals" a connexion of so binding a nature, that they retard the introduction of any improvements which may injure the interests of these "influential individuals." He is far from blaming the persons who act thus—it is all very natural—they are all honourable men—and 'tis the system he is arraigning, not the gentlemen who put it into play; but Mr Alan Stevenson has not the same indulgence for such dishonest practices, and gives a flat denial to the Reviewer's assertion, both as it regards the possession of the patronage, and the manner of exercising it. It is a calumny.

The reviewer is for introducing coal-gas into lighthouses; but he would find it no easy matter to do so with some of them—and when he says "it has already been *shewn* that it would diminish expense," Mr A. Stevenson says, "I suppose you mean that it has already been *asserted*." A small gas-work would be necessary at each station; and we do not think coal would be found very cheap at Cape-Wrath, Sumburg-head, Pentland Skerries, Dunnet-head, Stark Point, Bara-head, and Island Glass. The reviewer prides himself on a proposal for the "occasional exhibition of a *powerful light in foggy weather*." The proposal appears to Mr A. Stevenson to shew a total misconception of the principal use of—Lighthouses. He challenges the reviewer to point out, within 50 degrees, the true place of *the sun in a fog* at mid-day. So complete is the dispersion of light, by reflection and refraction in all directions according to the figure and relative position of the particles of aqueous matter in the atmosphere, that no human eye can even see the meridian splendour of the sun. Yet in such a fog, the mariner is to be guided by a gas-burner, or a lamp with four wicks! In such jeopardy he must trust to his ear not his eye—and the Bell-Rock is still entitled to "its singular but now no longer dreadful name." When the sun is to him of no avail in heaven, and the light is strangled

on the tower, he hears the tolling of bells.

"The 'occasional exhibition' of Red and Bengal lights, in the focus of a lens, is a most crude and ridiculous proposal of the Reviewer. To say nothing of the impossibility of continuing such a light above a few minutes, without danger of suffocation to all who are near it, it is wholly inapplicable to the purpose of guiding the benighted seaman. The idea of 'illuminating the clouds or fog' may," says Mr Stevenson, "perhaps be 'ingenious,' but it is, equally useless. If the utility of the 'occasional exhibition' is to depend upon producing an approach to the light of day, so as to permit the seaman to see the shore, it is too childish an expectation to require a word more upon the subject. And how else it can possibly serve the purpose of directing the bewildered steersman, I am at a loss to conceive. Were the clouds, like the hills, 'everlasting,' a sailor might, by such means, be enabled to recognise a remarkable cloud after an absence of a few years, and avoid a dangerous reef at the warning of his nebulous Mentor; but it is plain you are personating '*fancy in nubibus*.'"

"Moreover, 'the occasional exhibition' of lights is not merely useless, it would be pernicious also. What necessity could there be for giving to any light a characteristic appearance, that it might indicate to the mariner a particular point of land, if, at the bidding of a dreamer, it must, Proteus-like, become now *red*, now *white*."

* * * * *

"The 'numerical character' which you hope to impress upon lights, if it depend upon employing a great range of colours, has, I fear, but a slender chance to be useful. Actual trial, however, is the only test. It is needless to repeat here what has already been said about the power of the red light at the Bell-Rock, in answer to your objections to the coloured medium by which that light is produced; but I may mention that, many years ago, various colours of glass were tried by the Commissioners of the Northern Lights, and none but red were found to answer the purpose of distinction. The method of distinction, described by M. de Rosset, and bepraised by you, is

far from being useful. It depends upon the exact recurrence of the *eclipses* and *bright periods* in revolving lights; and, as the duration of the *bright periods* is liable to constant change with the distance of the observer and the state of the atmosphere, the whole distinctions founded upon this system fall to the ground."

The Reviewer is a sort of saveall, though not a very consistent one; and he is desirous of paying the *savants* of his new Board at the expense of the poor. The "greatest saving of all," he says, is to be effected by reducing the number of light-keepers. The present establishment at each station consists of a principal light-keeper, and an assistant lightkeeper, except at the Bell-Rock, where there are four keepers, three of whom are always at the light-house, while one is by rotation allowed to be on shore, at the establishment connected with this light at Arbroath. By a regulation of the Board, no person is taken into the service as a keeper above the age of 35; and when a keeper attains an age in the service of the Commissioners, such as to render him unable to discharge his duties, they have been accustomed to give him a retired allowance. The salaries of the principal keepers are L.45, and of the assistants, L.35 per annum, besides a piece of garden and cow's grass, fuel, and a suit of uniform clothes every three years. At the Bell-Rock, the principal keeper has L.63, the principal assistant L.57, 15s., and the two ordinary assistants L.50, 8s. each, with provisions for themselves while at the Rock, and apartments for their families at the establishment on shore. The light-keepers act under certain instructions, and make monthly returns to the engineer. Would the Reviewer annul the retiring allowances to age? Does he think these salaries unreasonable? Would he desire to submit the safety of ships to less trust-worthy light-keepers? But he expects that there would be such a reduction of labour by the use of the lens, that one man could do the duty of two, and that part of that duty might then devolve upon the wife and daughter of the light-keeper. Wives and daughters are a great acquisition to a man's comfort in this life, espe-

cially in a lighthouse; but we venture to say, that had women been employed by the Board, the Commissioners would have been abused for favour to the fair sex. "It is," says Mr A. Stevenson, "a proposal altogether monstrous, to leave the charge of a beacon-light to a single family, only one of whom is a responsible person. According to the present Northern Lighthouse system, the watches in the light-room are as regularly relieved as on the deck of a frigate; and so much importance is attached to strictness in the observance of this branch of duty, that a light-keeper is suspended from duty if he leave the lightroom an instant before he is relieved by his comrade. To prevent any necessity for doing so, the lightroom and the bedrooms are connected by a set of tubes, by blowing gently into which, the keeper on watch can sound an alarm-bell in the room below, and arouse his comrade to change guard. The man below answers this call by a counter blast through the tubes, and a small index in the lightroom is thereby raised, to signify that the signal has been obeyed. This regularity of mounting guard could never prevail between the members of one family; and the probability is, that, in places like Cape Wrath, where the nearest human habitation is ten miles distant, over bog and mountain, the lights would be trimmed at night, and frequently permitted to burn out. Your proposed reduction at the Bell-Rock is equally impracticable. It is necessary that the men should have their season of liberty on shore, and consequently only three can be on the Rock at a time; and when it is considered that the lighthouse is twelve miles from the nearest land, and that for weeks and even months together, in winter, it is sometimes wholly inaccessible, no rational person will be disposed to think three men too great a complement."

For the present we have done, nor do we doubt that we have shewn

to the satisfaction of all candid minds that, from the period of the institution of the Board in 1786 to the present year, the Commissioners have acted with the greatest zeal, discretion, and knowledge; that they have done their duty to their country; and that in their conduct there has not been detected, by their sharpest eyed assailants, a single flaw. Nobody has dared to say, that of the many lighthouses erected under their management, one now stands where it should not stand; nobody has pointed out any places where lighthouses should have been erected, and are not, that have not been considered by them with a view to the future, should their powers be continued, and funds at their disposal. In all cases whatever, they have given a ready ear to all the representations of mercantile men and mariners, and always consulted, when necessary or advisable, the most distinguished men of science.

They have been charged, indeed, by the Edinburgh Reviewer with slighting the discoveries of Sir David Brewster; but there is not, we have shewn, a shadow of foundation for that charge; while it may be mentioned that the gentleman for whom he claims so much merit, as having anxiously exerted himself to improve the lights, never made any enquiry about the lens which the Commissioners ordered on his representation in 1826, and actually never saw it till the 15th of February last. And finally, their anxiety to perfect as well as increase the number of lights, was shewn, as we have seen, no farther back than last winter, by their conducting their experiments at Gulan Hill upon a scale of such magnitude as to preclude any chance of error in estimating the effect of changes which might seem to promise an improvement of the lights; nor will their patriotic and humane zeal in discharge of their duties be abated by the insolent or insidious calumnies of open or concealed enemies.

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.*

No. IV.

IN walking through a beautiful region, with our senses and our soul all alive in happiness, and in mutual amity lending assistance to each other's work—the ear borrowing from the eye, and the eye receiving back again with interest what it was delighted to lend to the ear—every material impulse becoming at the moment spiritualized, and every spiritual impulse vivid as the glow of matter,—while emotion elevates fancy into imagination, and imagination ever and anon is pleased to be subdued into fancy, both feeling their power to be from the heart;—in thus walking through a beautiful region, it might be thought that we should leave not one single smile on the face of nature unadmired or unbeloved; that with all her features we should in such communion at once grow familiar; and that memory all life-long would retain unfaded the sweet sounds and sights enjoyed during a day passed in Paradise.

But not so. Again you take the same walk, and you wonder at the change—which, for a while, you know not has been wrought by your own spirit. 'Tis the same season of the year, and the same green earth is there, loving and beloved by the same blue sky, as if both were to be undisturbed for ever. But has that glorious grove grown up since mid Mayday? Whence flows that lovely stream and whither, that ne'er till now before your eyes bedropt-along that leafy vista its sweet-sounding series of small silvery waterfalls? A church tower! older than its shading sycamores, yet centuries seem indurated in their boles, and Time beneath their umbrage to have pitched his tent. Not till now saw you ever that House of God. The silvan scenery seems to open itself out into many an unsuspected glade and open pastoral place in front of

peasant's cottage welcoming you into the woods! Blind, indeed, must you have been, that other hour you went wandering by, not to see that village conspicuous from afar on the mountain side. By a little way-side-well you sit down, and dream all these fair realities into an imaginary world. You cannot help creating; beauty fluctuates all around; steadfast is your bliss, but it changes momentarily all it looks on; and unvisited by the past, though once you thought it could never die, there pondering are you lost in a swimming-by of dreams and visions that seem to arise as if from the bosom of some new-discovered land!

Just so with a Book—say at once the Greek Anthology. Ha! fragment of hymn, ode, or elegy that now for the first time—often as we have wandered o'er the pages—awakens “thoughts that do lie too deep for tears!” Silent Cenotaph! thou speakest sadly in that inscription where grief still breathes o'er “sorrows suffered long ago,” and thousands of years are as one day to the spirit that is immortal! Four lines re-create from the dust that Sea-side Garden in which the Silentiary slumbered; and not till now saw we ever the fountains flowing along the flowery banks in woods to the waves. We thank thee, O Wrangham! for the pleasant vision—and in such a place how delightful with thee would it be to talk down the sun!

Between the Naiad, Nereid, Dryad throng;

A strife is waged to which the spot belongs;

Grace umpire sits, the question to decide,

But its mixed charms her wavering choice divide.

We must not pursue our parallel; for we should lose ourselves in illustration; so we leave you all to

* Collection from the Greek Anthology. By the late Robert Bland and Others. A New Series; comprising the fragments of Early Lyric Poetry, with Specimens of the Poets included in Meleager's Garland. Longman and Co., and John Murray, London. 1833.

complete it, each according to his own feeling or fancy; our pleasure being to suggest thousands of thoughts, but to exhaust not one; hoping that all the ideas we have ever startled from their dreamy sleep, or from sleep too profound for dreams, will like doves or eagles revisit us in their loveliness or their majesty; our spirit being, strange as it may seem, at once the quiet nest within the pine-tree's gloom, and the storm-swept eyry on the mountain-cliff.

After this preamble, now for the bill. The bill of fare—and what shall we set before you of spiritual food? Some fruits from the gardens of Archilochus, Minnervus, and Simonides—for the feast is to be not a dinner but a dessert—and we have now been saying grace.

Archilochus was born at Paros, of one of the noblest families in that island, whence he emigrated, at the age of twenty, to Thasos, on the occasion of the foundation of a colony of Parians, an event which Herodotus has recorded. He was among the first, and by far the greatest of soldier poets. If he was a coward, no man need be ashamed of that name, yet on the field of battle he left behind his shield. His genius, we presume, made such a feat fashionable among lyrical poets—and Alcæus, following his bright example, set it before that arch imitator Flaccus, who outdid his masters. High au-

thority has told us that they were neither the first of lyric poets, nor have they been the last, "to shew the white feather." People of poetical temperament, it would appear, are peculiarly subject to panic; once off there is no catching them; and they never stop to take breath till they have reached the shade of a fair tree growing on the bank of a purling stream in a place of profound peace. There they compose an Ode to Mars or Bellona, which sets all the youth of the world on fire, "making the green one red." Archilochus celebrates his own cowardice—which was indeed "taking the bull by the horns." The disaster befell him in a battle with the aboriginal inhabitants of the island of Samothrace, who were a set of ugly customers; and really if a prodigious barbarian will tear the shield off your arm, and put a spear or sword to your throat, what better can you do, lyrical poet or not, than make yourself scarce, and retire to the rear for another buckler? Here is the epigram, of which the second version, better than the first, breathes the sarcastic scorn Archilochus felt for the slanderers who pretended to impugn his courage.

οὐ τῶν μιν Σαίων τις ἀγῶνισται, ἵκ τεύχεον
 ἔχων
 εἰ τις ἠμωμάτων καλλίτων οὐκ ἐβίβλω.
 'Αυτοὶ δ' ἐξέφυγον θανάτου τέλη· ἀσπίς
 κενὸν
 ἐφύσθη· ἐξή' τις κ' ἐπύμαί το κακῶ.

MERIVALE.

The foeman glories o'er my shield—
 I left it on the battle field;
 I threw it down beside the wood,
 Unscathed by scars, unstain'd with blood.

And let him glory; since, from death
 Escaped, I seek my forfeit breath,
 I soon may find, at little cost,
 As good a shield as that I've lost

(QUARTERLY REVIEWER.)

That shield some Saian dirks which 'gainst
 the grain
 I left—fair flawless shield! beside the
 wood.

Well! let it go! I and my purse remain;
 To-morrow's bullskin may be just as
 good.

He was a fearful satirist—and there is a strange story of his having driven to suicide the daughters of Lycambes by a lampoon, in vengeance for some slight or injury done him by one of them—his betrothed or his wife, Neobule. Meleager makes them speak from the grave.

MERIVALE.

By Pluto's hand we swear—an awful
 sign—
 And the dark bed of gloomy Proserpine,
 Pure went we to our graves, whate'er of
 shame
 And vile reproach against our virgin fame

That bitter bard pour'd forth, in strains
 refined,
 Cloaking the foulness of his slanderous
 mind.
 Muses, in our despite why favour thus
 The false Iambics of Archilochus?

They have all perished—and nought remains but a few scattered fragments, some elegiac, but mostly lyrical, of him whom Cicero classes with Homer, Pindar, and Sophocles ! Here is one—or rather three in one—of those fragments—preserved by Stobæus and Plutarch—part of an elegy—so plausibly conjectures Schneider—on a shipwreck suffered by the brother-in-law of the poet, and other citizens of distinction. The Pericles, to whom it is affectionately addressed, became afterwards his bitter enemy, and fell under the last of his terrible iambics. Such is friendship. The lines are very solemn ; and the sudden turn or reaction of the poet's feelings, in those properly joined by Merivale to the first fragment, natural to men's minds in all ages, is especially Greekish.

ELTON.

Groans rise on griefs, oh Pericles ! nor they
Who feel the woe, in wine or feast are gay.
The billow of the many-roaring deep
Has borne these pleasures in its whelming sweep.
Our grief-swollen hearts, now, draw their breath in pain ;
Yet blessings, oh my friend ! shall smile again.
The Gods reserve for seeming-cureless woe
A calm, and antidotes on grief bestow.
In turn the cure and suffering take the round,
And we now groaning feel the bleeding wound :
Now other hearts the shifting tortures know ;
Endure ; nor droop thus womanish in woe.

MERIVALE.

Loud are our griefs, my friend ; and vain is he
Would steep the sense in mirth and revelry.
O'er those we mourn the hoarse-resounding wave
Hath clos'd, and whelm'd them in their ocean-grave.
Deep sorrow swells each heart. But Heaven bestows
One healing medicine for severest woes,
Resolved endurance—for affliction pours
To all by turns,—to-day the cup is ours.
Bear bravely, then, the common trial sent,
And cast away your womanish lament.
Ah ! had it been the will of Heaven to save
His honour'd relics from a nameless grave !
Had we but seen th' accusom'd flames aspire,
And wrap his corse in purifying fire !
Yet what avails it to lament the dead ?
Say, will it profit aught to shroud our head,
And wear away in grief the fleeting hours,
Rather than 'mid bright nymphs in rosy bowers ?

Genius makes commonplaces sublime. Every-day thoughts, familiar to the meanest as much as to the mightiest of mankind, look portentous, issuing from inspired lips, in gloomy light, as if thunder pitch-black in heaven gave a streak of sorrow to the green earth. We cannot quote the Greek—but Merivale's whole soul is here in unison with that of Archilochus.

MERIVALE.

<p>Soul ! O soul ! when round thee whelming cares like mountain surges close, Patient bear their mighty rage, and with thy strength their strength oppose ; Be a manly breast your bulwark, your defence firm-planted feet ; So the serried line of hostile spears with calm composure meet. Yet in victory's golden hour raise not your proud vaunts too high ; Nor, if vanquished, meanly stooping, pierce with loud lament the sky :</p>	<p>But in prosperous fortune so re- joice, and in reverses mourn, As well knowing what is destined for the race of woman born. Leave the Gods to order all things : often from the gulf of woe They exalt the poor man grovelling in the gloomy shades below ; Often turn again, and prostrate lay in dust the loftiest head, Dooming him thro' life to wander, rest of sense and wanting bread.</p>
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These noble lines are composed of two fragments preserved by Stobæus, rightly conjectured, from the style and matter, to belong to the same poem—and to them respectively may be traced the "*Æquam Memento*," and "*Permitte Divis cetera*" of Horace. That poet's second ode shews that he had in his mind a third fragment of Archilochus, which Mr Merivale judiciously translates by itself—as it is on one subject—a solar eclipse; and he remarks that it contains the most ancient classical allusion extant to that phenomenon—the frequent occasion of superstitious fear and wonder even to much later ages. The kindness of a correspondent enables us to set in comparison with it a fragment of Pindar. The reading of that fragment chiefly followed by him is that of Scaliger, for the most part approved by Schneider, and inserted by Heyne in p. 44 of the "*Fragments*," vol. ii. Ed. Ox. 1807. Schneider well calls it "*Nobilissimum omnium multisque laudatum fragmentum*;" and our friend has done it all justice. In his English 'tis a glorious ode.

ON A SOLAR ECLIPSE. ARCHILOCHUS. MERIVALE.

Never man again may swear, things
still shall be as erst they were;
Never more in wonder stare,
since Jove the Olympian thunder,
Bade the sun's meridian splendour
hide in shades of thickest night;
While th' affrighted nations started,
trembling at the fearful sight.

Who shall dare to doubt hereafter
whatsoever man may say?
Who refuse with stupid laughter
credence to the wildest lay?
Tho' for pasture, dolphins ranging,
beat the hills, and scour the wood,
And hence wolves, their nature changing,
dive beneath th' astonish'd flood.

HYMN TO THE SUN UNDER ECLIPSE. PINDAR. W. F. L. B.

Beam of the sun, Heaven-watcher, thou, whose glance
Lights far and wide, unveil to me, unveil
Thy brow, that once again mine eye may hail
The lustre of thy cloudless countenance.

Surpassing star! Why thus, at noon of day
Withdrawing, wouldst thou mar
Man's stalwart strength—and bar
With dark obstruction Wisdom's winding way?

Lo! on thy chariot-track
Hangs midnight pitchy-black;
While thou, from out thine ancient path afar,
Hurriest thy belated car.

But thee, by mightiest Jove, do I implore—
O'er Thebes thy fleet steeds' flight
To rein, with presage bright
Of plenteousness and peace for evermore.

Fountain of Light—O venerated power!—
To all of earthly line,
A wonder and a sign,
What terror threatenest thou at this dread hour?

Doom of battle dost thou bring,
Or, cankerous blight, fruit-withering—
Or, crushing snow-showers' giant weight,
Or, faction, shatterer of the State,
Or, breaching seas pour'd o'er the plain,
Or, frost, that fettereth land and spring,
Or, summer dank, whose drenching wing
Droops heavily with rain?

Such fate, portendeth such, thy gloomy brow?
Or, deluging beneath the unprison'd deep,
This earth once more, man's infant race wilt thou
Afresh from off the face of nature sweep?

Simonides, purest, finest, highest spirit of antiquity (shall, we say so,

unblamed by the shade of Sophocles!) scorned none but slaves and tyrants. In his inscriptions the illustrious are made immortal. But turn we now to take with him a sad look on human life.

Ὅυδεν ἐν ἀνθρώποισι μὲναι χρέημ' ἐπιπλεον αἰεὶ,
 Ἐν δὲ το κάλλιστον Χίος ἔειπεν ἀνὴρ·
 "Οἱ μὲν φύλλων γενεή, τοιούδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν·
 Παῦροι μιν θνητῶν ὄνασι διζέμενοι
 Στέρνοισι ἐγκατέθεντο. πάρεστι γὰρ ἑλπίς ἐκαστῷ
 Ἀνδρῶν, ἥτε νέων στηθεσιν ἐμφύεται.
 Θνητῶν δ' ὄφρα τις ἀνθὸς ἔχει πολυόρετον ἡβης,
 Κοῦφον ἔχων θυμὸν πόλλ' ἀτέλειστα νοεῖ.
 Οὐδὲ γὰρ ἑλπίδ' ἔχει γερασσόμεν, οὐδὲ θανάσιπται,
 Οὐδ', ὅστις ὅταν ᾖ, φροσιδ' ἔχει καμάντου.
 Νήπιοι, οἱς ταύτη κείται ῥοός· οὐδὲ τ' ἴσασιν
 Ὡς χρόνος ἐστ' ἡβης καὶ βίτου ὀλίγος
 Θνητοῖς. Ἀλλὰ σὺ ταῦτα μαβῶν, βίτου ποτὶ εἴρη
 Φυλῆ τῶν ἀγαθῶν τλῆθι χαρίζομενος.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Nothing among mortals always remains stable.
 This our (*truth*) hath the Chian in in (*Home*) expressed most beautifully.—
 "As is the race of leaves, so is that of men."
 This (*truth*),—few of mortals having received it by the ears,
 Lodge in their breasts.—for (*the same*) hope is present to each
 Of men, which is innate in the breasts of the young;
 But whilst any one of mortals has the much-loved flower of youth,
 With an infatuated mind he thinks of many impracticable things.
 For he has not the expectation that he is to grow old, nor to die.
 Nor while he is in health, has he the thought of troubles.
 Fools—(*they*) who are of this mind! they understand not
 How short is the time of youth and life
 To mortals. But do thou, knowing these things,—to the boundary of life,
 Dare to gratify thy soul with good things.

MERIVALE.

All human things are subject to decay;
 And well the man of Chios tuned his lay,—
 "Like leaves on trees the race of man is found"—
 Yet few receive the melancholy sound,
 Or in their hearts imprint this solemn truth;
 For hope is near to all, but most to youth.
 Hope's vernal season leads the laughing hours,
 And strews o'er every path the fairest flowers:
 To cloud the scene no distant mists appear;
 Age moves no thought, and death awakes no fear.
 Ah! how unmindful is the giddy crowd
 Of the small span to youth and life allow'd!
 Ye who reflect, the short-lived good employ,
 And while the power remains, indulge your joy.

HAY.

Nought durable to mortals here can dwell,
 This truth the Chian bard illustrates well:—
 "The race of man is as the race of leaves!"
 — Truth which each one into his ears receives,
 But lays it not to heart: for hope's false tongue
 Cajoles the old,—which had cajoled the young:
 And in the bloom of youth's most lovely flowers,
 What mad, infatuate, foolish dreams are ours!
 Nor dream we, while in health, we must grow old—
 And die,—mid troubles great and manifold.

Vain, foolish dreamers ! why not understand
That youth is fleeting, and that death's at hand !
Since thus it is, Oh man !—till life's last day,
Indulge your soul in pleasure while you may.

"Indulge your soul in pleasure while you may !" and is this the moral philosophy of sage—this a "tender-hearted scroll of pure—Simonides !" It is. Fleeting phantoms ! Why fear to live among flowers, than yourselves not more evanescent ! A natural—an inevitable thought—shall we venture to call it a foolish one—with all those who imaged Hope with an inverted and extinguished torch drooping over the tomb ! But such hauntings in the heart of Simonides were

"Thoughts that like spirits trackless come and go."

His consolatory creed was of another character. Virtue alone was stable in a world of shifting sounds and shadows—seated on the rock of ages.

"That strain I heard was of a higher mood."

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

There is a certain tradition that Virtue dwells
On difficult-to-be-climbed-up-rocks, and that there
A bright-shining, pure band attend her.
Nor to the eyes of all mortals is she visible,
Except soul-gnawing sweat from within (*a man*)
Come, and he arrive at the perfection of manliness (*of mind*).

ELTON.

Virtue, in legend old, is said to dwell
On high rocks, inaccessible ;
But swift descends from high,
And haunts of virtuous men the chaste
society.
No man shall ever rise
Conspicuous in his fellow-mortal's eyes

To manly virtue's pinnacle,
Unless within his soul he bear
The drops of painful sweat, that slowly
well
From spirit-wasting thought, and toil,
and care.

MERIVALL.

Sages and honour'd bards of old
Have said, that Virtue loves to keep
Upon a mountain's rocky steep ;
Where those permitted to behold
May still her awful figure trace
Circling about that holy place.

But 'tis not given to mortal sight,
Ere wholesome sweat have purged away
Thick mists that dim the visual ray,
To soar to such a glorious height.
None that are loiterers in the race
May hope to see that holy place.

HAY.

1.
Virtue delights her home to keep,
Say the wise of the olden time,—
High on a rugged, rocky steep,
Which man may hardly climb :
And there a pure, bright-shining band—
Her ministers—around her stand.

No mortal man may ever look
That form august to see,
Until, with patient toil, he brook
That sweat of mental agony, —
Which all must dree who reach that goal—
The perfect manhood of the soul.

From the text, from the notes and emendations of Jacobs, from Gilbert Wakefield's edition quoted by Jacobs, and a hazardous change of a word or two, we venture to give the text thus, which possibly may destroy the metre, but ill-understood metre must not stand in the way of well-understood morality.

Εστί τις λόγος τὰν Αρετὰν καίιν
δυσκαμβάτοις ἐπὶ πέτραις· ἔνθα τί

μιν, φανόντε χορὸν ἄγνον ἀμφέπειν.
οὐδὲ πάντων βλεφάροις θνατῶν ἱσοπτος,
εἰ μὴ δακτύλιος ἰδρῶς ἐνδοθεὶς
μέλῃ, ἱκῆτ' ἐς ἄκρον ἀνδρείας.

The word, which is different in this from any other edition which we have seen, is χορὸν, choir-band, instead of χεῖρον, place ; so that χορὸν is to be considered as the subject of, and μιν governed by, the verb

ἀμφέπειν. Jacobs, it seems to us, considers the word ἀμφέπειν as signifying to hold, possess, or inhabit, which we know not if it be supported by any good authority. "Virtutem in rupibus aditu difficillimis habitare; ibi autem regionem luce collustratam tenere," says Jacobs. It were superfluous to quote authorities in support of the meaning of *to wait upon*, *to attend*, *to tend*, &c. as they may be found in the most common dictionaries. (*Vide* last line of the *Iliad*.)

Wakefield's reading is,—

— νυν τε μιν
Θεῶν χροὸν ἀγρόν ἀμφέπειν.

The word Θεῶν, given by Wakefield, first suggested to us the notion of changing *χρόν* into *χροὸν*, and we suppose that the common reading *θεῶν* suggested to him *θεῶν*, or he might have said with less violence *θεῶν*—the Doric genitive plural of

θεῶν. In the midst of so much darkness there is little merit in groping in this way; but we are sorely tempted to hint another change, thus,—

εὐθα τε μιν
Θεῶν χροὸν ἀγρόν ἀμφέπειν.

And that *there*
A pure choir of Goddesses (or Gods
θεῶν) attend her.

The impersonation of Virtue—*ἡ ἀρετή*—ministered to by the Gods, appears to be neither an *unethnical*, nor an unpoetic notion—but has something in it of sublimity.

The strain in its austerity is sublime. It makes amends for the vain philosophy of pleasure moulded for and by the passing hour—and places Simonides among the Divines—by the side of old Hesiod. He in his *Works and Days*—saith

Where virtue dwells, the Gods have placed before
The dropping sweat that springs from every pore;
And ere the feet can reach her bright abode,
Long, rugged, dark th' ascent, and rough the road.
The ridge once gain'd, the path, so hard of late,
Runs easy on, and level to the gate. — HESIOD.

Mimnermus shall sing us as sad a strain as Simonides. Little more is known of him than that he was a poet and musician of Smyrna, contemporary with Solon. Athenæus makes him the inventor of the Pentameter. But a few fragments survive of him, of whom Propertius has said

Plus in amore valet Mimnermi vixit Homero;

whose elegies Horace preferred to those of Callimachus—

Discedo Alcæus puncto illius, ille meo quis?
Quis nisi Callimachus? Se plus adpretere visus.
Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine crevit.

Pausanias mentions his having composed an elegiac poem on the battle between the Smyrneans and the Lydians, fought under Gyges; and Strabo speaks of his three books of love elegies, bearing the title of *Nanno*, perhaps the same young lady whom Athenæus praises as a fine player on the flute; and with whom the poet was enamoured in his old age.

Ἡμεῖς δ' οἷα τε φυλλα φύει πολυέλεμος ὤρη
Ἡρος ὅτ' ἄψ' αὐγὴ αὐξεται ἡλίου.
Τοῖς ἱελοῖ, παχυῖον ἐπὶ χρόνον ὠνήσιν ἡδῆς
Τερπόμενα, πρὸς Θεῶν εἰδοτὲς οὐτὶ κακόν,
Οὐτ' ἀγαθόν. κῆρες δὲ παρυστήκασι μέλαινα.
Ἡ μὲν, ἔχουσα τέλος γήρας ἀργαλέον.
Ἦδ' ἔτιρε, θανάτοιο. μινυῖα δὲ γίγνεται ἡδῆς
Καρπός, ὅσον τ' ἐπὶ γῆν κιδναται ἡλίου.
Αὐτὰρ ἐπὶ δὴ τοῦτο τέλος παραμειψεται ὄρης,
Αὐτίκα τιθῆναι βέλτιον, ἢ βιοτός.
Πολλὰ γάρ ἐν θυμῷ κακὰ γίγνεται ἄλλοτε εἰ οἶκος
Τρυχοῦται, πενίης δ' ἔργ' ὀδυνηρὰ πέλει.

Ἄλλος δ' αὖ παίδων ἐπιδίναται, ὧντε μάλιστα
 ἱμείρων, κατὰ γῆς ἔρχεται εἰς αἶδην.
 Ἄλλος νοῦσον ἔχει θυμοφθόρον· οὐδέ τις ἐστὶν
 ἀνθρώπων, ᾧ Ζεὺς καὶ κατὰ πολλὰ διδῶ.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

We, like the leaves (which) produces the many-flowered season
 Of Spring, when all-at-once the lustre of the sun is increased;
 Like these,—for a cubit's-length of time, with the flowers of youth
 Are delighted,—knowing from the Gods neither evil
 Nor good. But the dark fates stand near us;
 The one having (*in view*) the accomplishment of peevish old-age,
 And the other (*that*) of death:—for a short time is of youth
 The fruit,—(*namely*) as long as the sun is scattered on the earth:
 But when the term of this season (*of youth*) is changed (*i. past*)
 Forthwith is it better to die,—than is life.
 For many evils are to the mind (*of man*); sometimes his house (*family*)
 Is vexed, and there are the painful doings of poverty.
 And another again wishes for children, whom above all
 Desiderating, he goes down below the earth to Ades.
 Another has mind-corrupting disease; nor is there one
 Of mortals, to whom Jupiter has not given many evils.

BLAND.

We too, as leaves that, in the vernal hours,
 Greet the new sun, refresh'd by fruitful showers,
 Rejoice, exulting in our vigorous prime,
 Nor good nor evil marks the noiseless time;
 But round our birth the gloomy Fates preside,
 And smile malignant on our fleeting pride;
 One with cold age prepared to blast our bloom,
 One arm'd with death to hide it in the tomb.
 Our better moments smile and pass away,
 Even as the sun that shines and sets to-day.
 When youth is flown, death only can assuage
 And yield a refuge from the ills of age.
 All mourn adversity—one, nobly bred,
 Toss'd, a poor slave to him his bounty fed;
 One, solitary, seeks the tomb's embrace,
 With no transmitter of his name and race;
 While, sick and faint, or rack'd by ceaseless fears,
 Another journeys down the vale of years.

LILTON.

We, like the leaves of many-blossom'd spring,
 When the sun's rays their sudden radiance fling,
 In growing strength, on earth, a little while,
 Delighted, see youth's blooming daisies smile.
 Not with that wisdom of the Gods endued,
 To judge aright of evil and of good.
 Two Fates, dark-scowling, at our side attend;
 Of youth, of life, each points the destined end.
 Old age and death: the fruit of youth remains
 Brief, as the sunshine scatter'd o'er the plains:
 And, when these fleeting hours have fled away,
 To die were better than to breathe the day.
 A load of grief the burthen'd spirit wears;
 Domestic troubles rise; pernicious cares;
 One with an earnest love of children sighs;
 The grave is open'd, and he childless dies:
 Another drags in pain his lingering days,
 While slow disease upon his vitals preys.
 Nor lives there one, whom Jupiter on high
 Exempts from years of mixed calamity.

HAY.

"Man was made to mourn."

BENNS.

Oh! man is like the leaves of spring—
The time of many flowers,
When all at once the glowing sun
A brighter lustre pours.

And when youth's gladsome hours have
fled,
And flowers all wither'd are,
To die is better than to live,—
Yea, surely better far.

Like them, youth's passing flowers de-
light
This child even of a day,
Whom Heaven, through good and ill
hath left
Darkling to grope his way.

Oh! many, many are the woes
The heart of man that tear,—
Domestic sorrows, and the pangs
Which poverty must bear.

The Fates grim-bouring near him stand,
Whose life is but a breath;
One points to peevish, cheerless age,
And one, to gloomy death.

One longs for children:—childless still
This man of sorrow dies:
No child to bear him to the grave,—
No child to close his eyes.

Short-lived the fruit of lusty youth!
'Tis like the sunny ray,
That warms the teeming earth,—and
then
Full quickly fades away.

'Mid heart-corroding, fell disease,
Another's life is spent:
Oh! lives there one, whom angry
Heaven
Hath not much sorrow sent!

How like to many parts of the Bible! But without its consolations! For example, the eighth Paraphrase (Job, fourteenth chapter) used by the Church of Scotland.

Few are thy days and full of woe,
Oh man of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return!"

Behold the emblem of thy state
In flowers that bloom and die,
Or in the shadow's fleeting form
That mocks the gazer's eye.

Hay had these lines—he has told us so—in his heart—when composing his version; and fine as Bland's and Elton's are, perhaps the scriptural simplicity of his may be felt more touching.

Minermus loved—'tis said—Nanno in his old age. Imagine him repeating to her the following lines—him of whom Horace says,—

Si, Minermus uti censet, sine amore joci-que
Nil est jucundam; vivas in amore jec-que!

She must have restored him by a balmy kiss to the bloom of youth! Alas! the breath of love is lost on a few thin grey hairs! But genius survives when passion is dead; and the poet's soul, though sick for a while in the conviction that for him bliss was a dream, recovered, we may not doubt, to a sense of pleasure yet left for him in life, knowing that his saddest songs would consecrate to all time the transports whose evanishing he so beautifully, and affectingly, and who may say unreasonably! deplored.

BLAND.

Ah, what is life by golden Love unblest!
Better be mine the grave's eternal rest.
The furtive kiss, soft pledge, and genial tie,
Are flowers of youth, that passing smile and die:
Old age succeeds, and dulls each finer sense,
When all we hope, at most, is reverence.

Age brings misfortune clearer to our sight,
Damps every joy, and dims the cheerful light,
And scatters frowns, and thins the silvery hair,
Hateful to youth, unlovely to the fair.

ELTON.

What joy in life were golden Venus fled?
Then may I sleep among the silent dead,
When this can charm no more; when tasteless prove
Soft bribes, the yielding couch, clandestine love.
What joy in life, if, with such transient bloom,
Youth's dropping flowerets waste their rich perfume,
And both the sexes droop? Then age is nigh;
At whose afflictive touch the graces fly.
The fair-proportion'd limbs of smooth delight,
Deform'd, dishonour'd, loveless to the sight.
Perpetual miseries make the soul their prey;
The aged man looks up, and loathes the day;
Of boys the mock; of women the disdain;
The Gods have dealt to age the dole of pain.

(QUARTERLY REVIEW, NO. XCV.)

What were life, and where its pleasure,
Golden Venus, wert thou flown!
Ne'er may I outlive the pleasure
Given to man by thee alone,—
Honied gifts and secret love,
Joy: all other joys above.

Quickly, stripling, quickly, maiden,
Snatch life's blossoms e'er they fall;
Age, with hate and sorrow laden,
Soon draws near to level all,—
Makes the man of comeliest mien,
Like the most ill-favour'd seen!

Youth and grace his path declining,
Gloomy thoughts his bosom tear;
Seems the sun in glory shining,
Now to him no longer fair,—
Joys no more his soul engage—
Such the power of dreary age.

Mr Elton stands in the first rank of translators—and his reflections are almost always just. But not so those on Minnermus. "They (his fragments) exhibit a melancholy cast of morbid sentiment; and we discern the miserable philosophy of a youth of dissolute pleasure, and an old age of senseless and sensual repining." In the admirable article on the Greek elegy in the Quarterly Review, there are some sentences on this subject so full of a high and yet a gentle morality—we should rather say of Christian charity—that we would fain transfer them to our pages; but, as "they shine well where they stand," there let them remain to charm the lovers of literature and of religion.

Let's be cheerful. Among the poems ascribed to Sappho there is one which Mr Moore in one of his notes on Anacreon calls "a fragment of the Lesbian poetess." It is cited in the romance of Achilles Tatius, who appears, says Mr Moore, to have "resolved the numbers into prose." Mr Merivale says, that, on reference to the romance from which it is taken (*The Loves of Clitophon and Leucippe*), it will be found that Tatius does not even pretend to call it Sappho's—an ascription which, it seems, is purely owing to the lively invention of Henry Stephens. In prose it must remain for us—and, in prose, Professor Anstice has given it in a note to one of his beautiful "*Translations from the Greek Choral Poetry.*"

αἱ τοῖς ἀνθέσιν ἤθελεν ὁ Ζεὺς ἐπιθεῖναι βασιλεία, τὸ ῥόδον
 ἀν τῶν ἀνθῶν ἐβασίλευε. γὰρ ἐστὶ κόσμος, φυτῶν ἀγλαΐσμα,
 ὀφθαλμὸς ἀνθῶν, ἐρύθλαμα λειμῶνος, κάλλος ἀστράπτειν ἔχοντος
 πνέει, Ἀφροδίταν προξενεῖ, εὐνίδεσι φύλλοις κομᾷ, εὐκρινήτοισι
 πετάλοισι τρυφεῖ· τὸ πετάλον τῷ Ζεφύρῳ γελᾷ.

THE ROSE. A FRAGMENT, ATTRIBUTED TO SAPPHO.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

If Jupiter should will to impose a sovereign on the flowers, the Rose would reign over the flowers. It is the embellishment of the earth,—the splendour of plants, the eye of flowers, the meadow's blush,—a lightning-flashing beauty. It breathes of love, it hospitably-entertains Aphrodite, it waves-as-locks its leaves beautiful-to-look-on, it luxuriates with easily-moved leaves. Its cup laughs to the Zephyr.

THOMAS MOORE.

If Jove would give the leafy bowers	Soft the soul of love it breathes,
A Queen for all their world of flowers,	Cypria's brow with magic wreathes,
The Rose would be the choice of Jove,	And to the Zephyr's warm caresses
And blush, the queen of every grove.	Diffuses all its verdant tresses,
Sweetest child of weeping morning,	Till, glowing with the wanton's play,
Gem, the vest of earth adorning,	It blushes a diviner ray !
Eye of flowerets, glow of lawns,	
Bud of beauty nurs'd by dawns ;	

BOYD. (FROM THE "LLCIMEUS," &c.)

If, on creation's morn, the King of Heaven
 To shrubs and flowers a sovereign lord had given,
 O beauteous Rose, he had anointed thee
 Of shrubs and flowers the sovereign lord to be.
 The spotless emblem of unsullied truth,
 The smile of beauty and the glow of youth ;
 The garden's pride, the grace of vernal bowers,
 The blush of meadows, and the eye of flowers ;
 It beams resplendent as the orbs above,
 Inviting Paphia's form, and breathing love.
 Blooming with odorous leaves, and petals fair,
 In youthful pride it spreads its silken snare,
 By Zephyr kiss'd it laughs, and woos the fanning air

ELTON.

Did Jove a queen of flowers decree,
 The Rose the queen of flowers should be.
 Of flowers the eye, of plants the gem ;
 The meadow's blush, earth's diadem :
 Glory of colours on the gaze.
 Lightning in its beauty's blaze ;
 It breathes of love : it blooms the guest
 Of Venus' ever fragrant breast :
 In gaudy pomp its petals spread :
 Light foliage trembles round its head .
 With vermeil blossoms fresh and fair,
 It laughs to the voluptuous air.

PROFESSOR ANSTICE.

If Jove should make a queen of flowers,	Thence fraught with love sweet odours
The Rose his queen should be ;	blow,
The ornament of summer bowers,	And Venus nestles there.
The pride of earth is she.	Her leaflets float like airy tresses,
Eye of flowerets ! meadow's glow,	Her buds the roving gale caresses ;
Dazzling like the lightning's glare,	Those buds that coyly love to play,
	And Zephyr with a smile repay.

HAY.

If Jove should ever on the flowers a sovereign queen impose,
 The sovereign queen of all the flowers would surely be the Rose;
 The Rose—the glory of the earth, of plants the splendid light,
 The eye of flowers, the meadow's blush, the lightning's beauty bright.
 Breathing of love it entertains Love's Queen its guest so fair:
 The leaves so beautiful might seem its locks of flowing hair,
 Which into motion every breeze luxuriously beguiles:
 It woos the Zephyr to its cup with many fragrant smiles.

And now, whither shall we wend our way? Along the roads, where, on either hand, are seen, in the pale or green glimmer of antiquity, the monumental tombs of the mighty, the wise, the chaste, the virtuous, the beautiful, who died full of years and fame, in ripe age or old, or, at the stern bidding of Pluto, faded away in premature decay? No—let us in humble mood think on the lives and deaths of humble men. For such genius did not disdain to compose funeral inscriptions; and here are three selected by us from many, and most feelingly and truly translated, as is his wont, by our good friend Hay. They are on fishermen.

(FROM LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.)

GROTIUS.

Θηρίν τον τριγυρίζοντα, τὴν ἰαχὴν ἄπο κυρ-
 τῶν
 Ζωντα, πρὶν αἰθύνειν τλῆμονα νηζαμινον*
 Ἰχθυοὺς ληΐσθῃ, σαγηνῆα, χηραμίδουπην,
 Οὐχὶ πολυκαλῶν τλῆτορρα κατιπύει,
 Εμπης οὐτ' Ἀρκτουρὸς ἀπαλίσσει, οὐτε νυ-
 ταιγίς
 Ἥλασεν αἶψ' ἀνέλας, τῶν ἐπειν ὀκαῶν*
 Ἀλλ' ἐβλάν' ἐν καλύβῃ σελήνῃσι, λυχνίς
 ὅτοια,
 Τὰ μακρὰ σπ. πρὶν ἐν τριγυρῇ αἰτῶναιτες.
 Σήμα δὲ τῆδ' οὐ παῖδες ἐφημορεύσαν, οὐδ' ἕρμα-
 λειπτοί,
 Ἀλλὰ συνιργατικὸς ἰχθυόων ζῆασις.

Ille senex Theris fulcis qui saepius ipsis
 Navit, ab aequoreo cui grege victus erat;
 Perceptans cava, praedominis felixque sagena
 Unicus in misera cui rate scalmus erat.
 Non tamen Arcturo debet, neque tristibus
 anstris,
 Quod tot ab annorum cursibus exciderat.
 Pauperis occubuit tuguri sub culmine, qualis
 Igne absumpta sua sponte lucerna perit.
 Non nati non uxor ei posuere sepulchrum,
 Sed piscatorum junctus in ante chorus.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

The thrice-old Theris, by means of successful fish-baskets
 Living, (and) sailing oftener than the sea-diver,
 (Theris) the-fish-plunderer, the-seine-user, the-lurking-place-explorer,
 The mariner of a not many-oared boat;
 (Him) nevertheless Arcturus cut-not-off, nor a furious-down-rushing-blast
 (καταιγίς.)
 Thrust-down (to the shades) his many decades of years, (i. e. him who had lived for, &c.)
 But he died in a rush (covered) hut, like a lamp
 Extinguished of-its-own-accord by length of time.
 Neither children, nor a bed-fellow, (wife, ἐρμίστατος,) fitted a tomb for him,
 But a fellow-working band of fish-seekers.

HAY.

Theris, the aged fisherman, whose skill
 Taught him to live, and many a basket fill
 With fishes,—for their plundering foe was he,
 And, than the sea-fowl, oftener toss'd at sea—
 Theris, whose few-oared boat, and seine, and hooks,
 Could win the fishes from their secret nooks.
 Yet—nor Arcturus, nor the blasts that blow
 Down-rushing, swept this aged man below:
 But like a lamp long-burning, and whose light
 Flickers self spent, and is extinguish'd quite,
 In a rush-hut he died:—to him, this grave—
 No wife, no child he had—his brother fishers gave.

(BY ARGENTARIUS.)

Δυσμορος ἰκευφθη τοντὰ νικυς, ὃν παρὰ κυμα
 "Ἐκλαυσιν μητὴς κυρία Λυσιδίκη,
 Ψεύστην αὐγαζούσα κινὸν ταφόν· ἀλλὰ μὲ
 δαίμων
 "Ἄπνοον αἰθυσίαις θηκεν ὁμῆρῳδον,
 Πνυταγορήν· ἴσχεον δὲ κατ' Αἰγαῖον ἄλυστον,
 Πρυμναυχοῦς γίλλαν ἐκ βορέας καλῶς.
 "Ἀλλ' ἐὺδ' ὥς ναυτην ἱλιπτον ὄρσμον, ἀλλ'
 ἀπονοή.
 "Ἄλλην τὰς φθιμένους εἰσενέβην ἀκατον.

GROTIUS.

Exanimum mare corpus habet, quod tristis
 ad undas
 Lysidice flevit victa dolore parens,
 Dum tumultum spectat vacuum. Sed in
 æquore fata
 Jactari mergis me voluere parem
 Pnytagoram. Boreæ dum flatibus apto ru-
 dentes,
 Abstulit Ἄγασί me gravis ira freti.
 Sed neque nave veli desi tamen, hac rate
 namque
 Expositum cepit me Stygis atra iatis

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

(My) ill-fated corse was buried in the sea, which (corse) along the waves
 (My) mother Lysidice hath wept (with) ten thousand (μυρία) (tears),
 Looking on this unreal (ψεύστην) cenotaph: but some god, me
 Lifeless, hath ordained to float along with the sea-birds, (me)
 Pnytagoras, and my fate I met with on the Ægean sea,
 When slipping-out the to-the-shore-fastening cables of (to resist) Boreas.
 But not even thus did I leave off my naval course, but from (one) ship
 I passed to another bark (Charon's) for the shades.

HAY.

Her hapless son, now buried in the deep,
 Along the shore Lysidice must weep
 With wailings multitudinous, while she
 Eyes this vain cenotaph, and thinks of me,
 Pnytagoras, whose corpse the Gods ordain
 To float with sea-fowl on the heaving main,
 The blue Ægean, where my doom was pass'd,
 While striving to resist the Northern blast.
 But not even thus were all my wanderings o'er,
 My bark I left for that which seeks the Stygian shore.

(BY ALCEUS OF MITYLENE.)

"Ὁ γοῖτις Διοτίμος, ὃ κυμασὶν ὀλκάδα τιτίνυ,
 Κῆν χθονὶ τῇ αὐτῇ οἶκον ἔχων πενίης.
 Νυγρεῖταιν ἱπνωσας, τὸν ἀμειλιτὸν ἱκτὸ τρέας
 Ἄδην
 Ἀδριεῖταιν ἰδὲ καὶ καμίζουμένης.
 "Ἦν γὰρ ἔχει ζωὴς παρκαμύειν, ἔστιν ὃ
 πρὸς βίον
 Καὶ φθιμένον σωματὸν πυρκαϊῆς ἱφίλος.

GROTIUS.

Qua rate captabat Diotimus in æquore pisces,
 Cum tenuit terras, hæc domus ipsa fuit.
 Quem cum perpetuus preessit sopor, ivit in
 illa
 Ad manes, remex et fuit ipse sibi.
 Præbuerat quæ namque seni solatia vitæ,
 Officium summum præbuit illa rogo.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

The fisher Diotimus, who on the waves a faithful boat,
 And on the land the self-same (boat) had, as the abode of his poverty;
 Having slept the wakeless sleep, went to the implacable Ades,
 Carried, self-rowed, in his own boat.
 For that, which he had as the solace of his life, the old man had
 Also when cut off—as the last aid of his funeral pile.

HAY.

The fisher Diotimus had at sea
 And shore the same abode of poverty—
 His trusty boat; and when his days were spent,
 Therein self-rowed to ruthless Dis he went;
 For that which did through life his woes beguile,
 Supplied the old man with a funeral pile.

We have given up Buchanan Lodge this Summer to Mrs Gentle; and though she wishes us just to sit still in the Sanctum, we thought it safer to

shift to Moray Place. The sight of sweeps alarms birds, and bees, and butterflies; so on those trees, and those flowers, and that greensward, we seldom see a feathery or filmy wing, or hear song, chirp, or murmur—all is still. Grasshoppers don't like smooth-shaven lawn—for what is the use of grass-hopping where there is not a blade that might not be surmounted by the smallest of all the beetles, without lifting a leg? In this dearth of insects our entomological imagination momentarily provides us with a fresh supply of cicadae and locusts. Now they flutter in our fancy! Now they chirp! If you are deaf, put your silver trumpet to your ear, and you will hear the cauty creatures in concerto dancing and singing as if they were wellnigh mad for joy, till all at once there is a hush, and you feel they are dead and buried. Ay, buried! For you must know that the Greek maidens used to bury their darlings when they died; nay, even fathers of families did so, and poets wrote pretty inscriptions for their little tombs.

ARCHIAS.

Ποῖν μὲν ἐπὶ χλοεροῖς ἐριθέλεις ἔρισι τίσκας
 ἡμῖνος, ἢ σκιερὰς ἀροαίμων τίτνους,
 Ἐκρίκας εἰ γένος αἰὲν ἔχους ἡέτα μολπᾶι
 Τεττιζ, οἰζύμοις τετρατίτητον χέλυν.
 Νῦν δὲ σὺ μὲν ἡμῖν κτείνεις ἐπὶ εὐνοῖαισι λαμύνετα,
 Ἄλκιος ἀπαιδὸς ἀμφικατὰ τῆς μιγυῖς.
 Εἰ δ' ἐλάους, συγγενεῖν, ἐπὶ καὶ κοῖρηνος
 ζῶντος

Μαιονίδας γὰρ τοῖς ἐχέει δάλον ἔδανεν.

GROTUS.

Antesedens densis frondente sub abiete ramis,
 Aut inter pinus quas gerit alta comas;
 Dulce frutibus pennato ventre cicada,
 Pro quo nec cithare carmina pastor amet:
 Sed fomicarum lacerata es ab uirgine, teque
 Improvisa feri jam cava Ditis habent.
 Nec captum miror, piscantium enigmata
 captus
 Meonides princeps catinulis ipse fuit.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL.—(CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Formerly on the green, most-blooming branches of a fir
 Sitting, or (on those) of a shady tufted pine,
 Thou utterest, by means of thy well-winged body, a sounding strain,
 Oh grasshopper! (a strain) more grateful to shepherds than that of a lyre.
 Now thou—subdued by on-the-road-residing ants,
 The unforeseen cavern of Pluto hath covered round.
 If thou hast been taken off—it is pardonable;—since the prince of song,
 Meonides, died by means of a riddle (proposed) by fishermen.

HAY.

First on the fir's green, blooming branch, oh grasshopper! 'twas thine
 To sit,—or on the shady spray of the dusky, tufted pine;
 And from thy hollow, well-winged sides to sound the blithesome strain,
 Sweeter than music of the lyre to the simple shepherd swain.
 But thee, alas! now overcome by ants that haunt the road,
 The cave of Pluto now conceals, that unforeseen abode.
 Yet still thy fate may be forgiven, since the vulgar fiend for thine,
 By their riddle, slew Meonides, the very prince of song.

(FROM ANYTE; SOME SAY LEONIDAS.)

Ἀκρίδι τὰ κατ' ἀρουραν ἀνδρῶν καὶ δρυοκαίσα
 Τεττιγι, ξυνοὺν τυμβὸν ἱτυεῖς Μυρῶ,
 Περθενὺν σαζάσα κορα δακρυῖσσι γὰρ
 αὐτῆς
 Παιγνὶ δ' ὀδυσεύσης οἴχετ' ἐχών Ἀΐδας.

GROTUS.

Læta cicada comis, locustaque ruris ædon,
 Hunc vobis tumulum ponit utrique Myro,
 Tristitiam fletu virgo testata, quod illi
 Mors pariter lusus abstulit atra duos.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

To a locust, the nightingale of fields, and to an oak-dwelling
 Grasshopper, hath Myro made a common tomb,
 The girl (Myro) having shed a virgin tear: for her two
 Amusements hath inexorable Pluto hurried away with.

HAY.

The oak-frequenting grasshopper, and the woodland nightingale—
 The locust—have this common tomb, and loud is Myro's wail:

And virgin tears the maiden drops for these, her sportive twain,
Which ruthless Pluto took, and which she ne'er shall see again.

(FROM MNASALCAS.)

Οὐκ ἐτι δὴ πτερυγεσσι λιγυφθόγγοισιν ἀείσεις,
'Ακρί, κατ' εὐκαρπούς αὐλακὰς ἐξομένη·
Οὐδὲ μὲ κελιμένον σκίεον ὑπο φυλλὰδ' αὖ
τερψείεις,
Ξυθάν ἐκ πτερυγῶν ἤδ' ὑπεκρούει μέλος.

GROTIUS.

Non locusta canes semet quatientibus alis
Amplius, in sulco frugiparente sedens.
Nec mihi dulcis erit posito frondente sub
umbra
Ille tuus penna lene crepante sonus.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Never more with shrill-sounding wings shalt thou sing,
Oh locust! sitting along the fertile furrows;
Never more shalt thou delight me reclined under the shadowy foliage,
Sounding thy sweet melody from thy nimble wings.

HAY.

Oh! never more, thou locust, shalt thou, with shrilly wing,
Along the fertile furrows sit, and thy glad some carol sing.
Oh! never more thy nimble wings shall cheer this heart of mine,
With sweetest melody, while I beneath the trees recline.

(FROM MELEAGER.)

Ἀκρί, ἔμῳ ἀταπῆλ' αἶψ' αὖ, παρσημίδιαι
ἴναι.
'Ακρί, ἄγει γὰρ Μοῖσα, λιγυπτεροῦ.
Αἰδοῖς μινυαῖα λυγρὰ, κλέκει καὶ τι τιν
Ξένον,
'Εκκρούεισα φίλ' αἰ τισὶ λυγρὰ πτεροῦ.
'Ὡς μὲ τόνον εἰσαῖο παναγρὶ τινὸς αἰγῆς.
'Ακρί, μισοπαυσην φθόγγον ἐκ ταπεινῶν.
Δωρεὰ δὲ σοί, γητεινὸν ἀνθεῖον, ἐξ ἔρινα δώσω,
Καὶ δροσίσας στυμμοὶ σελήζουσας ψεκκῶσας.

GROTIUS.

Quo somnum locusta creas mihi, fallis amo-
rem,
Rurus Muso, fidis cui vice penna sonat.
Exente ficundis pedibus titubantibus alas,
Dulci nativa carmina finge lyra.
Ut mea per vigiles requiescant pectora curas,
Vincaturque tuis ipse Cupido modis.
Matutina tibi dabo munera, serile porrum,
Et teneras, oris pabula, ioris aquas.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Oh, locust! soother of loves, encourager of sleep,
Oh, locust! rustic muse, shrill-wing'd,
Artless imitation of the lyre, sound for me something lovely,
Striking thine own speaking wings with thy feet,
That you may rescue me from the completely sleepless anxiety of distresses.
Oh, locust! having-strung-for-thyself a love-releasing note, (i. e. having strung
thine instrument to give out notes to free me from love,)
Morning gifts will I give thee the ever verdant γητεινόν (supposed to be a species of
leek),
And dewy drops, split (σελίζουσαι) for thy mouth.

HAY.

Thou locust, soother of my love, whose music slumber brings,
Thou locust, minstrel of the fields, endow'd with shrilly wings;
Thou artless mimic of the lyre, some song of beauty sing,
By striking with thy pliant feet, each music-speaking wing.
Thou locust, trill me from thy chords, a love-releasing strain.
That thus thou mayst remove my care, my ever-wakeful pain.
And I'll the evergreens to thee as morning gifts assign,
And the dewdrops split in parts to fit that little mouth of thine.

(FROM PHAENUS.)

Δαμοκρίτῳ μιν ἰγῶ λιγυρὰν ὅσα Μοῦσαν
ἰβνί,
'Ακρί, ἀπο πτερυγῶν, τὸν βαδὺν ὑπὸν
ἄγον.
Δαμοκρίτος δ' ἰπ' ἱμοὶ τὸν ἰσικῶτα τυμβόν,
ἴδιτα,
'Εγγυθὲν Ὠρωπῶν χεῖρας ἀποφθιμένα.

GROTIUS.

Hospes, Damocrito gratum locusta soporem,
Sæpe dedi, blando dum strepit ala sono.
At cassæ mihi luce dedit pro mole sepul-
chrum
Oropi propter mœnia Damocritus.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

I the locust was at times wont to send forth a shrill muse (*song*) to Democritus,
 From my wings,—bringing on deep sleep.
 And, oh traveller, Democritus a fitting tomb made for me
 When dead,—near the walls of Oropus.

HAY.

Know, stranger, I the locust at times was wont to sing,
 And lull Democritus asleep, by my wing-sent carolling;
 And good Democritus for me this fitting tomb has made,
 And near the fair Oropus here my lifeless body laid.

(FROM ARISTODICUS THE RHODIAN.)

Οὐκ ἔτι λήγῃσσι κατ' ἄρνας Ἀκίδος οἶκον
 Ἀκρὶ μολιζομένην ἔτι κελεύει.
 Ἦδ' ἔτι γὰρ λειμῶνας καὶ κλημένον πεπρωμένος,
 Καὶ ὀρεστέρα χυτὰς ἔτι Περσεφόνει.

GROTIUS.

Non te sol oriens posthac, locusta, videbit
 Aedos in nitida dulces sonare domo.
 Quippe line evolutans flores Plutonis oberas,
 Præterque regime iustida Persephone.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Never more at the wealthy house of Acis, oh shrill
 Locust, shall the sun behold thee singing.
 For now thou flutterest over the meadows of Pluto,
 And the dewy flowers of golden Proserpine.

HAY.

Oh never more, thou locust, shall the sun behold thee trill,
 By the wealthy house of Acis, thy carollings so shrill;
 For now to flutter o'er the fields of gracious Dis 'tis thine,
 And the dewy flowers—of the peaceful bowers—of the *Golden Proserpine*.

(FROM LEONIDAS.)

Εἰ καὶ μικρὸς ὄντων ἐπ' ὄψεσιν ἡ παρὸντος,
 Λαγὸς ὁ περὶ βῆτας ἀνυμνῶν ἐπὶ τοῦ κατὰ
 Αἰῶνος ἡνέστρωται θύλακος ἐπὶ τοῦ γὰρ ἄνθρωπος
 Ἀκρίδα. τινὲς εὖσιν τὴν τοῦ ἀνυμνῶντος
 Διὰ τῶν ἐπὶ ἐκκαθαίρειται ἐλθόντων λαοὶ καὶ
 Σκηνώσιν.
 Κατὰ τὴν ἐπὶ τῶν ἀνυμνῶντος ἀνυμνῶντος
 Καὶ μὴ ἐπὶ τῶν ἀνυμνῶντος, τὰ τὰ τὰ τὰ
 ἔστιν
 Τὴν λήγον ἀνέστην στήναι τὸν ἐπὶ τῶν ἀνυμνῶντος.

GROTIUS.

Sit mediocris quavis, nec humo nisi leniter
 castet
 Iste superpendens mortui membra lapis.
 Vos tamen o laudate Philenida, quippe
 cinoram
 Locust me, solum per vepribus aspra gradi,
 Dedit totos annos duo: deinde sepultum
 Ille posuit Musis oba soporiferis,
 Illi vili ego nec mortui, puva beati
 Ingenii nobis hæc monumenta dedit.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Oh wayfaring man, even though an insignifcant to behold, an almest level with the
 ground
 Grave stone is placed over me,
 Yet, oh man, you should praise Philenis; since me the minstrel
 Locust, formerly a thorn-walker (*ἀνυμνῶντος*),
 For two whole years she loved; and me when dead,
 She, though deprived of my sleep-producing prattle, (*ἐπὶ τῶν ἀνυμνῶντος ἐπὶ ὄψεσιν*) buried here;
 Nor me when dead did she undervalue, and on me this
 Little monument hath she raised, (*on account of*) my flexibility of voice.

HAY.

Though humble be this grave of mine, oh stranger, in thine eyes,
 And this lowly tomb-stone scarcely seem above the ground to rise;
 Yet to the fair Philenis her meed of praise as aid,
 For her love to me, and the minstrelsy of the thorn-frequenting bard.
 For two whole years she cherish'd me, and when the hand of doom
 Brought her of my soothing strains, she laid me in this tomb;
 And for my pliant power of voice, this monumental stone
 She placed,—to shew her great esteem, now I am dead and gone.

We love the Jesuits for sake of Casimir. He ought to have been one of
 the Princes of that name, so well did he sing the Cicada; and Wrangham,

who is a poet among archdeacons, and an archdeacon among poets, has translated the song. We love the Latin for sake of the English, and the English for sake of the Latin, and both for the Muses' sakes, who loved their own little living lyres in the olive-groves sounding all summer long.

CASIMIR.

O quæ populeâ summa sedens comâ	Post longas hycmes, dum nimium brevis
Cœli roriferis ebrâ lacrymis,	Æstas se levibus precipitat rotis,
Et te voce, Cicada,	Festinos, age, lento
Et mutum recreas nemus.	Soles excipe jurgio.

Ut se quæquæ dies attulit optima,
Sic se quæquæ rapit; nulla luct satis
Unquam longa voluptas;
Longus sæpius est dolor.

WRANGHAM.

Cicada! thou, who, tipsy with the dews
Of weeping skies, on the tall poplar-tree,
Perch'd swayingly, thyself dost still amuse,
And the hush'd grove, with thy sweet minstrel-y —
After long tedious winters, when the sun
Through the brief summer speeds his whirling ray,
With thy shrill chiding, as he hastens on,
Check his too rapid wheels, and urge delay.
The brightest day that dawns on mortal eyes,
Hurries—ah! fleetly hurries to its close—
Ne'er long enough to rapture are his joys,
Ever too long to anguish are her woes.

Why will we Scotchmen, who love nature wisely and well, and who have always had, and have now among us poets whom nature loves wisely and well in return, and is pleased to listen to their strains, superciliously shut our ears to all simple music but that of our own native land—nay, deny that it is music—when—would we but our ears “seriously incline,”—we should feel that, like our own native airs, they were airs from Heaven! Why should we suffer it justly to be said of us that we have little Latin, and no Greek—with such schools and colleges as ours, and talk contemptuously of the fine and high accomplishments of “slender clerks from the South?”

In the *Carmina Quadragesimalia* of the Christ Church (Westminster) B.A.'s, a charming little piece on the grasshopper, (the English one,) Wrangham has pointed out to us—and he has done more—he has sent us a translation of it as charming—and who that reads them will sneer at modern Latin verses, or at their composition as a frivolous and useless accomplishment?

AN VITA CONSISTAT IN CALORE? AFFIRMATUR. LEWIS.

Parvula progenies Veris, Zephyrique, Cicada,
Quàm te Phœbus amat! quàm fivet alma Ceres!
Naturæ varîa frueris dulciline messis,
Dum præbet tenerum cespitis herba torum.
Omne tuum est, quodcumque sinu de divite tellus
Sponte, vel humano culta labore, parit.
Ille lacteolo surgunt tibi lilia collo,
Illic calices implet roseida gemma tuos.
Et quando exhaustos inter cadis ebrîa flores,
En! pro te somnos omne papaver habet.
Deliciis tandem variis satiata, recedis:
Nec tibi, quæ ledit cetera, tristis hycems.
Sæptem ultra humanam felix, quæ frigoris expers
Et senii, Phœbo deficiente, peris!

WRANGHAM.

Gay child of Spring, and Zephyr, grasshopper,
To Phœbus thou and Ceres aye most dear,

For thy repast the various harvest glows,
 For thee its silken couch the grass-blade strows;
 Whate'er from their rich womb broad lands produce,
 Till'd or spontaneous, all is for thy use.
 Its milk-white neck for thee the lily rears,
 The dew-cup to thy lip its tribute bears;
 And when thou sink'st inebriate 'mid thy flowers,
 For thee its soothing juice each poppy pours.
 Sated with banquets, thou depart'st at last,
 Unscathed by others' bane, keen winter's blast—
 Blest beyond mortals, thus thy course to run,
 Unhill'd, unaged, and fail but with the failing sun.

So much for the Cicada and Locust (you must find out for yourselves how different); and was not that the murmur of bees? The "small" but not "sullen horn" of one air-farer, and then of another and another in succession, but not in pursuit, for each in its instinct is as intent on its own far-off flowers as if there were not another bee beneath the sun. Was that thunder? No—'tis all a hum. In our clime we must provide distilleries in the shape of straw-roofed sheds for the dealers in mountain dew; but on Grecian mainland and isle, they built for themselves an edifice on a tree, or haply on a temple; for mild the air as pure on many a mount as lovely, but in name, as Mount Hybla or Hymettus.

ANTEPHILUS.

"Α καλὸν ἀντιστοιχῶν ἐν οὐρανῷ ῥύμμα με-
 λισσῶν,
 Αἱ πλεῖται κερὺς αὐτοπαγῆς θαλάμῳ.
 Προικὸς ἀνθρώπων βίῳ τὸ γλυκύ, οὐκ ἐμ-
 κίχλας,
 Οὐ βίος, οὐ γὰρ ἔνδον δούρατα δρεπανῶν,
 Γαυλὸν δὲ σμικρῶς, τοῦτο γλυκύ νύμφη ῥι-
 λισσα
 Πηγὰς αἰὲς σκεπτοῖς οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλγος.
 Χαίροις εὐαγεῖς, καὶ ἐν ἀνθρώποις τιμωμένοις,
 Διόττι οὐ τρεῖς ἐκ τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἐργαζέσθαι."

GROTIUS.

O tectum, quod fluxit apīs, labor absque
 labore,
 Conditā servantes dulcia mella favi:
 O homini proclive bonum: non falcibus
 illud.
 Non bove, non duri dente ligonis eget;
 Vimine sed tantum largas prohibente perire,
 Quas apīs ex tenui corpore fundit, opes.
 Ite piae volucres: nunquam vos copia florum
 Deserat. aerii nectaris artifices.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL.—CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Beautiful place of protection to bees, by-them-laboured in air,
 Chambers by-them-fixed, and formed of wax!
 A gratuitous blessing (*is this*) to the life of man,—neither hoe,
 Nor axe, nor crooked sickles requiring,—
 (*Only*) a little vessel, where the bee its sweet liquid
 Makes-to-flow profusely from its small body.
 Rejoice, ye blessed ones, and may-ye-rove-feeding on flowers
 Ye winged workers of ethereal nectar.

WRANGHAM.

Ah! sweet spontaneous effluence of the bee,
 Air-form'd! Ah! cells of hands unlabour'd, ye!
 Free boon to man! no need hast thou of hoe,
 The plough's slow tilth, or sickle's reaping bow:
 Thine a small hive, in which their luscious juice
 From tiny forms the teeming bees produce.
 Gay creatures, hail! and o'er the flowery mead,
 Of æther's nectar, light-wing'd artists, speed!

HAY.

Lovely, aerial dwelling! which the bees
 Fashion of plastic wax, and fix with ease.
 Free gift to man, whence many blessings flow,
 Without the aid of sickle, axe, or hoe,
 Only a little trough, where they may pour
 The liquid sweets profuse, of every flower;
 Blessings be yours, may flowers your wanderings greet,
 Ye winged workers of ethereal sweet.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

O beautiful Bee-Home-Stead ! with many a waxen cell
 Self-built—for hanging so it seems—that airy citadel !
 An unbought blessing to man's life, which neither any hoe,
 Nor axe, nor crooked sickle is needed to bestow ;
 A tiny vessel—and no more—wherein the busy bee
 From its small body liquid sweets distilleth lavishly !
 Rejoice, ye blessed creatures ! regaling while ye rove,
 Winged workers of nectarous food ! on all the flowers you love !

ZONAS THE SARDIAN.

Εἶδ' ἀγρετὴν, ξυῖται συμβλῆνός ἀκρὰ μέλισσαι
 Φερβιόσῃ, ἢ θυμῶν ἕκταν πριγκυλίαν.
 Ἡ πετάλας μακρῶνας, ἢ ἀσφ' ῥιπίου ῥῆγος,
 Ἡ ἰὼν, ἢ μελῶν ῥυθὺν ἱτικαεργετοῦσα.
 Παντα πριγκυλίῃσιν, καὶ ἀγρῶν νηλεωσάτης,
 Ὅφρα μέλισσας Πανὶ τίει ! τίλει
 Γευτήσας το μιν καὶ τὰς ὅς ὁ βλάττει γὰρ ἑαίει
 Κωτῶσας, βλαπὼν κίμμι λιλτὶ μέλιον.

CROTUS.

Pergite mellifica vel summa cacumina florum
 Carpere, vel rannum de bene olente thymo,
 Vel siccis acinos, vel lata fronde papaver,
 Aut leve quod pomis eminet, aut violas :
 Omnia pascentes implete liquoribus alveos.
 Ut Pan, a vobis qui mala pellit, apes,
 Ipse sibi gustet, cum fumo cetera tollat,
 Sit tamen ut vobis pars quocumque
 super.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Come now, ye nimble bees honey-making lit. having-to-do-with-bee-hives, *συμβλῆνός*),
 on the tops

Feed,—either of the rough little-branches of thyme,

Or tender poppies, or bits of raisins,

Or the violet, or the down growing-on-the-surface of the apple-tribe (*ρῶν*)

Nibble-around every thing, and cover-with-wax your vessels,

In order that the bee-protecting, hive-preserving Pan

May himself taste : and that the one with honey-comb-cutting hand

Having fumigated, may leave to you also some little portion.

HAY.

Ye nimble, honey-making bees, the flowers are in their prime,

Come now and taste the little buds of sweetly-breathing thyme ;

Or tender poppies all so fair, or bits of raisins sweet,

Or down that decks the apple tribe, or fragrant violet ;

Come nibble on,—your vessels store with honey while you can,

In order that the hive-protecting, bee-preserving Pan

May have a tasting for himself, and that the hand so rude,

That cuts away the combs, may leave for yourselves some little food.

PARAPHRASE. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Come now, ye bees so nimble, small tenantry of hives,

And I will tell you how to pass most happily your lives.

With all its rich profusion the year is in its prime !

Then feed ye on the roughen'd tops of tiny twigs of thyme ;

On droppings from the ripe vine-bunch, or poppies delicate,

On—sweetest fare the earth affords—the purple violet ;

On the bright apple-bloom that melts in down deliciously ;

On all the balm and bloom that breathes beneath the blessed sky !

Spare nothing, greedy nibblers ! but ransack all you can,

That so your cells libation meet may hold for mighty Pan,

The bee-preserving, hive-protecting god, who comes ere long

To taste your honey sweet, O bees ! when hush'd your sweeter song ;

And grateful for the gift, will bid the master's hand to spare

Some little portion free from smoke to be your winter-fare ;

When not a single flower is seen to blossom round your hives,

Nor stirs nor murmurs any more the life that faint survives !

And now let us consider the character of a creature celebrated in a singular, beautiful, and difficult epigram by Callimachus, a pretty creature, and a happy, a tiny and a tidy creature, from whom some have thought the first hint was taken by man desirous of being wafted by winds along the sea—the Nautilus. In the perusal of a critical and classical article like this, certainly none of the shortest, the mind, if at all wearied, must, we should think, derive a pleasant relief from a little natural history timeously administered, and the patient, returning promptly to poetry, enjoy his epigrams with new zest and greater gusto.

The noted shell, or molluscous animal, known under the name of *Nautilus* to the ancient classical writers, is a species of the genus *Argonauta* of modern naturalists; and it is to the latter that we ought consequently to refer whatever Aristotle and others have recorded of the elegant and truly singular manœuvres of the *Nautilus* of antiquity. By a transposition not easily explained, although by no means unexampled, the name consecrated during so many ages by the Stagyræite, was, after the revival of learning, bestowed on an animal with which Aristotle was scarcely acquainted, and of which he gives only a slight indication as a second species of *Nautilus*. None of the ancient authors subsequent to Aristotle, have added any thing of value to his account of the true species, and they seem to have altogether dropped the second kind from their consideration. It was only during a comparatively recent period that naturalists sought to ascertain the existence and nature of the latter. Belonius made us acquainted with a shell which he named the *Chambered Nautilus*, and he gave it as his opinion, that that species ought to be regarded as Aristotle's second kind. This view was adopted by Gesner and Aldrovandus, and received confirmation from the remarks of Bonani. Hitherto, however, there had been no positive verifying of Aristotle's opinion that the second species of *Nautilus* was of the cuttle fish (*cephalopodous*) kind. But Rumphius had at length the good fortune, during his residence at Amboyna, to ascertain that and other facts in their history, by his observation of both species.

Although common in the Indian Seas, these creatures have never been scientifically attended to by voyagers; and even at the present time, we know little or nothing of the so-called *Nautilus*, except by the description and imperfect representation given by Rumphius. This author, be it remembered, bestows that name both upon the *Nautilus* and the *Argonaut*. Gualtieri, an Italian conchologist, was the first to distinguish the two genera; but he unluckily bestowed the name of *Nautilus* on the least known of the Aristotelian species, and that of *Cym-*

brum on the creature more particularly observed and described by the Greek philosopher. Neither D'Argenville nor Davila, however, adopted this generic separation, but contented themselves with dividing the genus *Nautilus* into two groups, those with and those without partition chambers, (*à cloisons,—sans cloisons.*) The great Swedish naturalist, with his accustomed tact, perceived the propriety of Gualtieri's mode of arrangement, but he unfortunately followed him also in his less judicious application of the name of *Nautilus* to the chambered species, while he bestowed the title of *Argonauta* on those with unpartitioned shells. Now the *Nautilus* of Aristotle belongs to the latter group, and hence the misapplication of the modern names. The preceding is, we believe, a correct statement of the literary history of those remarkable shells.

The *Argonaut* then (the name is poetically chosen) is the famous shell, of the marvellous navigation of which the poets and philosophers of antiquity have sung or reasoned. The ongoings of nature are in many instances in themselves so wonderfully beautiful, as to stand in no need of foreign ornament. No "fairy fiction" is required to brighten the face of truth, though the characters of that radiant visage are sometimes misapprehended by the sons of mortality. Be this as it may, the *Argonaut* is a shell of an extremely elegant and symmetrical form. All the species, of which we are now acquainted with several, are of a thin and fragile structure, and composed of spiral turns, of which the last or outermost is proportionally very large, and produces by its expansion a boat-like form and aspect. The shell is very beautiful—elegantly fluted, and spirally convoluted; the last whorl forming the galley, and the others the poop. The animal which dwells in the interior, and which is closely allied in its nature to the *sepia* or cuttle-fish, makes use of its shell not only as a protecting covering when submerged, but as a vessel in which in seasons of calm weather it glides, almost feather-like, along the surface of the sea. It raises itself probably by the expulsion of water from its

interior, and on reaching the surface, it expands three tentacula on each side, which it uses as oars. If the waters are very tranquil, and the atmosphere calm, it raises aloft two additional arms, which are broad or palmated, and holding them separate from each other, it catches the slightest breath of air, and thus sails gently before the wind. There is even a portion of the inferior part of the body which laps over the *stern* (if we may so express it) of the shell, thus occupying the place, and performing the office of a helm. Should the sky become overcast, or a breeze spring up, or any other inconvenience or threatened danger approach it, the sails are lowered, the oars drawn in, and so much water taken into the mouth of the shell as to alter its specific gravity, and it rapidly sinks again into the depths of the blue profound.

The body of the Argonaut does not occupy the entire concavity of its dwelling;—neither does it appear to be attached to it by any muscular connexion. These circumstances have led some naturalists to believe that it dwells in its testaceous covering merely as an interloper or parasite, just as the hermit crab (*Cancer Bernhardus*) is known to enter and hold possession of various univalve shells. But the following considerations will suffice to shew that such opinion is not tenable:—1st, The Argonaut always inhabits the same kind of shell; 2d, No other molluscous animal is ever found in these shells; 3d, In the collection of the King's garden in Paris, there are specimens of the Argonaut shell containing the animal inhabitant, one of which is full of eggs, and these are provided with small shells, as is always the case among the testaceous oviparous mollusca.

Pliny has observed, in relation to this part of the subject, that the Nautilus (our Argonaut) occasionally quits its shell, and seeks its food on shore. But that credulous writer, and not very accurate observer, has, no doubt, been misled by certain characters of the naked cephalopoda, or cuttle-fish, to which, as already mentioned, the Argonaut bears a strong resemblance when deprived of its shell.

Although voyagers, both in the

Mediterranean Sea, and in the more distant oceanic waters, have frequent opportunities of observing these fairy barks, yet the Argonaut proves himself so cautious and cunning a mariner, that it is extremely difficult to take him prisoner. We thus know much less of the technical characters and interior structure of these creatures than might naturally be expected, considering how often their tiny fleets are seen abroad upon the waters of the great deep. The principal species are, 1st, The *Argonauta Argo* of Linn., which occurs chiefly in the Mediterranean, from the shores of Spain to the Archipelago. If, however, the notices given by different authors of its geographical positions, be correct, it must be characterised by a much more widely extended distribution. It is said to occur among the Antilles, in the Indian Seas, as far as the Moluccas, —and Otho Fabricius mentions it as an inhabitant of the coast of Greenland. It is not improbable, however, from the contrast of climate presented by some of the above named countries, that they possess few zoological subjects in common, and that, therefore, different and distinct kinds of Argonaut may have been confounded together as one and the same. Some individuals measure above eight inches in length. 2d, The *Argonauta tuberculata* of Dr Shaw, a shell much sought after by collectors, inhabits Amboyna, according to Rumphius, —also the coast of Mozambique, according to Favanne, and the seas around the Cape of Good Hope, on the authority of Humphrey. 3d, The *Argonauta hians* of Solander, a rare and highly-prized shell, is found in the Indian Seas, and, according to some authorities, along the Mexican shores. 4th, The *Argonauta goudota* of Billwyn, (*A. navicula*, Sol.) a very rare species, is found off Mozambique and the Isle of France. The *Argonauta arctica* of Fabricius, so abundant in the North Polar Seas, where, with *Clio borealis*, it constitutes the principal food of whales, does not properly belong to the genus now under consideration. There are also several fossil specimens of Argonaut.

We may conclude this sketch by observing, that the molluscous animal now known to naturalists under

the name of *Nautilus*, is not a sailor. He, no doubt, belongs to the marines, but he has nothing to do with hoisting the canvass. He is characterised by dwelling in a *chambered* cell, that is, a testaceous covering, divided interiorly by pearly partitions, into several cells or cavities. Like his near connexion, the Argonaut, he is closely allied to the cuttle-fish kind.

As the Halcyon occurs in the Epigram, we may observe that the bird which we, somehow or other, connect traditionally with the ancient histories of the Halcyon, is, as you ought to know, the king-fisher, *Alcedo ispida* of Linnaeus. In the beautiful days of summer, the latter is said occasionally to poise himself above the "crystal pool," watching for any small fish that may venture near the surface, on which he suddenly darts with unerring aim. His lustrous plumage is at this time shewn to great advantage, and the peculiar position did probably not escape the notice of the ancient observers of nature, for Athenæus quotes some one who styles these birds *αλκυονες = τριπυρρυγγοι*, or the halcyons with expanded wings. Aristotle describes the nest of what he terms the mute Halcyon, *αλκυονες σιωπας*. He relates that it resembles those concretions formed by sea-water—that it is like a long-necked gourd—that it is hollow within, and has so narrow an entrance that if upset, water could not enter it—that it resists violence from iron, but may be broken with a blow of the hand—and that it is composed of the bones of the *βελονη*, or sea-needle. Medical virtues were ascribed to the nest, which was called from the bird, *halcyoneum*. The said nest was said to be a floating one—and it was, therefore, well to give the bird a smooth sea, or to invest it with a charm to subdue the boisterous element during the period of its incubation. It sat only for a few days, and during the depth of winter—and during these the mariner might sail in safety, with no fear of the "injurious sea."

Perque dies placidos hiberno tempore
septem

Incubat halcyone pendentibus æquore
nidis :

Tum via tuta maris : ventos custodit, et
arctet

Æolus egressu.

Virgil says these birds were the beloved of Thetis—"Dilectæ Thetidi halcyones"—and in Theocritus (as translated by Fawkes) we have—

May halcyons smooth the waves and calm
the seas,
And the rough south-east sink into a
breeze ;
Halcyons, of all the birds that haunt the
main,
Most loved and honour'd by the Nereid
train.

If they were influential in producing calm weather, we may easily suppose that they would be great favourites with all mermaids, sea-goddesses, and female marines of every kind, who probably enjoy themselves in their coral caves chiefly during sunshine and tranquillity. Dryden, in his translation of the *Metamorphosis* of Ovid, calls Alcyone "a wintry queen,"—a good expression, but, we think, not anywhere in the original—

—————"Alcyone compress'd,
Seven days sits brooding on her watery
nest,
A wintry queen."

The words *halcyon days* have thus become expressive of any brief and bright period of happiness—the *septem placidi dies* of human life. Alas ! where are they ?

Being much charmed with the Epigram by Callimachus on a votive offering of a Nautilus, (to whom and by whom doctors diler,) we were desirous of having translations of it by "the most eminent hands," and Wrangham and Hay at once cheerfully consented to set to work. The fine scholarship of the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles was as well known to us as his exquisite genius ; his Latin imitations—alas ! too few—(of which more another day)—being among the most beautiful written in modern times—equal to Tom Warton's or Vincent Bourne's. Him we ventured to address—and lo ! ere the young moon had filled her horns, a delightful version from Bremhill. Mr Trevor (whom we have not yet seen in the flesh) was prompt to obey our call, and to rejoice us with an airy and elegant set of verses, proving him to be a young poet of much promise ; and thus has such honour been shewn the Shell as must soothe the shade of the keeper of the Alexandrian Library,

more than did ever his living breast all favours done him by the Ptolemies, Philadelphus and Euergetes.

The Greek text (Casaubon's, as restored by Repp), will be found at the end of the long and learned Latin note, and a bold speculation on the subject-matter of the Epigram. Here come the various versions.

LITERALLY BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH.*

Formerly, oh Zephyritis! I was a shell; but thou, Venus, now for the

* VIRO CLARISSIMO CHRISTOPHORO NORTHIO, THORLEIFUS GUDMUNDIUS

REPP, S. P. D.

SI VALES BENE EST, valeo. Doctorum Doctorumque interpretationes in Callimachi epigramma illud, quod V^{um} fecit Gnaevius in sua editione, Jacobs vero xxxi., tantis, tanque multis scatent erroribus, ut in ea, quam doctissimi viri congesserunt ferrugine nil fere sit, "quod tollere velles," præter unicam forte Bentleyi emendationem; hanc vero ut *tollas*—ut attentius considerandam judices, illustris viri nomen, acumen, eruditio efficit, magis quam ipsius rectitudo, fides, veritas emendationis. Adcurata epigrammatis interpretatio itaque exigit, ut de integro criticum illius examen instituat: ita tandem poematis verum sensum, et argumenti assequemur rectam rationem.

Eruditissima Anna Dacier eo, qui ipsi placuit, modo, argumentum sane explicuit: nos, uti jam videbis, longe aliter exponimus.

Igitur primo loco queritur, qua de re epigramma tractet: quis vero de hac, ipso auctore testis magis locuples? Cæterorum dicta atque conjectura, quatenus auctoris verbis repugnant, somnia sunt, quique talia afferret haud deberet nobis succenseri si illi adcommodaremus illud Homeri:

—Τὴν δὲ μὲν Κρητὸς αἰσῆ;

vel ipsius Callimachi hoc:

—ὡς νῆα κούρη, ἢ ἀνδρὸς, ἢ τ' αἰγῆς, ἢ βοῦς:

ipse namque auctor haud obscuris indicat verbis v. 1—3, iterumque 8^{vo} et 11^{mo} qua de re canat. Κρητὸς Κρητὸς, ἢ ἀνδρὸς, ἢ τ' αἰγῆς, ἢ βοῦς—Παρθένον Ἀρσινόης, &c., verba sunt, quae suam quodque sportellam afferant ad veram interpretationem: certum autem est, falli eum, qui sic interpretatus fuerit, ut interpretatio uni quidem alicui loco congruens, locorum cæterorum minus bene pateretur consortium. In arte critica haud minus quam in alia arte quacunque, querendum est illud punctum fixum, quod, vel cælo terraque concussis atque conturbatis, maneat, mansurumque sit "in æternitate temporum, fama rerum:" talia nos habemus in Callimachi epigrammate, haud tria modo puncta, quod quidem in mechanicis satis foret, sed quatuor. Manifestum utique est, rem, de qua epigramma tractet, esse "concham veterem"—esse "nautilum"—fuisse aliquando votivum "munus" in templo "Selenes" suspensum—factam esse "Arsinoes crepundia," sive ornamentum aliquod ad mundum forte muliebrem pertinens: denique Poeta nos docet vers. 11^{mo} et 12^{mo}, "Cliniae filiae grates deberi, quod sciat OPTIMA OPERA PERFICERE," i. e. quod τὰ βέλτιστα ἔργα opera muliebra calleat: illam vero "oriundam dicit e Smyrna Eolidis civitate." Hactenus ipsissimis auctoris vestigiis insistimus: quibus, quæ res magis liquida, magis perspicua aut manifesta esse potest?—quæ, inquam, a dubio, errore, ambiguitate magis remota? Tali facta τοῦ τεκέως, ad argumenti expositionem accedimus:

"Ipse poeta Callimachus, muneris loco, misit Arsinoe crepundiorum, sive ornamenti quoddam genus affabre factum, opus mulieris Smyrnae, quæ filia fuit Cliniae: erat autem hocce ornamentum e nautili concha confectum. Hanc poeta occasionem arripuit, ut leviori muneri, edito elegantiore suæ artis specimen gratiam quereretur: et hunc in finem nautili varia cecinit fata, dicens illum prius fuisse piscem mari innotantem: deinde factum esse votivum munus Selenes; denique τὰ βέλτιστα, i. e. ludicrum, crepundia (Angl. Toy), Arsinoes. Arsinoe porro poeta blanditur vocans

first time hast me a Nautilus—a votive offering from Selenaea! I was accustomed to sail on the ocean; and when the breeze arose, I ex-

illam Zephyritia, forte etiam Cyprin; hoc tamen minus certum, posterior namque vox, parum abest quia dicam, commodius ad Deam trahitur, quam ad mortalem mulierem."

In vertendo Casauboni textum, quem in Athenaei Deipnosoph. dedit sequar et Gravii: de Jacobsii textu quid iudicem postea apparebit.

VERSO.

"Antiqua ego concha sum, O Zephyriti; verum tu nunc me, O Cypri, qui prius fui Selenes votivum munus, habes:—me—nautilum, qui in alto navigabam; quando spiravere venti pandens domesticis velum e rudentibus; si vero adfuit tranquillitas, nitida Dea, totus remigans pedibus, quem admodum et menu indicat nomen: usque dum delapsus sum in litus Iulidos, ut tibi sum ingeniosum Arsinoes ludicrum [*i. e.* crepundia.] Nec mihi in concha, nunc, ut prius (nam vitae expers sum) paritur terribilis ovum Halcyones. Cliniae autem filiae [haud mihi] age gratias; didicit enim optima opera perlicere oriunda cum sit ex Aëlide Smyrna?"

Hic auctoris Græca verba strictissime expressi, unde forte quedam ambiguitas nata est: verum abest ut in ambiguitate ullum videar perfugium quæ-
rere, itaque subjungam paraphrasin Anglicam.

I am, oh Zephyritis, an ancient shell, but now thou, oh Cypris, possessest me,—me, a Nautilus, who formerly was a votive gift to Selenæ. I used to sail on the high seas; when there was a breeze, spreading my sheet out on my own native cordage; but when Calm, that sleek goddess, reigned, my whole person used to row with the feet, as is indicated by my very name; till at last I stranded on the coast of Iulia, in order to become a cleverly contrived toy for Arsinoë. Now, no longer as formerly the terrible Halcyon's egg is born [or hatched] in my shell—for I am dead. But do render thanks to the daughter of Clinias, [and not me] for she is skilled in all manner of excellent work, being a native of Aëlian Smyrna.

ANNOTATIONES.

V. l. [*ἐκ τῆς ἑλίου*] Bentleyus scripsit *ἐκ τῆς ἑλίου*; Jacobsius hanc Bentleyi emendationem in summa recepti textum, spreta veterum codicum auctoritate, nullaque Athenæi ratione habita. Verum antiqua lectio stare potest commodumque gignit sensum: nulla igitur mutandi adest ratio contra veterum suffragia. Jacobsius suspicionem movet poetam forte scripsisse *ἐκ τῆς ἑλίου*, quod "tenuis admodum sit testa nautili?" geræ Germanæ sunt hæc.

[*ἐκ τῆς ἑλίου*] Jacobsius sane probat e Stephano Byzantino in Aëgypto, Venerem vocari "*Arsinoen Zephyritin*." Callimachus certe suum epigramma scripsit mortali mulieri, haud Deæ; hoc patet e verbis *τῆς ἑλίου*, v. 8, et *δίδου ἡμῖν*, v. 11. Verum tamen nomen Arsinoes, poetæ blandiendi occasionem præbuit, ut Deæ varia nomina illi adcommodaret uti Zephyritis et Cypri: puella quidem vocabatur Arsinoë, se! Dea *Arsinoë Zephyritis*: quid itaque magis concinnum, magis lepidum, quam integrum hujus nomen in illam conferre, ut apparet et quanta religione illam colendam poeta iudicaret?—nempe ut Deam colendam. Ejusmodi blanditiæ antiquis nequaquam impie videbantur, ut a multis potest demonstrari locis: hic sufficiat citare notissimum Sapphus carmen.

Φαεινὸν, περὶ πνεύματος ἑλίου.

Sic ego illa expedio, quæ sunt in hoc loco obscura et quæ sequuntur ad eandem interpretor normam eorumque sensum huic opinioni congruum esse deprehendo. In his tamen fateor me a mulieribus et viis eruditissimis magnopere dissentire. Audiendus tamen Casaubonus cujus sane interpretationem meæ prætulerim nisi illa, optime quidem hunc unum locum explicans, octavum et undecimum versum in tenebris reliquisset.

Rectissime sane Casaubonus animadvertit, morem fuisse virginibus

panded my sail by means of mine own natural cordage; but when the smiling calm prevailed, it was my wont to scud along the deep, oaring my-

" cum exissent puellares annos, jamque essent nobiles, oblectamenta pueritiae Veneri consecrare," locumque adfert Persii,

" Nempe hoc quod Veneri donatæ a virgine puppæ ;"

porro affirmat inter puellarum ludicra fuisse conchas Venereas et ocellatas. Nostri itaque initium carminis sic interpretatur :

Concha ego sum, O Zephyrifi, vetus : at nunc tu me
O Venus, Selenæ primum habes donarium
Nautilum, &c.

I am, Oh Venus Zephyritis, an ancient shell, but now thou, oh Goddess, hast me—a Nautilus—as Selene's first offering.

Egregia sane hæc, imo tam clara, tam perspicua, ferme dixerim tam indubitata videntur, ut si hunc unum locum intuitus fueris omnis scrupulus evanescat, omnis tollatur hæsitatio: Verum ad octavum ubi pervenimus verum vix possumus non mirari Deam crepundiis se oblectantem. Docuit nos equidem Homerus Ἀφροδίτην esse φιλομυδία, sed φιλοπαιγμύνα illam esse nusquam asseruit; omnino mihi videntur crepundia a Dei Deæve natura aliena—etiāsi Græca sit Dea; offerre Deæ crepundia pium quidem, sed credere illam his uti ut crepundiis impium. Dei, ipsi beati et τετυχευσι cum sint, mortalium sane vilia dona accipiunt, verum non ad usum, sed quia honos, quia cultus illis gratus est. Sunt et aliæ et illæ quidem graves rationes quæ effecerint ut a tanto viro ausi sinus dissentire, v. c. hoc, quod nautilus in Iulidos littora delapsus est ut *Arsinoes ludicrum fieret*, ergo haud ut Deæ offerretur et consecraretur.

V. 2. Σεληναις.] Constat esse poeticam paragen pro Σελανης: hanc vero Casaubono sit Anna Dac. mulierem faciunt, nos vero Deam: itaque Selenen nequaquam autumamus esse Cliniae filiam. Dii navigantium protectores inprimis fuere *Cabbiri et Selene*, quibus qui e naufragio servati sunt vilia nonnunquam dona dedicavere. Neptuno quid offerri posset notissimum ex Horatio.

— " Me tabula sacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris deo."

Cum alia deessent naufragium passi Selene fucos mariuos et conchas offerre haud dubitavere, putantes illam talia haud magis aspernari, quam Persarum Regem γυναικας ιδωσιν.

In medio relinquo, utrum Σεληναις τὸ θεῖον, rectius de Dea dicatur, an de muliere munus offerente: utrumque tamen Græci sermonis proprietas ferre potest.

πρωτον.] Certe Casaubono magis favet quam nobis: verum tamen adverbii πρωτον usus frequens est.

V. 3. αἰσα.] Male subaudit Vulcanius τιμωρον: ἵπαι omnino est subaudiendum: nisi forte Vulcanius v. 6to post γαλλικισμὸν τοῦ subaudiendum censet, adeo ut etiam spiret Tranquillitas!

Εἰ δὲ γαλλικισμὸν ἀπορρίπτῃς.] Casauboni mihi perplacet lectio, nec mutandi comperio sufficientem causam: Jacobs tamen legit εἰς, et mox αἰτὶς εἰσπαινομένη nempe "*cucurri ipse remigans*." Jacobsium videtur offendisse τοῦ λητοῦς εἰς, *sleek Goddess*, quod nobis verissimum, i. e. vere poeticum videtur: Deos enim ipsos haud vidimus sed modo quatenus se in rerum natura reddunt manifestos; tranquillitas autem in mari præsertim conspicua, quod nitidum facit ut comptam feram et opimam.

ἕλος ἐρέσσαν.] Dubium an ἕλος, *totus*, an ἕλος, *crispus*.

ἰν ὠσπερ.] Haud sine causa Daceria dubitat an incorrupta sit et vere Græca loquendi ratio; sed asserens hæc verba aliter se habere in Athenæo fallitur. Casaubonus tamen hortator et auctor est ut legamus τοῖς ποταμῶν

self onward always by means of my feet: thus my name (*Nautilus, the sailor*) suits me well. Then was I cast out upon the strand of Julis, in

ἄσπερ καὶ, sed hoc et longius a literarum ductu recedit et frigidius est, et, ut verum fatear, haud mihi valde placet: nec tamen magis laudamus Jacobssii “ποσσὶν αἰὶ ὥς καὶ.”

Τύνομα συμφέρεται.] Nomen nempe nautili, haud polyphi, de quo ne verbum quidem Callimachus.

Σοὶ το φέρεται.] Sine causa Jacobss, Σοὶ τι, &c. Eleganter ut sæpissime apud antiquos redundat hoc σοι, nam ad personam quidem refertur nullam. Tam primæ quam secundæ personæ pronomen ita haud raro redundat, tam apud Græcos quam apud Latinos auctores: hujusmodi est illud Homeri:

Εἰπόμεναι μοι, Τρώες, ἀγανὺς Ἴλιον ἦος

Πατρὶ φίλῳ καὶ μητρὶ γοημένοι ἐν μεγάρουσιν.—Π. xiv. 501.

et hocce Herodoti. Οὐραν. lxxviii. 1.

Εἰπὺν μοι πρὸς βασιλέα, Μαρδόνιε, ὥς ἐγὼ ταδε λέγω

et Platonis hoc: Apol. Socr. c. 10.

Ταῦτά ἐστιν ὑμῖν, ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, τ' ἀληθῆ

et Sophi. Oed. Col. v. 82.

ὦ τέκνον, ἧ βέβηκεν ἡμῖν ὁ ξένος.

Simile est redundans Your Anglorum, ut: “Your Englishman likes his pudding.”

Ἐν θαλάμῳ.] mihi videtur de ipsa concha accipiendum: cubile ferarum est θαλάμη, sed, quando de ostraceis loquimur, ipsa concha; sic et Athenæus accipit, Lab. vii. c. 19. Ἀρχαῖα δὲ τὰ ἐν ταύτῃ θαλάμῳ οὐκ ἄλλως ἐπιστήριον εὐδίας ἐφάρτεται, i. e. dicitur sparso ante ejus cubile sale illico egredi.

Τικτὶς φαινομένη.] Hoc certe mutandum est, nam et Grammaticæ et Græcæ linguae legibus adversatur. Bentleyi mihi aliquando ita placuit emendatio ut hanc omnino in textum recipiendam esse ducerem, et postea animadverti Jacobssium ita fecisse: legit autem Bentleyus τικτὶς φαινομένη, &c. et νοσην putat vocari Halcyonam, quod τικτὶς φαινομένη degat. Verum nisi oscitanter legissem Bentleyanam forte minus laudassem emendationem, quam sane nunc, suffragante licet Jacobssio, omnino rejiciendam esse existimo: ita autem legeram, ita saltem acceperam verba Bentleyi, ut scripsisset τικτὶς, quæ lectio dedisset commodum, dedisset perlepidum sensum; τικτὶς enim, i. e. spuria merito vocaretur Halcyon ἐν θαλάμῳ τικτὶς φαινομένη. Casaubonus legendum censet τικτὶς φαινομένη. Laudandus sane hoc nomine Casaubonus, quod Grammaticæ saltem leges est reveritus; hic enim locus optativum ferre quidem potest, subjunctivum minime potest, quam rem nec ipse Bentleyus, nec illi qui cum secuti sunt bene multi, videntur animadvertisse, cum scriberent “τικτῆται.” Sed tamen forte dixerit quis hic subjunctivum usurpari loco imperativi: at ne illud qui lem ipsum admodum est probabile, nil enim vetuit ipsius usum imperativi, τικτῆται, cujus vi si poeta indiguisset procul dubio hunc modum, metio haud prohibente, prætulisset subjunctivo. Verissimum tamen est locum poscere passivum indicativum. Omnes equidem hæc de re consentiunt aliquid equidem mutandum esse, nam illud τικτὶς φαινομένη nequaquam stare potest: sed in textu quocunque antiquo Isidori autamanns leviolem literarum mutationem graviore esse plerumque anteferendum, venit itaque in mentem vero esse persimile poetam scripsisse “τικτῆται φαινομένη,” scribam autem negligenter et forte Græce linguae ignarum, cum ei bis occurreret alterum omisisse; hæc lectio et Grammaticæ legibus convenit et artis metricæ, nam τικτῆται sequente vocali facit dactylum ut frequentissime apud Homerum: exemplo sint, “ἐν χερσὶν ἐστὶν,” “ἐν χερσὶν ἐστὶν,” et id g. a. quam lectionem cum postea animadvertentem clarissimo viro Aug. Ernesti placuisse haud amplius dubitavi quin in textum esset recipienda: cur φαινομένη vocetur ἄλκυον haud intelligit Bentleyus: verum possumus multas afferre rationes cur sit nautilo φαινομένη; nempe vel ob tranquillitatem maris quam illa portendit, quæ non potuit non molesta esse nautilo cum veli usum auferret; vel quod halcyon nautilum comedere

order that I might be to thee a kind of amusing object of contemplation oh Arsinœ! And not, as in former times—for no longer have I the breath

solet, ut alios quoscunque minores pisces quos Nili advehit inundatio, nam Kallimachus forte canit illam speciem halcyonum quæ *Alcedo rudis* vocatur a recentioribus; vel denique αἰνομένη est halcyon quod in Σαλαμῆσι τε ναυτίλῃ οὖα parit, quæ cum ille haud citra pulveris jactum ejiciat, illi molesta sunt, quippe quæ illius impediunt navigationem.

Δίδου χάριν] Casaub. in Athen. legit δίδου χάριν, quod idem est: sed δίδου magis commune; præstat tamen antiqua lectio δίδου, modo quia antiqua est et a Pindaro aliisque scriptoribus qui in Dorica scripsere Dialecto illa vocis forma usurpatur. Verum verba δίδου χάριν, i. e. *gratias refer*, iterum indicant poetam mortalem alloqui, haud Deam; cui enim “Σε: ἰαίνῃς ὕπτιος” gratias referrent; “quibus sunt,” ut Regis Judæorum utar verbis, “armata in mille pascentia collibus?” Ceterum Casaubonus comperit interpretationem sibi haud constare, si illud δίδου simpliciter verteret, eumque tribueret his verbis vim quo plerumque gaudent apud optimos scriptores Græcos: sic igitur ille:

“Verum in Clinke filiam beneficium conferas,” quam ille putat Deam, Venerem, orationem respicere: fidem fecisset si locis e veteribus conquisitio auctoribus commonstrasset hunc esse verborum χάριν δίδου commune sensum atque ordinarium: Sophoclis unus saltem locus occurrit ubi verba χάριν δίδου ad Casauboni mentem interpretanda videantur, sed naturalis atque primarius sensus idem est atque dictionis χάριν δίδου vel ἔχριν; rectissime itaque Grævius vertit, “Post mihi, sed nata fer grates Clinke.” Nolo tamen his vehementius insistere; potest enim vel cum illa versione, quam Casaubonus dedit, ad hunc locum, nostra constare interpretatio.”

οὐκ ὄντι τέλῃ, ἔστι] nempe τέχνη: hæc autem verba de honestate interpretari mihi videtur absurdissimum: “τέχνη” namque τέχνη est “optima artes,” et Poeta hoc loco præcul dubio loquitur de mulierum artibus quarum peritissimam dicit Clinke filiam; documentum porro sive rationem addit cur ita sit sollers, nempe quod oriunda sit ex Eolidis civitate Smyrna, quæ luxu, mercatura, artibus, Asiæ civitatibus palmam præripuit—quæ in orbe antiquo Birminghami simul atque Liverpoolis vices gessit.

Si Casauboni interpretationem sequimur omnino vacant hæc ultima verba “Σμυρναῖος ἔστι καὶ Λαοῖς ἐγὼ,” nec ullum habent cum ceteris nexum. Insuper et hoc considerandum: Si Poeta deam allocutus est, an opere pretium duxisset illam docere e quo loco oriunda esset Clinke filia; hoc enim dea vel ipsa novit, vel parum curavit: denique hoc: si hocce poema veri nominis epigramma tantum fuit, Græco sensu—si modo fuit *inscriptio* votivo muneri incisa vel insculpta, prolixius quidem esse poema, et præterea si Selene Clinke filia fuit, mire remotum ejus nomen esse ab illius patris nomine, cum octo saltem inter hæc nomina versus interveniant.

Sic totum interpretor Epigramma, servato textu antiquo, uno tantum verbo “τενέ” mutato, in quo manifesta est corruptio.

Præter illas quas attuli multas afferre possem lectiones et emendationes eruditorum, et in singulis demonstrare cur sint rejiciendæ: sed vereor ne hæc nimis prolixa sint: plura addere nefas duco. Adeuratum tamen Epigrammatis textum subjunxi omnino e Casauboni Athenæo descriptum: hunc contuli cum textu Græviorum et Jacobii.

Tu vero clarissimum “Φαίε Σ. ὕπτιος” vale, nobisque fave. Scripsi Edinburgi e Vici Reginae Ins. LXIV. Non. Aug. Aº. MDCCCXXXIII.

THEOD. GUDM. REPP.

EPIGRAMMA KALLIMACHI EX ATHEN. DEIPNOS. L. vii. c. 19.

Κόγχος ἐγὼ Ζεφυρεῖτι παλαιέτερος, ἀλλὰ σὺ νῦν με
Κύπρι, Σιληναίης ἀνδρα πρῶτον ἔχεις
Ναυτίλον· οὗς πελάγισσιν ἐπὶ πλεον, εἰ μὲν αἴται,
Τείνας δίκλιον λαῖφος ἀπὸ προτόνων.
Εἰ δὲ γαλήναιή λιπαρὴ θεὸς, ἔσθλος ἐρέσσαν
Ποσσίν, ἣν ὥσπερ καὶ τυνομα συμφέρεται·

of life—that the moisture-loving Halcyon might deposit her eggs for me. Oh, Zephyritis, shew thou favour to the daughter of Clinias; for that her actions are upright, full well I know, and she is from Æolian Smyrna.

GROTILS.

Concha fui, Zephyriti, vetus; sed nunc tibi primum
Me mittit donum Luna novella, Venus:
Navita dicebar piscis: si flabra faverent,
Tendedam proprio vela rudente mea.
Aëre tranquillo vectabar in æquora remis:
Conveniens rebus sic mihi nomen erat.
Nunc delapsus aquis in littus luidos adsum,
Ut tibi sim lusus, nobilis Arsinoë.
Non ultra Alcyone, quando mihi vita recessit,
Ut prius, in nostris sedibus ova parit.
Clinias accipiat me, te donante, benigna
Namque animo et Smyrnes est genus Æolidos.

(VERSION GIVEN BY GRÆVIUS.)

Concha ego sum, Zephyriti, vetus, jamque antea Luna
Sacra fui: nunc me tu, Venus alma, tenes
Nautilon: in pelago qui quondam flantibus anstris,
Innavi proprio vela rudente moveus:
Æquore sed placido pede crispus utroque natavi,
Unde mihi Polyphi nomen in ora venit.
Infestæ tandem ripam incidi luidis, essem
Expectanti ludus gratior Arsinoë:
Ne vero in thalamis, velut antea: (mortua nam sum,
Atque ovum tristis nunc parit Alcyones:)
Post mihi, sed natæ fer grates Clinie, honesti
Nam cultrix Smyrna prodiit Æolide.

ANONYMOUS AND MODERN. (SENT BY WRANGHAM.)

Quondam ego Concha fui; Zephyritis Cypria nunc me
Diva, Selenæes munera prima, tenet.
Ipse procellosas percurrrens Nautilus undas
De proprio malo carbasæ prima dedi;
Ast ubi sederunt venti, pede marmora verri
Remige—sic crevit nomen opusque meum.
Me tandem ejecit pontus prope littus Hæles,
Arsinoë, dextrâ tracter ut inde tuâ:
Neve mihi rursus (fugit cum corpora sanguis,
Alcyone partus, ut dedit ante, dabit.
Me pia Cliniadis sacravit filia; Divos
Illa timet, grates postulat illa tuas.

TYTLER.

A sacred shell, Zephyritis divine,
Fair Selenæ offers at thy shrine;
And thus the Nautilus is doubly bless'd,
Since given by her, and still by thee possess'd.
Of late small tackling from my body grew;
Then sails I spread, when winds propitious blew;

Ες τ' ἔπεισον παρὰ Δίνας Ἰαλίδος ἡφρα γίνωμαι
Σοὶ τὸ περισκεπτὸν παίγιον Ἀρσινόης.
Μηδὲ μοι ἐν θαλάμῃσιν ἔθ' ὥς πάρος (εἰμὶ γὰρ ἄπνυς)
Τίπτεται* αἰνότερης οὐδὲν Ἀλκυόνης.
Κλινίης ἀλλὰ θυγατρὶ δίδου χάριν· οἷδ' ἐγὼ γὰρ ἐσθλὰ
Ρέζειν καὶ Σμύρνης ἐστὶν ἀπ' Αἰολίδος.

* Vulgata lectio est "τίπτεται ε'."

But when the seas were calm, to gain the shores,
 I stretch'd my little feet, like labouring oars,
 And, from my busy limbs and painted pride,
 Was called a Polyp, as I stemm'd the tide ;
 Till driven by winds, on Coan rocks I shone,
 And now recline before Arsinoë's throne.
 Deprived of life, no more in seas I rest,
 Or draw young Halcyons from their wat'ry nest ;
 But be this boon to Clinias' daughter given,
 A virtuous maid, and favourite of high heaven ;
 The precious boon let Selenæ gain,
 When she from Smyrna ploughs the foaming main.

MERIVALE.

Queen of the Zephyr's breezy cape ! to thee
 This polish'd shell, the treasure of the sea,
 Her earliest offering, young Selenæ bears,
 Join'd with the incense of her maiden prayers.
 Erewhile with motion, power, and sense endued,
 Alive it floated on the parent flood ;
 When, if the gale more rudely breathed, it gave
 Its natural sail expanded to the wave ;
 But while the billows slept upon the shore,
 And the tempestuous winds forgot to roar,
 Like some proud galley, floated on the tide,
 And busy feet the want of oars supplied.
 Shipwreck'd at last upon the Julian strand,
 It now, Arsinoë, asks thy favouring hand :
 No more its vows the plaintive Halcyon hail,
 For the soft breathings of a western gale ;
 But that, O mighty Queen, thy genial power
 On young Selenæ every gift may shower,
 That love with beauteous innocence can share,
 For these and only these, accept the prayer.

WRANGHAM.

First a mere Conch, I now an offering shine—
 Selenæ's first—to Venus Zephyrine.
 Then, lightly skimming o'er the azure seas,
 My native sail I hoisted to the breeze ;
 Or plough'd, or becalm'd, with oary feet the main ;
 And thus derived the name I still retain.
 Now tost by storms on far Iulis' strand,
 A brilliant toy, I grace Arsinoë's hand :
 Nor longer need, from all my toils at rest,
 The Halcyon more should mourn her rifled nest.
 But for the oblation fitting thanks be paid
 To Clinias' daughter, Smyrna's pious maid.

BOWLES.

Oh ! Zephyritis, for Selenæ's sake
 My ancient shell, her virgin offering, take.
 Venus, thou art my goddess now,—the sea,
 When the south-winds blew cheerly, wafted me,
 Thy Nautilus, who swam before the gale,
 Stretching, with cordage all my own, the sail.
 In the bright calm, with twinkling feet I float,
 Rapidly rowing (hence my name) the boat.
 Cast on Iulis' shore, 'tis mine to be
 A plaything and thy toy, Arsinoë,
 To gaze on with delight ; for I am dead,
 And sad Alcyon finds not the bed

In which to lay her egg, where once she laid,
And hatch her young ;—but let all thanks be paid
To Clinias' daughter, who the offering gives
Duteous, and in Æolian Smyrna lives.

TO VENUS ZEPHYRITIS. G. TREVOR.

A shell, Zephyritis, is all that I am,
First fruits from Selena to thee.
Time was, that a Nautilus gaily I swam,
And steer'd my light bark on the sea.

Then hoisting my own little yards and my sail,
I caught the soft breeze as it came,
Or row'd with my feet, if a calm did prevail,
And thus, Cypris, got I my name.

But, cast by the waves on th' Iulian shore,
I'm sent for a plaything to thee,
Now lifeless ;—the sea-loving Halcyon no more
Shall brood on the waters for me.

Arsinoë ! oh ! may all grace from thy hand
On Clinias' daughter alight ;
From Smyrna she sends, in Æolia's land,
And sweet be her gift in thy sight !

WILLIAM HAY.

Once a mere shell, no more—but now to thee,
Oh Venus Zephyritis, the first gift
From Selena, offer'd here am I,
The Nautilus, the ocean's voyager.
Who, when soft breezes breath'd, was wont to stretch,
With mine own cordage, mine own proper sail ;
But in bright calms, to scud along, self-steer'd
With oary feet—as well my name implies,
Till I was stranded on the Julian shore ;
A toy indeed,—but not unprized by thee.
Arsinoë—for in thy temple placed,
Never again, as heretofore, shall I.
Now lifeless, watch the mournful Halcyon
Brooding in peace upon the tranquil deep.
Be gracious then to Clinias' daughter :—good
Her life,—who in Æolian Smyrna dwells.

Mr Bland, in the former edition, has remarked, “ that it was a general custom among the ancients, for girls, when arrived at a marriageable age, to consecrate to Venus the favourite toys of their childish years. To form collections of shells and marine curiosities, was a fashionable pursuit of the Grecian ladies ; and some rare and valuable specimens of the treasures of their cabinets, was considered as the most acceptable offering to be made on so important an occasion.” The Venus Zephyritis, Chloris, or Arsinoë, to whom the epigram is inscribed, the votive offering presented, was, it is believed, the deified wife of Ptolemy Philadelphus. Mr Bland thus translates the close of the epigram : “ I do not ask of thee, O Venus ! that which, when alive, I was

accustomed to implore, that the mournful Halcyon might build her nest in the ocean for me, but only that thou wouldst deign to shower blessings on the amiable daughter of Clinias, born in Æolian Smyrna.” We shall suppose, then, for the present, that Selene, or Selena, or Seleno, being on the eve of marriage, in accordance with the custom of the country, dedicates the shell of a Nautilus to Cypris Zephyritis ; that is the Venus that presided over Zephyrium, a promontory of Egypt, and as such was worshipped by the Egyptians. On the votive gift is inscribed the Epigram, of which you may—if you chose to do so—have read ten translations. Tytler seems to suppose the boon asked to be safe guidance of Selenæ from Smyrna by

Venus, across the seas, in search perhaps of a husband, or about to be sent by her father Clinias on commission to a gentleman impatient of a single life. But the concluding lines of his translation are as obscure as the commencing lines are unfaithful, and the mind of the reader is left in a pleasing ignorance of the "scope and tendency" of the epigram. "That the mournful Halcyon might build her nest on the ocean for me," or "that the Halcyon might deposit her eggs for me," are different readings, and the last is adopted by Jacobs in his text. They may have one meaning—that the sea be calm. Ernestus thought that the Nautilus is made to say, "non mihi jam paritur ovum Halcyones—sc. Halcyone non mihi jam parit ova quibus vescor." But Jacobs asks, "quis unquam dixit Halcyonum ovis Nautilum vesci? Respicitur potius ad dies Halcyonis, Nautilo propter maius tranquillitatem gratissimos." Jacobs speaks sense. Nobody before or since Callimachus has asserted that the Nautilus eats Halcyon eggs. Tytler goes a step farther than Ernestus, and says, "or draw young Halcyons from their watery nest;" and in a note he informs us, that "neither the love of the Nereids, nor the favour of Jupiter himself, were sufficient to defend them from the ravages of the Nautilus, small and inconsiderable as it is—an instance, among many others, of the monstrous absurdities contained in the Pagan mythology." He thinks it necessary, too, to warn his readers against supposing "that Selenæ wishes to plunder the nest of the poor timorous Halcyon, and to feed like a Nautilus upon her eggs!!" This looks very like craziness; and we believe Mr Tytler, though an ingenious, was a queer character. We see few or no monstrous absurdities in the Pagan mythology; and assuredly neither the Nautilus nor the Halcyon is a monster. The Nautilus may have been fond of Halcyon's eggs, but we shall never believe that it dragged the young birds from their nests, and devoured them, or that the Halcyon "deposited her eggs for the Nautilus," as it appears from one reading or interpretation of the text she did, in order that they might be eaten—a "monstrous-absurdity" indeed in any mythology. The expres-

sion must be figurative. But the Nautilus, though Mr Tytler, we daresay, knew nothing about the matter, while a pretty creature in its shell, is yet a voracious and carnivorous creature, from its affinity of form and disposition to the cuttle-fish kind; and it will fiercely seize upon, voraciously grasp, and greedily devour, whatever other molluscous animals come within its reach. But a young Halcyon is not a molluscous animal.

Mr Merivale's version is very elegant; but he will not indulge the Nautilus in his harmless egotism, and by taking the words out of his mouth, and changing them into a mere impersonal inscription on a shell, he has wilfully sacrificed the curious and charming peculiarity of the epigram, which, in his translation, in spite of the beauty of the language and music of the verse, we confess seems to us comparatively lifeless.

"No more *its roars* the plaintive Halcyon *hail*," is surely not very intelligible—nor, we fear, when understood, is it sense. When, before now, did "*its roars hail*" the Halcyon? Never. For, till made a votive gift, it had no *roars*; and if the Nautilus did ever ask the Halcyon for the "soft breathing of a western gale," it must have been in simpler language. Here, too, we feel the loss of animation, arising from not letting the Nautilus speak for himself, as he does in very choice Greek. The "*soft breathings*" in this line are scarcely consistent with "*when if the gale more rudely breathed*" in one preceding, which is indeed incorrect, for light airs alone doth the Nautilus love, sailing singly, in squadron, or in fleet. We wish "when the tempestuous winds forgot to roar" was away—for we had forgot there was such a thing as a tempest even at sea—till reminded of it by the words of the Nautilus—"Then was I *stranded* on the coast of Iulis;" which word *stranded* is far better than *shipwrecked*, because simpler, and not pushing too far the resemblance between shell and ship. 'Tis a paraphrase, and assuredly most graceful; but 'tis not such a translation as Merivale could now give (republished from the edition of 1813) of this "singular, beautiful, and difficult epigram."

There is a charming case in

Wrangham's version, which reads like an original little English poem, composed in a Greek spirit. But we must not be deterred, by its many exquisite beauties, from saying that some of the difficulties are eluded or smoothed away, rather than encountered and overcome—and one omission there is to which we cannot reconcile ourselves—that of the name of the Nautilus. "Me a Nautilus" is vital to the epigram. "From all my toils at rest," according to any construction, is obscure. What were the *toils* of the Halcyon? Its struggles, we presume, with the storm that tost it on Iulis' strand. How much better "I am dead!" Is it the Halcyon that is at rest from the toils of the Nautilus? The construction seems to say so—but we cannot believe that to be the intended sense. Wrangham supposes, as Tytler did, and as some text most probably implies, that the Nautilus invaded the Halcyon's nest to prey on her young. We hope he never was so barbarous; yet, even if he were, we must think he would not have had the bad taste, to say the least of it, to boast of his voracity in an inscription on his own shell, presented by a gentle virgin as a votive offering to so gentle a being as Venus Zephyrine, who must have often fondled the Halcyon in her bosom whiter than the white sea-foam.

Allow that the reading adopted by Bowles, about the Halcyon, is right, and what can be more graceful than his version! Yet, with all its grace, it is very literal—and the perfection of a poetical translation is—truthfulness in the transfusion of natural thought and feeling from one language to another, inclusive of kindred beauty of diction and congenial music of verse. "Blew cheerly," "Bright calm," "twinkling feet," "cordage all my own," "swam before the gale," "cast on Iulis' shore," all picturesque—all melodious as the numbers of Callimachus—entirely true in spirit, and almost in very words, to the murmurs of the Shell.

We much admire Mr Trevor's translation. Read it by itself, without reference to any original, and you are satisfied with the meaning of each line and of the whole epigram. It is

airy and cheerful; and why not? The Nautilus is not sorry he is dead; and he is proud that his shell is a votive offering to Zephyritis from the sweet Selena. "A shell is all I am now—once I was a Nautilus," is, we fear, not agreeable to the Greek; but it makes better sense than any reading of the text, and so would have said Callimachus. "Soft breeze" is right; "calm did prevail" scarcely so; nor yet "she sends" in the penultimate line; but 'tis a felicitous version, nor do we doubt that Bowles, Wrangham, Merivale, and Hay, will read it with pleased and pleasant eyes—thought to a young poet dearer far than any encomium from "rusty, fusty, musty Christopher," though George Trevor be not so testy as Alfred Tennyson, and too good a Christian to be incapable, like a cockney, of forgiving an old man's praise.

We wish we had some serious fault to find with Hay. Sometimes he is perhaps even a *little something too Scottishly simple*; and on one or two occasions, though not now, we should say he has, with either an unconscious or an ingenious nationality, changed the pure white Greek marble into freestone, almost as pure and white, from the quarries at Craigleith. That stone works well, and takes from the chissel in a cunning hand a delicate tracery—and 'tis our poverty that prevents our pride from finishing, on our Calton Hill, a new Parthenon as beautiful as the old one on the Acropolis. In his version of the Shell, Hay has been so happy, that we felt half-inclined to head it "Christopher North,"—but our genius whispered that we needed no borrowed laurels. The inscription, as he gives it, needs no elucidation—all is clear. He has chosen to interpret the much-disputed words *τοῦ ἁγίου* "in thy temple placed," and among so many conflicting opinions he is free to do so without blame. Wrangham and Bowles both translate *δίδου χάριν* "thanks be paid;" and such scholars are far more likely to know their true meaning than we are; but we venture to say that *εὐχόμεθα* is the word commonly used in that sense, and that the words in the epigram rather mean "to do a favour or kindness." And it seems more pious, more religious, to ask the goddess to be "gracious" to

Clinias' daughter, than to ask her to "thank" the virgin.

There is something difficult, and therefore dubious, in the expressions respecting the Halcyon, read them as you will; but we shall suppose it granted that they may mean, either, that the Halcyon no longer sits out her period of incubation—seven days of calm—"for my benefit, for I am dead," (*Nautilus loquitur*), or, that "she no longer lays her eggs in my chambers that she may hatch them there, for I am dead." The first meaning is accordant with that quality of the Halcyon's character for which it was celebrated, the calm-bringing love of calm. The allusion is made naturally by the *Nautilus*, as he too loved calm, whether he wished to sail or to row; gentle air in the one case, in the other a sleek goddess. "No longer *for me* does the brooding Halcyon calm the wintry seas. She calms them still, but not *for me*, for I am dead!" Take the other meaning and see what sense you can make of it. "No longer does the Halcyon lay her eggs in my chambers, *for I am dead*." Why, with all due submission to Bowles and others, we say the Halcyon could not have laid her eggs in the shell till its native *Nautilus was dead*, and rotten and gone, and the chambers empty—to be let to a new lodger—a lady gorgeously apparelled in plumage from head to tail, (pardon the expression,) and *euccinte*. The molluscous animal, when alive, nearly filled his shell; and a pretty pickle, or rather stew, would he have been in, even in winter, with perhaps half-a-dozen of no very small eggs trundling about him, and a feathered female, fat and fair, if not forty, sitting squat, in a high fever, upon the valve of his shell, no longer a safety-one, for a whole week. And what endowed the shell with such supernatural buoyancy? Oars and sails all idle now, and the hold full of live-ballast—down must it have gone to Davy's locker. Aristotle, we have seen, describes, if not truly, yet consistently, the Halcyon's floating nest, and probably according to the popular creed. But is there, in all the writings of antiquity, any other allusion to the fable supposed to be alluded to in this Epigram?

Grotius has shewn that he had studied the Greek Anthology most lovingly; yet see what a different and difficult interpretation he gives of this Epigram. The shell is a gift to Zephyritis from the New Moon! Luna Novella sends it to Venus as her first offering; and in the closing lines, Clinias is to receive it from "Nobilis Arsinoë," for that she (Clinias) is of a benign mind, and her family of Eolian Smyrna! From what text Hugo framed his version we know not; but it is a puzzler—and who shall give a solution of the charade?

The Latin version given in the Callimachus of the Elder Grævius, edited from the labours of his lamented son, who, he says, revised the version, is in several respects very queer. The Shell, it is said, was formerly sacred to the Moon—and Selenæa is the Moon, and not the daughter of Clinias, who is anonymous. The *Nautilus* calls himself a polypus, which in some degree he is, but he makes no vaunt of the number of his feet in the Epigram. The ninth and tenth lines can be made even slightly intelligible by removing the colon at "antea" and at "Aleyones,"—by erasing the hyphens, and by not only giving sufferance to that horrid "atque" which has no business there, but putting the right word in its place—which we will thank Mr Price of Hereford, or Mr Drake of Kirkthorpe, or Mr Bode of the Charterhouse, to do at his leisure of an afternoon.

The anonymous modern Latin version by a young friend of Wrangham's is admirable; and constructed nearly according to the same reading of the Epigram adopted by that distinguished scholar.

Here, then, are ten versions of one Epigram, and not any two perfectly accordant! Let scholars read Repp's long note, and they will know how that has happened; for he there states all the most important various readings to be found in the many editions of Callimachus, and as he writes but for scholars, he rightly uses the universal language of scholars—Latin. Let those who object to such a note—if any such there be—stultify themselves by declaring that no epigram of Callimachus deserves five pages of elucidation in *Magæ*—let them take another step,

and declare that classical literature should form no part of her freight—that it should be thrown overboard, and by mud-larks fished up into dirt-gabbarts.

But Mr Repp suggests other questions to the consideration of scholars. Firstly, he does not think the Epigram and Shell were sent to a goddess by a maid—but to a mere mortal lady by a man—a pleasant poetical present to her from Callimachus, just as in our days Goethe or Wordsworth might send to some distinguished maid or matron, who knew how to honour his genius, some sweet sea shell from the coast, or lovely landcrab from Weinan or Amble-side—with a sonnet or a song. He does not deny—for it is established—that among the many Arsinoës there was one, the daughter of Ptolemæus Lagus by Berenice, married, when the widow of a noble Macedonian, to Ptolemæus Secundus her own brother. After her death her royal husband honoured her with a colossal statue, and even began the building of a temple to her name in Alexandria, but before the structure was finished, he and the architect died. To her the Egyptians, it is said, built a fane on the promontory of Zephyrium, where she was worshipped as Venus Zephyritis. From Stephen of Byzantium it appears there was a temple for Arsinoë, and for Venus Zephyritis, and Ptolemy called many places and cities in Egypt by her name. All this may be, and yet the Epigram.—Mr Repp thinks—addressed by Callimachus himself to an undeified lady, whom, her name being Arsinoë, he chooses to compliment by calling her, for the nounce, Arsinoë the Divine. And this he thinks chiefly for two reasons—*δίδωυ χάριν*—"give thanks"—and *παίγνιον*—"toy," "Arsinoë's toy," which are terms applicable only to a mortal being, and not to a goddess.

Secondly, he holds, with Casaubon and others, that Selene is the Moon, and not the daughter of Clinias, and that the shell had once been to Selene a votive gift from some mariner, as she, with Castor and Pollux, the Cabbiri, was a tutelary power of the roamers of the deep.

Thirdly, he believes that in the Epigram it is asserted that the Halcyon did lay her eggs in the shell of

the Nautilus, on the ground that the expression *ἐν βελαντισσῇ* is susceptible of no other application but to the shell, consistently with the genius of the Greek.

Fourthly, he explains the meaning of the last line, which all annotators and translators leave unexplained; giving the reason why it is said that the daughter of Clinias belonged to Eolian Smyrna. The ladies of that city were famous for their skill in all manner of curious and beautiful workmanship, and this maiden had employed hers on the elaborate adornment of the shell of this Nautilus. "Thank her, then, and not me, oh Arsinoë! for she is skilled in all manner of excellent work, being a native of Eolian Smyrna." The word *καλὴ* is as indefinite, we believe, as our word "good;" and may be applied either to mental qualities, or to excellence in any of the arts.

We could write a pretty little treatise on this Thesis—and probably shall for our Second Appendix. The theory is ingenious, and ingeniously supported; but Mr Repp has failed to convince or persuade us of its truth. His objection to *παίγνιον* we do not feel the force of; and know not why Arsinoë, though Venus, may not blamelessly have been requested to make the votive toy her own. And how, pray, came the sacred shell into the possession of the Maid of Eolian Smyrna? Of old it had been in the Temple of Selene, the Goddess of Mariners; and was its withdrawal from such holy keeping a matter of such small moment, as not to deserve one word to tell how it left its shrine for the nursery? A toy it is in the Epigram, a toy adorned by the fair hands of the daughter of Clinias, given by her to Callimachus, who, like our good friend Mr Repp, was a librarian, and by him presented, so he says, to one Arsinoë, not yet deified, or who never was; and is there, we ask, no desecration here—may the shell, sacred of old to Selene, the sweet assuager of the sea, be bandied about from boudoir to library, and inscribed without blame by an ingenious and flattering poet, in Epigram, to his Lady-Patroness, or Lady-Love, "the Cynosure of neighbouring eyes," but of eyes all swimming in mortal light like her own?

APPENDIX TO OUR THREE ARTICLES ON THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.*

LONDON, 1833.

SIR,—The lovers of the deathless poetry of ancient Greece owe no common debt of gratitude to “Christopher North” for the series of bold and splendid criticisms on Homer, Hesiod, and the beautiful Anthology, which have lately adorned the columns of Blackwood’s Magazine. I for one shall ever honour and admire the glowing pens which could not only renew, but enhance, the delight with which that poetry of old inspired me. Nothing in those articles has struck me more, than the collation with the originals of the varied efforts of English genius to transfer to our language the finest passages of the Greek authors. This method of comparison, at once delightful and instructive, tends equally to refine the taste, to exercise the judgment, and to awaken the keenest attention, not only to the sublimity and tenderness of thought and feeling, but also to the exquisite refinement of diction, which no other language and no other poets ever combined in a like degree; and it disposes the reader at once to humility and to emulation. For it is impossible not to wish to see a perfect image of each bright original in our native tongue; whilst the contemplation of the exact degree in which the skill and genius of other translators have triumphed over, or have yielded to, the difficulties of the attempt, checks the presumptuous hope of better success, which the perception of their *fulures* only at first awakens.

After all, I fear, we are never quite satisfied with any translation. The brightest gem in each of your articles, the prison song of Danaë, and Heliodora’s epitaph, though the best translated too, still seemed to me capable of being better rendered. Of the latter, at least, you appear to have felt the same thing: For you ask, “who will shew a better than the best” of all the versions you have given, “and which is that?” I have attempted to answer the first question—*ὁ ἀγαλλόμενος ὁ γαῖας*—The second is still more difficult. If Heliodora *was* the daughter, and not the wife, I should say the *critic* in the Monthly Review has it. But the very fact, that *his* beautiful dirge of parental sorrow but faintly images the despairing tenderness of the original, would be proof positive to me that Bloomfield is wrong, even if I had not, besides, two or three other reasons “in very choice Greek” (which I would set down at length, did time and space allow) for disputing his criticism and Valckenær’s. If she *was* the bride, then, I think, the critic’s *friend* is nearer to the passion, and not farther from the expression, than the three who precede him. *Christopher* and *W. Hay* are nearer to the expression, and not farther from the passion than he. But then, as you own, they have left one or two “imperfections” (of which more anon); and so the balance trembles between them: it does *not* hang even; and yet I cannot make up my mind on which side the merits and defects preponderate.

In my own version, I have endeavoured to preserve the touching effect of the original, the unity of *πῶς*—the one idea of a husband weeping over the early grave of his beloved—without disturbing it too much by those associations which are rather foreign to us; yet not, I trust, deviating from the original words more, if so much, as any of my predecessors, though slightly varying the order, not of the thoughts, but of some of their expressions.

This, I humbly conceive, is always the privilege, and sometimes the duty, of a translator; who, first of all striving to omit nothing material, next to

* Collection from the Greek Anthology. By the late Robert Blair and Others. A New Series; comprising the fragments of Early Lyric poetry, with Specimens of the Poets included in Meleager’s Garland. Longman and Co., and John Murray, London. 1833.

add no more than the genius and prosody of his own language cannot possibly do without, is not bound, however, to aim at a *fac-simile* of the form of words in which the original ideas and feelings are clothed. But having all of these transferred and impressed, by concentrated attention and intense sympathy, on mind and heart, he is then to body them forth to his own people, as if he were the original poet:—not so much thinking what words he can give for Meleager's, as searching for the words which Meleager would have found had he written in English: to the end, that his readers, though all the while *conscious* that it is a translation, should yet *feel* it to be so as little as possible.

HELIODORA'S EPITAPH.

Tears, Heliadora, bitter tears, last relics of our love,
 Gifts to the grave where thou liest low, forlorn I weep above;
 From the deep source of fond regrets the sad libation pours,
 In mournful memory of the past—thy dear affection's hours.
 On thee, on thee, still loved in death, thy Meleager cries,
 With anguish'd heart, with fruitless faith, the grave can never prize.
 Ah! woe is me! my darling flower, where art thou?—Death's fell doom
 Smote the young branch, and tore it down; and dust defiled its bloom.
 Kind mother, Earth, I kneel to thee—I leave her here alone—
 Oh! gently hold her in thy lap, my all-lamented one!

On the above considerations, I defend an apparent omission in my second couplet, and an interpolation in the last. In the former, you will observe, that I give no *direct* equivalent to the words “*πολὺ κλάυτε ἐπὶ τοῦ ᾧ*.” These words are wanted in the Greek, to shew that the mourner “was gone unto the grave, to weep *there*,” for Meleager's first couplet might have been uttered anywhere else. But the one English word “grave,” (which I use in the second line,) in conjunction with the adverb “above,” gives the effect of the original “*εἰς Ἀδην*” and “*ἐπὶ τομῷ*” together; while the epithets “forlorn” and “mournful” in the second and the fourth lines, tell of the *presence* of the same continued sorrow, whose *past action* is expressed by the compound Greek adjective “*πολυκλάυτε*.” With some difficulty I had forced the bare equivalents of “*σπινθώ*,” “*νύμα πόνων*,” “*πολυκλάυτε ἐπὶ τομῷ*,” into one line, in harmony with the fourth; but, when done, I found “the tomb” was pleonastic; and the confinement of *τοῦ ᾧ* to a single noun lamed the sentiment; for no single English word can supply its place. As for the last couplet, the words I have added—“I leave her here alone”—though not in the *expression*, are evidently in the *thought* of the departing mourner's prayer.

The same considerations have given me, I think, the clew to *Christopher North's* “imperfections.” He felt that his version is a trifle too Greek for English, if I may be pardoned the phrase. Besides, he mistook “*νύμα*” in his prose, and forgot it in his verse; and he erred in referring “*κρίναν χαρὴν*” to Death's estimate of Heliadora, and not to Meleager's despair, that even his bitter grief could now avail her nothing—and the version suffers loss in consequence. This is bold language to the critic, to whom I am submitting my own claim for the prize. But I think I know that he will like it well. I shall provoke him to keen scrutiny, but not to unjust judgment.

If it should come within the scope of your articles on the Greek Anthology to compare some of the attempts of the Latin Classics in the same way, you may perhaps think the following versions I have by me, of two *Epicedia* from Catullus, worth a place by the side of Heliadora. They prove how rich a vein of tender feeling lay deep and undiscovered, till sorrow came, in the heart of that wild libertine wit, but accomplished gentleman. For delicacy of sentiment and language, they might almost match with Meleager's; and they strike one the more from the contrast with that strange extravagant ribaldry so abundant in the pages of the *Pride of Verona*.

INFERRE AD FRATRIS TUMULUM.

By many a distant shore, and dreary wave,
 I come, my brother, to this hapless grave—

My last sad tears upon thine urn to weep,
 And soothe* in vain thy mute regardless sleep.
 † With thee dark fate hath ravish'd all my joy—
 Untimely snatch'd—Ah! dear unhappy boy!
 —Yet take these gifts, that to thy shade I bring,
 Flowers, like thyself, pluck'd in their prime of spring,
 Steep'd in thy brother's tears:—and now, farewell!
 Rest ever undisturb'd! Peace with thy spirit dwell!

AD CALVUM—DE MORTE QUINTILII.

If ever yet one faithful mourner gave
 Peace to the silent inmates of the grave,
 If aught of joy steal o'er their sacred rest
 From dear thoughts lingering in some once loved breast,
 Such tender, longing thoughts, as inly rise,
 When chance recalls love's early broken ties,
 Or dim the eye with half remorseful † tears—
 For long lost friendships, link'd in brighter years—
 Thy bride, my Calvus, in her stainless tomb
 Sleeps calmly blest, and scarce regrets her doom.

I hardly know how I dared to attempt “Danaë,” after Mr W. Hay, to say nothing of the others. It was not of set purpose, I assure you. I *was* content, and yet I was *not*; and kept “meditating” on, till a few half-stanzas formed themselves, almost by accident; and tempted me to finish them. That fragment of Simonides is like a series of exquisite sketches, telling the tale of Danaë's fearful night-voyage; in which the eye is caught at one time most by the mother, at another by the child; now by the ark within—now by the storm without;—and its close, that noble effort at composure, from the highest and holiest source, trust in divine mercy and justice—though less a picture than the rest, the more fitly serves to leave the imagination free, to follow the sad and lovely voyagers to their distant haven of safety. For this, I have preferred the stanza to blank verse, or couplets; neither of which are nearer to the vague and varied rhythm of the original; whilst they mark the transitions of interest less plainly.

DANAË.

The rough night-wind roar'd gustily
 Full on the close-wrought ark,
 The swelling surge broke fearfully
 Against that helpless bark.

At every shock, in pale alarm,
 While tears her cheeks bedew,
 Around her Perseus' sleeping form,
 A frail fond arm she threw.

The mother spoke—“Ah me! my child,
 What woe is mine to bear!
 But thou,—thy little bosom mild,
 Calm heaving, knows no care.

“Sweetly thou sleepest, baby mine,
 In this drear dungeon-room—
 All dark, save where the brass studs shine
 Dimly, in night's deep gloom.

“The waves above, that dashing by
 Wet not thy thick soft hair,

The winds' wild voices, fierce and high,
 Thou dost not heed nor hear.

“Wrapp'd in thy purple cloaklet warm,
 A mother's breast upon,
 Too fair a thing for aught to harm—
 My lovely little one!

“Oh! if thy parent's dire affright
 Like pangs to thee should lend,
 Or could thy little ears aright
 To my sad words attend—

“No, no—sleep on, my precious child!
 Yes, sleep, I bid thee so:
 Sleep too, thou restless ocean-wild—
 Ah! sleep, my endless woe.

“Vain let this cruel counsel be,
 Jove, by thy power on high!
 Yet a bold prayer I'll breathe to thee—
 Avenge me, through my boy!”

* Adloquor. Not simply to speak, but to speak *consolingly*, to a person. *ater Delormis agrimonia dulcibus adloquitur*—sc. cantu, vineque.—Hor. *Est com-*

† This line is in another poem on the same subject.

Omnia tecum una perierunt gaudia nostra,

Quæ tuus in vitâ dulcis alebat amor.—(What a pentameter!)

‡ I read “*missas*,” which implies some fault in the lover.

muner
seen
sky?

I differ from the usual construction of "*νοκτιλαμπεσι*," which, I have not a doubt, is to be taken as an adjective, in concordance with *ὄμματι*, and does not here mean "moon" nor "moonlight," in spite of the critics, and their "*noctiluca*" from Horace—for this simple reason, that "*moonlight*" cannot coexist with "*black darkness*," and Simonides was not the man to write nonsense. Γαλαθηνῶσ' ἔποςσι belongs, I believe, to the *nursling*, and not to the nurse:—*αὐτὴ νεβρῶν νεογάλη Γαλαθηνῶν, ὅς' ἐν ἰλῇ κερύσσουσι σπάλ' ἰφθίμῃς ἔτο μητρος ἐπ' αὐτῇ* (Anacreon.) The same epithet is applied to a fawn by Homer. Besides, the Greeks were too good anatomists to fancy that "*milk*" came from the "*heart*;" and too correct writers to put "*a milky heart*" for "*a breast of milk*."

With all my admiration of Wrangham and Bland, I do not think that their versions of the Poor Old Beggar give the pathos or the point of the original, so simply or so clearly as the Greek deserves, which was plainly written "on a poor old man *found dead* in a tomb." Bland, with needless severity, brings in a verdict of *felo de se*. Here is my attempt:—

By age and want worn out—no soul to give
Alms to my wretchedness, or bid me live —
On trembling knees beneath this stone I crept,
And, life's long labour o'er, at last I slept.
For me death's rule was changed ; all others come
Dead to their grave ; but I died in my tomb.

You hinted that you were not entirely satisfied with any of the translations quoted by you of Ariphron's Hymn to Health, and that you had a glimpse of the *ipsissima verba* of a better version—perhaps this—

Health, of heaven the earliest born !
Oh ! that I might dwell with thee,
All that's left of life for me !
Blessed Goddess, hear ; nor scorn
Thou my willing guest to be !

If there be a joy in wealth,
 Fortune, children, kingly sway
 (Making gods of men, they say),
 —It is sweet to spread, by stealth,
 Nets of love to young Desire,—
 If aught else of bliss below,
 Sent from heaven, the Gods can shew,
 Bliss, or rest from human woe,
 —All with thee, divinest Health,
 Flourish, in the glorious spring
 Of every Grace, which thou dost bring;
 But away from thy bright ray,
 Let none to happiness aspire!

I beg Christopher North to believe that I remain, one of the sincerest admirers of his genius, his patriotism, and his loyalty, D. M. P.

We had bidden a final farewell—so we thought—to Heliodora; but her shade reappears—and so familiar has become the haunting—that, but for the sad silence, we could believe the phantom alive! With the opinions and sentiments so elegantly expressed in this delightful letter, we entirely acquiesce and sympathize—and what have we to say of the Versions? We cannot award the prize to D. M. P.'s Heliodora—over those of Merivale, Agnew, and Oriensis; but we declare it “beautiful exceedingly.” It is a work of love and grief—and into it has been transfused the passionate exploring spirit of Meleager. One expression there is—which at first did not satisfy us—though on meditation it grows into mournful meaningful faith;” and, but for the fine exposition, we doubt if we have liked “I weep above.” As a whole it is very elegiac.

The remark made on our own version, that "it is a trifle too Greek for English," is just; but our apparent mistake in one line can be explained in a few words. Brunck, in his *Analecta*, was the first to depart from the ancient reading of that line. We translated it from the text of Brodæus, without observing that Jacobs had adopted Brunck's emendation or restoration; but we observed it soon afterwards, though we forgot to alter our version, according to the text which we printed. We confess that to our heart the repetition of the same word has still a touching effect; nor are we sure that the pathos is increased by the substitution of one word for another—so similar in sound—but so different in sense; although Brunck restored it, we believe, from the Vatican MS. With regard, again, to *κένεαν ἔχειν*—if we erred—which probably we did—we erred not carelessly, but—which is worse—on consideration. In the original we have *αἰαζέω σι*—I lament thee; and then *κένεαν μέρειν*, an accusative case, agreeing with *σι*, that is, Heliadora, and governed by *αἰαζέω*—is it not? The construction, and also the spirit, is the same in the following lines in the speech of Electra (Sophocles), on receiving from her brother in disguise the urn which, he says, contains the ashes of Orestes:—

Τὴν ἄρ' σὺ δέξαι μὲν εἰς τὸ σὺν τῷδ' σιτίῳ;
Τὴν μὴδ' οὐκ εἰς τὸ μὴδεν.

Therefore thou receive me into this thy urn
The nothing into the nothing.

On looking over various commentators and annotators on this epigram, we find, indeed, that they all apply *κένεαν ἔχειν* to the tears, or lamentations of Meleager—but they do not even attempt to explain why they do so, contenting themselves with a silly *scilicet*, and leaving ignorant people like us alone with the Grammar in the dark. All the Latin versions give the words the go-by in like manner, except that of Thomas Warton, quoted in our last number. He—it seems to us—applies the words—as we have done—to Heliadora. We are not sure "that the version suffers loss in consequence." That Meleager's "bitter grief could now avail her nothing," is a natural and affecting lament; so, too, is the thought that death cared nothing for his prize—not even for Heliadora.

D. M. P.'s beautiful sentences about the "Danaë," shew how perfectly he understands and feels its beauty; and his translation is *perhaps* worthy of being placed immediately *below* Hay's—though we hesitate to pass that judgment when we think of the merits of his distinguished competitors. He has adopted—from Hay—the ballad style, which he might not otherwise have thought of; but though he has given us a successful specimen of that style, he has not adhered so truly to the original. Almost all the new touches he has introduced are good; but though good, were they called for? No. "In pale alarm," is not good. "A frail fond arm she threw," is very good; but Simonides says it not—then why D. M. P.? "Too fair a thing for aught to harm," is in itself very beautiful, and Wordsworthian and Simonidean. But though Wordsworth has more than once said something very like it—and others too—Simonides has not—at least not in the Lament. Nay, the thought, we fear, is not kindred to the dominant thought in the heart of Danaë. "Dire affright," is too strong—she felt fear, no doubt—but "love conquered fear"—and the mother was in full possession of herself when lamenting for her child. "Like pangs to thee *should* lend," is not the natural language the princess speaks—most unlike the Greek—and not good English. Yet in spite of such small specks, the ballad is plaintive and pathetic; and it proves the skill, taste, and feeling of the translator. We and Hay, (in concert and concert,) applied *ἰσχυρὰ καὶ ἡγεῖα* to Danaë's nursing besom; but in doing so, we now find we were mistaken—indeed we had discovered it before—from Homer, Herodotus, and Theocritus.

But D. M. P., in his construction of *ὡς πλάγιοι σι*, has fallen into a greater error—which two words will shew. "Moonlight," he says, "cannot co-exist with black darkness." But cannot moonlight *now and then* glimmer through gloom? What voyager has not, on a pitch-black stormy night, seen *for a moment*, something like moonlight, tinging the trouble of the sky?

But what shall we say to

"All dark, save where the brass studs shine
Dimly, in night's deep gloom!"

"Moonlight cannot coexist with black darkness"—and yet *brass studs can shine dimly* in that predicament! That is more than could be reasonably expected from the brightest halfpenny that ever issued from the Mint.

The version of the Poor Old Man is as good as can be—and D. M. P. does well in clearing the character of the wretched unknown from the charge of suicide. That was not a crime of the mean and poor—either among the Greeks or Romans. How much more pitiable his lot—creeping or crawling below a stone, and laying himself down to die!—Of the version of Arphron's Hymn to Health—a few words by and by. We kindly thank D. M. P. for his most beautiful versions from Catullus. Either Merivale or Bland alludes, we think, to the "*Inferia*" as a fitting accompaniment to the *Hellodora*; and we now give both Latin poems, with other translations—all very fine.

INFERIÆ AD FRATRIS TUMULUM.

Multas per gentes, et multa per aquora vectus
Advenio has miseris, frater, ad inferias;
Ut te postremo donarem munere mortis,
Et mutam nequicquam alloquerer cinerem.
Quandoquidem fortuna mihi te te abstulit ipsum;
Heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi!
Nunc tamen interea prisco quæ more parentum
Tradita sunt tristes munera ad inferias,
Accipe, fraterno multum moventia fletu;
Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave, atque vale!

HODGSON.

O'er many a realm, o'er many an ocean tost,
I come, my brother, to salute thy ghost;
Thus on thy tomb sad honour to bestow,
And vainly call the silent dust below.
Thou, too, art gone! e'en thee I must resign,
My more than brother—ah! no longer mine.
The funeral rites to ancient Romans paid
Duly I pay to thy lamented shade.
Take them—these tears their heartfelt homage tell—
And now—all hail for ever, and farewell!

ELTÓN.

Slow pacing on, o'er many a land and sea.
Brother! I come to thy sad obsequy:
The last fond tribute to the dead impart.
And call thee, speechless ashes as thou art,
Alas! in vain! since Fate has ravish'd thee,
Even thee, thyself, poor brother! torn from me
By too severe a blow; let this be paid,
This rite of ancestry, to soothe thy shade;
Let this, all bathed in tears, my friendship tell,
And oh! for ever! bless thee, and farewell!

HONOURABLE GEORGE LANB.

Brother, I come o'er many seas and lands
To the sad rite which pious love ordains,
To pay thee the last gift that death demands;
And oft, though vain, invoke thy mute remains:
Since death has ravish'd half myself in thee,
Oh, wretched brother, sadly torn from me!
And now ere fate our souls shall reunite,
To give me back all it hath snatched away,
Receive the gifts our fathers, ancient rite,
To shades departed still were wont to pay;
Gifts wet with tears of heartfelt grief that tell,
And ever, brother, bless thee, and farewell!

WILLIAM HAY.

O'er many a land I come, and many a sea,
 My brother, to thy mournful obsequy;
 To pay the last sad tribute to the dead,
 And hail in vain thy unresponding shade,
 Since cruel fate indeed hath wrested thee
 My hapless brother, torn, alas! from me.
 Meanwhile those offerings which our fathers shew
 As grateful to the gloomy shades below,
 Receive,—with mingling tears and sighs that swell
 The brother's heart that groans,—“for ever fare-thee-well!”

AD CALVUM DE QUINTILIA.

Si quicquam mutis gratum acceptumve sepulchris
 Accidere a nostro, Calve, dolore potest,
 Quo desiderio veteres renovamus amores,
 Atque olim amissas flemus amicitias;
 Certe non tanto mors immatura dolori est,
 Quintilia, quantum guadet amore tuo.

LILFON.

If ere in human grief there breathe a spell
 To charm the silent tomb, and soothe the dead;
 When soft regrets on past affection dwell,
 And o'er fond friendships lost, our tears are shed;
 Sure, a less pang must touch Quintilia's shade,
 While hovering o'er her sad, untimely bier,
 Than keen felt joy that spurt pure pervade,
 To witness that her Calvus held her dear.

HONOURABLE GEORGE LAMB.

Calvus, if any joy from mortal tears
 Can touch the feelings of the silent dead;
 When dwells regret on loves of former years,
 Or weeps o'er friendships that have long been fled:
 Oh, then far less will be Quintilia's woe
 At early death and fate's severe decree.
 Than the pure pleasure she will feel to know
 How well, how truly she was loved by thee.

WILLIAM HAY.

Oh, Calvus! if in aught the silent dead
 Are pleased and solaced by the tears we shed,
 Tears of regretful longings—which recall
 Old loves, old friendships, now departed all:
 Untimely death must less Quintilia move
 With grief, than pleasure in thy changeless love.

Catullus often laments his brother. Sadness steals suddenly over his mirth—sincerest sadness over affected mirth—and his eyes, blind to the living beauty that graces the banquet, are arrested by the gliding ghost of the dearer dead. But in the “Inferie” he has concentrated all his passion—it is steeped in grief. His brother died suddenly in the Troas Province; and Catullus visited his grave—not in imagination merely—near the promontory of Rhætaum. Mr Lamb says that the elegy “comprises all the observances, the offerings, and the many invocations deem’d due by the Romans to their departed kindred.” Not so: his brother had been buried. Invocations there again are—and all due rites are again paid *more parentum*; but they are not mentioned—Catullus but says “accipe!” All the translations are so beautiful that we shall not venture to give the palm. In the fifth line—“Quandoquidem fortuna mihi te te abstulit ipsum,”—it appears to us that the proposition which the word “quandoquidem” introduces is, not finished—but the poet, true to pathos and nature, makes the mourner (they

were one and the same) break off from something which he was about to say, and at the thought of the cruel separation "*te abstulit ipsum*," he bursts into tears, "*Heu miser indigno frater adempte mihi!*"

The lines "*Ad Calvum*" are scarcely less touching; nor does the closing thought—nay 'tis the pervading feeling—seem other than most natural, though one might call it even fanciful; so exquisite is its expression. How difficult to give it in another language! After three such versions, who will enter the lists? Not we.

Lo! again *Heliodora*! *Rivinus* is not amiss—but *Manso* is *Meleager*.

ANDREAS RIVINUS.

Heliodora, tibi lacrymas et lipsana amoris,
 Dono solo inferius ad Stygis usque lacum.
 Nam lacrymas multum lacrymosas il-bilem et urnam
 Libo, ut amoris ei sint monumenta mei.
 Quin misere, misereque umbris *Meleager* amicum
 Te fleo, ut ut *Diti* gratia sit sterilis.
Eheu, germen ubi mihi gratum est? Abstulit *Orcus*,
 Abstulit: ætatis flos maculatus humo est.
 At te, cunctorum nutrix, pius obsecro, *Tellus*,
 Mater ut, hancce sinu suaviter excipias.

MANSO.

Largas mitto tibi lacrymas, O *Heliodora*,
 Ad Styga, reliquias, queis litat æquus amor,
 Largas atque pias lacrymas. Hasundo dolores
 Testes; hi latices tristia busta decent.
 Te gemo, te miseram *Meleager* plango sub *Orcus*;
 Frustra: nam indomitum nil *Acheronta* movet.
Heu! quorsum germen nitidum? Aptavit *Avernus*,
 Raptavit; violam sordida arena terit.
 Ah! precor, alma, precor, *Tellus*, sis lenis et ipsam
 In placido teneas, Mater amica, sinu.

The beautiful ghost will not be laid! She haunts even "*Far Barbadoes on the Western Main*." Our hands have fallen by chance on a small volume entitled "*Barbadoes, and other Poems*, by M. J. Chapman," and *Heliodora* has visited him, we see, "*beneath the bearded fig, Prince of the Forest*," that gave name to that lovely isle. Nay—here too is "*Paradise*!" Some one once called the *Barbadians*, *barbarians*. Mr Chapman, though native to that isle, sings like one of the swans of *Thames*.

HELIODORA.

Sweet *Heliodora*! to the shades below
 To thee, these relics of my love I send:—
 Of love and fond regrets that never end
 Vain monument! my tears in sorrow flow;
 Tears, bitter tears! I on thy tomb bestow;
 To thy dear love and living memory true,
 Vain homage to the dead! I still renew
 My plaint, my one unutterable woe.
 Wo! Wo! where is my lovely blossom? where?
 Hades hath seized it—seized it; she, O, she!
 My beautiful, ta'en in her prime, lies there—
 Lies in the dust. All-nurturing Earth! to thee
 I suppliant bend; with all a mother's care,
 Let her enfolded in thy bosom be.

DANAË.

<p>The rude wind hurtled o'er the brazen chest; A solemn gloom the storm-toss'd waves oppress'd. Unhappy Danaë, confused with fears, Sank drooping down,—her cheek all wet with tears,</p>	<p>While round her boy she threw her mother-arms, And murmuring said:— "What grief—what fatal harms Attend me ever! thou, my boy, Enjoyest holy childhood's joy,</p>
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Sleeping the nursing's happy sleep,
While I, thy mother, watch and weep.
The gloom of the unlighted night—
Our brazen prison, where delight
Comes never—the resounding wave—
The wind's fierce voices—how they
rave!—

Defraud not thee, my boy, of sleep;
While shade thy face thy sunny tresses,
In rich luxuriance clustering deep
O'er that fair brow thy mother blesses;
And while the purple's flowing pride
Thy beauty-breathing limbs doth hide,

Thou would'st not heed, if heaven's de-
cree,

These dangers, dangers meant for thee.
Below, my babe, he still and sleep,
Sleep thou, immeasurable deep!
And sleep the fate that tames me still,
My own int'nal rage and grief!

O let some one receive my woe, hee,
Jove, Father Jove, to comfort me!
But if too bold the woman's prayer,
Pardon the mother's wild despair;
The sounds my lips in sorrow make,
Forgive them for the infant's sake."

Mr Chapman cannot have seen our articles on the Greek Anthology; and his merit is the greater on that account, his translations being the more original. His Heliadora is almost equal to the best of our translations; and his Danaë, written out of sight of all those many beacons, though not without imperfections and defects as a translation, which it would be absurd now to point out, is very beautiful.

62, Queen Street, Edinburgh, 11th August, 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,—The pentameter of the 3d distich in Meleager's Epigram on Heliadora has, indeed, been often translated, but—unless Christopher North make an exception—hitherto never understood. Some, indeed, have translated so paraphrastically and ambiguously, that their versions admit a much greater variety of interpretation than the words of the original; but, unfortunately, it so happens, that none of the senses in which the words of the translators can be taken are true and correct expressions of the original. I do, indeed, entertain a suspicion that the text is incorrect in the words *καὶ ἐν ἴσῳ*. If this really is the case, the translators are not much to be blamed for misapprehending—but still it is a fault to *translate* according to *no rule*, and *no principle*, or so vaguely as to make it more difficult to get at the translator's than the author's meaning. These, however, are the charges I bring against Brunck, Manso, Grief, and Herder, as well as Grotius, Merivale, and the Critic in the Monthly Review; but his friend seems to have had an obscure presentiment of the right meaning, and being aware of this superiority over other translators, lest the readers should overlook his merits, he has repeated the words *in vain* twice; yet almost *in vain* has he so done, for it is still by no means clear that he rightly apprehended the grammatical peculiarities of the passage, although undoubtedly the words *καὶ ἐν ἴσῳ*, if right, express in English neither more nor less than *in vain*. I will, 1st, on the supposition that the text be right as it stands, analyze it and explain its grammar; and, 2d, shew what I think a preferable reading. I mentioned to you at first sight of the passage that *καὶ ἐν ἴσῳ* was an adverb, and more attentive examination makes this more palpable; the phrases "*ἐάν ποτε καὶ ἐν ἴσῳ*," "*ὅταν καὶ ἐν ἴσῳ*," as well as "*ἐπεὶ καὶ ἐν ἴσῳ*," and "*ὅτε καὶ ἐν ἴσῳ*," for *on my account*—*on thy account*, are quite common, and noticed in ordinary grammars and dictionaries. Now I apprehend that Meleager, being a grammarian as well as a poet, would think it warrantable to express the notion "*on nobody's account*," by a phrase constructed analogically, and as it were upon the model of "*ἐάν ποτε καὶ ἐν ἴσῳ*" and "*ὅταν καὶ ἐν ἴσῳ*," and thus he obtained "*καὶ ἐν ἴσῳ*," by which he meant neither more nor less than *in vain*, for that which is done *on nobody's account* is done *in vain*. Thus a Latin writer—especially one who were inclined to be exquisitely elaborate—might think that when he could say *mei gratia*, *tui gratia*, &c., that he also might say "*nullius gratia*," which also is quite right, and still good Latin; but he might go a step further and say *vand gratia* for *nullius gratia*, although that no doubt is going too far, and would be wrong in Latin.

It is quite good Greek to say *τίνας χάριν ἔσται τοῖσι*; and the answer "*καὶ ἐν ἴσῳ*," would be intelligible, and could in such a situation not easily be taken for any thing else but "*on nobody's account*," or "*I do it in vain*." Still "*καὶ ἐν ἴσῳ*" would be more natural. This theory will appear the more admissi-

ble when we reflect how frequent is the *absolute use* of the *accusative* in Greek. I mean constructions where the accusative is governed by nothing at all, except by a preposition which, in the earliest age of the language, no doubt was understood, but in subsequent ages never thought of. What is the acknowledged adverb *κατην*, *frustra*? What is it, but an ancient accusative absolute of a primeval noun “*κατην*?”

Absolute is the accusative “*μητις*” in Hom. Odyss. A, v. 275, and *μητις* is the true old genuine reading, but *μητις* δ’ is modern reading, invented by men not understanding this ancient *free* use of the accusative. Absolute, too, is the accusative in Herodotus, Euterpe, c. 106, in the very beginning of the chapter, τὰς δὲ στάλας, &c. So also in Isocrates’s Panathen. ἄλλα μὴν καὶ τὰς στασίς καὶ τὴν σφαγὰς καὶ τὰς τῶν πολιτῶν μεταβολὰς, οἱ μὲν ἂν φανείν ἀπασὰς τὰς πόλεις, πλὴν ὀλίγων, μιστὰς πεποιηκότες τῶν τοιούτων συμφηρῶν. In fact, instances of this kind exist in great number. Now, I should almost think that the grammar of this passage is tolerably well established, although the last-mentioned examples are not in point—are not meant to be in point any further than for demonstrating the use of accusative absolute, the main proof lies in the adverbial use of that particular accusative *κατην*, which is undoubted and common, and then the Poet has done no further violence on the Greek idiom than only joining an adjective to an accusative so adverbially used, which the analogy of *μὴν κατην* seemed to make admissible.

Accordingly, I translate the 3d Distich :

Miserably, miserably, thee the beloved one even among the shades (or the dead)

I Meleager

Bemoan ; thee [I bemoan] *fruitlessly* to [i. e. before] Acheron, i. e. Orcus.

I hope you will admit that *Rivinus*, translating

“ Nam lacrymas multum lacrymosas flebilem ad urnam
Libo, ut amoris sint monumenta mei,”

has not understood the passage ; nor *Manso*, who translates

“ Te gemo, te miseram Meleager plango sub Orco
Frustra, nam indomitum nil Acheronta movet.

And yet it seems from this version, as if *Manso* had really understood the verse rightly ; but looking at his interpretation in the note, one cannot give him credit for it, for there he tells you, “*Repeto αἰαζω*” [that is very well]—but then he adds,—“*Te lugeo, Heliodoram, lugeo vanam in Plutonem gratiam, h. e. preces, quibus fore ut flectatur, speravi sed frustra.*” Besides a wrong explanation, this contains a grammatical blunder in the Latin, viz. *flectatur* for *flecteretur*. The 123d Epigram of Meleager, which he quotes, is not at all in point, and does in no degree illustrate this one.

Having thus shewn that the common reading may stand, and that it can be translated, and the construction of the passage explained, I think I am now more at liberty to attack this distich, and break down what I have been building. I must say, I think a preferable and a more poetic and more natural reading would certainly be—

Οἰκτρα γὰρ, οἰκτρὸν φίλαν σε καὶ ἐν Φθιμίνοις Μιλεαγρὸς
αἰαζῶ, σὲ νεαν εἰς Ἀχέρωντα κατῶν.

which I translate :

Miserably, miserably, thee the beloved one even among the shades I Meleager
Bemoan,—THEE, O young loveliness departed to Acheron, [I lament.]

The metre admits this emendation, and the *ductus literarum* render it not improbable that this may be the right reading ; for, in ancient MSS. where uncial letters were used, it is clear that an obliterated κ would sometimes look like a ζ, thus : ζ. If no more was remaining of the *σιγμα* than this, a

hasty reader would easily take it for a κ , and thus probably the common reading arose. The repetition of the Σ is pathetic, and harmonizes with $\sigma\iota\kappa\tau\epsilon\alpha$, $\sigma\iota\kappa\tau\epsilon\alpha \gamma\alpha\rho$ with $\delta\alpha\kappa\tau\upsilon\alpha \delta\upsilon\sigma\delta\alpha\kappa\epsilon\upsilon\tau\alpha$ and with $\acute{\alpha}\rho\tau\alpha\sigma\iota\nu$ — $\acute{\alpha}\rho\tau\alpha\sigma\iota\nu$.

THORL. GUDM. REPP.

Mr Repp has here done what the annotators ought to have done, and did not—he has explained the rationale of $\kappa\iota\upsilon\epsilon\acute{\iota}\nu \gamma\alpha\rho\iota\nu$ —supposing the words to imply empty lamentations disregarded by Hades. But he is manifestly not satisfied with the sense of the words illustrated by his own scholarship; and leaves the passage to be read according to *our* construction. The new reading proposed by him is very ingenious—and might have been made by Bentley.

DEAR SIR,—I have been much struck by the closeness and beauty of Warton's translation of Danaë. Translators are too apt, for sake of a fine line, to depart from the original—as, for example, “it shall not wet thy clustering hair.” An extraordinary child, indeed, of a few days old, to have had hair in such profusion. I send you, too, the “Happy Old Man,” and the “Freebooter.”

X. Y. Z.

DANAË.

When the boisterous sea began to roar,
And Danaë's chest to feel its ruthless force,
She fondly clasp'd her Perseus; and while o'er
Her cheek the hot tears found a willing course,
She said, “Oh, son! what woes I undergo!
But thou art wrapt in sleep this dreadful night,
And soundly slumberest, as the wild winds blow
On my bark lit by the moon's casual light.
“As round thy form thy purple mantle binds,
Thou can'st not for the billows' foaming splash,
Or the loud whistling of the angry winds.
Oh thou, sweet babe, if thou could'st hear the dash
Of waters, thou would'st lend thy tender ears
To my complaint. Sleep on, my child, I pray,
Oh, ye waves, sleep, and calm a mother's fears—
Sleep on, my sorrows, till a happier day.”

THE HAPPY OLD MAN.

Dear Earth, take old Amyntas to thy breast,
In kind remembrance of his former toil,
Who on thee caused the olive trunk to rest,
And with vines graced thy steep hill's barren soil;
Who fill'd with corn and useful plants thy land,
And brought canals to irrigate thy plain.
Rest on him light, and let thy fostering hand
O'er him raise spring flowers, wash'd with dewy rain.

THE FREEBOOTER.

My great wealth is my sword and spear;	With this I am saluted Lord.
This handsome raw hide shield I rear,	But slaves, who dare not draw the sword,
A bulwark for my use;	Or stand behind the shield,
With this I plough, with this I reap,	Shall fall upon their bended knee,
This in the wine lees I do steep,	Their king I will proclaimed be.
To press the generous juice.	And sov'reign power will wield.

Our ingenious young friend will, by and by, write well, nay, he writes well now—but he will, we predict, improve. He has never read “Danaë” in the Greek. His verses are composed from Warton's version. We praised that version for its fidelity, but, on looking at it again, we see Dr Joseph has omitted mention of the “long deep hair” of the infant Perseus. Following the Master of Winchester, X. Y. Z. not only omits it too; but not knowing that it is in Simonides, he is pleased to be severe on the translator in the Quarterly, and witty on the babe. We cannot conjecture why Warton

should have left it out, except it were from some suspicion that the text was corrupted—but there can be no doubt why X.Y.Z. left it out—that he had never seen any text at all. He would be surprised to see with what heads-of-hair some fine thumping boys—and squalling girls—are ushered into this world. Then, some tresses not only rhyme to, but grow as fast as, cresses. He fixes the age of the grandson of Acrisius “at a few days.” Perhaps his Avus did not send him to sea, until his poor mother had gained some strength, and had a tolerable recovery from her inlying—perhaps not for a fortnight—or say ten days—which he had taken to consider the subject maturely—before committing the little Nautilus and his dam to the waves over which brooded no birds of calm.

Finally, and by way of clench, we bid X.Y.Z. remember that Perseus was gold-and-god-begotten—the son of Jupiter Aureus. From the first “his fulgent head star-bright appeared,” and Danaë, in her sore distress and distraction, was delighted to kiss the clustering curls on the divine development of the tiny demigod. So on that score let there be no quarrel with Simonides. X.Y.Z.’s other versions are very good—but he had better try his hand on an original of which he has not before him any translations. Let some others take the hint who need it more; for the first condition on which henceforth we can insert versions is—that they be from the Greek.

8th August, 1833.

DEAR CHRISTOPHER,—I offer you a flower or two, not to deck Maga’s bosom, but merely to be put by in your own *herbarium*,—unless indeed you should be of opinion that they are fitter to be consigned at once to unheeded dissolution in the Balaam Box. The fact is, they are principally sent you as a *curiosity*, being a couple of specimens from the private portfolio of a *country gentleman*! It certainly did so surprise me the other day to find one of these Ourangs immersed in the study of your articles on the *Greek Anthology*, and pointing out to me the beauty of some of those gems, and the lack-lustre of others, that I asked him, for the joke’s sake, whether he had ever tried his hand as a lapidary. After some little hesitation, he owned to me he had, and observing that not one of the versions of the “Heraclitus” expressed either the feelings of present *grief* or bygone *happiness*, with the strength and simplicity of the original, he, with some confusion, asked if I thought *his* attempt any *nearer* it. I liked it exceedingly—told him, however, that he had missed the *nightingales*,—but at last could not help agreeing with him that to tie one’s self to every single *word and syllable* in a translation was sometimes too great a sacrifice, and as no *English* reader could possibly comprehend how the old Greek’s *nightingales* were to live for *ever*, without a *note* to tell them the meaning of the metaphor, he was free enough to depart from it.

TO HERACLITUS.

When, Heraclitus! told that thou wert dead,
The tears of sorrowing friendship fast I shed,
And call’d to mind how oft we two had met
Lost in sweet converse till the sun had set!
Oh lov’d one! death hath laid thee in the tomb;
But thy immortal verse shall ever bloom.

Having got thus far, I begged a sight of another, and he now, less shyly, produced the impassioned lines of Sappho, which I really think are more close to the notes which *that* dying swan poured forth, than any of those imitations with which you have favoured us.

Blest, as the gods above, to me
He seems, who, face to face, to thee
Sits close, and hears thee sweetly speak,
Traces the blush upon thy cheek,
And drinks thy laughter-loving smile—
—’Twas *that* did first my heart beguile!

For when I see thee,—fails my speech,
No voice my quiv’ring lip can reach, —
A subtle fire shoots thro’ my veins,
It dims my sight,—mine ear it pains
With tingling sounds,—a damp like death
Pervades my frame,—it chokes my
breath,—

Till faint, and panting, pale as clay,
Trembling I yield, and swoon away !
Yet all I'll hazard—tho' thou'rt poor,
And I so bless'd with fortune's store,

Wealth—rank—nay, fame !—all, all, 'I
choose
To yield,—than, lov'd one ! *thee* to lose !
This heart is so bound up in thine ;
I die unless I call thee *Mine* !

Here, too, I had occasion to take him to task for the *unmentioned blush* with which he has eked out a couplet,—but here he again pleaded the privileges of a *free* translator ; and when I looked at the extensions and expansions which Merivale and others have indulged in, I could not but admit the plea. As to his *continuing* the fragment from where it hints at the different situation of Sappho and her beloved, it seems to me that he has caught the spirit of her feelings entirely, and that when she—the immortal Sappho—would even resign *fame* to secure that adored one, it expresses all that the fragment has concealed. I had the address to steal the two translations for you, merely, as I have already said, to shew you in what an extraordinary manner the march of intellect has made its way among even that impracticable and secluded race, the country gentlemen, who are still *generally* supposed by that highly cultivated and philosophical class, the manufacturers and artisans, to be acquainted with nothing but the feeding of live stock, and providing little aristocrats to prey upon the rest of the community.

As I should never be forgiven by him were I to afford you any clew to my *rustic friend*, whose talents are so entirely hid under a *bushel*, I must not affix my own signature to this, though I may take the opportunity of expressing the sincere admiration and esteem which the talents and nobly avowed principles of Christopher North have indelibly impressed on the mind of his faithful and obedient servant,
C. L. I. O.

Lord Brougham, we think it was, who, in answer to Lord Dudley or Ellenborough, or both, on some argument or other in the House of Peers, said that one and all of the ten-pounders of Birmingham were as well educated as either of their Lordships, not meaning to be rude to them individually, but speaking at large of the peerage. Now that a country gentleman (a Scotch one, too, we suspect) has favoured the public, through us, with a couple of specimens of translation from the Greek Anthology, perhaps some of our Birmingham friends, whom hitherto we have respected for other powers, will try their hands at an epigram. Agricola's "Heraclitus" is excellent, but we cannot conscientiously say that he has been uncommonly felicitous, and are rather at a loss to imagine why he supposed his services were required on this occasion. What he says about the nightingales is very sensible ; nay, we suspect that Callimachus may have meant by *andros* merely elegies ; and in that suspicion we are confirmed by Wrougham's omission of "nightingales" in his version. Yet we are unwilling to part with them, and therefore prefer to Agricola's English version, good as it is, the Latin one given in Grævius, though it has in one point mislead old Tytler.

Heraclite, tuam mihi mortem dixit amicus,
Quam subito lacrymis immaduere genae.
Dum memini quoties sub aprico sole jociati
Simus ; et in cineres nunc abiire joci.
Sed Philomela tamen vivit tua Musa, nec illi
Mors rerum domitrix injicit atra manus.

Agricola has been more successful, we think, in his Sappho. 'Tis vigorous and impassioned ; and the continuation is in character with the spirit of the ode. We hope C. L. I. O. will invite us to pass a day along with him at his friend's house—if within a hundred miles of Edinburgh—during Christmas week.

Alceus loved Sappho—and here are some passionate lines addressed to her as if by that burning bard—but in truth by a young Englishman, a good Grecian, J. H. Whitworth.

ALCÆUS TO SAPPHO.—J. H. WHITWORTH.

Σαπφώ, ἡμισυρὶς ἐρεῖται, φλέγει τι
 ὑγρόν ημεῖς ἰσχυρίζεσθαι ὑπ' ὄφρου,
 ἄδου φωνάσσεσθαι ποτ' ἢ μὴ καίνεις
 ἄδου γ' ἔλυσσας·

ὡς ἀνδρῶν, αἰολοφώνως ἦρος
 ἢ γ' ἔλγας, βαλὰτι το ῥῶδον Κυθρηῆς,
 κεντὸν οὐρανὸν ἔρωτες ἀβροῖς,
 χαριτεῖς σε·

καλ' ἐγχεῖς μερμήρ' ὅσον οὐχ' ὁμοῖν,
 μειδάσσεσθαι ὅμα Δι', οὐ φιλοῦντος
 σοὶ μελεῖν νυν, ὡς παρὸς ἄλιος τι
 αἰεὶ δ' οὐκ ἐκιν·

αἱ ῥιλιδόνες δια μισσῶ αἰθροῖς,
 ἀλλοτ' ἀλλοῖς εἰσπρινάις ἐν ὥραις
 πυκνὰ δινεσθαι, ὅταν δ' ἐτελθῇ
 ἄμαρ αἰλλῶν,

ὡς ταχίστ' εἰς ἐσχάτιαν πετονται,
 χρυσεῖς πτεροῖς ἀπ' ἔρω βεβασιν,
 χαίρ'—ἐμοῦ ποτ' ἀσπασίου λιλασσάι,
 χαίρ' ἀγαπάτω·

εἰ δ' ἔρω εἰη παλιν, ἀμμι κερδὸς
 ζῆν, ὅταν δ' ἐλθῇ πολυῖς ἀναγκῆς
 φῶς, δυο ψυχῶς σκαφὸς ἐν φορέῃ
 ἐς δόμον αἰδῶ·

General Service Club, Grafton Street.

SIR,—After the difficulties experienced by such eminent translators as Mr Merivale and Mr Hay, and the formidable interdict of impossibility pronounced by Christopher North, it may appear great presumption in me (known neither for a scholar nor an author) to offer you a translation of my own of the Epigram of Euenus, quoted in Blackwood for July. This presumption will doubtless be deemed more heinous, when I add, that I do really believe it to be a more faithful version than either Merivale's or Hay's! Whether or not it confirms the truth of your opinion as to the possibility of a *good* version, I leave it, as in duty bound, to the critic to decide, only begging to remind you that, as the bystander is often said to see more of the game than the players, so occasions may arise when an indifferent scholar may light on a more happy reading of a particular passage, than has been suggested to the mind of the most complete translator of the whole.

Attic maiden, honey-fed,
 Chirping warbler, bear'st away
 Thou the chirping grasshopper,
 To thy callow young a prey?

Werbling thou—a warbler seize!
 Winged, one with lovely wings!
 Guest thyself by summer brought,
 Fellow-guest whom summer brings!

Wilt not quickly let it drop?
 'Tis not fair, indeed 'tis wrong,
 That the ceaseless songster should
 Die by mouths of ceaseless song!

Your remarks on the cicada occasioned me to mention the subject to a friend of mine who has long resided in Portugal. He tells me there are there both the *cicara* and the *grillo*,—evidently from cicada and grillus; but the cicara is like our *grasshopper*, whereas the grillo, which he translates *mole-cricket*, is much larger, and screams so loud as quite to din one's ears. He adds, that this noise is considered musical by the Portuguese, and that the ladies keep them in cages. If I mistake not, a similar custom is recorded of the Athenian and Roman ladies with the cicada. If so, some mistake appears to have arisen in affixing the two denominations.

Bishop Heber, in some lines published in a Madras newspaper, describing an evening walk in Bengal, speaks thus—

Still as we pass, from bush and brier
 The shrill *cigala* strikes his lyre;
 And what is she whose liquid strain
 Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane?
 I know that soul-entrancing swell,
 It is—it must be—Philomel!

Here the Bishop connects the *cigala* and the nightingale, which (if, indeed, he had not the Greek in his mind) would shew that there is something, either in their tone, or in the hour at which they sing, which brings the two into the mind together. Indeed, I think myself, that the rapid

chirp with which the nightingale precedes its full burst of song, is not so very unlike the noise of the grasshopper, that is, a *thousand-tongue-power-grasshopper*!

As you have expressed a wish for new versions of Hybrius and Ariphron, I send you the following.

My wealth is a mighty spear and brand,
And this good shield, of hides untann'd,
To cover my body withal;
With these I plough, with these I reap,
With these I drain the juice of grape,
And lord it high in many a hall!

Troth—they that love not spear and brand,
And goodly shield, of hides untann'd,
To cover the body withal,
Prostrate all at my lordly knee,
With lowly looks shall worship me,
And me their sovereign-master call.

TO HEALTH.

Grant me, Health, to dwell with thee,
Eldest born of all the blest!
While my life remains to me,
Health! be thou my willing guest.
For it wealth a pleasure brings,
It there's joy by children given,
Oh by power and pomp of kings,
Lakening men to those in heaven;

It in furtive toils of love,
Dear delights we strive to snare,
Or what blessing from above
Comes beside to soothe our care;
All are thine—and still on thee
Vernal Graces shed their ray.
Oh! no bliss to man can be,
Blessed Health! when thou'rt away!

The beautiful remarks made in your second paper, on the different spirit of the Christian and the Heathen in lamentations for the dead, and the superiority of the former in a poetical point of view, struck me so forcibly, that I venture to send you an Epigram of my own, as an humble testimony of the truth of your position.

EPIGRAM AFTER THE GREEK.

Oh! weep not for the gather'd rose!
Oh! mourn not for the friend that dies!
In beauty's breast the flower blows—
The soul is happy in the skies.

Weep not for these! but weep for them,
The unloved, the friendless, the unknown—
The flowers that wither on the stem,
The living, that must live *alone*!

I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

GEORGE TREVOR.

Mr Trevor's version of the Swallow and Grasshopper is most ingenious and skilful,—and we award him the prize over Meivale and Hay. In another letter he says, "in your present number (August) you speak of the 'swallow' being honey-fed—surely the epigram is on the nightingale." No—the epigram is on the swallow; but in our literal prose translation, we erroneously put "Philomela" (in brackets) in place of Progne. Alciatus rightly puts Progne.

Quid rapis, hei Progne, vocalem sæva Cicadam.
Pigroribusque tuis percula dira paras?
Ac stridula stridulam, vernam verna, hospita lædis
Hospitam, et aligeram penniger ales avem.
Ergo sinas priedam hanc, nam musica pectora summum est
Alterum ab alterius dente perire nefas.

The version of Hybrius' Freebooter is spirited, but not, we think, superior, if it indeed be equal, to the best of those given in our last number. We shall say a word by-and-by of the Hymn to Health. Mr Trevor's own epigram after the Greek is elegant and touching.

DEAR CHRISTOPHER,—I am always so much happier after reading one of your papers, that I feel a strange desire to have the honour of addressing you. Your articles on the Greek Anthology open the field; and, without any farther introduction, I shall at once submit to your opinion a translation of the Sword-Song:—

In branches of myrtle my sword let me
bear,
As Harmodius and Aristogiton were,
When the tyrant they smote, and liberty
wrought

For Athens.

Dearest Harmodius ! thou can'st not be
dead ;
Thou art in the isles of the blest, 'tis said,
With the fleet-foot Achilles and Diomed
Tydides.

In branches of myrtle my sword let me
bear,
As Harmodius and Aristogiton were,
When Hipparchus they slew at Minerva's shrine,

A tyrant !

Yes ! the wide world for ever shall ring
with your fame,
With Harmodius and Aristogiton's name ;
For ye smote the tyrant, and liberty came
To Athens.

ARIPHON'S ODE TO HEALTH.

Health ! thou first of all the blest,
Let me henceforth be thy guest ;
Whate'er of life is left to me,
Let me live and love with thee.
For where's the joy of riches, say,
Of children, or of sceptred sway,
That bids man rank with Deity ?
Or, when with Venus' furtive toils,
We urge the chase for Love's soft spoils,
Say, where's the pleasure here can be ?

Nay, where is any joy that Heaven
In mercy to mankind hath given,
Or respite from his toilsome doom ?
With thee, and thee alone, they bloom :
With thee, blest Health ! each joy is seen
Shining bright in spring-tide green.
Who without thee blest has been ?

Will you accept these and the following from Crinagoras :—

*Ἑταρος ἡνῶμεν το πρὶν ῥόδα, νῦν δ' ἐνὶ μέσση
Χίματι πορφύρεας ἐσχάσαμεν κάλυκας,
Σοὶ ἐπιμειδισάντα, γενεβλιγῆ ἄσμενα τῇδε
Ἵοι νυμφιδίων ἀσποτάτη λεχέων
Καλλίσης ὀφθῆναι ἐπὶ κροτάφοισι γυναικὸς
Λαῖον, ἣ μέμνειν ἡρίον ἥελιον.*

As roses of spring, 'twas our lot once to bloom ;
But now in mid-winter we come from the earth,
And our bright purpling petals have burst from the womb,
To shed their glad smiles on the morn of thy birth.
Fair one, we greet thee ; thy bridal so near :
And better—far better we deem it is done,
To be seen on thy beautiful temples here,
Than to linger and wait for the spring-tide sun.

C. C. C. OXONIENSIS.

Oxonians and Cantabs are such admirers of Maga, that they are afraid of paying her their addresses, and hang back sheepishly, while she is wooing them to rush into her arms. All in love and all jealous, they thus cheat her and themselves out of many a much-desired embrace. C. C. C. promises to be a thriving wooer. There is something quaint and queer, as well as classical, about his Sword-Song ; but had we not liked it, on the whole, it had not found a place. His version from Crinagoras is flowing and graceful : but he will himself perhaps prefer, for its simplicity, the following by Wrangham :—

Roses of yore soft spring disclosed ; but now
Our damask petals in mid-winter blow :
To thy near bridal thus fit offering
Upon thy birth-day joyously to bring.
On Beauty's temples, happier station ours,
Than to await spring's slow advancing hours.

We love to encourage amiable and ingenious lads like W. D. B. of Bristol. He has sent us several things—and we shall insert two—(the others won't do)—the Hymn to Health—(see the cluster), and a pretty epigram from Posidippus.

We had printed the Greek from his manuscript, but it being like most manuscript sent to us, not very legible, some strange-staring syllables so startled our eyes that we said "dele," and forthwith the cruel compositor scattered the outlandish lingo. Not being able just now to lay our hand on Posidippus, the English stanzas must stand by themselves, which they do very engagingly, and also run along trippingly, just like the child they sing of before he plopped into the well. Let W. D. B. of Bristol keep to tender simplicities like these, and his contributions will run little risk of rejection.

W. D. B. (BRISTOL.)

The little child was playing
About the crystal well,
And, reaching for its image,
Into the water fell.

The mother ran and snatch'd it,
With an ever-watchful care,
And fondly kiss'd and clasp'd it,
To see if life was there.

It hath not stain'd the water,
But upon its mother's breast
It hangs, and there in beauty
'Tis hull'd to gentle rest.

Oh! pity us! What shall we do with this load of letters! Where is the Balaam Box? Filled to the brim and overflowing, to the death of hope that ever again in this world there may be the downfall of that lid. But hooly and fairly!—Why—each successive contributor eclipses his predecessor! Who is first in hand? A Lady.

OVER-HALL, ESSEX, August 11, 1833.

SIR,—I feel confident that the claims of a lady to a place in the pages of "Blackwood" will not be spurned by one who has so long and so nobly honoured the female character. Many precedents might be adduced of *learned ladies* (I am not one) who shine in their own hemisphere, uneclipsed by the superior brilliancy of the "*lords of the wide world*," who, we are told by one skilled in such matters, "*are masters to their females and their lords*." I need but mention the names of our English Mrs Carter and Miss Smith, whose *Epictetus* and *Job* have won the admiration of scholars—of the Lord Chancellor Bacon's wife, whose Translation of Jewel's Apology, and her Greek learning, were highly prized in their day—of the French Anna Dacier, whose labours on Homer, Callimachus, Florus, Anacreon, and Sappho, Plautus, and Aristophanes, and Terence, are so celebrated—of Schurman of Cologne, famous for her Oriental researches—of Reiske (Ernestina Christ.) of Leipsic, whose erudite remarks on Greek authors are hardly inferior to her laborious husband's—of Agnezi of Bologna university, whose "*Instituzioni Anatomiche*" deservedly place her in the same rank with Euler, Waring, La Grange, and Leslie—and, indeed, of a host of others, with whose achievements you are familiar. Certainly the ladies now-a-days have to congratulate themselves, that the Popish qualification of sustaining a long beard is not indispensable for the character of being truly learned; for the Papist doctors inform us, that before they admitted St Teresa de Jesus to the doctorate, the doctors of the university of Salamanca required *such* a distinction: it was at length obtained by the canonized saint through some means or other; and this female doctor was subsequently applauded by the Spanish preachers (among others by F. F. de L y Villamayor, whose published discourses are highly sanctioned by his order) for having "a chin endowed with a long beard, and the whole church glories in having a woman with a beard!" I am satisfied, sir, that you require no *such* qualification from your female correspondents.

With respect to the epithet applied to Hygeia of *ἡγεμένη*,—I have been sadly annoyed by it. If I had not dreaded your censure of *female impudence*, I would have suggested an *emendation* to get rid of it. There is not such an extraordinary epithet in the whole three volumes of Bruck's *Analecta*, or the thirteen volumes of Jacobs. Such an epithet, I think, is not unsuit-

ed to *pass off* some wrinkled old hag: it is more calculated for a Hecuba than a Helen. Is not *πρεσβύστα* applicable only to dignity from old age, or from some other quality deducible from that cause? Its component parts are, as *Scapula* informs me, *πρεσβ* τὸ προῖναι ἐς τέλος βίου—and what has this to do with the bloom (*τιβήλις*), or the root (*ἔχρος*), i. e. moisture of Health? Nothing that I can see. However, the poet's will must be my law. Permit me to quote a passage from the *Hymn of Orpheus*, 67, from the edition of Hermann, Leipzig, 1805;—a quotation which, I think, quite exhausts all the legitimate epithets applicable to "Health."

Ἰμεροισσ', ἐρατὴ, πολυθαλμῆ, παμβασιλῆα,
κλυθι, μακαίρ' Ὑγιῆα, Φερολβίε, μήτερ ἀπαντῶν.
ἐκ σοῦ γὰρ νοῦσοι μὲν ἀποφθινυθουσι βροτοῖσιν,
πᾶς δὲ δομος θαλλεῖ πολυγυθῆς εἰνικα τοῖο,
καὶ τεχνάι βριθυσι. ποθεῖ δὲ σε κόσμος, ἀνάσσα,
μοῦνος δὲ στυγρεῖ σ' Αἰδὼς ψυχοφθόρος αἰεὶ —κ. λ.

I remain, sir, yours, respectfully,

MARY BAILEY.

ARIPHRON'S HYMN TO HEALTH. BY MRS WM. BAILEY, OVER-HALL, ESSEX.

<p>O Health, most honour'd of the bless'd! With thee it is my will to rest, While life remains; and mayst thou be Likewise a willing guest with me. For if in wealth our joy we find, If babes, sweet babes, delight our mind; In sovereign rule, if bliss we place, Which shines in men with godlike grace;</p>	<p>If, with the hunter's zeal we rove, To search the hidden snares of love; If other joy to man be given, Respite from toil, the boon of heaven: With thee all flourish, Health divine, And Spring's bright graces 'round thee shine. If thou art absent, none can be Partakers of felicity.</p>
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Mrs Bailey's version is excellent—far superior to some sent us by "bearded men." But our fair contributor must not be annoyed by the epithet *πρεσβύστα*—no—not even were we to apply it to her honoured self,—for Homer constantly applies it, in the positive—to the Queen of Heaven. "*Ἥδῃ πρεσβύτα θεῶν θυγατὴρ μεγάλῃσιν Κρονίῳ*,"—and, the superlative—*πρεσβύστα*—is given to Juno by Homer in his Hymn. No doubt it originally expresses age. But Hesychius says rightly, that *πρεσβύτα* may be interpreted either according to time or honour—*ἢ κατὰ τὸν χρόνον, ἢ κατὰ τὴν τιμὴν*. It is often applied to *αἰετὸς*, and means *εὐτιμὸς* or *σεμνὴ*. To a young unmarried human virgin we should be sorry to see it applied; but the oldest of the immortal Furies has been called *πρεσβύτα Εὐμνυμον*, and we should be glad to see the words applied to more than one Fright and Fury now in our eye of mortal race. Age to us poor sons and daughters of a day is dismal—it does indeed make us weird men and women—hounds and hags—infirm and foul—all unlovely and unloving—fit food for the maw of the grave. But not so dealth age with the denizens of the Empyrean. The oldest are the most august—nor are they the least beautiful. Ariphron in that light saw Health. She is older than Chronos—coeval with Eternity. She is the Law—the Spirit of the Universe.

She doth preserve the stars from wrong,
And the eternal heavens through her are fresh and strong.

For the benefit of those ladies who, unlike Mrs Bailey, have no Greek, we translate into prose and verse the lines of the Pseudo-Orpheus. But Mrs B. will pardon us for being of opinion that many other epithets might be, and have been, legitimately applied to Health by the Greek poets.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Desirable, lovely, causing-all-to-flourish, queen of all,
 Hear me, blessed Health, wealth-bringing, universal mother,
 For by thy means diseases decay among mortals,
 And for thy sake, every house, producing-great-delight, blooms,
 And arts are in perfection; and the world longs for thee, O Princess,
 And Pluto, the life-destroyer, alone hates thee ever.

IN VERSE BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Lovely, beloved, wealth-bringing, blest, thou sovereign-Queen of all,
 All-vivifying parent, Health, Oh! hear me when I call
 On thee, by whom diseases dire 'mong human kind decay;
 And by thy means the flowers of bliss bloom in our homes alway.
 Oh, Queen! thou source of perfect art, thee every one adores,
 And life-destroying Dis alone for ever thee abhors.

Very beautiful, we thought, was the Heliodora of Orieiensis. And here is a letter from (we hardly can err in calling him so) that benign pastor.

DEAR SIR,—The extreme kindness of your manner of noticing my version of Meleager's Elegy, has afforded me the gratification which we all feel at receiving commendation from those who are worthy of bestowing it. You have expressed a wish to receive other versions of the Ode to Health. I subjoin one: it is a fit subject for an invalid who finds his best earthly pleasures in these enchanting studies. I admit I am not satisfied with my translation, and if you suppress it, shall only feel strict justice administered.—Faithfully yours,

Orieiensis.

Chief among the Heaven-blest!
 Health! with thee be't mine to rest,
 And find thee, as life wears away,
 Of full free-will prolong thy stay;
 For, be it gold we covet most,
 Or children, or the godlike boast
 Of royal rule, or soft desire
 Which Aphrodite's toils inspire,

Or any other joy that's given,
 Or breathing time from woes by Heaven,
 With thee, blest Health, they flourish
 all,
 And pleasure's spring awaits thy call,
 Without thy smile his lot to bless,
 No mortal can taste happiness.

We find we shall have room but for one short letter more, so we give another dozen of versions without the epistles.

SIR,—I have been much pleased with your papers on the Greek Anthology, and I take the liberty of handing you, as an acknowledgment, a version of the Ilyion to Health. Possibly you may not think it worth insertion—if so, I shall not quarrel with you, but shall be glad to see a better one in its place. I have chiefly availed myself of your literal translation, (in which, by the by, the printers have dropped a line); for I am ashamed to say of my Greek, that it is something like Dr Johnson's estate in Yorkshire.—Believe me, sir, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

NEMO.

BY NEMO.

Hygeia, most revered of Heaven!
 Be it my lot to dwell with thee;
 And, while the breath of life is given,
 My willing guest and helpmate be.

If wealth or offspring Heaven bestows,
 Or godlike gift of kingly reign,
 Or furtive pleasures, such as those
 We strive in Venus' lap to gain—

Each calm, each solace, each delight,
 To thee, blest goddess, owes its bloom;
 With thee the Spring is doubly bright,
 Without thee joy were lost in gloom.

W. D. B. (BRISTOL.)

Of all th' immortal gods above,
 Health! worthiest thou of mortal love!
 Of thee, I ask, while life shall be,
 That thou wilt deign to dwell with me.
 From thee are offspring, wealth and
 power,
 The pleasures of the furtive hour,
 When lovers meet; all other joy
 That serves the hopes of man to buoy,

When, casting off his toil and care,
 He takes the gifts the Gods prepare.
 With thee they bloom, with thee they
 shine,
 In all the wreaths the Graces twine;
 And ever happy shall he be,
 Blest Health! the man who dwells with
 thee!

D. V. TRIN. (OIL. CANTAB.)

Health! thou bright inmate of the sky,
 Be thou henceforth for ever nigh;
 A cheerful visitant to one
 Whose sands of life will soon be run.
 For all the pleasure that may spring
 From childrer, or that wealth can bring—
 The envied luxuries that wait
 Attendant on a sceptred state,—
 The joys of love, which oft we share
 Tangled in Aphrodite's snare,—

All that kind Heaven can bestow
 To calm man's trouble, soothe his woe—
 All, happy spirit, blossom fair
 Within thy presence—'neath thy care.
 Pleasure's sweet Spring around thee
 showers
 Her loveliest wreaths, her fairest flowers.
 But when thou'rt absent, all is gone
 That earthly joy doth rest upon.

J. L.

Hygeia! of the immortal blest
 Most honour'd! let me be
 The remnant of my days with thee,
 My willing fellow guest!
 For, if there be delight in wealth,
 Or joy in hopeful progeny,
 Or pride in kingly sovereignty
 That equals men to gods above,
 Or raptures in the hidden sweets of love,
 Pursued by stealth,

Or aught beside kind Heaven vouchsafes
 to spare
 Of pleasure, or relief from care,
 All, blest Hygeia, bloom with thee—
 with thee
 'The springtide of the Graces joyously
 Shines forth—and life hath nought without
 thee good or fair.

Health! whom of Gods we most revere,
 Give me with thee, great Goddess, give
 The remnant of my days to live—
 With me a willing guest for ever stay!
 Can wealth delight, or children dear,
 Or royalty's high sway,
 That equals men with Gods above,
 Or soft desires that in the toils of love
 We capture furtively.

Or aught besides kind Powers for men
 ordain
 Of pleasure, or relief from pain?
 With thee, blest Health! they bloom—
 with thee
 'The spring tide of the Graces brightly
 glows,
 And without thee no man on earth true
 blessings knows.

T. S.

Health! fairest of immortals!
 With thee I long to rest.
 Be thou, through life's remainder
 With me a willing guest.

For if ought please in riches,
 In childrer, or in love,
 Or power, which renders equal
 Man to the Gods above;

If ought besides to mortals
 Of bliss the Gods have shewn,
 With thee! all, all are blooming—
 Without thee, joy is gone.

MORE PARAPHRASTICALLY. T. S.

Health, fairest of the immortal race!
 Come from the blissful seats of rest,
 And deign, through life's untrodden space,
 To be my constant guest.

Should children bless my path, or wealth
 In golden tides before me roll,
 Thy touch alone, immortal health,
 Can make them charm the soul.

Should kingly power deck my brow,
 My fame through heaven and earth be
 spread,
 Or all that mortals prize below,
 Be shower'd upon my head—

With thee Spring blooms in verdant
 green,
 And clothes with joy life's dreary plains;
 Without thee, misery mars the scene,
 And leafless winter reigns.

FITZJAMES T. PRICE (HEREFORD.)

Alma Salus, Superùm dea laudatissima Divùm !
 Quod superest vitæ tecum habitare velim;
 At mihi consortem tua te ferat esse voluntas;
 Nam si quæ pueri gaudia opesque ferunt,
 Imperiumque viris habitum regale beatum,
 Occulto aut Veneris compede captus amo;
 Deliciaeæ alie, vel lenimenta laborum
 Numina quæ Divùm grata dedere viris:
 Tecum cuncta vigent: Charitum et ver lucet amœnum,
 Alma Salus, tecum; te sine nemo valet.

FITZJAMES T. PRICE (HEREFORD.)

Hygeia, of the blessed Gods most dear,
 Vouchsafe, I pray, that I may dwell with thee!
 And, for what term of life remains to me,
 Be thou the glad partaker of my cheer.
 For it in wealth or children joy appear,
 Or (that which maketh men like gods to be)
 In kingly rule, which lesser men revere,
 Or in the loves which so intently we
 Strive for with Aphrodité's secret wiles,
 Or if the Gods above to men have given
 Other delights, or e'en a truce to toils,
 With thee, Hygeia, all of them have thriven!
 With thee the Graces' lovely spring-time smiles;
 And without thee no bliss is under Heaven.

GEORGE J. A. DRAKE (KIRKTHORPE.)

Tecum, Nympha Hygeia, magis veneranda Deorum,
 Sit mihi perpetuas consociare vires—
 Oh læta advenias et non invita sodales
 Dum manet exigui temporis hora mei!
 Quidquid honoratum mortalibus, aut quid amœnum
 Plurima progenies, divitiæque ferunt—
 Er, Superis æquans homines, sceptri aurea fama,
 Et furtim Idaliæ præda petita Deæ—
 Altera vel quævis, cœlestia dona, voluptas,
 Curarum et miseris percipienda quies—
 Omnia tecum habitant hæc, felicissima Nympha,
 Vere novo tecum deliciosa virent.
 Auspicioque tuo tantum mortalibus instat
 Gratia purpureos luxuriare dies.

GEORGE J. A. DRAKE (KIRKTHORPE.)

Health ' of th' Immortals most caress'd,	What other pleasures Heaven bestows,
Would that my life with thee were blest!	Whatever respite from our woes—
It for the remnant that I live,	All bloom with thee, blest Health! the
Thy free companionship thou'lt give.	Spring
In opulence when men find grace,	Of love and pleasure thou dost bring.
When honour in a goodly race,	No earth-born man e'er yet was blest
It, happy as the Gods, they seize	Without thee, Goddess most caress'd!
Imperial sceptres when they please,	
Or if in Venus' secret toils	
They capture love's forbidden spoils,—	

J. E. BODE. (CHARTERHOUSE.)

Alma Salus, superos inter sanctissima, tecum
 Sit mihi vitæ degere quod superest.
 Tuque volens in tecta veni; nam siquid amœni
 Divitiæ, siquid pignora amoris habent,
 Regis honos siquid, superisque æquata potestas,
 Aut dolus, et Paphiæ dulcia furta Deæ,
 Sive alia humanis dantur bona muneris votis,
 Si requies curæ, si medicina mali,

Alma Salus tecum surgunt, tecumque virescunt,
Tecum agitat nitidos Gratia verna choros.
Omnia tu tecum mortalibus optima præbes,
Teque carens felix vivere nemo potest.

J. E. BODE. (CHARTERHOUSE.)

Oh! honour'd most of heav'nly pow'rs!	Or if there be a sweet delight
Health, be it mine to dwell with thee,	In furtive toils of Aphrodite,
To pass with thee life's closing hours,	With thee, sweet Health, they burst to
Nor thou my partner scorn to be.	light,
For, oh! whate'er of joy we prove	With thee the Graces' spring is bright;
In coffer'd gold, in children's love,	Each charm with thee conspires to bless—
Or regal power, and state that vies	Without thee—where is happiness?
E'en with th' immortal dei ties;	

No room now for criticism—so farewell one and all—kind correspondents! And as for one month we intend being “hid in our vacant interlunar cave,” be busy all as bees for our sakes; nor idle our four elegant Latinists. On the 10th of October the doors of the Treasury will be shut, that we may prepare for our issues on the 1st of November. Till then they will be wide open every lawful day.

*** “One bumper at parting” with Danaë. Looking to the sense merely of the verse in that fragment, *Οἷοι ἐλχὼ τόνου, σὺ δ' ἀναστεις γαλαζίνου τ'*, &c., in the words *γαλαζίνου τ' πτόου*, we miss that contrast with *οἷον ἐλχὼ τόνου*, which we think the Greek poet wished to express. Translate *γαλαζίνου* in whatever manner you please: refer it to whomsoever, or whatsoever you please—mother or child; or mother's or child's *breast* or *heart*, there is something wanting to stand opposite to *οἷον ἐλχὼ τόνου*, and yet it is manifest that the poet is here contrasting the child's innocent, unsuspecting, quiet, *calm*, undisturbed state of mind with his and her lamentable and awful situation, while this contrast is not forcibly brought out by the word *γαλαζίνου*. Chiefly on this ground we propose to read *γαλαζία*, which seems admissible in this metre, and which would give an excellent sense agreeing with the rest:

What suffering is mine! but thou sleepest, ay, with a calm breast
Dost thou slumber in thy cheerless mansion.

We find that *γαλαζίνου* has given much trouble to every translator, so nobody ought to be sorry to part with it. It would, we are sure, be much easier to accumulate a hundred critical objections to it, than to translate it elegantly.

The next line, we think, is not so difficult to understand, but excessively difficult to translate. We no longer doubt that *αὐτὸν ἐλχὼ τόνου* is a poetic amplification and exaggeration of the preceding *γαλαζία*; *i. e.* that the poet meant to say that the ark was *night-glimmering*, and partly, perhaps, because it was brass-nailed; but *night-glimmering* is here added as descriptive of Danaë's melancholy situation. *Cat's-eye-glimmer* of light in total darkness is very melancholy, and the contemplative Greek would not even overlook this morsel of misery in describing what agitated a female bosom. It is possible, too, that he meant the ark had become phosphorescent in the sea, but small sparks of phosphorescent light are exquisitely spectre-like and melancholy. The former supposition, however, appears more probable, but still moonlight or starlight, or some other light, is required to make the brass nails glimmer. Danaë and her child were not in a bed-and-table-linen chest. It let in some light and some air; and Simonides *saw* the pair “now in glimmer and now in gloom.” Why call the cloaklet purple, unless its colour was visible? “O thou beautiful countenance!” ’Twas a curious chest truly; and was safely landed on the shore at last after that dim and dismal voyage.

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No. CCXIII

OCTOBER, 1833.

VOL. XXXIV.

PART I.

Contents.

MORNING MONOLOGUES. BY AN EARLY RISER. NO. I.	429
THE FALSE MEDIUM.	440
WHO IS BORN? BY THE LATE WILLIAM GODWIN, JUN.,	469
WHO IS DEAD? BY THE SAME,	477
EDMUND BURKE. PART V.	485
BARBADOES. A POEM. BY M. J. CHAPMAN,	503
THE SKETCHER. NO. IV.	529
NIGHTS AT MESS. CHAP. V.	541
AMERICA. NO. II.	548

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PART I.

MORNING MONOLOGUES. BY AN EARLY RISER.

NO. I.

KNOWLEDGE is Power. So is Talent—so is Genius—so is Virtue. Which is the greatest? It might seem hard to tell; but united, they go forth conquering and to conquer. Nor is that union rare. Kindred in nature, they love to dwell together in the same “palace of the soul.” Remember Milton. But too often they are disunited; and then, though still Powers, they are but feeble, and their defeats are frequent as their triumphs. What! is it so even with Virtue? It is, and it is not. Virtue may reign without the support of Talent and Genius; but her counsellor is Conscience, and what is Conscience but Reason rich by birthright in knowledge directly derived from the heaven of heavens beyond all the stars?

And may Genius and Talent indeed be, conceive, and execute, without the support of Virtue? You will find that question answered in the following lines, which deserve the name of philosophical poetry—and are divine.

Talents, 'tis true, quick, various, bright,
has God

To Virtue oft denied, on Vice bestow'd;
Just as fond Nature lovelier colours brings
To deck the insect's, than the eagle's
wings.

VOL. XXXIV. NO. CCXIII.

But then of man the high-born nobler
part,
The ethereal energies that touch the heart,
Creative Fancy, labouring Thought intense,
Imagination's wild magnificence,
And all the dread sublimities of Song—
These, Virtue! these, to Thee alone belong!

Such is the natural constitution of humanity; and in the happiest state of social life, all its noblest Faculties would bear legitimate sway, each in its own province, within the spirit's ample domains. There, Genius would be honoured; and Poetry another name for religion. But to such a state there can, under the most favouring skies, be no more than an approximation; and the time never was, when Virtue suffered no persecution, Honour no shame, Genius no neglect, nor fetters were not imposed by tyrannous power on the feet of the free. The age of Homer, the age of Solon, the age of Pericles, the age of Numa, the age of Augustus, the age of Alfred, the age of Leo, the age of Elizabeth, the age of Anne, the age of Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron, have they not been all bright and great ages? Yet had they been faithfully chronicled, over the misery and

madness of how many despairing spirits fraught with heavenly fire, might we not have been called to pour forth our unavailing indignations and griefs!

Under despotic governments, again, such as have sunk deep their roots into Oriental soils, and beneath Oriental skies prosperously expanded their long-enduring unbrage, where might is right, and submission virtue, noble-minded men—for sake of that peace which is ever dearest to the human heart, and if it descend not a glad and gracious gift from heaven, will yet not ungratefully be accepted, when breathed somewhat sadly from the quieted bosom of earth by tyranny saved from trouble—have submitted, almost without mourning, to sing “many a lovely lay,” that perished like the flowers around them, in praise of the Power at whose footstool they “stooped their anointed heads as low as death.” Even then has Genius been honoured, because though it ceased to be august, still it was beautiful; it seemed to change fetters of iron into bands of roses; and to halo with a glory the brows of slaves. The wine-cup mantled in its light; and Love forgot in the bower Poetry built for bliss, that the bride might be torn from the bridegroom’s bosom on her bridal night by a tyrant’s lust. Even there Genius was happy, and diffused happiness; at its bidding was heard pipe, tabor, and dulcimer; and to its lips “warbling melody” life floated by, in the midst of all oppression, a not undelightful dream!

But how has it been with us in our Green Island of the West? Some people are afraid of revolutions. Heaven pity them! we have had a hundred since the Roman bridged our rivers, and led his high-ways over our mountains. And what the worse have we been of being thus revolved? We are no radicals; but we dearly love a revolution—like that of the stars. No two nights are the heavens the same—all the luminaries are revolving to the music of their own spheres—look, we beseech you, on that new-risen star. He is elected by universal suffrage—a glorious representative of a million lesser lights—and on dissolution of that Parliament—how silent but how elo-

quent—he is sure of his return. Why, we should dearly love the late revolution we have seen below—it is no longer called Reform—were it to fling up to free light from fettered darkness a few fine bold original spirits who might give the whole world a new character, and a more majestic aspect to crouching life. But we look abroad and see strutting to and fro the sons of little men blown up with vanity, in a land where tradition not yet old tells of a race of giants. We are ashamed of ourselves to think we feared the throes of the times, seeing not portentous but pitiable births. Brush these away; and let us think of the great dead—let us look on the great living—and strong in memory and hope, be confident in the cause of Freedom. “Great men *have been* among us—better none;” and can it be said that *now* there is “a want of books and men,” or that those we have, are mere dwarfs and duodecimos? Is there no energy, no spirit of adventure and enterprise, no passion in the character of our country? Has not wide over earth

“England sent her men, of men the chief,
To plant the Tree of Life, to plant fair
Freedom’s Tree?”

Has not she, the Heart of Europe and the Queen, kindled America into life, and raised up in the New World a power to balance the Old, star steadying star in their unconflicting courses? You can scarce see her shores for ships; her inland groves are crested with towers and temples; and mists brooding at intervals over her far-extended plains, tell of towns and cities, their hum unheard by the gazer from her glorious hills. Of such a land it would need a gifted eye to look into all that is passing within the mighty heart; but it needs no gifted eye, no gifted ear, to see and hear there the glare and the groaning of great anguish, as of lurid breakers tumbling in and out of the caves of the sea. But is it or is it not a land where all the faculties of the soul are free as they ever were since the Fall? Grant that there are tremendous abuses in all departments of public and private life; that rulers and legislators have often been as deaf to the “still small voice” as to the cry of the million; that they

whom they have ruled and for whom they have legislated often so unwisely or wickedly, have been as often untrue to themselves, and in self-imposed idolatry

"Have bowed their knees
To despicable gods ;"

Yet base, blind and deaf (and better dumb) must be he who would deny, that here Genius has had, and now has her noblest triumphs ; that Poetry has here kindled purer fires on loftier altars than ever sent up their incense to Grecian skies ; that Philosophy has sounded depths in which her torch was not extinguished, but, though bright, could pierce not the "heart of the mystery" into which it sent some faint illuminations ; that Virtue here has had chosen champions victorious in their martyrdom ; and Religion her ministers and her servants not unworthy of her whose title is from heaven.

Causes there have been, are, and ever will be, why often, even here, the very highest faculties "rot in cold obstruction." But in all the ordinary affairs of life, have not the best the best chance to win the day ? Who, in general, achieve competence, wealth, splendour, magnificence in their condition as citizens ? The feeble, the ignorant, and the base, or the strong, the instructed, and the bold ? Would you, at the offstart, back mediocrity with alien influence, against high talent with none but its own—the native "might that slumbers in a peasant's arm," or, nobler far, that which neither sleeps nor slumbers in a peasant's heart ? There is something abhorrent from every sentiment in man's breast to see, as we too often do, imbecility advanced to high places by the mere accident of high birth. But how our hearts warm within us to behold the base-born, if in Britain we may use the word, by virtue of their own irresistible energies, taking precedence, rightful and gladly-granted, of the blood of kings ! Yet we have heard it whispered, insinuated, surmised, spoken, vociferated, howled, and roared in a voice of small-beer-souring thunder, that Church and State, Army and Navy, are all officered by the influence of the Back-stairs—that few or none but blockheads, by

means of brass only, mount from the Bar which they have disturbed to that Bench which they disgrace ; and that mankind intrust the cure of all diseases their flesh is heir to, to the exclusive care of every here and there a handful of old women.

Whether overstocked or not, 'twould be hard to say, but all professions are full—from that of Peer to that of Beggar. To live is the most many of us can do. Why then complain ? Men should not complain when it is their duty as men to work. Silence need not be sullen—but better sullenness than all this outrageous outcry, as if words the winds scatter, were to drop into the soil and grow up grain. Processions ! is this a time for full-grown men in holiday shows to play the part of children ? If they desire advancement, let them, like their betters, turn to and work. All men worth mentioning in this country belong to the working classes. What seated Thurlow, and Wedderburne, and Scott, and Erskine, and Gifford, and Copley, and Brougham on the woolsack ? Work. What made Wellington ? For seven years war all over Spain, and finally at Waterloo — work—bloody and glorious work.

Yet still the patriot cry is of insectures. Let the few sluggards that possess but cannot enjoy them, doze away on them till sinecures and sinecurists drop into the dust. Shall such creatures disturb the equanimity of the magnanimous working classes of England ? True to themselves, in life's great relations, they need not grudge, for a little while longer, the paupers a few paltry pence out of their earnings, for they know a sure and silent death-blow has been struck against that order of things by the sense of the land, and that all who receive wages must henceforth work. All along that has been the rule—these are the exceptions—or say that has been the law—these are its revolutions. Let there be high rewards, and none grudge them—in honour and gold, for high work. And men of high talents—never extinct—will reach up their hands and seize them, amidst the acclamations of a people who have ever taken pride in a great ambition. If the competition is to be in future more open than ever, to know it is so will rejoice

the souls of all who are not slaves. But clear the course! Let not the crowd rush in—for by doing so, they will bring down the racers, and be themselves trampled to death.

Now we say that the race is—if not always—ninety-nine times in a hundred—to the swift, and the battle to the strong. We may have been fortunate in our naval and military friends, but we cannot charge our memory with a single consummate ass holding a distinguished rank in either service. That such consummate asses are in both, we have been credibly informed, and believe it; and we have sometimes almost imagined that we heard their bray at no great distance, and the flapping of their ears. Poor creatures enough do rise by seniority or purchase, or if any body know how else, we do not; and such will be the case to the end of the chapter of human accidents. But merit not only makes the man, but the officer on shore and at sea. They are as noble and discontented a set of fellows all as ever boarded or stormed; and they will continue so, not till some change in the Admiralty, or at the Horseguards, for Sir James Grahame does his duty, and so does Lord Hill; but till a change in humanity, for 'tis more than Adam did, and we attribute whatever may be amiss or awry, chiefly to the Fall. Let the radicals set poor human nature on her legs again, and what would become of *the* French service there is no rising at all but by merit; but there is also much running away; not in a disgraceful style, for our natural enemies, and artificial friends, are a brave race, but in mere indignation and disgust to see troops so shamefully ill-officered as ours, which it would be a disgrace to look in the face on the field, either in column or line. Therefore they never stand a charge, but are off in legions of honour, eagles and all, before troops that have been so uniformly flogged from time immemorial, as to have no other name but raw lobsters, led on by officers all shivering or henumbed under the "cold shade of aristocracy," like Picton and Pack.

We once thought of going ourselves to the English Bar, but were dissuaded from doing so by some judicious friends, who assured us

we should only be throwing away our great talents, and unexampled eloquence, for that success depended solely on interest, and we had none we knew of, either in high places or in low, and had then never seen an attorney. We wept for the fate of many dear friends in wigs, and made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. On our return from Palestine and other foreign parts, behold them all bending under briefs, bound by retaining fees, or like game-hawks, wheeling in airy circuits over the rural provinces, and pouncing down on their prey, away to their cyries with talon-falls, which they devoured at their luxurious leisure, untroubled by any cal-low young! They now compose the Bench.

Ere we set off for Salem, we had had thoughts of entering the Church, and of becoming Bishops. But 'twas necessary, we were told, first to be tutor to a lord. That, in our pride, we could not stomach; but if ours had not been the sin by which Satan fell, where now had been the excellent Howley? All our habits in youth led us to associate much with intending divines. A few of them are still curates; but 'twere vain to try to count the vicars, rectors, canons, deans, archdeacons, and bishops, with whom, when we were all under-graduates together at Oxford, we used to do nothing but read Greek all day, and Latin all night. Yet you hear nothing but abuse of such a Church! and are told to look at the Dissenters. We do look at them, and an uglier set we never saw; not one in a hundred, in his grimness, a gentleman. Not a single scholar have they got to shew, and now that Hall is mute, not one orator. Their divinity is of the dust—and their discourses dry bones. Down with the old Universities—up with new. The old are not yet down, but the new are up; and how dazzling the contrast even to the purblind! You may hew down trees, but not towers; and Granta and Rhedicyna will shew their temples to the sun, ages after such structures have become hospitals. They enlighten the land. Beloved are they by all the gentlemen of England. Even the plucked think of them with tears of filial reverence, and having renewed their plumage, clap

their wings and crow defiance to all their foes. A man, you say, can get there no education to fit him for life. Bah! Tell that to the marines. Now and then one meets a man eminent in a liberal profession, who has not been at any place that could easily be called a College. But the great streams of talent in England keep perpetually flowing from the gates of her glorious Universities—and he who would deny it in any mixed company of leading men in London, would only have to open his eyes in the hush that rebuked his folly, to feel that he was a Cockney, clever enough, perhaps, in his own small way, and the author of some sonnets, but even to his own feelings painfully out of place among men who had not studied at the Surrey.

We cannot say that we have any fears, this fine clear September morning, for the Church of England in England. In Ireland, deserted and betrayed, it has received a dilapidating shock. Fain would seven millions of “the finest people on the earth,” and likewise the most infatuated, who are so proud of the ver-

dure of their isle, that they love to make “the green one red,” see the entire edifice overthrown, not one stone left upon another, and its very name smothered in a smoky cloud of ascending dust. They have told us so in yells, over which has still been heard “the wolf’s long howl,” the savage cry of the O’Connell. And Ministers who pretend to be Protestants, and in reform have not yet declared against the Reformation, have tamely yielded, recreant from the truth, to ruffians who would pull down her holiest altars, and given up “pure religion, breathing household laws,” a sacrifice to superstition. But there is a power enshrined in England which no Government dare seek to desecrate—in the hearts of the good and wise, grateful to an establishment that has guarded Christianity from corruption, and is venerated by all the most enlightened spirits who conscientiously worship without its pale, and know that in the peaceful shadow of its strength repose their own humbler and untroubled altars. Let us sing aloud a high and holy strain!

“Hail to the Crown by Freedom shaped—to gird
An English Sovereign’s brow! and to the Throne
Whercon he sits! Whose deep Foundations lie
In veneration and the People’s love;
Whose steps are equity, whose seat is law.
—Hail to the State of England! And conjoin
With this a salutation as devout,
Made to the spiritual fabric of her Church;
Founded in truth; by blood of Martyrdom
Cemented; by the hands of Wisdom reared
In beauty of Holiness, with ordered pomp,
Decent, and unreprieved. The voice, that greets
The majesty of both, shall pray for both;
That, mutually protected and sustained,
They may endure as long as sea surrounds
This favoured Land, or sunshine warms her soil.
—And O, ye swelling hills, and spacious plains!
Bespent from shore to shore with steeple-towers,
And spires whose silent finger points to Heaven;
Nor wanting, at wide intervals, the bulk
Of ancient Minster, lifted above the cloud
Of the dense air, which town or city breeds
To intercept the sun’s glad beams—may ne’er
That true succession fail of English Hearts,
Who, with Ancestral feeling, can perceive
What in those holy Structures ye possess
Of ornamental interest, and the charm
Of pious sentiment diffused afar,
And human charity, and social love.
—Thus never shall the indignities of Time
Approach their reverend graces, unopposed;

Nor shall the Elements be free to hurt
 Their fair proportions; nor the blinder rage
 Of bigot zeal madly to overturn;
 And, if the desolating hand of war
 Spare them, they shall continue to bestow
 Upon the thronged abodes of busy Men
 (Depraved, and ever prone to fill their minds
 Exclusively with transitory things)
 An air and mien of dignified pursuit;
 Of sweet civility—on rustic wilds.
 —The Poet fostering for his native land
 Such hope, entreats that Servants may abound
 Of those pure Altars worthy; Ministers
 Detached from pleasure, to the love of gain
 Superior, insusceptible of pride,
 And by ambitious longings undisturbed;
 Men, whose delight is where their duty leads
 Or fixes them; whose least distinguished day
 Shines with some portion of that heavenly lustre
 Which makes the Sabbath lovely in the sight
 Of blessed Angels, pitying human cares.
 —And, as on earth it is the doom of Truth
 To be perpetually attacked by foes
 Open or covert, be that Priesthood still,
 For her defence, replenished with a Band
 Of strenuous Champions, in scholastic arts
 Thoroughly disciplined; nor (it in course
 Of the revolving World's disturbances
 Cause should recur, which righteous Heaven avert!
 To meet such trial) from their spiritual Sires
 Degenerate; who, constrained to wield the sword
 Of disputation, shrunk not, though assailed
 With hostile din, and combating in sight
 Of angry umpires, partial and unjust;
 And did, thereafter, bathe their hands in fire,
 So to declare the conscience satisfied:
 Nor for their bodies would accept release;
 But, blessing God and praising him, bequeathed,
 With their last breath, from out the smouldering flame,
 The faith which they by diligence had earned,
 Or, through illuminating grace, received,
 For their dear Countrymen, and all mankind.
 O high example, constancy divine!"

From *his* poetry to *our* prose what a fall to our own spirit! But the hymn is in our heart—and we carry the music with us, as we utter the language of common men in the light of the common day. We have been taking a cheerful—a hopeful view of our surrounding world, as it is enclosed within these our seas, whose ideal murmur seemed awhile to breathe in unison with that glorious song. We have been believing, that in this our native land, the road of merit is the road to success—say happiness. And is not the law the same in the world of Literature and the Fine Arts? Give a great genius any thing like fair play, and he will gain glory; nay, bread. True, he

may be before his age, and may have to create his worshippers. But how few such! And is it a disgrace to an age to produce a genius whose grandeur it cannot all at once comprehend? The works of genius are surely not often incomprehensible to the highest contemporary minds, and if they win their admiration, pity not the poor Poet. But pray syllable the living Poet's name who has had reason to complain of having fallen on evil days, or who is with "darkness and with danger compassed round." From humblest birth-places in the obscurest nooks frequently have we seen

"The fulgent head
 Star-bright appear;"

from unsuspected rest among the water-lilies of the mountain-mere the snow-white swan in full plumage soar into the sky. Hush! no nonsense about Wordsworth. "Far-off his coming shone;" and what if for a while men knew not whether 'twas some mirage-glimmer, or the dawning of a new "orb of song!"

We have heard rather too much even from that great poet about the deafness and blindness of the present time. No Time but the future, he avers, has ears or eyes for divine music and light! Was Homer in his own day obscure, or Shakspeare? But Heaven forbid we should force the bard into an argument; we allow him to sit undisturbed by us in the bower nature delighted to build for him, with small help from his own hands, at the dim end of that alley green, among lake-murmur and mountain-shadow, for ever haunted by ennobling visions. But we love and respect Present Time—partly, we confess, because he has shewn some little kindly feeling for ourselves, whereas we fear Future Time may forget us among many others of his worthy father's friends, and the name of Christopher North

"Die on his ears a faint unheeded sound."

But Present Time has not been unjust to William Wordsworth. Some small temporalities were so; imps running about the feet of Present Time, and sometimes making him stumble; but on raising his eyes from the ground, he saw something shining like an Apparition on the mountain top, and he hailed, and with a friendly voice, the advent of another true Poet of nature and of man.

We must know how to read that prophet, before we preach from any text in his book of revelations.

"We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness."

Why spoke he thus? Because a deep darkness had fallen upon him all alone in a mountain-cave, and he quaked before the mystery of man's troubled life.

"He thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in its pride;

Of him who walk'd in glory and in joy,
Following his plough upon the mountain side;"

and if they died miserably, "How may I perish!" But they wanted wisdom. Therefore the marvellous boy drank one bowl, drugged with sudden, and the glorious ploughman many bowls drugged with lingering death. If we must weep over the woes of Genius, let us know for whom we may rightly shed our tears. With one drop of ink you may write the names of all

"The mighty Poets in their misery dead."

Wordsworth wrote those lines, as we said, in the inspiration of a profound but not permanent melancholy; and they must not be profaned by being used as a quotation in defence of accusations against human society, which, in some lips, become accusations against Providence. The mighty Poets have been not only wiser, but happier than they knew; and what glory from heaven and earth was poured over their inward life, up to the very moment it darkened away into the gloom of the grave!

Many a sad and serious hour have we read D'Israeli, and many a lesson may all lovers of literature learn from his well-instructed books. But from the unhappy stories therein so feelingly and eloquently narrated, has many "a famous ape" drawn conclusions the very reverse of those which he himself leaves to be drawn by all minds possessed of any philosophy. Melancholy the moral of those moving tales; but we must look for it, not into the society that surrounds us, though on it too we must keep a watchful and, in spite of all its sins, a not irreverent eye, but into our own hearts. There lies the source of evil which some evil power perhaps without us stirs up, and it wells over in misery. Then fiercely turns the wretched first against "the world and the world's law," both sometimes iniquitous, and last of all against the rebellious spirit in his own breast, but for whose own innate corruption his moral being would have been victorious against all outward assaults, violent or insidious, "and to the end persisting safe arrived."

Many men of genius have died without their fame, and for their fate we may surely mourn, without calumniating our kind. It was their lot to die. Such was the will of God. Many such have come and gone, ere they knew themselves what they were; their brothers and sisters and friends knew it not; knew it not their fathers and their mothers; nor the village maidens on whose bosoms they laid their dying heads. Many, conscious of the divine flame, and visited by mysterious stirrings that would not let them rest, have like vernal wild-flowers withered, or been cut down like young trees in the first spring of leaf and blossom. Of this our mortal life what are these but beautiful cranishings! Such was our young Scottish Poet, Michael Bruce—a fine scholar, who taught a little wayside school, and died, a mere lad, of consumption. Loch-Leven Castle, where Mary Stuart was imprisoned, looks not more melancholy among the dim waters, for hers than for its Poet's sake! The linnet, in its joy among the yellow broom, sings not more sweetly than did he in his sadness, sitting beside his unopened grave, "one song that will never die," though the dirge but draw now and then a tear from some simple heart!

Now spring returns but not to me
returns

The vernal joy my better years have
known;

Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are
flown."

'To young Genius to die is often a great gain. The green leaf was almost hidden in blossoms, and the tree put forth beautiful promise. Cold winds blew, and clouds intercepted the sunshine; but it felt the dews of heaven, and kept flourishing fair even in the moonlight, drawing sweet sustenance from the stars. But would all these blossoms have been fruit? Many would have formed, but more perhaps dropt in unperceived decay, and the tree which "all eyes that looked on loved," might not have been the pride of the garden. Death could not permit the chance of such disappointment, stepped kindly in, and left the spring-

dream "sweet but mournful to the soul," among its half-fancied memories. Such was the fate, perhaps, of Henry Kirke White. His fine moral and intellectual being was not left to pine away neglected, and if in gratitude and ambition, twin-births in that noble heart, he laid down his life for sake of the lore he loved, let us lament the dead with no passionate ejaculations over injustice by none committed, console ourselves with the thought in no ways unkind to his merits, that he died in a mild bright spring that might have been succeeded by no very glorious summer, and that fading away as he did among the tears of the good and great, his memory has been embalmed, not only in his own gentle inspirations, but in the immortal eulogy of Southey. But alas! many thus endowed by nature, "have waged with fortune an unequal war;" and pining away in poverty and disappointment, have died broken-hearted—and been buried—some in unhonoured—some even in unwept graves! And how many have had a far more dismal lot, because their life was not so innocent! The children of misfortune, but of error too, of frailty, vice, and sin. Once gone astray, with much to tempt them on, and no voice, no hand, to draw them back, theirs has been at first a flowery descent to death, but soon sorely beset with thorns lacerating the friendless wretches, till, with shame and remorse their sole attendants, they have tottered into uncoffin'd holes and found peace.

With sorrows and sufferings like these, it would be hardly fair to blame society at large for having little or no sympathy; for they are, in the most affecting cases, borne in silence, and are unknown even to the generous and humane in their own neighbourhood, who might have done something or much to afford encouragement or relief. Nor has Charity always neglected those who so well deserved her open hand, and in their virtuous poverty might, without abatement of honourable pride in themselves, have accepted silent succour to silent distress. Pity that her blessings should be so often intercepted by worthless applicants, on their way, it may be said, to the magnanimous who have not applied at all, but spoken to her

heart in a silent language, which was not meant even to express the penury it betrayed. But we shall never believe that dew twice blessed seldom descends, in such a land as ours, on the noble young head that else had sunk like a chance flower in some dank shade, left to wither among weeds. We almost venture to say, that much of such unpitied, because often unsuspected, suffering, cannot cease to be without a change in the moral government of the world.

Nor has Genius a right to claim from Conscience what is due but to Virtue. None who love humanity can wish to speak harshly of its mere frailties or errors—but none who revere morality can allow privilege to its sins. All who sin suffer, with or without genius; and we are nowhere taught in the New Testament, that remorse in its agony, and penitence in its sorrow, visit men's imaginations only; but whatever way they enter, their rueful dwelling is in the heart. Poets shed no bitterer tears than ordinary men; and Fontenelle finely shewed us, in one of his late little essays, clear as wells and deep as tarns, that so far from there being any thing in the constitution of genius naturally kindred either to vice or misery, it is framed of light and love and happiness, and that its sins and sufferings come not from the spirit but from the flesh. Yet is its flesh as firm, and perhaps somewhat finer than that of the common clay, but still it is clay, for all men are dust.

But what if they who, on the ground of genius, claim exemption from our blame, and inclusion within our sympathies, even when seen suffering from their own sins, have no genius at all, but are mere ordinary men, and but for the fumes of some physical excitement, which they mistake for the airs of inspiration, are absolutely stupider than people generally go, and even without any tolerable abilities for alphabetical education. Many such run versifying about, and will not try to settle down into any easy sedentary trade, till getting thirsty through perpetual perspiration, they take to drinking, come to you with subscription-papers for poetry, with a cock in their eye that tells of low tippling-houses, and accepting your half-crown, slan-

der you when melting it in the purring purloins of their own donkey-browed Parnassus.

Can this age be fairly charged—we speak of England and Scotland—with a shameful indifference—or worse—a cruel scorn—or worse still—a barbarous persecution of young persons of humble birth, in whom there may appear a promise of talent, or of genius? Many are the scholars in whom their early benefactors have had reason to be proud of themselves, while they have been happy to send their sons to be instructed in the noblest lore, by men whose boyhood they had rescued from the darkness of despair, and clothed it with the warmth and light of hope. And were we to speak of endowments in schools and colleges, in which so many fine scholars have been brought up, from among the humbler classes, who but for them had been bred to some mean handicraft, we should shew better reason still for believing that moral and intellectual worth is not overlooked, or left to pine neglected in obscure places, as it is too much the fashion with a certain set of discontented declaimers to give out; but that in no other country has such provision been made for the meritorious children of the enlightened poor as in England. But we fear that the talent and the genius which, according to them, have been so often left or sent to beggary, to the great reproach even of our national character, have not been of a kind which a thoughtful humanity would in its benefactions have recognised; for it looks not with very hopeful eyes on mere irregular sallies of fancy, least of all when spurning prudence and propriety, and symptomatic of a mental constitution easily excited, but averse to labour, and insensible to the delight labour brings with it, when the faculties are all devoted to the steadfastness of purpose to the acquisition of knowledge and the attainment of truth.

'Tis not easy to know, seeing it is so difficult to define it, whether this or that youth who thinks he has genius, has it or not; the only proof he may have given of it is, perhaps, a few copies of verses which breathe the animal gladness of young life, and are tinged with tints of the beau-

tiful, which joy itself, more imaginative than it ever again will be, steals from the sunset; but sound sense, and judgment, and taste, which is sense and judgment of all finest feelings and thoughts, and the love of light dawning on the intellect, and ability to gather into knowledge facts near and from afar, till the mind sees systems, and in them understands the phenomena which, when looked at singly, perplexed the pleasure of the sight—these, and aptitudes and capacities and powers such as these, are indeed of promise, and more than promise; they are already performance, and justify in minds thus gifted, and in those who watch their workings, hopes of a wiser and happier future when the boy shall be a man.

Perhaps too much honour, rather than too little, has been shewn by this age to mediocre poetry and other works of fiction. A few gleams of genius have given some writers of little worth a considerable reputation; and great waxed the pride of poetasters. But true poetry burst in beauty over the land, and we became intolerant of "false glitter." Fresh sprang its flowers from the "diedal earth," or seemed, they were so surpassingly beautiful, as if spring had indeed descended from heaven, "veiled in a shower of shadowing roses;" and no longer could we suffer young gentlemen and ladies, treading among the profusion, to gather the glorious scatterings, and weaving them into fantastic or even tasteful garlands, to present them to us, as if they had been raised from the seed of their own genius, and entitled therefore "to bear their name in the wild woods." This flower-gathering, pretty pastime though it be, and altogether innocent, fell into disrepute; and then all such florists began to complain of being neglected, or despised, or persecuted, and their friends to lament over their fate, the fate of all genius, "in amorous ditties all a summer's day."

Besides the living poets of highest rank, are there not many whose claims to join the sacred band have been allowed, because their lips, too, have sometimes been touched with a fire from heaven? Second-rate indeed! Aye, well for those who are third, fourth, or fifth-rate—

knowing where sit Homer, Shakespeare, and Milton. Round about Parnassus run *many* parallel roads, with forests of "cedar and branching palm" between, overshadowing the sunshine on each magnificent level with a sense of something more sublime still nearer the forked summit; and each band, so that they be not ambitious overmuch, in their own region may wander or repose in grateful bliss. Thousands look up with envy from "the low-lying fields of the beautiful land" immediately without the line that goes wavingly asweep round the base of the holy mountain, separating it from the common earth. What clamour and what din from the excluded crowd! Many are heard there to whom nature has been kind, but they have not yet learned "to know themselves," or they would retire, but not afar off, and in silence adore. And so they do ere long, and are happy in the sight of "the beauty still more beauteous" revealed to their fine perceptions, though to them was not given the faculty that by combining in spiritual passion creates. But what has thither brought the self-deceived, who will not be convinced of their delusion, even were Homer or Milton's very self to frown on them with eyes no longer dim, but angry in their brightness like lowering stars?

But we must beware—perhaps too late—of growing unintelligible, and ask you, in plainer terms, if you do not think that by far the greatest number of all those who raise an outcry against the injustice of the world to men of genius, are persons of the meanest abilities, who have all their lives been foolishly fighting with their stars? Their demons have whispered to them not "have a taste," but "you have genius," and the world gives the demons the lie. Thence anger, spite, rancour, and envy eat their hearts, and they rail "against the Lord's anointed." They set up idols of clay, and fall down and worship them—or idols of brass, more worthless than clay; or they perversely, and in hatred, not in love, pretend reverence for the fair and Good, because, forsooth, placed by man's ingratitude too far in the shade, whereas man's pity has, in deep compassion, removed the

objects of their love, because of their imperfections not blameless, back in among the veiling shade, that their beauty might still be visible, while their deformities were hidden in "a dim religious light."

Let none of the sons or daughters of genius hearken to such outcry but with contempt—and at all times with suspicion, when they find themselves the objects of such lamentations. The world is not—at least does not wish to be an unkind, ungenerous, and unjust world. Many who think themselves neglected, are far more thought of than they suppose; just as many who imagine the world ringing with their name, are in the world's ears nearly anonymous. Only one edition or two of your poems have sold—but is it not pretty well that five hundred or a thousand copies have been read, or glanced over, or looked at, or skimmed, or skipped, or fondled, or petted, or tossed aside, "between malice and true love," by ten times that number of your fellow-creatures, not one of whom ever saw your face; while many millions of men, nearly your equals, and not a few millions your superiors far, have contentedly dropt into the grave, at the close of a long life, without having once "invoked the Muse," and who would have laughed in your face, had you talked to them, even in their greatest glee, about their genius?

There is a glen in the Highlands (dearly beloved Southrons, call on us, on your way through Edinburgh, and we shall delight to instruct you how to walk our mountains) called Glencro—very unlike Glenco. A good road winds up the steep ascent, and at the summit there is a stone-seat, on which you read "*Rest and*

be thankful." You do so—and are not a little proud—if pedestrians—of your achievement. Looking up you see cliffs high above your head, (not the Cobbler,) and in the clear sky, as far above them, a balanced Bird. You envy him his seemingly motionless wings, and wonder at his air-supporters. Down he darts, or aside he shoots, or right up he soars, and you wish you were an Eagle. You have reached Rest-and-be-thankful, yet rest you will not, and thankful you will not be, and you scorn the mean inscription, which many a worthier wayfarer has blessed, while sitting on that stone he has said "give us this day our daily bread," eat his crust, and then walked away contented down to Cairndow. Just so has it been with you sitting at your appointed place—pretty high up—on the road to the summit of the Biforked Hill. You look up and see Byron—there "sitting where you may not soar,"—and wish you were a great Poet. But you are no more a great Poet than an Eagle eight feet from wing-tip to wing-tip—and will not rest-and-be-thankful that you are a man and a Christian. Nay, you are more, an author of no mean repute; and your prose is allowed to be excellent, better far than the best paragraph in this our Morning Monologue. But you are sick of walking, and nothing will satisfy you but to fly. Be contented, as we are, with feet, and weep not for wings; and let us take comfort together from a cheering quotation from the philosophic Gray—

"For they that creep and they that fly,
Just end where they began!"

THE FALSE MEDIUM.*

Crowds of creatures have long been trying to squeeze themselves into our literature, with loud outcries about genius, who are not so much as Sumphs. For there is an air almost of originality about a Sumph; but these are mere blockheads without any surrounding atmosphere, just as if you could figure to yourself a number of pert images in hair-dressers' windows' collecting themselves together under leaders, and attempting to pass themselves off as—the Swell Mob.

Such a swell is he of the "False Medium." From his blundering familiarity with the affairs of the London theatres, one might suppose him a discarded scene-shifter or candle-snuffer—or one of those lads in livery, who, in great alarm, make their first appearance on any stage, amid much unprovoked laughter, and, perhaps, some orange peel, to carry off chairs and tables; and such probably was his original vocation; but from his intimate acquaintance with musicians of the lowest grade, and his utter ignorance of all those of the highest, whom, nevertheless, he hates, we should be inclined to think he plays one of the more easy and disagreeable instruments in the orchestra; were it not that he prates about painters and pictures, not so much in the style of an oilman as of an apprentice to a carver and gilder. Be his trade what it may, something has given him a craze—and he is, evidently, what in Scotland we should call—*no wice*. He frequently flushes in the face; a sort of smile plays about his mouth, and a sort of leer about his eyes; and when at his gravest, he will suddenly burst out laughing, as if he had found a mare's nest, or a plan for paying off the National Debt.

His malady seemed to us, at first, *delirium tremens*; but by and by we became assured that it was a case of Monomania well worthy the attention of Phrenologists. His craze is, that all

"superior" people—as he calls them—have lived and died miserably, and that none but blockheads have had a good bellyful since the day our first parents were driven from Paradise. This fact he not only establishes, but explains to his entire satisfaction; and so delighted indeed is he with his "Exposition," as manifestly to forget his own utter destitution of all the necessities of life, a state to which, in common with all superior people, he must, on his own theory, long ere now have been reduced, for he tells us that he has been in Mexico, and is well stricken in years.

His craze includes this kindred crotchet, that almost all those who have gained high reputation among their contemporaries, in literature, philosophy, or the arts, have been either persons of mediocre talents, or quacks. And the third crotchet in his craze is, that multitudes of persons of the most splendid genius "in all the departments of human knowledge" are for ever hopelessly excluded from the public by a "False Medium." On these three crotchets making one craze he harangues, occasionally with great vehemence, for upwards of 300 pages, shutting his eyes and his ears to all sights and sounds but those full of woe, blind and deaf to all that is seen and heard by the same, and now and then kindling in the cause of starving genius into a stark-staring martyr.

Let us not be accused of inhumanity in thus speaking of a person in his condition, for we are far from thinking his case hopeless, and propose a course of treatment which will, in all probability, far gone as he is, effect a partial cure. His more immediate friends have been much to blame in allowing him to be at large, nor is it any excuse for this omission, that hitherto he has been harmless; for there is no saying what turn the complaint may take; in place of strutting along, he may all at once jump over a bridge; nay, eschewing

* Exposition of the False Medium and Barriers excluding Men of Genius from the Public. London: Effingham Wilson. 1833.

suicide, he may indulge himself in murder. That would indeed be a sad practical "exposition of the False Medium and Barriers excluding Men of Genius from the Public;" and it is to prevent such a catastrophe that we sit down to compose this Article.

He must, without delay, be drenched with drastics—purged within an inch of his life, and nothing so safe as plain glauber salts. But previously he must be bled—cupped. Every Saturday night, for some months, a dozen fresh leeches must be applied to different parts of his body, and it is almost needless to say, that he must be kept on the lowest diet—such as sowens and small beer. The plunge must alternate with the shower-bath, so that he look like a drowned rat once every lawful day—Sunday being one of undisturbed repose.

But all will be of no avail, unless he be denied access to pen and ink. Even paper should as much as possible be withheld, and none allowed but whitey-brown. He alludes in his Exposition to the case of a "superior" person so poor that he could not afford to buy a pen, but supplied its place with a contrivance "painfully ridiculous." He is too cunning to let out the secret; but we suspect that great and "unrequited chief" made use of the slit paring of his big toe nail; therefore his feet must be deprived of the power of injuring his head, as well as of wearing out his worsted stockings, and of necessitating eternal darning, which ultimately is very expensive. Having plainly been bred a tailor, he may perhaps be occasionally permitted to stitch a bit; but that is doubtful; for such occupation may awaken mysterious memories; and certainly he must not be suffered to sit under a skylight.

Most medical men are of opinion that it is wrong to reason with the insane; and so it is in all cases where there is not the faintest glimmer of intelligence; but in such a case as this, there ought, in the treatment, to be a union of physical, moral, and intellectual means, and such, judiciously applied, will, we venture to predict, accomplish a cure, before the appearance of the second edition of that work which has been partly

the cause and partly the effect of the malady. We have heard it whispered that the patient has been subject to a more diversified disease; but as that under which he now labours is manifestly monomania, it should be dealt with as such, without any immediate reference to those many other kinds of mental disorder to which he may formerly have been a prey, were they Lunacy, Insanity, Mania, Frenzy, or a complication of those afflictions. It is possible he may be mad on many points; it is certain he is mad on one; to that one let the treatment recommended by the wise and humane be rigorously applied, and in part thereof, this Article. We would mildly reason with him on his delusion, hoping to help him to dispel it by the simple logic of the sane—to convince him that it is silly to be the slave of shadows, when he may be the master of substances—to persuade him by honied words that all the affairs of this world are not exclusively and permanently in the hands of idiots, but that even he himself may one day be successor to Lord Althorpe; and to shew our sincerity, we shall send him our October Number, with an invitation to our Noctes on the First Night of the New Year.

In the "exordium" to his "Statement of Facts," he says, "a common stone meets with more ready patronage than a man of genius." It may be said to have its social home and proper place of refuge in some society, expressly established for its discovery, polishing, classification, preservation, &c., and all its numerous claims to notice and learned consideration are admitted instantly, but genius is *sui generis* and a homeless outcast, by general consent, during the full term of its natural life." Does he not see that a "common stone" is as much *sui generis* as a "genius?" And where are societies for "discovering common stones?" Nowhere but in his own brain. The same thing may be said, at a venture, of societies for giving "a social home and proper place of refuge" to common stones—nay of societies "for polishing" them, which, when done at all, is always done by dishonest individuals, at their own expense and speculation, greatly to the loss of the public. Will he try to enumerate a

few of the "numerous claims to notice and learned consideration" so strenuously urged (and "instantly admitted") by common stones? The truth is, and thus considerably addressed, he will not, even in his monomania, refuse to admit it, that a common stone is "a homeless outcast by general consent during the full term of its natural life." Not so with genius, *sui generis* though it be—no—no—no. Let him look at our principal living poets. Is Wordsworth a homeless outcast by general consent during the term of his natural life? Not he—he is happy as the day is long at Rydal-Mount. Or Bowles in his Rectory at Bremhill? Or Rogers in his fairy palace, amid the din of London still as a *tohman* in a Highland wood? Or Barry Cornwall, taking tea by the light of an argand lamp, and attended by a lacquey-lad in green livery? Are they, or their compeers, "driven through the inhospitable desert of mortality, or tossed upon its bleak and stormy seas?" Sitting—one and all on easy chairs—or reclining on sofas, "in social homes and proper places of refuge," that might melt with envy the heart of the hardest "common stone" that ever was discovered, polished, classified, and preserved, by geological or mineralogical society, "instantly admitting its numerous claims to notice and learned consideration," at their annual commemorations in the full moon.

Well—you please us by giving up that crotchet—but what new drivell are you spattering now? "In vain, as relates to his own advantage, has a man made the most important discoveries in science; on the contrary, his reward has always been paid in persecution, and the current coin of calumny or ridicule. We have seen this conduct pursued towards the greatest astronomers; we have seen a similar patronage bestowed upon the chief promoters of original knowledge, in natural history, in medicine, in chemistry, in mechanics." Now, our dear sir, do not groan so grievously about Galileo. Though yourself a "superior person," a genius *sui generis*—would you not—come, be candid—and do not look proud as Pharaoh—would you not have lost all temper with Galileo, had he insisted on your believing,

contrary to the evidence of your senses, that the sun had from the beginning of time kept standing as still as a goose on one leg, and that the earth it was, the seemingly steadfast and immovable earth, in many places apparently flat as a pancake, yet all the while—oh! gay deceiver—a globe shaped like an orange—that kept rolling away round the said lazy sun at the rate of heaven knows how many thousand miles an hour, to the astonishment even of Mr Osbaldestone? The wonder is that people ever came to believe it at all. Yet believe it they do—though not one in a myriad, any more than yourself knows any thing about the matter, and takes all astronomy on trust. You must, even in your monomania, make allowances for our fallen nature, and not be so indignant with some monks for not immediately comprehending the solar system. Mankind do make mistakes, we cheerfully allow, and have been too often most mulish; but Sir Isaac Newton was not an object of universal contempt during his lifetime, nor, as far as we have heard, did that master of the mint, and assayer of the golden orbs of heaven, die of hunger. Chemists have not generally been poor men—Davy had a good income—Woollaston despised gold for sake of a more precious metal—and Hope is as generous as he is rich. Naturalists have rarely been needy men—Buffon wallowed in wealth—Cuvier was covered with honours in his independence—and Lacepede left behind him a Napoleon for every beetle—though a noted entomologist once told us that "his collection was of all collections in Europe the richest in clocks." But we are giving you a headache—so to make a long story short—do—our worthy patient—just do this for us, and we will do as much for you another time; just believe, that though not a few exceptions there have been and will be, the general rule has been and will be, that genius, in the physical sciences, brings to its possessors, honour, or wealth, or power, and that they have been happy in their illustrious lot. Groan not then for Galileo, "the starry Galileo and his woes;" let that one glorious line suffice. Byron saw him and them through no "False Medium," and

after that magnificent anathema, even you in your monomania must be mute. No more of your nonsense—sirrah—or, ay, 'tis the knout.

Do not be alarmed—'tis not the knout; you are staring through a "False Medium" on our silk pocket-handkerchief—not a "barrier excluding men of genius from the public." In this absurd volume of yours, sir, you take what you suppose a wide sweep, from Homer to George Colman. Who was Homer? You say he led a lingering death of famine. Why, Wolf and Payne Knight deny he ever existed, and that should be your consolation. But you must not, for all that, be permitted to pity Homer—no—nor Milton. What is this you say about Shakspeare? "Had Shakspeare been an epic poet, we should have been almost induced to believe that his banishment had been more especially affected to prove the consistency of Ignorance with respect to writers of that class. As it is, however, we have to conclude that he was outlawed, merely to make good the charter by virtue of which the highest genius is held, and as though to shew that the world's accustomed rule of conduct towards its most extraordinary benefactors could admit of *no* exception." Why, don't you know, sir, he absconded from Stratford, on account of having in a boyish frolic helped himself to one of Sir Thomas Lucy's fallow-deer? No great harm either in the prank or in the punishment; but, seriously, you must not be suffered in your monomania to philosophize after this foolish fashion about the "charter by virtue of which is held the highest genius," and "the world's accustomed rule of conduct towards its most extraordinary benefactors," but must be made to see, and on your knees acknowledge, that no benefaction is bestowed on the world by stealing a deer, or even a couple of ducks.

Our friend believes, then, that there are many men, now living, of great capabilities, quite unknown to the Public, who "can no more rise to notice than a sapling oak can get through a city pavement. There is a *false medium* between their hopes and a fair hearing; there is a *barrier* between an author's heart and the

Public, be his work of what merit soever, which nothing but an accidental contingency of wealth, rank, interest, &c. can surmount; sometimes, *not even these*, unless exercised to the highest degree. There is a regular commonplace turnpike to the first step on the high-road of Fame, the only toll for which is mediocrity." There never was an instance, he asserts, in the whole history of our literature, of a work of high merit having been at first accepted by any bookseller, except by Taylor and Hessey, who, in consequence of their singular sagacity, were not successful. The refusal of all "the most amiable and entertaining works, full of talent and beauty, and void of offence," must, he says, be "a regular rule—for surely it could not have been stupidity." The instant a publisher suspects, however slightly, that a work is "amiable and entertaining," he returns the manuscript, and shews the author the door. A list of rejected works now popular to the highest degree would, he says, be with few exceptions, "a black list of all the best works our literature possesses." Strange as this seems, there is one thing stranger still in "the conduct adopted by our publishers." Even when the "case is reduced to one of palpable business-like advantage," they will have nothing to do with it—they will not even be *bribed* into publishing "an amiable and entertaining work," but indignantly fling in the author's face a Bank of England note that might purchase the fee-simple of his carcass. This charge, so disgraceful to "our publishers," he substantiates by the following "amiable and entertaining" anecdote.

"A gentleman, about a twelvemonth since, having written what he conceived an original work, offered it to a publisher of respectability and capital, together with one hundred guineas—not as an advance, or with any view to its being refunded—but purely as a compliment to qualify his own want of sufficient literary reputation to justify the presumption of *producing* an original work. After due and minute consideration, the publisher, admitting quite as much merit and originality as the writer cared to hear from him, declined the offer. The author requested to know if there were any objections in a political, moral, or religious

point of view, as he was not aware of it himself? Was the title unfavourable, for if so, he would change it? 'Nothing of the kind: the great objection was the style, which was not like that of any other writer!' 'The very thing,' said the author, 'which, if it had not come naturally to me, I should have taken pains to produce. The public are literally gasping for something new, and for excitement. Besides, style is to matter, only what the frame is to the picture, or the contents of a box to the wood-work.' The publisher admitted this: still it was not the 'taste of the day—it ought to be re-written.' 'It is not the *définet* taste of the day,' represented the author; 'and that what you advocate is definer, is manifest by the present indifference of the public to works of a similar description, compared with their extraordinary request a few years since. It is novelty that is wanted, and craved for at all times—*now* especially—yet all novelties, no matter by what merit supported, have been refused at first by every purveyor to the public. It is prudence to act according to a set rule; it is a point of wisdom to know when to make a judgmental exception.' The publisher admitted all this, and a great deal more. The author challenged him to name a 'stock-book' of importance, which, as a first work, had not been rejected by all the publishers. 'He did not know that he could:—but the subject in question was only a manuscript!'

"The above individual having formed himself in solitude upon his own models and reflections, without any mechanical imitation of others, or identifying himself with any particular 'school,' and having been a steady and searching self-examiner for years, thought he might venture to send his work to a *second* publisher.

"He did so with the same pecuniary offer. The money was declined before the MS. was seen; 'the publisher not requiring any thing of the kind, if he liked the work,' (*verbatim*) and the latter was returned very soon after, the objection being doubtless of the same kind as before. It ought not to be omitted that the first publisher to whom he made the offer declined the money also, before the MS. was sent, and in nearly the same words.

"The gentleman stared a little; and if he was surprised at the second rejection of his work, he was no less so at the unhesitating generosity with which his pecuniary offer was politely waived in both instances. Thinking it however a somewhat hard case that his manuscript, possessing, as he believed, some merit and

originality, should be 'shelved' without a hearing, chiefly on account of its style (which, upon a fresh examination and comparison with that of others, he really could not find to be so uncouth and *outré*, as the antipathy manifested against it had almost led him to fear), he determined to supersede the difficulty without further delay, by making the sum adequate to the whole expense of print and paper. He accordingly offered the work to Mr M—— together with two hundred guineas, in a most unqualified manner, to be given on the instant, and without any after-consideration, whatever.

"The offer was politely declined, the work never having been seen. It only remains to add, that there was no personal prejudice on the part of any of these gentlemen against the writer: on the contrary perhaps.

"The above story is one of those which ought to end in some good joke. This is not impossible; but at present the only joke to be made of it is that of the MS. which the author, simple man, had fancied rather a lofty affair, being laid at full length among the cobwebs. The sum offered with it would have met all the most important expenses; there was no essential objection to the work, as disagreeably involving author, publisher, and public; and the connexion alone of all these publishers, especially the last, would have ensured their gain, probably to the same extent as the author had secured them against loss. The anecdote is merely given as a curiosity in the annals of the publishing business."

Our friend, from a want of moral courage we cannot sufficiently condemn, withholds the name of this infamous publisher; with a superabundance of another quality we find it hard to designate, he lays claim for himself to the credit of being the "gentleman" who offered the two hundred pounds to dissipate the "false medium" and remove the "barrier" by which he, a man of genius, had been "excluded from the Public." Some will think him a mean-spirited shabby fellow, to suppose that for such a paltry trifle any publisher would break through "a regular rule" on which he had acted all his life. His work must have been out of all measure and beyond all precedent "so amiable and entertaining," that it was not in flesh and blood to undertake publishing it under a cool thousand. Let him, however, even yet return to the

charge; but that he may be secured against repulse, first issue proposals for a subscription, circulating them through all the realm of Cockaigne, that the world may not be defrauded of his MAGNUM OPUS. We have no patience with the impertinence of the gentleman to whom he communicated his rebuffs—and are amazed at his own *time* reply. “The taste of the day, sir, is an imperative requisition, even if your production really contained any thing to entitle it to notice; but I can see no reason at present *why I should not thank you a fool!*” That is barely civil; but nothing can be more courteous, nay Christian, than the reply, “Granted.” He thinks he has here turned the laugh upon publisher and friend, and walks away with all the grandeur of the Glasgow Gander.

We live, he says, in strange times. He has already been led to devote more space to the sufferings of men of genius “than the conciseness of his plan ought to have permitted,” yet, with so wide a field, he “could easily have evaporated into the three usual volumes.” Here, however, we have him concentrated into one. Yet, culpable as are the character and conduct of publishers, they are angels of light in comparison with a MONSTER whom he forthwith sets himself to describe with a fervour and enthusiasm which could have been kindled within his bosom but by some sense of most aggravated wrong. “Notwithstanding all that has been said, and all that is well known, both by literary men in prominent stations, and by the public; notwithstanding the regular production of startling instances which we may trace from Homer downwards; notwithstanding all the palpable obligations of progressive centuries, whose light, while they flourished, was chiefly owing to such men, even as that light is entirely so which remains now that their empires have passed into dust; and notwithstanding the present march of intellect, assisted by nine thousand five hundred lawyers, &c.—*a man of the greatest genius is as liable to be starved as ever!*” The prime agent in this system of starvation is the MONSTER whom we shall allow him to describe—a demon in coloured clothes—who throws the Gentleman

in Black into the shade, and with his foul breath withers the whole literature of Britain.

“There is a ‘Secret in all trades,’—a ‘Skeleton in every house’—and every publisher has—his READER! Invisible behind his employer’s arras, the author’s unknown, unsuspected enemy, works to the sure discomfiture of all original ability. This is the fool in the dark, who knows not what he mars! He is sometimes the knave; in which case the publisher is made the unconscious fool; but, in either case, the Author is the victim.”

“He who is incorrigibly versed in the rules of a stunted understanding, and without the primary impulse, or the interpretations of imagination, can only recollect, compare, and draw inferences. This will never suffice for comprehension, and the formation of a judgment respecting any original work, not exclusively scientific; for what is he to compare it with? The first principles of its foundation are beyond his comprehension, and consequently its results. A right judgment of the whole, therefore, becomes impossible. Even the details will commonly be out of his reach, from a want of the original *key*.”

“Now, if those manuscript works of genius, which are invariably condemned, were taken up by these individuals in a printed form, by way of casual amusement, the generosity of them, unless their minds had become thoroughly warped and cynical from long habit, would read on, and as the book interested them, they would experience a proportionate excitement, and look forward with a corresponding anxiety to the close of the essay or tale: then, laying down the book with a pleasurable sensation, according to their capacity of appreciation, there the matter would end. This would be a fair criterion for the public. But when they sit down to a book *professionally*, as critics, whose office it is to dissect details for the safety of their employers, and the benefit of the world at large, they put their feelings entirely out of the question; and this is why they have *always been wrong* whenever they have had an opportunity, as all important facts clearly attest.

“The purpose for which these Readers are engaged, is to judge of the merit of manuscript works, and, more especially, of the degree and promptitude of their impulse upon the public mind. To arrive at this knowledge, and thereby accomplish the end of their employer, they pro-

ceed upon some given critical system. But a system, the inductions of which are but too regularly and correctly made, and whose results are contrary to the end proposed, must be a false one. The system, or means, employed by the Readers of publishers, destroys its own end; therefore, such system is demonstrated to be false.

"We now behold the Reader backing his mature *go-cart* into the shade of a dead-wall, and covering his pewter face with a double mask. We shall leave him there awhile, as he is within hearing and call."

In lieu of this Skeleton with the Pewter Face, he is desirous of substituting an old woman. Moliere, he reminds us, used to recite his comedies to his housekeeper; Richardson, to read his novels to his private female friends, expressly for their opinion; and one of our old publishers gave every MS. of impassioned, romantic, or amusing character to be read by his wife. He is acquainted with authors of ability who have adopted a similar criterion, and seldom been deceived in the result; and finally he tells us, "it is the very thing Shakspeare would have done, had he not always known what the result *must* be." But the difficulty is to get rid of the Skeleton with the Pewter Face; easy would it be to procure an old woman for the merest trifle, nay for the fun of the thing; nor, under her auspices, can there be a doubt that town and country would soon be inundated with "amiable and entertaining works." The Skeleton with the Pewter Face is well aware, that should the old woman once get in, he may sell his face to Osley to be shaped into little-goes, or send it down by sea to Scotland, to be hammered into an amovous plate to stand between the elders at the door of a kirk. Accordingly he ensconces himself in the sanctum behind bench and desk, nor will he budge any more than a badger. Our friend, incensed at his undislodgeable obstinacy, contrives thus to give vent to his generous indignation.

"The earth clogged spirit, the publisher's *Delphic* oracle, consults nothing else—probably he has an excellent reason—and, therefore, his understanding sinks away from the real and essential strength of an author, like a parted anchor. The

vial he grasps: the ether escapes unperceived. 'The spirit quickeneth, but the letter killeth.' Originality, to such men, seems an affectation, or a provoking interloper; and power is either a dead letter, or an offence. So utterly incompetent are these 'oughts and crosses' to the communion of the strong, that, barring all quotation, they are unable to give any feasible definition of intellectual power. Let any one of them be asked the question, and he will look thunder-struck!—but give him his time, and he will expose himself with an answer."

The last glimpse we had of the Reader was when "he was backing his mature *go-cart* into the shade of a dead wall, and covering his pewter-face with a double mask." But he has been unable to withstand the torrent of our friend's eloquence, and is sneaking off into a more obscure corner. Our friend exultingly exclaims, "the Reader, we perceive, has vacated his hiding-place under the dark wall, and left his scholastic *go-cart* as a sponsor." But the bolt will reach him in his nook—and how must he tremble at the following denunciation!

"The fundamental error in the present case, originates in an ignorant attempt to reduce genius to the laws of science, or the rules of art. Now, there are no definite laws or rules, but those which correspond with natural thought and feeling. Criticism is an art not to be gained by any laborious study and culture. It requires great abstract sensibility and sympathy, aided by fine imagination and well-stored intellect, and governed by a manly judgment. The passions must have fair play and room: they carry their own terrible moral along with them. On the contrary, you may examine a man in optics or astronomy, and if he cannot answer your questioning; that is, if he be unable to recollect his books, (for if he throw a new light upon the subject, or has made a fresh discovery, he is placed in the old predicament immediately,) he may be considered incompetent to pass; but if a man write an original and powerful work, he must be schooled and compassed in a different way. He must be tried by his peers. He must be weighed in Atlantean scales, before it can be known how much he is wanting. There is no other means of finding an equiponderance to determine the question. The merchant's warehouse is not the immortal field for which he has marshalled the result of years, and fortitude

of mind. He is not to be got into a trap, and looked at through the bars. He must be led to the foot of nature's throne, and examined in the powers of humanity!—And shall a thing of 'shreds and patches' arrogate the judge, with a matter-of-fact man of business (who scarcely ever hears, or even sees, the opposite party, either personally or in his work,) for the umpire; shall one, impotent himself in all good deeds—invisible as a dummy—drag with a chain of technicalities, any individual possessing genius, before his own supreme small court; condemn him by a private opinion of unanswerable folly, and loaded with grave, false, whispered accusations of inability, dismiss the man, who, if he but catch a glimpse of him, can foil him at his own weapon; and upon his own ground and showing, leaving him no foundation to stand upon, and find it a right humorous pastime!"

"But where has the Reader," his enemy asks, "disposed of himself now? In what dark nook of Lethæan welcome has he crouched?" Don't you see him? There he is, like a cat in a coal-hole, gathered up into a red hairy ball, grim and glaring, and we say, beware of your throat. Don't keep poking away at him in that savage style, or he will make a spring at your jugular, and we, unable to choke him off, will have to cut him in two with this sword. We cannot help wondering at your rashness, for of all the many sorts of hydrophobia, the most horrid is that from the bite of a rabid Reader. Mercy on us—what will people say, should they overhear you barking like his very self? They will think it a judgment on you—so easy, my lad—and do let him be quiet for a little while in "that dark nook of Lethæan welcome," for you can just see the glimmer of his pewter face. Well, poke away—and take the consequences—but remember there is no trusting to his gulks.

"A legitimate Reader to a publisher, must be a person, who, by nature, education, and circumstances, is inevitably fitted for the office. He must be thorough-bred, in the *inverse* sense. He has had a partially classical schooling, and has subsequently acquired an extensive verbal knowledge of modern literature, and the outlines of science and the fine arts; all of which he has sedulously brought to bear upon the craft of criticism. In all

his applications and inferences, he is an unsympathetic, self-taught man, and, having formed his mind upon a set system, to which he has predetermined that every effort of human intellect ought to agree and fall into the proper rule, as shown by the index for such a passion, idea of imagination, theory of metaphysics or morality, he is necessarily at fault with every thing above the measurement of his general gauge, and his own possibly additional small capacity. Being thus reduced, either to confess himself over-matched, or that the question at issue is an impurity or an error, he of course decides according to his own mathematical conceit and self-love. From an innate meanness, and a circumscribed imagination and sensibility, he always begins his task with an antipathy, instead of leaving an unbiassed opening for sympathy and candour. He dreads an antagonism to his own insignificance of heart.

"When a manuscript of a really imaginative or impassioned character is placed before him, he sets to work with the sharp eye of a sparrow-hawk over the passive body of an entranced eagle. He finds therein a something which he is not used to—it is not his taste of the day—it is indigestible and intolerable. Upon the whole, he considers it 'an extraordinary, unusual, sort of thing,' and he seriously recommends his employer not to have any thing to do with it. That 'something' is genius. It is that which confounds him, because it confronts his own paltry individuality. The excitement of it—the very quality at all times wanted by the public—only creates doubt, antipathy, and fear; its originality is a proof to him that it will not sell; and he advises the publisher, by *all* means to 'let it slip through his fingers!'

"With all this perfection of knowledge as to what will, and what will not, 'sell,' so firmly established in his employer's mind, we should naturally expect that at least a few of these 'eminent pens' would furnish the publisher with the exact article so much in requisition. Far be it from one of the sapient race ever to make any such attempt. They never produce a work of their own, and this would be an isolated sign of sense, did it not include the tacit, yet no less preposterous opinion, that impotence in act induces in them a corresponding power of judging."

If you do not let him alone, we shall begin to opine you have no bowels. There—wipe your brow and take a caulker. May we venture to trouble you for a general

remark? There it comes—but there is no need to accompany it with such contortions. "It is a vulgar error to suppose that a man of genius and study is, by a regular consequence or penalty, without judgment." Bravo—the illustration. "Is Bulwer a politician and critic, because he did not write Paul Clifford? Some will adduce Scott as an exception, and pronounce him a bad politician, because he was an excellent novelist. But others will assert he was a good politician. Between the two we will divide the exception, though we think neither of them quite right." We should like to hear you say that again—for the meaning has escaped our olfactory nerves—but shame! shame! poking away again at the poor reader.

"It is very extraordinary where this slippery Daniel has ensconced himself? We thought we saw the shadow of a shade that passed a while ago, 'like a thief in the night!' But *we have surrounded him*, and blocked up all the loop-holes, and he cannot escape." Well—he is so—at him again like Jack Scroggins.

"A publisher's Reader is a human diagram, and considers himself perfect in all respects, and proverbially so—by the rule. We think not; unless he can prove the parts to be every thing, and the whole nothing. He is, at best, a picture of accurate, formal, highly finished details, with no subject or foreground. He is the prototype of the *soi-disant* architect of a building, who earned about some bricks as a specimen. He is made up of bald lines and mathematical outworks, and has no substantial concentration.

"Our 'chosen one' must be found. He has hidden himself in deep shade; he has crept several times round the inner walls of the logical arena, and perhaps—so atomic is he—he *may* have got through some drain, or—but what is that flat form lying prone upon the earth? We have discovered the craven!—he has hidden himself under an empty sack, which was once his employer's weighty purse!

"So much for his sense of conscience. And see! he now starts up, and flies across the arena, covering himself with the publisher's name inverted on a half-moon shield!

"He speaks! We hear his voice muttering from a remote dark corner, 'like a man with a large reckoning in a small room!' He affirms that he is no

such person—that he is not the creature we describe. He denies himself. He says, moreover, that the above character is either a conjuration of the writer's imagination, or else that we have drawn our own!"

Now you have given him his quietus—he is dead as mutton—deaf as a house—belabour him no more—as well "might you sing psalms to a dead horse." Let us lug him out to the open air, and bury him, pewter face and all, unless, indeed, you wish the metal for a plate on which you may inscribe his epitaph. Poo—poo—there is no need to tell us he cannot write a book—but announce it in your own language. "It is a much more ridiculous vulgar error, too absurd in itself for refutation, to conceive that the absence of genius, and the inability to write a work, carries with it, in addition to a useless lumber of false knowledge, the superponderant power of taking a stand above all intellect, and dealing out conclusive verdicts." That apophthegm deserves being written in letters of gold. "To resume, however—for we have not half done!"—Resignation is born of despair—proceed.

"We have a motive in demonstrating this psychological atomy beyond the mere exposition of publishers' Readers. The analysis will include the larger part of the countless Order of Knights False-Oracles. And therefore,

'Thou shalt be on thy
To study thy lie
Why men should be like geese';

or like automata: things who have the passions cut and dried for them. He is incorrigible in his mistaken studies. He pores over the gospel according to St Criticism, and we, who are living men, with all our feelings about us, are to be crippled, bound hand and foot, hamstring, broken upon the wheel, pared down, and melted to make candles for him to read it by! Upon this heretic lore he gazes 'with fervency;' like Antony when he fished up the red herring. He is like the celebrated 'Anatomie Vivante,' who, we all know, was very fond of shutting out the sun, and reading by the light of a candle placed behind him, and showing through his empty case upon the sullen page. Oh, men of genius, to what would he reduce you!

"He does not know the distinction between art and nature. He habitually confounds the latter with the former;

and where he is unable to do so, from the determinate and powerful marking, he pronounces it all wrong. He would turn the tables upon us, and reverse nature and the passions. He would have the sea swum upon the ships, and insists upon a tempest conducting itself with discretion. He would put snaffles and patent bits into the brazen jaws of the four great winds, and teach all things propriety. There is no excitement in him, except the vicious one of heartless mischief. He is a mere critic, who has no ideas beyond criticism. With him, all intellect is art; imagination is an art; passion an art. There must, however, be somewhat of a mis-giving in his mind, as no one of his brotherhood has yet ventured to put forth an essay upon the art of imagination, &c. Yet such is the foundation of his practical system. He knows nothing, but of 'old usance' and *second nature*. Nature herself is 'pushed out of date,' and, like all her greatest children, outlawed. He does not know that the most certain way of producing an *original work* at the present time, is to be *natural*. He has no knowledge whatever of the Principles of Human Action. His philosophy is a dull anathema to human nature; as mean and abject in intellect as in feeling. He is a partially-read, but regular metaphysician, in the corrupt sense of the word. He does not know that a real metaphysician is a dangerous penetrator, even when trifled with by the most guarded proxy. He thinks *himself* the true possessor of the secret—till he feels 'done for.' Whatever he may think, this is the only thing he *can* feel. He is a practical man who can do nothing worth mentioning, either for himself or for any body else; except as shown in the present Exposition. It is his favourite conceit, by continual immundus, to riddle folks with the idea of his acuteness of penetration. He is a cunning clown turned conjuror, who knows where 'a three-man beetle' is hid! When somebody else has found it, and proved the fact, he exclaims, 'I thought so from the first!' He never fairly says at once, 'I can do this thing,' or 'I see that it is so,' but speaks fluently upon 'acumen,' and all the wondrous insights of the human mind—and listens through the publisher's key-hole! What he generally hears, we can readily imagine; but, at best, it is casually said of him by his employer, after the language of divers periodicals, that 'Mr — appears to have an intimate acquaintance with the hidden springs of our human nature,' &c.; just as they would speak of *any* intimate Mr Smith, who was nowhere to be found.

But we are not subject to the same tides and cross currents as the sea, and no book-acquirements or systematic knowledge can lay bare our foundations. The strong excitements of nature are beyond the reduction of all systems; and are not its profound depths and silent workings? He talks of ethics, physics, learning, metaphysics, (vain, eaves-dropping pedant!) poetry, history, all arts and sciences, &c., with correct figures of speech and grammar, and with that fine, racy, original air of fresh information, that so peculiarly distinguishes schoolmasters. After all his studious labours in literature, he is fully satisfied in possessing 'a ticket for the season;' he, however, stirs over the 'pons asinorum,' free in his own right! He is the geometrical-moral opposite of Mr Hazlitt. He knows this well enough, and is so profound a block-head as to think himself on the right side. He considers the *blind* side of time as the best policy; and the absorbing influence of long habit makes him eventually believe it the only wisdom. He has no self-knowledge, and wonders at his own portrait! Never having viewed it hitherto, but through the false medium of his own pedantic conceit, he is utterly confounded at seeing so many awkward conditions attached to his qualities of perfection. We know that he considers all loftiness of virtue and moral justice as a mere abstract idea which has nothing to do with the matter-of-fact business of life; yet we are also aware that he comforts himself with the conclusive notion, that, be it how it may, he will most likely be dead before the truth is thoroughly found out; and has no objection to be denounced a mean-spirited pretender or a hypocrite in his grave, provided he can pass for a talented Pontius Pilate during his life.

'Truth often swims at bottom of the world,
Like the sea-beast, the huge Leviathan,
While dolphins play above his grained back:
So men o'er-figure truth.'

"He has no liberality, candour, or toleration. He is a bigoted sectarian upon the crutches of false knowledge. He exults in the difficulties of the wrong road. He cares not who may be right, provided his temporary interest be the gainer. Yet he piques himself very specially upon his knowledge, and refers to Lord Bacon with complacency. Now it is the right application of *knowledge* (accordant with a definition that he does not understand, and can never discover) that makes intellectual power; whereas he misapplies every great principle or theory he ever heard of, and is expert only in the use and 'regulation exercise' of his own false

rules. He is profuse of argument and erudite illustration, where simplicity only is true nature: where the question is intense and elaborate, he treats it as a very easy matter. The clearness of daylight confounds him; his wisdom only moves amidst a haze of obscurities. He is an owl. Truth is too simple a thing for an ignoramus: his only chance of getting beyond the vulgar is in dogmatic technicalities. He overlooks profound simplicity, because to him profound nonsense is the subtlest genius. He looks into himself, for instance, with sage scrutiny, (like a jackdaw in spectacles peering through the roof of an empty house,) and mistakes the microcosm of Aristarchian idiosyncrasy, for the categoric gauge of a transcendental universality! He stands over vacuity, and talks to himself: 'Ahem! quid agis?' and the echo answers, 'De omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis.' This he writes down. He considers it a favourable answer, including every truth. He is St Patrick's own philosopher, without Irish wit; he has a Sawney's cunning, without Scotch ability; a Taffy's turnip-headed understanding, without Welsh honesty; a Cockney's pert wrong headedness, without English resolution. In short, he is without name or country, and has no intellectual existence except in the idea of his perplexed employer!"

We can stand this no longer—our human heart revolts—is up in arms—there is a reaction in all our feelings—and we go over to the side of THE READER. His pewter-face begins to shine like burnished gold—thrice-beaten gold—he is no owl—as you basely called him—he is an Eagle—no Glasgow Gander, as we almost as basely called his worship—but a swan—such a stately swan as seduced Leda, and shook all tears from her eyes with his celestial wings. You have by your unbounded abuse elevated him to a high place in our esteem. There he sits enthroned with a crown of diamonds on his head, and in his right hand a jewelled sceptre—a King—a God.

"There is no high faith, hope, or charity in his composition. He has no reverential love of truth; no tenacious fear of being wrong upon an important abstract question; he has no real feeling about literature; it is his business not to have any. He sets up a pugnacious standard of mechanical moral perfection—himself the 'mixed mode' pewter pagod of the cause—to which, thank heaven, he can

find no genuine author bow down or conform. Strong only in the principle of exclusive self-love; or every man his own idol—though probably, to ensure support, they take it in turns to be King Log, or the cock ninepin—the 'class' stand round in their puppet station, and only escape knocking down so long as they continue invisible. What do they support and advocate? Not even the bald skeleton of power; not the fossil remains of grandeur—but the erect brazen serpent of ignorance—and the stalking-horse of presumption. They never fight unless under cover; and, if once apparent and attacked openly, they vanish for ever. There is no reaction in them, except on the side of their weakness; but, until the storm be blown over, they either lie perdu and brooding fresh mischief, or get up a sort of contest in small, a little picnic of private venom and malice, to 'keep their hands in;' a kind of Bactricommonachia among themselves, by which no harm is done, or good either; for they never kill one another."

Ay—ay—rail on against the Lord's anointed! We shall have you convicted of High Treason—drawn—hanged—and quartered—your head placed on Temple Bar, (rebuilt for the occasion,) and your quarters sent *in terrorem* respectively to the second, third, fourth, and fifth cities in the Empire. What say you to that? "Our friend's voice is again heard in a querulous tone, as though he was rather dissatisfied with the few hints we have been giving of his character, literary and moral; intellectual being out of the question. He proposes to harangue for a while—and once again, a pot of the smallest ale! He now puts in a sullen remonstrance, tending to shew that we do not give him fair play." This sullen remonstrance is most just—you are a Cannibal.

"Not give him fair play? Well, then, by what other mode of reasoning shall we brain you—so to speak? There are only three modes or forms of effective finishing. First, the bare syllogism, or trivial tomahawk; secondly, the pictorial syllogism, which illustrates while it proves; and, lastly, the syllogism satyrane, which includes the elements of the other two, surrounds the subject with 'chevaux de frize,' gives any ground or weapons, drives it into the narrow corner of the dilemma, flanked with gaping lions; proves as much by the exception as the rule, or reduces it 'ad absurdum,' fixing

the chief object upon the *piquet*, the scorn, the terror, and the laughter of all beholders!

"Now, sir, you are invited to say which of these we shall exclusively adopt, and we will then begin afresh?"

"The Reader considers himself an injured man—a traduced critic! He insists that 'he is no man of straw; and that he is not to be made a Guy Fawkes of in this shameful manner! He could say a great deal, if he pleased. He could write an Exposition of his own, if he chose.' (We have done it for him.) 'His employer, however, is satisfied with his *performance*.' He retires to another part of the arena, with all the dignity of an undertaker's foreman!"

It appears now from a hint dropped in the very whirlwind of his passion, that our Monomaniac believes he has scarcely *begun* yet to flog his victim. All this while he has but been prelusively flourishing his tool, in a somewhat flowery style, partly to win the admiration of spectators, partly to please his own pride, and partly to excite in the breast of the READER such fears for his back as naturally arise from the belief that thereon his mortal enemy is about "to establish a law." There is something to us very shocking in such elaborate and ornate cruelty, though we can imagine, nay, occasionally have practised, an opposite kind, in its simplicity perhaps more severe—"when unadorned, adorned the most." We allude to a memorable case or two, where, without word or warning, the knout cut the culprit at a single stroke right through the liver, and he expired with one gulp. Still, the ornamental mode of the Monomaniac is not amiss; and 'tis far from unamusing to hear the avenging Cockney unconsciously punning in his glee—"See—Master how I *con-venge* the biped." "He has not a single pulse of that energy without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert." "He straitwaistcoats sensation—which every body understands by instinct—and puts on spectacles—which the general public do not." "He looks upward to the blank ceiling with spontaneous face, to consider how Elliot's 'Corn Law Rhymes' come to succeed." And then, in his triumph, the Monomaniac exclaims in climax, "He is a greater fool than the writer of this Exposi-

tion!" Having once said that, he might safely shut his mouth for ever, and leave the READER excommunicated by contempt—but he knows not when to have done, and takes the sting out of his curse, by adding, "being now driven to the last corner by fact and force, he takes refuge in hypocritical equity, *washes his hands*, and looks all humility." Well may he look all humility on credulously believing that he is a greater fool than the writer of the Exposition; yet he at least shews himself no slavish imitator of the model he transcends, in washing his hands; and into what more obvious refuge than "hypocritical equity" can a poor devil run, when "driven to the last corner by fact and force" in the hands of his natural and acquired enemy, mad on the one subject of that especial poor devil, and beholding in his flight the final overthrow of more "devils than vast Hell can hold?" Had he in such extremities taken refuge in "sincere iniquity," the READER would have been pitted, if not pardoned, by every Christian writer—even although we were assured that "he believes himself a profoundly wise man, notwithstanding his misgivings are fearfully excited on all personal occasions. He stabs in the abstraction of the dark; he is slain the moment he issues, or is dragged from his hole." Now for the private character of the Slain.

"Of his private character, as distinguished from his secret character—which is no secret henceforth—a publisher's Reader both sneaks and struts through the world. He puffs forth inflated notions, and lords it dogmatically over the little, always seeking such piddling, gin-and-bitter coteries, as he can bear down and impress with an idea of his knowledge, acute judgment, and literary importance. In the society of capable men, over their brandy punch, he is still as a mouse. It, in desperation or sheer impudence, he break out, the lion's skin drops from his shoulders in a moment, and he stands confessed! But his sexagenary aunt holds him a marvellous converser, though his wife knows him for a very dull man, and the publisher designates him—his 'literary friend!' In the streets, you would take him for a conceited master of a *day-school*, or an insidious private tutor, who has a plot in the family; a Methodist parson, learned in

'unknown tongues,' who has just turned informer, or a peripatetic undertaker seeking for prey; a cadaverous, ill-tempered, surgeon-apothecary, returning from a protracted labour; or a self-sufficient coal merchant, who has been thrice bankrupt. His face is never without a sinister and peculiarly uncomfortable expression, (it will have a *very* peculiar uncomfortable expression when he next meets his employer, after the appearance of this Exposition!) and he always looks as if he expected to be apprehended. His greatest fear is, that an author should know where he lives. Now, if such a man, though rarely seen abroad, and never 'at home,' be not one of those we have mentioned, we then feel assured he really *can* be nothing less than a publisher's Reader! If, however, he chance to pass an author in the streets, on either side of the way, he takes an oblique glance at him, with the felonious look of a rat; but if he meet him accidentally in a bookseller's shop, at close quarters, and recognise him for a soldier of the 'true faith,' he steals the same oblique glance, with the same expression, added to that of conscious detection! No sooner is the injured Christian gone, than the skulking Siracen fetches his breath, and drawing himself up, feels like the justified General Sir Burke of all-rising authors!"

Pewter-Face is immortal. You may as well hope to knock the wind out of a mug. These diats are dimples—he is the most attractive of tankards. The vision of that old song is realized—"Dear Tom, this brown Jug, that now foams with mild ale." He foams at the mouth—but not mildly—and lo! he is transformed at the beck of our Monomaniacal Nectomancer into a fish. The angler exclaims, "let us give him line and follow him round town for a while." He has hooked a READER, a queer and odd fish, produced between a carp and a gudgeon, and away goes the monster over the stones, as full of filth as an Omnibus.

"He starts off at long strides, and goes down the Thames Tunnel, there to read a MS. sent him by his employer, because he is informed it is 'a tale of the sea,' and he likes to be surrounded with profound associations. He goes to the top of the Colosseum, to see the panorama of London, and there study the yeasting passions of the vast metropolis. He visits the Diorama, and many other exhibitions, in the course of a single morning; not for the pleasure of ir-

provement, or the chance of it, but merely to gain materials for new impertinences—a supply of bilge water for his pump. He goes to a picture gallery, and gives himself airs before the old masters. He considers himself to have an intimate acquaintance with the best productions of modern art; and in order to prove it, he recapitulates what every body says of them, garnished with his own queries. He writes long criticisms upon all kinds of popular subjects, and by balancing the two halves of almost every sentence; that is, unsaying or neutralizing what he has just said; contrives to get paid for doing nothing. *If's* and *buts* are in fact his sheet and best bower anchors; and where he can find no good holding ground for them, his bark is dragged away from Smiple-port, and he is soon at sea, tossing about like an old shoe in the Baltic. He goes to the theatres, because there is nothing worth seeing at them; and admires the devils! He goes to hear the German opera, because he understands a few words of German; and comes away with half a dozen more added to his stock. He goes to the Italian opera, because he has received a 'clapper's order;' and falls asleep. (Unprincipled fellow!) He goes to see the Hudoos Temple, at Exeter Hall, and pronounces it a splendid piece of work. So much for the effect of gas upon his benighted perceptions. He goes to the Zoological Gardens, that he may mix with ladies and gentlemen, and compose a sonnet to the monkeys. He gets an invitation to ———'s routs, and 'makes lay while the sun shines'—at the supper table. He goes to a Fancy Fair—*free* every where by virtue of 'pull'—that he may be able to say 'when I was conversing with Lady Twaddle the other morning,' &c. He does not understand Shakespeare, and therefore goes to take a lesson from the Comic Sculpture, in Regent Street. He finds the dead-and-alive, fifty face of Falstaff, exactly according with the baron's idea! He goes to the Adelaide Gallery, expressly to see the mouse descend in a diving-bell; and departs before the 'combustion of steel' and the firing of the steam-gun. He goes to inspect the Hydro-oxygen Microscope, and feeling uncomfortable at seeing a flea magnified 800,000 times, (his chief business being to diminish nature,) says nothing about it. As he looks at it, he fears his *own* hour is come. This is true; not that he will be bitten and eaten, but comprehensively exposed. If he does venture to praise the said exhibition, it is solely on account of those destructive reptiles that we see pursuing

their remorseless occupations. He prefers the 'Industrious Fleas.'

He lands him on the trottoir, close to the site of what once was the shop of Izaak Walton! "The panting READER now declares that we intend to ruin him and all his fraternity. We can have brought him back headlong for nothing else. He accuses us of resembling Count Charolois, 'who shot at slaters, merely to enjoy the barbarous fun of seeing them tumble from the tops of houses.'" The resemblance is to our eyes far from striking; but a panting READER, half carp and half gudgeon, lying on his side, with his gills crying "bel-lows to mend," will conceive and express the most unapt analogies in the desperate hope of soothing a monomaniac who has been playing him all up and down the Town—and who, unmollified by a spectacle that would have softened Caracalla, coolly says, as he bestrides his capture, "To proceed with this very cruel case."

"Now, whether the said Reader for any first-rate publisher, is allowed a stated salary annually, or that he receive two or three guineas (generally one guinea per vol.) for each work he operates upon, the sum total produces him a sufficient income for the ordinary comforts and pleasures of life, so long as he pursues the 'even tenor' of his erroneous way. If he recommend a work to the publisher which does not sell, sufficiently at least to cover all expenses, he fears that his doing so will soon mar his 'commission,' and with it, his own interest. He is wrong, even here; for scarcely any thing will shake a publisher in his opinion of his Reader's competency. If it were otherwise, scarcely one of them would retain his situation a second season. How few books, out of the thousands that have appeared, have met with even the most temporary success? But all the fault is laid upon the luckless authors—their muse of old has always been the 'unfortunate Old Bailey.' Nay, when a work refused by one publisher, is eventually brought out by another, and proves eminently successful, the Reader of the former assumes his employer that 'it is very materially altered since he read it; and no longer, in fact—as he may say—*ahem!*—the same thing!' The publisher has never read a page of the book, and is therefore obliged to lay the untoward result upon the

author's emendations, the public caprice, or his own ill luck. Perhaps the two agree in the sage notion that success is always a 'toss up,' and entirely a matter of chance. But to return. The Reader having often enough already, 'in all conscience,' most unwittingly recommended works that did not succeed, is proportionately afraid of any fresh occurrence of a more ruinous nature; and when he meets with a production of genius, the essential quality of which is that of making a strong effect upon the public mind, he is terrified at the contemplation.

We are here admitting that he perceives considerable merit in it, and a certain power of some kind, though he does not understand it; still, his judgment being formed upon such sieve or thimble-gauging principles as we have explained, he knows not on which side the blow may fall; whether on the right side of public excitement, or the wrong; which latter he takes for granted will rebound fatally upon the publisher's interest. This again is absurd reasoning; except the book be inflammatory, scurrilous, violent in theology, politics, &c.; and is both erroneous and ignorantly weak, as applied to works of genius, simply as such. In this ridiculous dilemma, the Reader determines at all events to be upon the safe side; and condemns the production accordingly. In fact, he has *no opinion but a certainty*. Mediocrity *can do no harm, and may sell*. Yet even in giving this no-opinion, he instinctively contrives it so as to leave himself a loophole, in case of accidents. He begins with praising the work under consideration, sufficiently to determine the publisher's mind upon accepting it—and then drops in a gentle *but*, &c. If the work sell pretty fairly, he rubs his hands, and with a sagacious wink remarks, 'I said so—I saw it would do.' If it does not sell at all, he says with a wise, long face, 'Ah, I told you I was rather afraid of it!' In fact, the Author and the Publisher are injured and fooled; the Public are defrauded and fooled; and the Reader is both fool and knave—the fool always predominant.

"Have we dissected and dismissed—re-seized and finally analysed and exposed this creature sufficiently? We think so; but have we convicted him to himself? Have we made him confess to his own conscience? Not to mention his folly, does he know what a rogue he is? This is doubtful; for he is one of those dastard sinners who dare not look their own motives in the face."

Over and above all the enormities

now charged against poor Pewter-Face, we find that "he shakes his head at the English Opium-Eater," and that he "stands bolt upright upon the weakness of the publisher, like a wooden oracle, or a self-acting verbal pump."

The author of the Exposition is now much exhausted—as well he may be—and pale, like one about to faint—just as Jack Ketch looked, last time we saw that English worthy, after he had been whipping at the cart-tail a Spitalfields weaver who had embezzled some silk. A monomaniac is always in bad condition—purled, and short of wind—with a little pot-belly and thin shanks, like an elderly innkeeper, at whose house the Cheap-and-hasty changes horses, and stops ten minutes to gin-and-water. Had not the READER a white feather in his tail, he would turn to and take it out of him yet; but Pewter-Face has neither the genius nor valour of Frosty-faced Fogo, and curs it like Jack the Butcher. It is the only instance, we verily believe, that ever occurred in England since the Norman Conquest,—for even Cockneys are not always so uncourageous as to be cowards,—of a creature of that kind continuing to receive punishment for upwards of two hours, without once attempting to return so much as one open-handed blow; and also the only instance of a creature of that kind continuing to give punishment for upwards of two hours, without having produced the slightest discolouration on the mug of his opponent—if the READER will allow us to call him so—or draw his cork. The stakes, whatever they were, ought, in our humble opinion, to be drawn, and *the men!!!* sent to the pump. It has been altogether a disgraceful exhibition, and Cockaigne must be ashamed of her champion.

But the Bantam having frightened the Gander, looks down on his feathered leggikins, and crows like a wren. "We declare that all the leading arguments were once used personally to a highly respectable publisher, and their truth admitted by him, even while he suffered himself to be entirely overruled by the purblind's knavish opinion, against which he had a strange misgiving." "Such arguments as we have here laid be-

fore the public, we have used in several quarters where they might have been understood advantageously, as we think, to the hearers. We did not, however, insist upon their validity so much as at present; not having to learn, 'at this time of day,' that prejudice is stronger than reason; and that its strength is in proportion to the weakness of the individual, and the absence of a knowledge of elementary principles. In all his promiscuous thoughts upon literature, a publisher's mind is usually modelled exactly after that of his presumptuous jackal. The present work may claim the very ungainly honour of first introducing to the world A PUBLISHER'S READER. In that occult office, hitherto hermetically sealed, and hidden from all eyes, is centred the Chief Barrier and False Medium excluding rising authors from the Public, and not unfrequently from posterity, for sickness and death often intervene before the unfortunate devotee can eventually struggle through, so as to obtain the least notice. Considering his utter imbecility, we have, perhaps, been induced to deal too heavily with him, and although a great general benefit will result from his decomposition, we have been too slow in perceiving his utter prostration—and apologize."

Is this a case of monomania, or of mere general lunacy? We think of monomania. One idea has taken possession of the roomy vacuum in his head, to the exclusion of all other tenants who might have been willing, in these bad times, to pay a small rent for lodgings in its cobwebby cells, notwithstanding the crevices in floor and ceiling; and this apparent single gentleman is in reality the ghost of a READER. There he sits, idle and moping, like Achilles in the Shades. The proprietor of the tenement calls him a slave, but feels he is a tyrant. By no legal process will he ever be able to eject him—he is saddled with him for life. The question is, lives there on this earth the flesh-and-blood monster answerable to this phantom and his parent? Having little or nothing to do with publishers or literary men, we cannot answer it from any personal experience of the MONSTER; Mr Blackwood assures us that there is no such ani-

mal in Edinburgh. We have in vain tried to ascertain his "local habitation and his name," but to our interrogatory—"Have you seen him?" put to many well informed persons of all ages and sexes, the reply has always been in the negative; so we are happy to repose in the belief that he is the coinage of a heated brain, perceptive overmuch through a "False Medium." We remember, indeed, a truly uncommon-looking animal a good many years ago being exhibited here in a booth on the Mound, which, had he figured now, we should have shrewdly suspected of being a READER; but he turned out to be a shaved bear. There seems, therefore, to be no reason for doubting that he is a dream. He is a mere personification, by a lively fancy, of all the worst attributes of the human character most formidable to a Cockney; and that fancy, no less alarmed than lively, giving him a pewter-face and goggle brass-eyes, has made him an ugly customer. It must be a fearful thing to the Expositor of the False Medium to see him fed. On such occasions a hyena must be a lamb to a READER. Without mumbling, how he must crunch his bones! Lights and livers must disappear like leaves; he makes no more of cow-heart than cow-beef; and a basket-full of tripe, contents and all, at once meat and drink to him, he swallows with as much nonchalance as the Expositor would display on turning up his little finger to a bumper of saloop.

Seeing there is no such animal but in the Expositor's upper story, and that he is mere painted air, we are at a loss whether most to wonder at the Expositor's cruelty or his cowardice. Had the READER been real—a cockney like himself—we could have excused considerable savageness in the Expositor; but we cannot pardon—no Christian can—such outrageous wrath with a creature of his own brain—such accumulated calumnies on the character of a nonentity who is not present to defend himself—and conclude that the Expositor is an atheist.

Why, the Monomaniac has himself proved the nonexistence of the READER by a single anecdote. Can he believe, for a moment, that the REA-

DER—admitting him to have ever so little existence—for if he existed in the smallest degree, still his power over the publisher must have been superhuman and preternatural—can, we ask, the Monomaniac believe for a moment that the READER would have suffered the publisher to return *the two hundred pounds*?!! He would have been no READER at all, *if he had*; but it appears, on the Expositor's own shewing, *that he did*—argal, *he is not*.—Q. E. D. We call this a triumphant application of mathematical reasoning to moral subjects.

In spite of the Skeleton with the Pewter-face, the Expositor concludes by pointing to the "advancing march of intellect, whose advent is hailed with admiration, with gladness, and sunward hope, by all who love to know that mankind are bursting the last links of the earth-grinding chain of wide-spread despotism, and to behold ignorance propelled, like a retreating sea, before a prophetic voice, bearing upon its surface far away the tossing wrecks of the countless rich insignia and cabalistic characters of slavery and intolerant selfishness." The Skeleton with the Pewter-face will, like the boy who held the pail to the butcher who slaughtered the Ram of Derby, be "carried away by the flood," and the green earth will hush in the regeneration of perpetual spring. "The world," he cries, "is at last growing wiser for experience, and the time is not far distant when men of genius will at least have a chance of being able to save themselves and families from being starved!" There seems to us great bathos in that climax; but the fact is, that the Skeleton with the Pewter-face recrosses his sight at that moment, and he quails. "The first step to this is the overthrow of the barriers and abuses, the superseding of the False Medium excluding men of genius from the public." Poor fellow, he is as much alarmed as ever—and in a pitiable cold-sweat, during a hymn to the advent of the March of Intellect, confesses that the first step of the liberating host must be to put down Pewter-face, whom, a few moments ago, he exulted to have made cat's-meat of, and whom the Monomaniac seemed to believe

already placed upon many platters, each before a separate puss, in small dabs of minced collops!

But he recovers courage with his thirty-second wind, and exclaims, cleansing his low forehead with a Barney Aaron wipe, "As the present Exposition lays the 'old offenders' bare, and at full length, to the inspection of all eyes, we believe they will find it a serious risk ever again to flap their buzzard wings so high, either upon their own midden, or behind the screen. The clock-work of their heads is exposed, which, as it palpably tends to their stoppage, is much the same as having them chopped off."

Not five minutes elapse till Braggadochio swoons at sight of Buggaboo. Pewter-face assails him with one of those freezing smiles he knows so well to assume—and the Expositor, looking behind him to see if he be supported by the March of Intellect, finds himself deserted at his utmost need by that inglorious "army of martyrs and apostles,"—for so he rejoiced to call them on their imaginary advance against Pewter-face and his Legion—for they are many—of READERS. In great trepidation he cries—"The March of Intellect is a glorious advent, upon which the world gaze with admiration; *we hope it will at last think of doing something for itself.*"

The truth out—poor Expositor has no confidence after all in the March of Intellect. "A man of genius," quoth he dismally, "has to work up his very doubtful way without any encouragement but hope; all circumstances commonly rise at every fresh step he takes, to discourage, oppress, or crush him. This is totally true; look at the past. Though in a modified degree, it is true at present." * * * "The press of circumstances is against the possessors (of genius), while only a very few surmount, by unconquerable perseverance, or else chance supersedes it for them, by some lucky contingency." He will not therefore counsel men of genius to trust to the March of Intellect; but he proposes to save as many of them as may be possible from starvation, by endowing for their behoof A GREAT NATIONAL ALMSHOUSE!

Are there not—thus argues our

monomaniacal friend the Expositor—Geological, Zoological, Astronomical, Botanical, Horticultural, Geographical, Asiatic, Antiquarian, Royal, Philharmonic, Philanthropic Societies? "And are not men of genius entitled to an equal consideration with men of every other class and grade of intellect? But a man of genius is not treated with equal consideration; he is treated with less—or rather without any. Away with your mockery of stone in Westminster Abbey! away with your anniversary dinners and memorial speeches over the bottle." Think of "the man *before he is screwed down.*" It would seem from our unfortunate and irate friend's too disjointed words, that there is not a man of genius in any of the societies he has enumerated—and pray, what and who is a man of genius? The Cockneys being made painfully to feel in all the ordinary affairs of life that they are without *talent*, would fain believe that nevertheless they have *genius*; and are frequently seen making the tiniest attempts, without that mysterious instrument which lends its aid to the "tremulous writer," to draw a feeble line of distinction between them; nay, impudently maintaining that the finest and greatest genius is seldom or never combined with talent—that the two are, in short, born enemies. This is comfortable doctrine to "inspired idiots. Knowledge, art, or science, they are incapable of acquiring; but they can drivel and snivel a sonnet, for theirs is the "vision and the faculty divine." Thus the Expositor—but why will he away with the stones in Westminster Abbey? Why grudge the dead a monument, the living an anniversary dinner—the eloquent over their bottle a memorial speech? What a scrub! But hear him in prosecution of his argument for the Almshouse.

"He who discovers some rare stone, or property of it hitherto unknown, or a new salt, gains a degree of importance and respect:—to what institution is a man of genius, who is discovered in obscurity and want, to be referred—except his parish? A wonderful fig in opposition to a living Homer, and what chance has he?—A pippin—and a Paradise Lost is answered with its own argument: a world of thought to an empty shell, and the vast ideal is put aside for the paltry

tangible; not weighed but wanting. The noblest hearts are broken, while the wealthy empty their purses in patronage of premature peas and strawberries! A man writes a fine tragedy; but will it produce a fourth part of the value of a full grown lion? An heroic poem, as full of fearful matter as the Trojan horse, would cut but a sorry figure against the definite importance of a turgid prize ox; and as to a powerful novel, or any other MS. work of genius, how very different, in a worldly sense, should we feel, if instead of that, we were the happy possessor of a snuffy mummy of one of the Pharaohs! Living power has a sadly vague chance against a thing which, in comparison, is literally only fit to be 'sneezed at,'—sic transit gloria mundi!

"There is no piece of inert matter so common, but it possesses more definite conventional claims than the highest efforts of human intellect. So much for a lump of ivory or log-wood; a large looking-glass, or a prison gate; a gas-pipe or a post; so much for a mere stone; though, by the by, there is no chance of its asserting its independence. It again, if he unfortunately true that a man of genius is not a curious bird or selfish fish, is that a sound reason for his neglect and exclusion?—the idea is enough to provoke any philosopher, not made on purpose, to 'deal out darts for trumps,' against orthology, coneology, and all the family of the *terminologues*, &c. Real genius holds all those things as in the hollow of its hand; and is a knowledge of the details and technicalities, to be considered as the fine pitch of excellence? Grant that he does know all these minutiae, in addition to the greatest original knowledge upon the subject; he does not any the more belong to the Society: *he* is no rare bird or shell—he is only a

death." There must then be an Alms-house.

It is in vain to speak, he says, of the *Penny Magazine*. It rightfully deserves "its extraordinary and unprecedented popular patronage; but what definite advantage is this to the possessors of knowledge?" "In like manner," doth he argue, "we may say of the *Universities* that, whenever they turn out (not meaning a pun) a man of superior abilities, how seldom is any provision made for him commensurate with such abilities, in comparison with his inferiors, men of rank and patronage?" Besides, he has commonly found Professors, and those who ought to propagate and support new and important discoveries, "exert themselves to the utmost on the opposite side, or else turn a deaf ear and an averted countenance. They are purblind with self-conceit, ignorance, and prejudice." "What is the reason," he asks, "that there is scarcely an instance of any man of extraordinary genius who was not considered a dunce at school, and who probably *was* so in what his master most excelled, the memory of mere words, and application of scholastic rules? What is the reason that such a man of genius never makes a figure at College, though he 'makes his mark' upon the heart of posterity, or rather, why is he almost invariably expelled?" "*One of the highest honours that can attend a youth's outset in life is to be expelled from College, for manifesting resistance to servile ignorance and brutal tyranny!* Such was the case with Shelley and many others,—*quæ* nunc enumerare," &c., as the Expositor elsewhere expresses himself in Latin, shewing that had he ever tried to enter at College, he would have been *plucked* for shameful ignorance, and thereby defrauded of the "highest honours that can attend a youth's outset in life." Naked as the day he was born—without even a white feather in his tail—would he at once the Expositor and the Exposed have been seen flying along the most magnificent street in Europe, from Calfax to Magdalen Bridge, (the plucking, we shall suppose, having been performed in Pembroke,) and amidst shouts of derision from scouts, and cads, and ruffs, all attracted by the singular

We have a Society for the Suppression of Vice (which he cannot stomach)—why not, he asks, a Society for the Encouragement of Virtue? We have an Animals' Friend Society—why not, he asks, a Society for "Superior" People? Who does not admire, he asks, the purposes and results of the Humane Society?—"is it not a hard case that the men most worthy of preservation are left to their fate? If they are not literally drowned, they are immersed and overwhelmed by the tide of adverse circumstances, and we have seen some of them morally stoned to

spectacle of the man of Plato, (an unfathered biped,) would he have been inspected and reviewed as he mounted by the wheel up to the basket of a providential Rumble-tumble, where, squeezing himself in among a miscellaneous congregation of surly men, shrieking women, and squalling children, he would have squatted with his nose at his knees, till Jeroboam touted upon Jehu, and away he was whirled to the sound of instrumental music, to finish his education in Cockaigne, and "put his mark on the heart of Posterity"—a mark, we make bold to say, neither so broad nor so deep as that engrained then and there, on the tough rind on which he sat. There must be an Almshouse.

"What we would advocate, then, is the establishment of a Society of English Literature and Art, &c. for the encouragement and permanent support of men of superior ability in all departments of human genius and knowledge; and that this should be carried progressively onwards till enabled by its funds to erect itself into a regular *final* college, as a rightful place of reference and *natural result* for all the other colleges, or rather, to speak comprehensively, and more consistently, for ALL SUPERIOR TALENTS OF HUMAN FACULTIES.

"Peradventure we shall be told that this idea is somewhat Utopian: there are many persons who cannot see a thing till it is done, and fixed: that, however well such an establishment might answer at first, it would gradually, in the due course of human frailty, become subject to all the same abuses as those we have previously named?" No doubt but it would;—we fancy ourselves looking out of the grave a few years hence and seeing it;—we feel posthumously wise as to the end of all such vain hopes! But then, this is supposing the establishment to be founded upon the *old system*, which is very opposite to what we advocate.

"How are its professors, or judges and umpires to be chosen? By wealth, rank, influence, patronage; by the strong interest of some literary or scientific *fœcunæ uvæ*? Certainly not; but by their capability, proved by their having themselves produced the best works of the kind in the given department.

"Now, admitting that this arrangement may still be subject to the influence of private vanity, self-importance, jealous pique, or interest; well, let us reduce it to that. Half the old established objec-

tions and difficulties thus *perishes*; we mean the *incompetency*. It is quite time that genius turned the tables upon ignorance. The greater part, if not the whole, of the former objections would, however, be superseded by the necessary circumstance of there being no 'gowned' tyrant, from whose verdict there was no appeal; but several fit judges in each department, besides umpires, all of whose names would be known, so that nothing could be done in the dark. Nay, a man of ability should have the right of appealing to the whole society, upon any great occasion, if he objected to its decision, and be permitted to argue the question in full convocation. Moreover, if his claim was a high one, he should have the right of printing his defence at the expense of the society."

But let us consider, quoth our Monomaniac, "the funds required for *this long-protracted rationality*." On what scale of remuneration is it proposed that subsistence shall be doled out to those unfortunate men, who, having all life long been making "superior efforts of human faculties," are consequently in great distress? "Say, for instance," quoth he, "a man produces a fine Epic, and receives *three hundred per annum for life*. Again, the producer of a powerful tragedy would only be entitled to an *annuity of one hundred pounds*." Not that he does not consider such a tragedy—a powerful one—a two hundred-ass-power one, that, on an emergency, could draw Drury Lane to Covent Garden, "as great an effort of human genius as any epic," but because there is "a manifest difference in the time and labour employed." A "superior" man may, he thinks, at any time write three powerful tragedies for one fine epic; and on that principle has this great actuary calculated annuities for the denizens of the Great National Almshouse. But suppose an aged hundred-pounder, imbued with fresh ardour and vigour by high feeding on his annuity, sets to work, like a four-year-old, and, on the body of Terpsichore, begets thumping twin tragedies, each of them born, like the darling of Danaë, with long deep hair, and, like Richard the Third, with teeth—by what law, human or divine, shall he be prevented from taking place and pension with the "producer of one fine epic," and "for these long-protracted rationali-

ties" receiving three hundred per annum for life? And what if the old epic poet, feeling the genial influence of season and salary, and inspired, too, with a mounting emulation, brush up to his long-neglected muse, who has been leading a sort of widowhood for his sake somewhere about the King's Mews, and the faithful cast-off, restored to all the privileges of a wife, within the year be delivered of a "fine epic," a bouncing Epopœia, with a bold invocation and a noble catastrophe, at which the "grave tragedian" looks aghast? Unless Justice and Mercy have both flown to Heaven, Homer must have six hundred per annum; nor can we see why his annuity should not double itself every three years. His first epic, by supposition, had been produced without hope of pudding, and almost in despair of praise—yet was a fine one; now he is clothed, washed, lodged, and fed at the public—the national expense—and is it too much for mankind to expect that gratitude and glory giving an impetus to that sacred passion in the soul of genius, which for ever seeks intercommunion with the beautiful and sublime, he should propagate an epic triennially, till, after the expiration of perhaps a quarter of a century, the good old annuitant, now little else than mere skin and bone, but as rich as Cræsus, be released from the pleasing toil, and entombed in the Grand Cemetery of the Alms-house?

The Great Founder, however, will see no force in this reasoning; or rather he has anticipated and given it the go-by—thus—"It may be asked in the language of trade—'What! is he then to sit himself down quietly for the remainder of his life, and do nothing for his money?'" Such is the low language held by trade, ever anxious to degrade the mighty by some intermixture of the mean; but the Founder claps a plaster on the mouth of the wretch of the Row, at the same time deafening his ears with this "quabash"—"Certainly: he has done enough: would you have a man to write epics, and keep him at it, like a wheel-wright with a government order?" It appears then, in conclusion, that he is to have three hundred per annum settled on him

for life, on condition that he write no more Epics! The purpose is laudable; but we agree with Joseph Hume in thinking that it might be effected, in all cases, at about a half of the hundredth part of the expense—say ten pounds—not an annuity of ten pounds—but an out-and-out gift of five pounds, without any deduction—to be paid over once for all to the heroic genius, who will cheerfully give a receipt in the form of a promissory note—nay, would not hesitate, were it not otherwise provided by the Laws of the Foundation, to pay the stamp.

The Founder calls upon us to remember, that "a man has probably passed the chief part of his life before he is able to produce such a work, independent of the labour of the actual composition." "It must be clearly seen that there will be no danger of the Fund being drawn upon by a multiplicity of these high claimants. Scarcely a sufficient number would be found, even including tragic authors, to constitute the requisite professors in these departments." And here his plan begins to dawn, and soon reaches meridian splendour. Most of the producers of the greatest works of all kinds are to be professors, with salaries—and "ought to be, or our end is not perfectly answered." As it by no means follows, argues our Monomaniac, "that a man capable of embodying *one*, or perhaps *two* great questions of passion, should be able to continue *such effort*," the Professor of Tragedy, whose annuity is but one hundred pounds, should have a larger salary than the Professor of Epic, who as an annuitant pockets three hundred—they should be in income, as in genius, on a par. "Thus the salary of a professor in the epic department would be very low in profit, though high in honour"—not one half so much as that of a professor "in the tragic department." Nor would the salary of a professor "in the tragic department" be equal to that of the "*individual who was one of those* appointed to judge of dramas in general." All the salaries would be small, not exceeding in any department one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and the duties "*equalized by distribution*." Thus, with the addition of their annuities,

gained by virtue of their works, the Founder affirms, that "a sufficient competency would be ensured to the first men of the times in all classes of human ability." He has calculated—we know not on what data—that their number would be one hundred and twenty.

"With regard to the funds required, we sincerely believe that as a commencement, the sum of L.15,000 per annum would amply suffice to carry the best purposes of the Establishment into effect; by ensuring a comfortable maintenance to thirty of the greatest men of the time, from annuities and salaries; by giving independence or encouragement, as the case might deserve, in annuities and rewards to upwards of one hundred others; while, at the same time, every distressed individual in the country who possessed superior abilities, would be stimulated to do his utmost, in the conviction of obtaining a fair hearing, and with the honest chance of receiving permanent support, or temporary assistance, according to his merits, and an introduction to the public.

"Thus: annual expenses of house and house-establishment, L.1200 (no public dinners at the expense of the fund); thirty Professors' salaries, averaged each at one hundred per annum, L.3000; annuities to thirty Professors, averaged also at one hundred each, L.3000; annuities to sixty others, claimed by virtue of their approved works, averaged at L.75 each, but varying probably from L.150 to L.25 per annum, L.1500; premiums and rewards annually, L.1500; salary to secretary, L.150; amanuensis, L.50; two surgeons, who are to attend all annuitants resident in the metropolis, L.150 each; sundries, to be well accounted for, such as books of reference, medals, &c. L.500. No valuable libraries to be purchased, the establishment being expressly founded for the natural support of living authors, and all men of genius and ability who write valuable books, or produce valuable matter of any kind.

"We have now enumerated all the important expenses, and it will be found that the estimate is under the sum previously mentioned."

The first thing, then, to be done, is to raise some L.400,000 or so—say half a million—and this should be done chiefly by subscription, for though the establishment "might now have some chance of being favourably considered by both Houses of Parliament," the Expositor thinks

"the rapid increase of general knowledge will better conduce to a fit consummation through the medium of public patronage, than if it were founded by the hand of government." Public patronage, he thinks, would prevent "private patronage" in the direction of its affairs, and all "Court interest."

The funds required for the undertaking—half-a-million merely—having been "thus shewn to be comparatively trifling," the Expositor asks, "will it be looked on as a tax?" He admits it may, but who will grudge to pay it? Nobody. "For our requisition is not unreasonable," as too many have been, which have been borne "with centuries of patience." All classes of citizens will cheerfully contribute, he doubts not, except the Sentimentalists and the Scrubs. To the Sentimentalists, he says, "Well, gentlemen! do you button up your pocket, and take a settling pinch of snuff, *after subscribing a deep sigh, and a manfully shake of the head!*" Such subscriptions might soon build a Bridge of Sighs, but never an Almshouse for cigars and saloop to men of genius. To the Scrubs he addresses himself in his severest manner, having no hope of making "persuasion do the work of fear." He sets before their eyes a vision of their dying day. "What see you then? We will tell you. You see your coffin! Ay! the actual black long box that will hold you like a crossed-out ledger. Look well upon it! think of it! does it not confound all the purposes of your life, shewing them to be empty as itself? They cannot be more so, *even when you are in it.*" Having thus frightened the Sentimentalists and the Scrubs out of their subscription, he addresses himself to the more rational and profuse. "Slaves," says he, "are emancipated at enormous cost; vast sums are expended in Polar expeditions; and in building an hundred and fifty new churches and chapels." But "*our* requisitions are not unreasonable"—*though these are*—such is the cunning implication in the sly Monomaniac's argument. He would cheat the planters—neglect the Poles—and dilapidate the Church—all for the sake of his Almshouse. And thus he concludes his petition, with an animated allusion to the "Hue and

Cry,"—"we see five hundred or a thousand pounds offered as a reward for the apprehension of a murderer, and we approve it. We know that this is good in a political view, though the individual who is destroyed may not be important; would it not, however, be a somewhat better thing to give a moderate sum towards saving all men who are of importance, from the mortal hand of calamity?" This reasoning is equally new and irresistible; and shews us how the money may at once be borrowed from the Bank of England. It will gladly advance half-a-million on condition of receiving nine-tenths of the blood-money now lavished on the bloodhounds of the Criminal Law. Many "individuals" of "no importance" are annually "destroyed"—such as old gentlemen and their housekeepers—antiquated maiden ladies—solitary widows—nay, even husbands and wives with large small families, who have long been a burden on their respective parishes—"Que nunc emendare," &c. A tythe of the expense, at which the persons of unsound political principles who destroy them are now apprehended, would in general suffice—for "murder will out," and it does indeed seem highly absurd that we should be taxed for its detection. After such small deduction as a tythe, each five hundred or thousand pounds would be paid into the Bank—and as murder (thanks to the march of intellect) is apparently in a fully more flourishing condition at present than almost any other of the fine arts, we think the proprietors of the Bank of England would have no reason to repent their bargain with the Managers of the National Literary and Philosophical Almshouse, were its chief condition to be, that principal and interest should be held to have been repaid by the 31st of December, 1854. But that might be safely left to the decision of a Reformed Parliament, should the Bank then seek a renewal of that clause in its Charter.

The money having been thus raised, the foundation endowed, and a hundred and twenty annuitants comfortably established for life, all men of the highest human faculties,—may we humbly presume to direct the attention of Joseph Hume to three items.—Salary to Secretary,

L.150—ditto, amanuensis, L.50—ditto, to two surgeons, L.150 each. These would we erase with a scratch of our pen. Let the old Epic Poet be Secretary to the society and his own amanuensis—and let him perform the duties of both without a stiver. Has he not L.350 per annum from his professorship, and from his Epic, of such transcendent worth that many posterities must elapse, ere an age able, and many more ere an age willing, to read it, will occur in the Course of Time? And can it be that he, thus richly endowed with the gifts of genius and of fortune, will grudge to conduct the literary and other correspondence of the institution, of which he is the brightest ornament? Milton himself was Latin Secretary to Cromwell, though that was before he wrote his Epics. How much easier to be English Secretary even to the National Almshouse—after your Epic—and when you are no more expected, nay permitted, to invoke either Urania or a less heavenly muse! Here is an annual saving to the Almshouse of L.200 at a scratch. But we confess ourselves incapable of controlling our indignation within Christian bounds at the flagrant job of the brace of surgeons. A brace of surgeons at L.150 per annum each for 120 annuitants! Shame! Shame! Shame! True they range from threescore and ten years to a century and a fraction—but the old crows are all healthy—having now all the necessities and all the harmless luxuries of life, and not an article to do, except, perhaps, for some easy Magazine, conducted by a candidate indulgent to the infirmities of those among whom he hopes ere long to set up his rest. What occasion can such annuitants have for surgeons? It cannot, surely, be in contemplation to amputate many of their limbs! To stone and gravel the sedentary are doubtless liable; but the most celebrated surgeons will be too happy to operate *gratis* on such distinguished patients, for the mere honour of the thing; and in all cases where lithotrity is advisable, we answer for our friend Costello.

See to what horrid calamities the appointment of two salaried surgeons would lead! Men high in the profession would not accept it; they would scorn to be paid for operating

upon paupers. The situations; therefore, would be conferred on youngsters, and there would be a great scramble; but they would turn the whole job into a joke, and consider the annuitants almost in the light of *subjects*. The thought of the butcher work that would then befall, may well turn the most ruddy-faced pale; and the farce of "killing no murder," an after-piece, in three acts, would be performed, with great applause, many nights in succession; the Great Saloon, in which it was intended by the humane and benevolent founders that the annuitants should prose away carelessly diffused on sofas, being converted into an Anatomical Theatre or shambles, where gagged and bound on tables, without regard to literary or scientific distinctions, aged Epic and Tragic writers, and men who had taken out patents for inventions in the useful arts, would undergo the most excruciating agonies, and too many of them, in the hands of their tormentors, give up the ghost.

Or suppose that superannuated surgeons were to get the appointment on the great principle of the establishment, in reward of neglected merit. All at once they get into tolerable practice among 120 annuitants, all as aged as themselves; and destitute indeed must they be of that pride of place and profession, without which a man is little better than a beast, if they did not set to scarifying, and cutting for the stone, with even more savage and unceasing alacrity than the rising young. What operations will they not perform! Purlind and palsied, the digging though feeble will be fearful; they may not cut very deep, but then always in the wrong place; and the annuitant, slowly dying of one disease, is quickly put to death by an operation intended to cure another, of which so much as the very seeds have not yet been sown in his constitution!

Contrast with either of the two pictures we have now set before you, that of the almshouse in an unsurgeoned state! Now and then the tragic professor looks, if not a more "lofty," a more "grave" tragedian than is his wont, as some hidden ill, some internal sore, gnaws him into the remembrance that he is

mortal. But no case of surgical instruments clangs in his ears, more dreadful than Apollo's quiver, when like night he descended, and standing not far apart from the ships, slew dogs, mules, and men, with arrows tipped with plague.

"Fallen Cherub! to be weak is miserable,

Doing or suffering."

cries the Professor of Epics, and hobbling into his dormitory he quenches the human pain in his mortal viscera by a divine draught of his immortal poem, which shall soothe the pangs of the afflicted of many generations, or steep them in oblivious sleep. Forgetting that there is a surgeon in this sublunary scene, they will all—the whole body of annuitants—forget that there is any work for surgeons, and Acriphron's Hymn to Health, of which we have published but a few dozen versions, will be translated and paraphrased in many thousand ways, and in all unimaginable measures, till Hygeia will have to call on Cloacina, and these two tutelary goddesses of the great national almshouse will be in danger of being worked off their feet. Yet will they not complain—for dear to them will be their old annuitants—and open day and night for ingress and egress—the doors of their most holy temples.

The Monomaniac has triumphed,

"And we who came to scoff, remain to pray."

He nods assent to the extinction of the two surgeons, and the merging of secretary and amanuensis in the chief Epic poet. We see the great national, literary, and philosophical Almshouse in a new light. Let no expense be spared in the erection of a stately edifice. Let it be of alabaster or marble—we shall not object; but, as more eternal, we recommend adamant or Aberdeen granite. Let the order be the Doric. Its austere simplicity is, to our mind, sublime. Let there be a gallery for statues of all the illustrious annuitants, that future ages may be familiar with the faces and figures of their benefactors. Let them not be chiseled in classical costume; but in the very dress they wore on the flesh, or on the bone; and let that dress be single-breasted pepper-and-salt

coat, violet-silk vest with a sprig, and breeches of thunder-and-lightning, with stockings to match, *rig-and-fur* (*anglicé*, ridge and furrow), and of any colour but white, which hides not dirt, or scarlet, which is too dazzling to the eyes of aged men, and might cause ophthalmia. We hope Chantrey will not be hurt at our proposal, that all the statues of annuitants be executed by those natural sculptors, Greenshields and Thom; the former of whom has *cut* Burns's Jolly Beggars, and the latter, Tam o' Shanter and Sutor Johnnie, in a style, all the world allows, admirably suited for the inmates of the almshouse.

But what a hole will be made by all this in the subsistence-fund! It was proposed at first to limit it to half-a-million; but we must add a quarter of a million more for the edifice, furniture, and statues. The annuitants must not be scattered through the town in lodgings—like ordinary men—but must sleep within the walls. Nine-tenths will be bachelors, who have given no hostages to fortune—or childless widowers—nor ought they to be allowed to marry at their time of life. A dozen double men, with families, must have apartments in Hymen Court—the Peckwater of the Almshouse. There must be no communication between this rectangular retreat, *Hymen Court*, and Benedict Square, all husbands having to go round for access to the interior of the main building, and all women and children using a common back-door into the Park.

As no library is to be allowed, there should be a parcel of parlours for drafts and chess, and a billiard-room. There must likewise be a hall for gymnastic exercises, fitted up by Clias, who knows the capabilities of elderly gentlemen, and would provide against pride getting too severe a fall. But the glory of the structure will be the dinner-hall. Statues, though impressive, look cold and dead; but the originals warm and alive; statues are for the admiration of posterity, the originals more for the love of contemporary eyes. Imagine all the annuitants at a *Gaudeamus*! The commemorative *Gaudeamus* on the anniversary of the foundation-day! The Epic Poet in

the chair, faced by him of the Tragic department, and flanked by the "support of men of superior ability in all departments of human genius and knowledge!" To see them eating and drinking like common men!

Yes! all difficulties have vanished from our imagination, if not from our reason, and we see the stately Structure—where standing, we know not precisely in our dream, but we feel as if it were somewhere in the neighbourhood of Paddington—gravely smiling through trees. On the flight of steps in front, among the shadows of the pillared portico, and its contemporary poplars, are lying a number of annuitants, single, or in groups, some sound asleep; others but dozing; some drawing and demonstrating problems on the thin sand of yellow tinct that at dawn enabled nymph and matron to scour into monotonous smoothness the softly ascending stairs, and these are the salt of the scientific on earth; others with "their eyes in fine frenzy rolling," or in "dissuffusion veiled," and shrivelled lips moving to more shrivelled hands, making one visible harmony, and they are the Epic, Tragic, Lyrical, and Pastoral Poets, singing—but not "aloud"—"*old songs* that are the music of the heart," for they, the *Emerici*, are forbidden to sing new; some with "retorts courteous," whiling away the philosophic hours in experiments, which ever and anon with pleasing explosions disturb the stillness else too profound, and evaporate as of yore in smoke that joins the far-off company of clouds resting on the blue serene of the sky—the alchemists these; others rehearsing fair forms of government for the promised land of Utopia, into which all men of woman born are to emigrate in the March of Intellect, and there to live in a blessed millennium, unconscious of priests or kings, and these are the greatest-happiness-people, or Utilitarians, the disciples of Jeremy the Prophet, who charitably bequeathed his aged body to dissection for the good of the human race following one another like the budding and falling leaves;—yet not among them all recognise we a single face we have ever seen before—not one of the "old familiar faces" on the steps of the Sanctuary! Alas! how is

this! But cheer up, oh! soul within us! for we remember the words of the Monomaniac "no one would be eligible to the annuity whose circumstances are already good!" Thank heaven, all who owned the "old familiar faces" we miss, though few of them were rich, and most of them had "enough to do to make both ends meet,"—among them many

"A virtuous family, though exceeding poor,"

all alike well knew how to distinguish poverty from pauperism, both in theory and practice, and made the little they had suffice for all life required, even its holiest charities. We mean the mighty in intellect, the bright in wit, the creative in imagination—the pure in thought—the blameless in conduct—or, if blameless there never were among the sons of dust, say, in one word, as mortals speak of mortals, *THE GOOD*, including some, all too many, whom the world might be forgiven for calling unfortunate.

Yet, as there are, doubtless, as good fish in the sea as any that ever came out of it, each fish that we see there, though in appearance an odd fish, or rather like flesh fishified, may, when weighed in the scales, make the faintest fowl kick the beam that ever flew out of the gates of Paradise. For their size they do indeed seem as if they would prove very heavy, and fetch no bad price at a farthing a-pound. They have been all duly entered at Fishmonger-Hall, and the Expositor, kindling at the sight, exclaims, "the advantageous effect of such an establishment would be powerfully felt from the metropolis to every remote corner of England; and in proportion to *her* influence, over the whole moral world."

Would we could see the aspect of the future smiling upon us in so flattering a light! Would we could believe that "it would be giving a conventional and permanent *centre of gravity* to the efforts of all men of pre-eminent ability;" that it "would be to the workings of intellect what the regulating weights are to the horologe;" "that it would turn aside the errant scythe of Time, by giving him a planetary motion, instead of that of a desolating and precarious

comet;" that it would "give to Hope a more stable face of truth, who has ever been the illusive Janus of all men of genius." Fain would we go along with the Expositor in all these glorious prophecies; but we turn our eyes towards the Flight of Steps and the Portico, and our hearts die within us at the sight of the hundred and twenty old annuitants.

A horrid thought takes advantage of our despondency, and drives us to distraction. Oh! heavens! who has by some unhalloved artifice got upon the establishment? Who? Oh! woe's us! who but a—READER. A wolf in sheep's clothing! Oh! no—no—no! A hyana in the fleecy ho-siery of a lamb! Spotted and striped too! The devil incarnate of hyana-ism in shape of one who yet looks to the visual nerve unpurged by rue, as if he,

"Pleased to the last, would crop his flow-
ery food,
And lick the hand just raised to shed his
blood!"

We discern him dirtily dawning through the assumed lamb. Flowery food, indeed! Give him a bag of bones. Lick your hand, indeed! If he do, it will be with a tongue rasping like a file steeped in vitriol, and you will be the Ghost with the Bloody Hand. The poor Expositor who has just been elected Pastoral Poet, and is passing rich in the idea of forty pounds a-year, and passing proud in the hope of a professorship that may make up the hundred, instinctively through lamb sees hyana, and uttering a loud shriek, faints away, and falls into the arms of the Head Bard of "the Tragic department." He, aged man, ignorant of the anagnosis, is overcome by the cata trophe, while the READER, with arms akimbo, and a sneer that would have withered Mephistopheles, steals up the steps, and first standing over his victim, calls, in a loud, humane and Christian voice, "Water!—water!—water!" and then stooping down, applies his mouth to the left ear of the prostrate Expositor, "whose blood-streaming nostril in agony swims," and mutters, in a low, diabolical, and hellish whisper, "PEWTER-FACE — AYE — PEWTER-FACE," while the heart of his victim grows "dry as dust."

"Peradventure we shall be told that this idea is somewhat Utopian." Far be it from us to say so—it does not remind us of Sir Thomas More by the associating law of resemblance—and we fear it is practicable. But think of a Radical Reformer establishing a system of which the vital principle is self-election! He and a few other men of first-rate "human ability" establish a society of English literature and art, into which no man is to be suffered to intrude the point of his nose, who is not in a state of destitution as utter as his obscurity, the tax which a sand-blind and stone-deaf world exacts from the celestials. The establishment "for the encouragement and permanent support of men of superior ability in all departments of human genius and knowledge," becomes "a regular *final* college." This regular final college becomes "a rightful place of reference and *rational result* for all the other colleges." But let us be just. Self-election expands into universal suffrage. Before this august tribunal are to be tried the claims of all existing men of genius, who are to be "permitted to argue the question in full conclave." Not surely with shut doors. No—they will be flung open to the whole world, and accommodation provided for reporters. The immediate consequence of this will be, not, perhaps, the dissolution, but the desertion of Parliament—of all courts of justice—of Edward Irving's chapel—and Richardson's booth. Here will all the orators of the human race be daily heard pleading for "all superior efforts of human faculties" before "fit judges in each department, besides umpires." Umpires! why the species will be umpires—and the only difficulty will be to find a referee.

Suppose that hurried away headlong by a torrent of eloquence from the mouth of a poet whose epic is as inferior to the epic of his most formidable rival, as that most formidable rival's philippic is to the philippic of him who, claiming to be a Homer, is in fact only a Demosthenes. Judges, umpires, and referee, all decide in favour of the thundrous cataract, and leave the more silent river to pursue unhonoured his course to the sea. Think not that

provision has not been made for an appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober, for the baffled bard "has the right of printing his defence at the expense of the society," and thus the power of scattering it over all the earth on all the winds of heaven. Astonishment, shame, remorse, fall on the heads of judges, umpires, and referee; and "the blind old man of Scio's rocky Isle" seems to rise from the dust at the magic spell of that "reclaiming petition," and to be enthroned in spiritual silence far "above the smoke and stir of that dim spot which men call earth."

The Expositor nobly admits that even within these hallowed walls "private vanity, self-importance, jealous pique, and interest," may insinuate their way; but never may they establish a footing there, for they will lift up their eyes in vain for "a gowned tyrant," and seeing none, will flee away to their native Erebus. Nay, were even the same abuses which have ruined all other establishments, and made the universities of Oxford and Cambridge the prolific mothers of moon-eyed monsters haunting the twilight of superstition that now broods over those noisome walls, to keep creep creeping, reptile ways, into the National Almshouse, so as at the close of fifty years, the whole inmates are a generation of vipers, why, what worse should we be, then, cries the Expositor,

"In sudden brightness, like a man inspired."

than we are *now*? What more would be required than for some other man like us to write such another book as the "False Medium," and the year of the Almshouse Fifty-one would be even as the year of the Almshouse One, by itself One, bright as the All-seeing Sun-eye in the cloudless heavens, and, like that luminary rising to run another race, to be renewed every half century, with new illumination supplied from a like golden urn.

"Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!"

But alas! for the weakness of poor human nature even in monomania! The prophet's heart all at once misgives him—Mammon and

Momus are seen reassuming their sway over a money-making and laughter-loving world—and even after the foundation-stone of the Almshouse has been laid, and under it, with all the usual and suitable ceremonies of Free Masonry, have been deposited, coined for the occasion, the usual and suitable number of brilliant brass-farthings—the assemblage dissolves into thin air, and he hears not the tick of a trowel! His prophecy is “negatived by neglect!” He feels that “mankind are determined, openly, and with palpable admission, that men of genius shall be starved or driven through the waste of life as heretofore, and that nothing remains but to direct their fortitude to its best ends, and exhort them to the practical wisdom of forestalling the world’s dismissal in the sternest manner!”

In the sternest manner! These are words calculated to excite the most horrid fears. We see men of genius stropping razors, and even tying blades to handles, that they may deal with inexorable force and nicest precision the suicidal stroke. We see them fastening dumb-bells to their feet, that on throwing themselves over those noble bridges they may go plumb down and head over ears into the mud, instead of floating superficially to the Nore. We see them dangling dolefully on trees. We see them preparing their arsenic, their oxalic, their prussic acid, illustrations all of “the practical wisdom of forestalling the world’s dismissal in the sternest manner!”

But vain such horrid fancies; for the expositor pleasingly explains what he means “by the sternest manner,” which we are happy to find is consistent with the utmost mildness and moderation. Men of genius “are quietly to withdraw themselves from the crowded scene”—they are to leave “the shades” of London for those of Wales or the north of England. Still, in “the sternest manner,” we presume, on the outskirts of coaches, on the topmost luggage, tier above tier, “a woody theatre of stateliest view!”

Stern prophet no more—he is the mild physician. “We recommend some distant parts of England, where the scenery is little inferior in beauty to many of the most applauded spots

which travellers only paint during the summer season; and where communication from the metropolis, when necessary, is prompt and cheap, and will soon be much more so, to the chief towns that are nearest to your chosen retreat!” He points to North and South Wales, and to Yorkshire; but on the whole, his leaning is to the Lakes! He informs men of genius that “the pittance in London that will barely procure a little food among a stack of chimneys, will there provide double the quantity of provisions, and a cottage with a look-out beyond all Manor grounds.” So may it be now—though we cannot say that on our occasional visits to the Lakes, provisions appeared to us to be remarkably cheap. But they were all excellent; and nothing even in our imagination can exceed in racy richness a small leg of black-faced Westmoreland mountain mutton, from Styce head, if it be not a large leg of pale-snouted Westmoreland pig in Styce-foot—Hau! But can our Expositor be so ignorant of the laws which regulate the price of provisions, and domineer over all the markets of the world, as not to see at a glance, that if multitudes of men of genius, who have been long living in London “on a pittance that barely procured them a little food,” were to make an eruption from the metropolis, and an irruption into the provinces, say Westmoreland, with a determination to consume “double the quantities of provisions,” provisions would rise to a loftier altitude than ever was witnessed even in the case of those volatile spirits, rums; and that dearth, with all its train of horrors, would soon convert that now happy region into a howling waste?

Therefore, we not only protest against this immigration of men of genius into Westmoreland, but we call upon the authorities, more especially in Kendal, to erect such barriers as may exclude them from the banks of Windermere. They would commit greater devastations than an army of Norway rats. But should any considerable body of men of genius contrive to elude the vigilance of Mr Unsworth, and be seen bearing down on Bowness, we call upon the Windermere Yacht Club to anchor in the bay, with springs on their cables, and to ward off famine by such fire

as has not been heard since the bombardment of Algiers and Navarino.

Should the enemy succeed creeping into the country, in driblets, during cloudy nights, and thus ultimately establish small colonies in the forks of the hills, we are hardly prepared to say what measures should be taken to extirpate the nuisance. Those who *prig* will of course be handed over to the civil power; and bringing with them Cockney habits, they will soon suffer severely in this way—for being hungry and misinformed respecting the price of provisions, they must take to sheep stealing, not as a *dernier*, but as a *premier resort*. The more high-spirited will soon be starved, for they will find that 'tis no joke working in the slate-quarries, or even "findin' stanes;" and as they have sworn never more to put pen to paper—found begging unproductive—and stealing fatal to their friends—it is, in the nature of things, impossible that they should survive so long as to gain a settlement and come on the parish.

In a few years, it is obvious that all the cockney-colonies will have dwindled away like leeches on the lonely moors. The natives would no more think of intermarrying with them than with negroes, and we cannot charge our memory, since the days of Grathwaite Jack, with so much as a single mulatto begotten in the country of the Lakes. Yet, during the few years the interlopers are dwindling away, pleasure-parties sitting beneath parasols on green eminences must lay their account with being sometimes startled by strange Appearances issuing from the thickets to the smell of pic-nics—Sylvans seeking to vary the monotony of a sustenance on berries by an occasional bite of cheese—while the gentlemen of the rural fête must prevent any female flower-gatherer from straying from canvass or leafy tent, for though these squalid wretches

"Are lean and lank and brown
As is the ribbed sea-sand,"

their evil propensities survive the worst extremities of nature, and they are Satyrs to the last.

But here we must do the Expositor the justice to say, that he does not counsel idleness to the colonists.

He does not chalk out for them any specific work in the North, and is manifestly as unacquainted with the customs of the country as with its productions and climate. "The greatest difficulty," he tells us, "remains. Suppose a man *unpossessed even of the most trivial means*, how is this to be obtained? We assume him to have great abilities." A man of great abilities cultivated by good education, and in the prime of life, "unpossessed even of the most trivial means,"—that is to say, literally without a farthing, we should think might soon make a splendid fortune, in a free country with a reformed Parliament, by exhibiting himself as the Unfortunate Youth. But the Expositor proposes a different plan for raising the wind. "He must sink, not the consciousness, but the application of his powers, *using only the fag-end of them in an actual sense, as a lion would his paw or his tail.*" The tail of a lion, no doubt, may be said to be his fag-end; but he never employs his fag but in lashing his own sides, or scratching his majesty, for, as was well known to Aristotle, the lion's fag-end is provided with a natural nail or claw. The king of beasts, on no occasion whatever, not even when pressed with hunger, employs his fag-end in catching his prey. It contributes much to the luxuries, but nothing to the necessaries of the life-royal. His paw, on the other hand, thinks nothing of breaking at a single pat the back of an ox. The man therefore, whom we "assume to be of great abilities, but unpossessed even of the most trivial means," must not suffer himself to be so far misled by the Expositor (candidate though he be for the Chair of Natural History) as to dream for a moment of procuring subsistence by means of his fag-end, in imitation of Leo the First. His paw he not only may, but must use; unless he would prefer earning a meal by treading clothes in a tub. But even then he must on no account "use his fag-end in an actual sense;" for that would indeed be a strange way of cleaning either blankets or sheets.

The Expositor is now met by "a finishing objection." "Suppose," says a friend, "you have wife and family, and retire into the country without any means of support-

ing them, and that you are unable to get employment of any kind, what is to become of you?" This would be a staggerer to a man of moderate abilities; but to a man "assumed to be of great abilities" it is not even a poser. The Expositor holds the Querist with "his glittering eye" like the ancient mariner, and says, cuttingly and piously, "Close-reasoning Economist, why the man must die, of course, and his family be left to Providence."

He thinks it on the whole best to adventure on this rather unpromising mode of life, among the scenery of the English lakes. But he seems to hesitate between it, and another recommended in a "bold and masculine thought" of a writer in the *New Monthly Magazine*—namely, "to purchase a wood-axe, and cut your way to the back settlements of America." There is a good deal of cutting between the front and the back settlements, and a tornado or two would be found useful; nor do we very distinctly see how even a man "assumed to be of great abilities, but without even the most trivial means," could hope to reach his ultimate destination, with nothing to eat but timber with a decoction of bark. However, that is his own look-out; and we shall not weep our eyes out at the thought of his attempting it, for any thing rather than his infesting the Lakes. Men of genius fortunately forget that much timber and more coppice is felled annually in Britain; that here there are hewers of wood and drawers of water; and that they might "purchase an axe," or procure a bucket without purchase, and forthwith set to work, felling down or winding up, on this side of the Atlantic. Drawing-water is la-

borious, but easily acquired; so is hewing wood; but let a man of genius, or who is "assumed to have great abilities" try to be

"Famous, and be had
In estimation,
According as he listeth up
His axe thick trees upon,"

and he will soon discover that celebrity is not to be so easily acquired in that way as he may have fondly imagined when employed in drawing water. The edge of the axe, at the first stroke, *skites* off the bark of the bluff old bole like winking; and as the disconcerted genius looks up, a crow angrily lets fall something into his eye that bites like vinegar. At the second stroke, the anti-druid does disturb some insects, but not half so alarmingly as a wood-pecker. At the third stroke, he penetrates half through the rind, and his axe has cast anchor, which it costs some minutes to weigh. In an hour or two he is in sight of wood; but it appears to be petrified; and a few chips, or rather shavings, are the amount of the mischief he has done by meridian. Methuselah himself could not have found time, from the cradle to the grave, at that rate, "to have cut his way to the back settlements of America;" and, whew! away flies the steel in mingled pity, shame, indignation, and disgust, leaving in the paw of the Expositor a mere piece of wood, which, disdaining to be made such a handle of, follows the example of its former associate, and leaves our backwoodsman on his "fag-end," with little hopes, we should think, of sensibly contributing to the clearance of the great Continent of America, or the New World.

WHO IS BORN ?

LISTEN to the question that brings with it the resuscitation of Nature! "Who is born?" and at the sound old age is young again.

But we will leave this town life awhile, and stretch our pent-up limbs amid the glittering of bubbling brooks, as their running waters twinkle in the sun, and the rustling of forest glades, as their many-tinted leaves challenge sport with the winds.

What merry peal of village bells is that, that comes floating through the air as if to give gladness to the hearts of all that hear it? It issues from yonder Gothic embattled tower that crowns the straggling uneven gable of the ancient church. We will ask this smiling, country, happy-looking lass what it all means. Ah, is it even so, my pretty maiden? I wish you the same, with a good husband for yourself. But what is the tale she tells? Oh, quoth she, the lady of the squire, who lives in yonder Queen-Annish-looking house, that, amid the gay sunshine, seems as if it rested upon the very slope of the upland, has this morning presented to her lord a son and heir; and as a welcome to the event the village bells ring merrily—and the village folks look gay and blithe, for the squire is good, and kind, and affable, and his lady is yet more good, and kind, and affable than he; and this evening—this lovely, spring-like first-of-May evening, many a glad couple are to dance on the Manor-house lawn, and many a foaming tankard of the steward's nuttiest ale is to be drunk in toasts, full and deep, to the new-born squire's coming health and happiness. So far all is well! But knows this picture no reverse? Shall we be prophetic and Sibyl-like, looking like cunning seers into the womb of far-off time, and with the faithfulness of Ghost-Banquo's mirror, reflect the urchin's future course? A long series of pictures lies before us—first, a spoiled and petted childhood, with opposition breeding waywardness, and indulgence laying the foundation of a headstrong self-will, sufficient to

stock three general officers and four rear-admirals of any of our modern dramatists:—next in the series is a hey-day, reckless, neck-or-nothing college life, with five-barred-gate leaps threatening breakage to our hero's neck, and five-folio filling bills threatening mortgage to his estate:—the third living portraiture that presents itself to our foreseeing eye, is the death of that squire so good, so kind, so affable, and the succession of the scapegrace, with a score of post-obits, usury debts, and mortgages, to welcome him to the hall of his ancestors—"Another and yet another;"—see what the fourth gives us:—his debts and obligations "lay on load" too much for him to bear—part slips through his hands—all is in danger—and a hasty flight to the Continent is the only chance of saving himself from a visit to the Fleet; while the pretty village, whose bells you may still hear ringing afar off, finds itself deserted by the family that from time immemorial was its upholder and support; instead of the unfortunate receiving aid and comfort, he is pressed to despair by the squire's rent-collector, who must have the rent, because his employer must have remittances; and instead of the sickly widow being cheered by a visit—and a word of consolation from the lady of the manor, she is consigned to the cold and hired attendance of the workhouse nurse, who will count her death as so much labour spared.

But there is yet one more picture to complete the series:—Years, many years have rolled by; those that were young have become old; those that were reckless have become thrifty; the village has been ruined, but the estate has been nursed; and, at last, after many neglected seasons, the manor-house once more boasts its rightful occupant; he has changed his extravagance for prudence; but, alas, how many other feelings has he changed besides! a long continental career has made him forget the virtues of a native home—his heart is seared over by selfishness, and acknowledges no

emotion on witnessing the roof that gave him birth, or the village that afforded him half his boyish playmates:—he had forgotten it, then why wonder we that it had forgotten him; and that when the death of the curate had placed the office at the elective disposal of the villagers, they passed by unheeded the recommendation of the squire in behalf of one whom they had never seen, and whose name had reached them with no very good repute, to bestow it on a pastor whose name, life, and actions had endeared him to them all? But though to honesty this may be no marvel, vast and unbounded was the surprise of him, who could not understand that his own neglect had destroyed the bonds that had made them his:—to surprise succeeded anger—to anger revenge, which he found too fatal means to wreak; and, lo! the village that ushered in his birth with a thousand heartfelt rejoicings, is now a second Auburn, while the pretty maiden that told us with so full a voice the joy of all upon his entrance to the world, now grown old and desolate, is sister in suffering to

“ — yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy
spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for
bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses
spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till
morn.”

These things our insight to futurity enables us to see! Oh, then, silence those deceitful bells, or change them to the solemn tolling of a funeral dirge! Forbid the dance that evening is to witness on the lawn; nor let the ale cup flow! And do thou, pretty maiden, pass in silence homewards, laying it to your heart that all yon belfry's lively peal ought, if it told truth, to sound (as poor Ophelia has it)

“ Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh.”

But I am afraid I have begun, like many a greater genius, at the wrong end of my story; for, though these things may be—and are,—still there is, and ought to be, a music in the question of—Who is born? What though there be wickedness among

men, is it for that that we are to forget there is virtue too? Thank Heaven I am not yet a Timon, for I am still able to persuade myself that Nature is willing to make men good, and in that belief to rejoice at the birth of a new-comer, who may be destined to add his share to the happiness and well-being of the world. One portion of the Mahometan creed is, that when their great prophet was born, a lambent flame was seen playing round his head. We Christians are not bound to believe that; but, at all events, it is a pleasant conceit to give a visible sign and token to him whose mission is held to be joy and comfort to the human race. Has Shakspeare's adorer never had enthusiasm enough in his moment of “fine frenzy,” while dwelling on the Poet's creations, to imagine that Nature must have marked the birth of the sweet Swan of Avon by some startling prodigy that should acquaint the universe that her prime favourite was at length given to the world? Or has Raphael's disciple never fancied, in the heat of his admiration, that the great master's brow must on his first entry into life have been twined with one of those golden circlets with which he has so often coroneted the Saviour and the Virgin? It is the happy prerogative of the human faculty to be able to make these impossible events easy to the imagination; and though the so doing may not be justifiable in the presence of a conclave of cold-blooded Utilitarians, it is an innocent luxury—an honourable fault of fiction that leads to such a result, and need never bring its author to the confession of a *peccavi* before those who can believe that there is something more in idealism than colobated philosophy will admit.

“Who is born?” To ask the question, and to rejoice in the reply, are both innate seeds of the human composition. I forget who it is that has finely remarked, “Through generation creation enjoys a sempiternal youth;” but the sentiment is as true as the expression is beautiful,—even though Mr Malthus heaves heavy groans every morning as he casts his eye at breakfast over the birth and marriage lists of the newspaper. The principle that makes the poet or the painter rouse his

mind to its most effectual fire—the desire that he has to make “the age to come his own,” is but another mode of expressing the universal sentiment that pervades all men’s breasts, and which is more generally shewn in the feeling which every one possesses of being continued to future time through their offspring. The philosopher, when he pointed to his works, and said that those were his children, was illustrating this sentiment in so doing; but though this expression was fine, hardly so fine may it be thought as that of the Roman Cornelia, who presented her children as the only jewels worthy of a matron’s boast. Thus it is that the father sees in the boy, who is climbing his knee for the promised kiss, not only a pledge of happy and requited love, but a copy, or, as it were, a renewal of himself. He sees thirty or forty years of his own life in a manner struck off, and can almost bring himself to believe that Nature for him has done what Medea performed for Jason’s parent—reinvigorating and making new that current of blood, which the course of years had palled and rendered sluggish. Nor is the anxious mother less blessed in her progeny:—when her own girl-heartedness and buoyancy of spirit have given way before the unsparring oppression of care, she still watches with delight the same feelings developing themselves in her child, and the natural affection of the parent gains fresh vigour from the floods of memory that come pouring upon her mind, as she gazes on the sportive gambols of her darling.

But what is thus expressed in human nature is still more forcibly developed in the brute creation. Did we find parental fondness confined solely to the lords of the creation, we might be led to believe that it was something begot by reason, and that it required the exercise of a chain of mental faculties to produce the result. Should any one, however, draw so rash a conclusion, a single glance at all created nature will be sufficient to correct it. The ferocious tigress, who is at enmity with all the world, and who has all the world for an enemy, crouches in parental anxiety by the side of her cub, and dares a thousand perils for

its sake: the growling hyæna forgets her humour in the consciousness of being a mother, and fondles her brood in dark and threatening places, such as none but a parent could convert into the abode of affection: the glaring lioness ceases to be angry, and subdues her nature to be still more natural. Oh, if there be any thing that can bring to light the latent seeds of gentleness and love, it is the call of instinct in favour of offspring!

But “Who is born,” with its answer, is not only pleasant in itself, but the cause of pleasantness in others, as the fat knight of Shakspeare was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others. Authors, the bent of whose minds has been humorous, have made the ushering of a new comer into this world of waywardness a sort of stock-subject whereon to graft their quips and cranks; and by what Mr Shandy would call a judicious use of the auxiliary verbs, have made it almost as prolific as the weather is to an Englishman in conversation. After a decent round of smart things has been indited on “Who is born,” they have proceeded to descant humorous-wise on “Who has been born?”—“Who might have been born?”—“Who will be born?”—“Who is not born?” with a thousand other varieties as syllogistically illustrative as “the white bear” of Tristram’s philosophical papa. Thus the Greeks, in their fanciful theology, tell us how Minerva was born without a mother, and how Bacchus was brought to his full growth after his mortal parent was reduced to a heap of ashes. Thus Rabelais, and our much quoted, well-beloved Sterne after him, have described the way in which great men and heroes ought to be given to the world. Thus Fielding, in his great Epic novel, takes for a hero one of whom it for a long time appears doubtful whether he ever had a father or a mother. And thus Smollet, in his *Adventures of Mrs. Commodore Trunnion*, ingeniously describes how a child may not be born at all.

As I have always looked upon these authorial freaks as so many well-timed sops held out to the Cerberus of care, for the purpose of seducing him for a while to forget

his appointed task of making mankind miserable, I beg in humble imitation here to narrate a story that has allusion to the same topic, assuring my reader that he must needs find it very new, as it is one curiously extracted from an ancient German manuscript, written (as I opine) about the termination of the thirteenth century, and which for the most part is so obliterated and disfigured by age, that with all decent confidence I undertake to declare that no one but myself could have succeeded in bringing it to a successful interpretation.

Nearly in the very centre of Germany, and closely bordering upon the powerful barony of Dracheuvichstein, lived three brothers in a small neat cottage, with a rivulet in front, and a dark umbrageous forest behind, that seemed to forbid, by its tangled mass of foliage and brushwood, any attempt to penetrate its obscure recesses. Clauvel, the eldest of the fraternal triad, was a strange lad—sickly as to his body, and almost mute and expressionless as to his thoughts and mind. Some imagined him quite an idiot, others only half a one—while a third party shook their heads knowingly, as much as to say, “that remains to be proved.” One thing, however, was certain, that though he would never labour either in the field or at the forge, he always, on the first of the month, had ready for contribution his share of the quota, which the three agreed to club together for their mutual household expenses—where the money came from, neither of the other brothers could guess. They only knew, that every now and then—perhaps twice or thrice a-year—Clauvel would disappear for three or four days, and then again return, and follow his usual idle avocations, as if nothing extraordinary had happened. Once, indeed, the two brothers determined to watch the path by which he disappeared from the cottage, but it was long before they found an opportunity; for, idiot as he was, he always contrived to effect his escape so cunningly, that the game was off before they could put themselves upon his trail. At length, as luck would have it, they one morning caught sight of him just as he was eloping. To their great surprise, he

directed his course to the gloomy forest that lay behind the cottage; and long before they could reach the dell by which he entered, all trace of him or of his path was lost. Whatever astonishment, however, they might have felt at being thus baffled, they had the wisdom to keep it to themselves; for as they were not in the best repute in the neighbourhood, owing to no one being able to tell who they were, or where they came from, they had the wit to perceive, that to promulgate a report of there being any mystery among themselves, would be the very way to give rise to still farther suspicions.

Thus, then, for a long time, they lived—Clauvel never working at all for his livelihood, and Anspruch and Martin fagging early and late to earn their monthly quota, when one morning, as they were sitting together at their sober breakfast, they were roused from their meal by a party of horsemen galloping up to the cottage-door. Such a circumstance, in the hurly-burly days of the thirteenth century, was not calculated to excite any very pleasurable emotions, and the first thought was, to slip out at the back entrance, and fairly take to their heels; but the consciousness of having done no harm, joined to the impossibility of their being able to escape the pursuit of a troop of well-mounted horsemen, speedily changed their intentions, and they awaited what was to happen in silence, till a loud beating at the door summoned them to the threshold.

No sooner had they there made their appearance, than the leader of the troop, countenously removing his casque, saluted them with a reverent bow.

“My Lords,” cried he, after having thus made his obeisance, “I have to announce to you, that the Baroness of Dracheuvichstein died last night, after little more than an hour’s illness.”

Anspruch and Martin looked at one another, as much as to say, “What have we to do with this?” but prudently held their tongues, till they should hear something further, in explanation of what it might all mean.

The Captain of the troop, after waiting a minute to see whether a reply would be vouchsafed him, proceeded: “The will of the Baroness

has been opened, in the presence of the Carmelites of Lichtensaps, and in the name of our deceased lady, we have come hither to salute Lord Clanvel as acknowledged Baron of Drachenvichenstein. Will it please his Lordship to receive our homage here, or at the castle?"

What the knight thus stated was nothing but the truth. The old lady's will announced to the world that she bequeathed her title, and the whole of her estates, to the weakly, puerile, half-idiot Clanvel, on the condition that he married within one year from the date of her death, otherwise all her property was to go to the Carmelites of Lichtensaps; and in the event of his marrying within the time prescribed, and dying without issue, her estates were to be equally divided between the two brothers, Anspruch and Martin.

However much the Baroness's will might have astonished the world, no one attempted to dispute it; and, indeed, there were some who whispered that the deceased had very near and dear reasons for leaving her property to the three brothers of the cottage, while others, who hated scandal, protested that that could not be, as the Baroness had never been married. All such remarks as these, however, were carried on in a very *sotto voce* style, and were in nowise intruded on the new Baron, who, hand in hand with his two brothers, proceeded to the castle, and was installed with all due solemnity in his baronial honours.

For a time every thing went on well and prosperously; but when Anspruch and Martin began to consult together on the change that had taken place in their prospects, they agreed that it was now no very difficult matter to guess where Clanvel's secret supplies of money had come from, when they were only the humble inmates of a cottage. But it was the future, more than the past, that demanded their attention.

"Here is another specimen," cried Martin, "of our foolish brother's luck! We, who are men, sound both in body and in mind, are still at the bottom of the ladder, while he is at the top. We, who are strong enough to cope with giants, must be obedient to the little finger of this elderling, who has scarcely muscle enough to fight a cat."

"Hush, good brother," interrupted Anspruch; "walls have ears, and we have not yet lived here long enough to know all the trapdoors and crevices where listeners may be lurking."

"Never heed, never heed," replied the other, "I will answer for it that none lie concealed in this apartment: I have made it my own under favour of my lord, the Baron, and I give you leave to fit me with the stocks if there is corner or loop-hole here, that I wot not of. Besides which, I care but little, if all the world should hear what I have to say. This castle shall not contain me long, for I have no taste for being the slave of one, in whom you know not whether the ague of the body or the mind most predominates."

"All the better that, good brother," quoth Anspruch; "we come in for our shares the sooner."

"We!" exclaimed Martin; "we are no Carmelites; and it is they who take the estates when the Baron dies."

"Not, if we can first contrive to get him wedded. It is on that point that I wanted to consult with you."

"It is in vain," cried Martin impatiently: "did you not hear the homily to which the sanctimonious Carmelite confessor treated Clanvel last Sunday, in which he took half an hour to persuade him that the only pure marriage he could perform would be one with Heaven? Rely on it, these grasping monks will strain a point or two before they let our addle-headed brother enter into matrimony."

"It is on that very thinness of brain, at which you grumble so much, that I build. Why, man, we have tongues in our heads as well as the Carmelites, and nature is on our side into the bargain. So be it our care first to provide a likely wife for his Baronship, and then to persuade him to marry her."

"But even that will not do," answered Martin; "if he marries not, then away go the estates to the Carmelites; and if he weds, we shall have, before he dies, some puling, weakling, bantling like himself, just born in the very nick of time to undermine our hopes."

"There you are without your host again," cried Anspruch; "there is such a thing as providing the Baron

with a wife of that respectable age as to be beyond the risk of ruining our scheme by any increase of the family."

"And who is to persuade Clanvel to marry such a one?"

"That must be our task," replied the schemer; "a difficult one, I grant, but for that very reason we must set to work the more earnestly."

Martin, though with no great hopes of the successful termination of the project his brother thus proposed, was not able to originate any more profitable employment of their time, and therefore consented to take part in its development.

The difficulty that first presented itself to the prosecution of their plan, was the finding a female such as they might venture to recommend to their brother. The indefatigable Anspruch hunted the castle through for such a one, having determined, if possible, to make his selection from among the female retainers of the Baron, by which he hoped to bring the matter nearly to a conclusion before the watchful Carmelites should obtain an inkling of what was going on. But with all his exertions he began to despair of finding one suited to his purpose. Some were too young—much too young—to make them safely recommendable; others were too old to let him hope that he could persuade even one so foolish as his brother to receive one as his wife. At length, just as he was beginning to think that he must after all look abroad for an agent suited to his purpose, he met a female in the castle hall that seemed upon the whole to be pretty well calculated for his object. On asking her who she was, she represented herself as the *locum tenens* of her niece Risenda, who had been a sort of humble companion to the late Baroness, and who had been allowed a month's leave of absence by the Seneschal to go on a visit to her parents. Anspruch, as he conversed with her, eyed her all over with a knowing look: she was *waszen-faced* to his heart's content—looked full five-and-fifty (to fifty she owned)—and was already beginning to find that a walking stick for her right hand was no bad supplement in her perambulations about the castle grounds. Having thus satis-

fied himself, Anspruch recommended her to the attention of Martin, and on comparing notes, they both agreed to endeavour to advance her to the affectionate regards of their brother, the Baron. The difficulties that stood in their way in this quarter, were not so great as they had imagined. Clanvel turned a ready ear to their persuasions—thought that of all things he should like to be married—and when Risenda's aunt was mentioned to him, did not see why she would not do for his wife as well as another. Things being in this successful train, and the lady herself having, after the proper quantity of becoming maiden scruples, consented to make her lord paramount happy in the possession of her charms, Anspruch undertook to open the matter to the Carmelites, and particularly to the Confessor, of whom the Baron appeared to stand in no little awe. On the news being conveyed to the convent the storm that it created was prodigious, for one and all, abbot and porter, confessor and lay-brother, had made up their minds that the fat lands of the barony of Drachenvichstein were in a very short time to become holy Carmelite property. But the storm was in vain; Clanvel, under the guidance of his brothers, remained resolute; and at last the confessor, finding that he could make nothing better of it, consented to ensure to the convent the marriage fees by performing the ceremony himself.

Thus far every thing went on to the heart's content of the plotting brothers of the Baron. The only thing that they had to lament, was, that marriage appeared to agree with his lordship too well; and instead of his sickness and debility getting worse, they appeared to be somewhat upon the amendment. This change made them so watchful of their brother's condition, that they forgot to pay any to that of his lady, so that their scheme was not a little thrown into confusion on finding that she was rapidly losing her health; every day she looked older and older, though it was plain that more and more paint (an embellishment in which she had always indulged) was laid on to conceal the ravages her illness was making; her appetite had entirely left her; every now and

then she seemed to be twitched with sudden cramps and startings; and once or twice she fainted in the Baron's arms.

These distressing symptoms made the brothers lay their heads together again, and they both agreed that every effort must be made to make the Baroness outlive the Baron; for, should she die, he seemed so enamoured with the marriage state, that there could be little doubt that on the next opportunity he would go courting for himself, without waiting for their providing him with the object. The prejudice running then, as it does now, that the best way of meeting a disease was by sending for a doctor, Ansruch and Martin despatched special messengers in every direction all over Germany to collect and bring to the castle of Drachenviehstein all the most learned men in the art of healing. By the time that the arrivals were completed—and they took some months, for in those days there were neither post-chaises nor mail-coaches, and if there had been, there were very few roads for them to whirl along—by the time, I say, that the arrivals were completed, the Baroness's complaint had risen to a great height, and the men of medicine, after asking her all imaginable and unimaginable questions, were considerably puzzled what to decide. They all agreed that Odontalgia was developed in a prodigious degree, or (as the Baroness herself expressed it) that she had a terribly bad tooth-ache; and, indeed, it seemed as if every tooth in her head was ready to drop out of its socket. But though thus far the facts were indisputable, no two of the brethren could make up their minds from what this Odontalgia arose. Some spoke about dropsy;—others enquired whether the Baroness ate hot rolls for breakfast, in which case they thought that the spongy nature of those condiments might account for her condition;—a third party contended that some shock, which had been given to her nervous system, had caused the cuticle to form into a protuberance; and they recommended iron and assafetida, in the hope that by remedying the cause, they might get rid of the effect. Of course, where there were so many opinions, there was

nothing like consultation; for which purpose the whole of the learned body made it a rule after dinner to meet in the butlery, as the place most congenial to their feelings, and there discuss the different knotty points that the Baroness's intricate case presented. At these meetings Ansruch and Martin were invariably present; and though their ears were highly edified by the multitude of incomprehensibilities that were bandied about with an ease utterly astonishing, they could not help once a-week complaining that nothing had yet been done to alleviate the sufferings of their sister-in-law.

Just as the learned doctors, on the twenty-seventh day of their assembling, were in the midst of a most abstruse question as to whether Odontalgia could be dissipated through the absorbent vessels, the dictum of one of the most profound of the whole set was suddenly interrupted by the Baroness's waiting-woman rushing into the room, her hair all dishevelled, and her looks agast.

"Mother of Heaven!" exclaimed Ansruch, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, my lord, my lord," cried the waiting-woman, "it is all over."

"Over!" quoth Martin, turning pale at the thought; "over! is the Baroness dead!"

"Dead, my lord!" said the waiting-woman; "no, my lord, not dead; but she is brought to bed of as fine a little baron as ever was seen."

The doctors, one and all, whether from Berlin or Vienna,—from Göttingen or Wurtemberg,—started from their easy-chairs, of which the Baron had ordered them a plentiful supply, and without so much as a single farewell "ahem!" ran off to their respective homes as if the ghost of Galen were behind them,—wondering all the way as they went, how they could have forgotten that ladies sometimes breed with a tooth-ache.

As for Ansruch and Martin, they were out of their wits with amazement; and the first happy thought that came to their relief was that the child, which had been announced to them by the waiting-woman, must have been produced by necromancy; and, with this notion in their heads, off they sent again for the return of the whole batch of learned phys-

cians, that they might make affidavit that it was out of nature for an elderly female of five-and-fifty to be brought to bed of any thing,—much less of a little baron, that roared as lustily as if he was the offspring of a Welsh milk-maid or an Irish market-woman.

But "confusion worse confounded" awaited all their projects; for no sooner was the Baroness in condition to make her reappearance in the world, than it appeared to all beholders as if she had got rid of at least thirty years of her former five-and-fifty. The crow's feet that had once adorned her countenance had softened into dimples; her dull eye now sparkled with lively fire; and the pure tinge that nature lent to her cheeks, seemed to defy all artificial aid. "Necromancy" was again whispered by her disappointed brothers-in-law, and they summoned all the Carmelites to investigate the mystery.

But what was their dismay, when the Baroness thus addressed the assembly.

"Holy Fathers, if there be necromancy, my very good brothers, Anspruch and Martin, are the magicians. Hitherto, I have been known as Risenda's aunt; but I think that there must be some here who, now that my disguise is thrown aside, must remember me as Risenda herself."

A hundred voices among the dependents of the castle, acclaimed to the truth of what the Baroness stated.

"But why this disguise then?" exclaimed both Anspruch and Martin at once.

"And would *you*, indeed, know that?" replied the lady. "You shall know it. Two days before you selected me as a fit wife for my Lord the Baron, it was my fortune to overhear a conversation between you in Martin's own apartment. Is there any desire that I should repeat it?"

The brothers gave each other a look of self-reproach, as they both entreated her ladyship not to trouble herself to enter into any further explanations.

"Then only thus much will I add," quoth the Baroness. "When I found that your brotherly affection for my Lord had induced you to seek for a wife for him, I was really afraid, that in your hurry you might miss a good

one; and as I myself had long ago resolved to be a most exemplary wife to whomsoever I should marry, I imagined, that the best thing I could do, in justice to all parties, would be to assume a sedateness of years, which my heart really had, though my youthful looks might deny it. The rest you know; and, as a reward for your careful concern, dear brothers, allow me to introduce you to your little nephew. He shall be christened Anspruch; and should the next be a boy also, we shall call him Martin."

The German manuscript from which this little tale is translated, provokingly enough leaves off at this point, so that I am not even able to have the satisfaction of telling my readers whether a little Martin ever saw the light, or that the Baron and the Baroness, either or both, lived after the most approved fashion to a good old age, and that after they were gathered to their fathers, the young Baron reigned in the castle of Drachenviehstein in their stead.

The story, however, notwithstanding its defective termination, is a sufficient illustration of the question of "Who is born?" under one point of view.

For the rest:—

"Who is born?"—Perhaps, as we read the tiny query, a babe is given to the world, who, in time to come, shall glad your heart, turn long-settled misery out of doors, and change the horrors of war and desolation into the glad tidings of peace and happiness.

"Who is born?"—Even at this moment perchance a poet, who, to the thousand generations that are coming, shall occupy the dearest recesses of their hearts, hand in hand with Shakspeare or with Homer.

"Who is born?"—It may be the divinest writer of sweet and moving sounds—one whose magician skill shall have power to steal tears from humanity, and stir the soul to agitation, or soothe it down to gentlest fluttering.

"Who is born?"—Peradventure the wisest and the profoundest—one who shall school Aristotle, correct Bacon, and amplify Newton.

"Who is born?"—The son of freedom—the right hand of liberty, given to the world to banish despotism from its ancient seats, and restore

myriads of human beings to honesty and virtue.

If these things may be, let huma-

nity rejoice—let expectation expand—let hope look abroad—at the simple question of, “Who is born?”

WHO IS DEAD?

WHAT a moving question, and how much may hang upon it! What a leveller! What an uncompromising distributor!—The Lord of ten thousand acres stops another Lord of twenty thousand acres, at the corner of Palace Yard, and asks how it fares with a third Lord of thirty thousand acres—“Oh, my Lord,” quoth he that is questioned, “he is dead!”—A sinister, swivel-eyed, shabby-gentle-looking youth, stops another of like fortune and degree, at the corner of the Almonry (only some hundred yards removed from their Lordships’ scene of action), and asks how it fares with a third gentleman that once graced the fraternity to which the two communicants belong—“Poor fellow,” is the reply, “he is dead!”—What a leveller! The Lord and the thief are both dead; that is their record—that is the conclusion of the pampered existence of the one, and of the alley-diving, police-shunning life of the other—“They are dead!”—But there has been worse levelling still. My Lord of the thirty thousand acres expired on a couch of down—the light softened to his aching eyes through festooning curtains of embroidered silk, and each moment of his fluctuating existence watched by an obsequious practitioner, “licensed to kill,” whose trade it is to assuage the pangs of death for a *con-si-de-ra-ti-on*: the thief has expiated the mingled crime of poverty and guilt upon the scaffold; a wretched coil of rope has swung him into eternity, with none around him but the hardened annihilators of man—also “licensed to kill.” But such distinctions have now become invidious—“They are dead!” and that tells all. In that single phrase of balance and account, the haughty pride of the one, and the sneaking villain-craft of the other, are summed up.

Who is dead? How variously may this question be asked, and how still more variously may it be answered! A voice may proclaim the death of one, and there comes no sigh to re-

spond to the announcement; while, on the other hand, a drunken tipsy blunderer may dream in his cups that one in whom life is yet strong and vigorous is dead, and stating that as fact, may raise such tears, such groans, and lamentations, as those which came from Niobe, when all “at one fell swoop” were taken from her. Sterne has touched this nearly, (what did he not touch nearly that was true to nature?) when in Trim’s description of the field of battle he makes the corporal exclaim, “Who is down?—It is Tom—poor Tom! No, it is Ned! Why, then, Tom is as good a man as ever.”

Who is dead? is then, indeed, a question charged with import to the very echo; and on the answer hangs more variety of condition and effect than on the voice of princes, whose breath makes nobility—so called. Nor marvel this. Death is himself a prince—yea, the very prince of princes; and though misery acquaints a man with “strange bed-fellows,” it is death that consummates the bedding, and makes him an enduring lyer-down in the one universal couch, “not where he eats, but where he is eaten.”

But it is in these days of philosophy that death seems to be at its commonest. There was a time when the question—Who is dead? would have excited a sort of reverential awe merely in the abstract, without waiting for the answer that was to determine the particular individual who had last fallen within the clutch of the King of Terrors. But now—Who is dead? appears to be a more matter-of-course enquiry than the news of the day, or a disquisition on the last week’s weather. Tell only of death, and you shall not get a hearing, while your neighbour is dilating on war to an overflowing auditory; yet what war is so perpetual as that between life and death?—or on medicine; yet what medicine so potent as that which crows all, and gives an everlasting remedy?—or on racks inflicted, and dungeons

built around; yet what rack so mighty, as the thought of what is or is not to be when time passes and space vanishes?—what dungeon so huge or infrangible, as the all-receiving bowels of the earth? Or, is it indeed a dungeon? May it not be that life is the imprisonment, and that death cometh to set free? Dr Johnson, in his rugged but earnest manner, pronounced a ship to be a prison, with only one plank between life and death; and so, if we believe Hamlet, is all the world!

“*Hamlet.* Denmark’s a prison.

“*Rosenc.* Then is the world one.

“*Hamlet.* A goodly one, in which there are many wards, confines, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.”

So that with this philosophy death is the freeman’s only standing ground; and he whose name is rendered in answer to the question—Who is dead? is one of the happy who have initiated themselves through the world’s apprenticeship, and entered the abodes of liberty.

It would be a somewhat trite remark, should I observe, that society, or the union of men in large companies, has given rise to evil as well as to good. But, at all events, this question of—Who is dead? will serve in illustration. In the multitude of men daily death is to be found; and it is this frequency of summons that has destroyed the real character of the appeal. In the first instance, a sort of self-preservation perhaps suggested this otherwise unnatural apathy; the heart of man no more desires to have grief for its portion, than his body to have whips and tortures; and therefore, when in the early days of men congregating together, shock upon shock was repeated by the blows of death, men might with no very ill grace have taken refuge in an indifference, which, though at first assumed, was soon taught to be real. Whether, however, this conjecture be correct or not, the fact is indisputable. Thousands in large cities scarcely bestow a thought upon the end of all things, and death’s emblems pass them by unheeded and uncared for. The citizen walks by a shop, and hears the busy driving of nails without enquiring whether the sound proceeds from the adornment of a coffin that is to convey a remnant of

mortality to the tomb—or of a trunk that is to carry the bridal dress to the expecting, blushing, heart-thrilling virgin—and so, if the crowded noisy streets allow the sound of church-bells to reach the ear of the passenger, he hardly notices whether they ring a joyous peal of tributary gladness, or sound the solemn knell that announces the sepulture of a departed actor from the scene of life; the very officers of the grave are imbued with the same unfitting spirit;—the mutes that are placed on the threshold of death, to give notice of the approaching ceremony, may be seen whispering together even to a joke or a smile; the ponderous coachman that drives the corpse to its long home, crows his labour with a swilling libation, and the other attendants, nowise unsociable, join his foaming orgies with consensaneous devotion.

I remember being particularly struck with all these features of a London funeral, the only time that it has ever fallen to my lot to attend one in the capacity of mourner. Poor Frederick Mervyn!—If there was a good heart placed by nature within a human form, his was the case that held it. He was a creature made up of sensitive benevolence; he seemed all nerve and fibre, ready to thrill and quail at the voice of sorrow or complaint;—through him he was the victim of feeling;—benevolence was his ruin;—benevolence was his death!

I hardly know how I have happened to mention his name; but by some train of reflection it has been done; and now that it is before me, and has revived the recollection of all his thousand virtues and amenities, I will pay him a long-promised debt—that of writing his epitaph—and the best that I can offer will be a brief sketch of his own career. Alas, how few of the world’s minions have we for whom as much can be said!

Frederick Mervyn was the inheritor of a fortune far more ample than one so constituted as he would ever dream of spending on himself. It was perhaps this very superfluity that turned him to the course that finally took his estate from him; for it enabled him, in the first instance, so winningly to exercise the disposi-

tions of his heart, that before he discovered the danger that it was entailing upon him, the principle was so irremediably engraven on his soul, that it was in vain that he attempted to check himself. A tear seemed to penetrate to the very recesses of his bosom—a sigh made him start as if he had seen some spectre of the night—and the garb of poverty and distress, at the very time that it awakened him to benevolence, almost made him shake with tremulousness, as he administered to its necessity. But had poor Mervyn received fair play from the world, he would still have found sufficient to gratify the feelings of his heart without the destruction of a modicum for himself; or even had he only been made the victim of the ordinary schemes of craft and deceit, by which the kind of heart are betrayed, the consummation that awaited him might have been avoided. Hundreds of stories have I heard, the burden of all of which was the abuse of his good-nature—endless were the instances of his rescuing undeserving objects on the credence of a feigned tale of misery. But it was not till he met with Catherine Harman that the whole generosity of his heart was discovered; that the whole child-like simplicity of his unsuspecting nature was disclosed. As I write the name of that woman, I feel a blush of self-condemnation come over my cheek, for I cannot dissuade myself that if I had acted with proper firmness towards my friend, I might have saved him from the miserable consequences of his connexion with her.

Kind-hearted Mervyn, if thy spirit is near me now, witness let it be to the self-reproach that comes over me when I call back to bitter recollection the carelessness with which I suffered you to involve yourself with that daughter of sin.

The first time Mervyn ever saw Catherine Harman, I was with him. We had been making a tour through Cambridgeshire, and some other of the inland counties; and after a ramble in the neighbourhood of the city of Cambridge, were returning to it one evening at dusk. It was along the banks of the Cam that we were slowly pursuing our way; and as we came to a sudden wind in the stream,

we found ourselves close to a female whose manner was calculated to excite the notice of any passenger, and much more that of one like Mervyn, who was tremblingly alive to aught that claimed the heart's sympathy: the face of the female was wayward and irresolute—once in the dim twilight we could see her clasp her hands, as if wringing them for mere despair—and as we passed her, low sounds of mournful import escaped her lips. As these things overcame us “like a summer cloud,” I could feel Mervyn’s arm tremble within mine, as if the fit was on him, and almost as speedily as this token reached me, he whispered, “Speak to her, Arnold; for God’s sake speak to her, for I cannot!” It was a piteous tale she told—a tale that would have reached a harder heart than that of Mervyn. Thus ran her story. Her father, who was a farmer, had been ruined by a series of bad crops, and on going to London in the hope of raising money, had there been arrested and thrown into the King’s Bench prison, while every thing on the farm was seized for rent, and she herself—his only child—turned away to face the world and fortune as she might. The shock, with all its agitating effects, had thrown her into a high fever at Cambridge, which town she had reached on her way to join her father, and though the influence of the disease had been subdued by care, its prolongation had stripped her of her last farthing, so that at that moment she was neither more nor less than the veriest beggar on the face of the earth.

I will not make a painful story longer than I can help. Suffice it, then, to say, that through the benevolence of Mervyn, she was provided with means to prosecute her journey to London, in addition to which he gave her his address in town, with a request that she would call on him as soon as he should have returned from his tour, to let him know how he might further assist her. His invitation was not unheeded, for scarcely had he been back a day, ere she made her reappearance in deep mourning. Her father, she said, had died in jail; the produce of the farm had not nearly covered his debts, so that she was in even a still more destitute situation than that in

which Mervyn had first found her. Her destitution, however, did not last long; for my poor friend provided for her wants with the care and consideration of a brother. Nor was it unnatural that he should; for of all the women with whom I have ever met in my course through life, Catherine Harman was one of the most fascinating; her beautiful countenance was always animated with the expression of one feeling or another, and appeared, as it were, the map of her mind; except that so far had she mastery over it, that she only suffered good qualities thereon to be portrayed, while below, there were lurking a thousand mischiefs, unseen, but full of vigour.

Mervyn, who, in the first instance, had been awakened to pity by her story, was soon roused to love by her charms; and his hours were incessantly spent in her company. I had not returned to town with him after our Cambridge rencontre with Catherine, being engaged to pay a visit to some relations in the north, as far as Ambleside. But when about a month afterwards I reached the metropolis, almost the first words that fell from my friend, shewed me the state of his heart; he was lavish in praise of his mistress—he was never content unless it was of her that he was talking—and I found that that one little month had been sufficient to fix his affections on her irrevocably. It was in vain that I urged on his attention the doubtful situation in which we had found her, and the necessity, at all events, of making further enquiries respecting her before he offered her marriage; he only grew angry at my remonstrances, and I found that my arguments did but the more forcibly wed him to his previous determination. The thing, however, that, I must confess, at the time most completely puzzled me was, that on proposing to Catherine for her hand, she refused the offer. I could scarcely believe him when he announced her negative to me, it seemed so incredible. True, however, it was. She would not marry him; but she still shewed by her manner and actions that she was willing to encourage the continuation of his visits. That some mystery lay hidden here was evident, and I resolved to penetrate the secret. But

again fortune was against my doing this service to my friend; the alarming illness of my mother, who had gone abroad for her health, summoned me to Nice, and there I was detained by her gradual decay and eventual death, for upwards of ten months.

On my again reaching London I found that the whole mischief was consummated, and that the fate of Mervyn was sealed. On my going to his house I found that it was shut up, and it was with great difficulty that I was able to trace out his retreat to a wretched miserable lodging in one of the obscurest streets in the metropolis. But if I was shocked at his abode, how much more so was I at his appearance! Of a delicate habit of body he had always been, for his sensibility had ever seemed to attenuate his frame, and prevent the expansion and knitting of his corporal functions; but as I gazed upon him on entering his poverty-stricken apartment, I could not help shuddering at the change I witnessed. His person, formerly tended with the minutest care, was now neglected—his beautiful moving eye, that was wont to shine with every human virtue, was glazed and ineffective—his cheek hollow, sunken, and sallow—and when first his broken and sepulchral voice sounded on my ear, the involuntary thought ran through me—“Death has marked him for speedy sacrifice!”

But I will tell what happened after my departure for Nice in his own words. They will need no addition from me.

“You come in time, Arnold, to see me stricken to my grave; and one of my last self-reproaches will be that I refused to listen to your warning voice. Oh, worse, worse!—for she of whom I have to speak—who must be named, though my poor heart frets in anguish at the very thought—she persuaded me for a little minute to believe that you could be no true friend in opposing my wishes towards her, and stung me to the resolution of leaving your kind letters unanswered—even those in which you called for sympathy to support you in your attendance on your dying parent. But you see what Mervyn is now—you see him well-nigh hand in hand with death;

and you will forgive him for a neglect which wickedness counselled, and folly licensed. Oh, Arnold, I shall die—I shall die—and Catherine is my executioner! Well might you think it strange she refused me marriage, and yet still appeared to delight in my visits—still more strange will you think it, when I tell you, that though she refused to be my wife, she consented to become my mistress, and even persuaded me into the belief that I owed the more to her affection for the choice—falsely whispering me that it was for the sake of my station in the world that she would not consent that I should wed with an unknown and deserted female. But I must tell all in a few words, or my heart will break in the recital. My mistress she became. With soft and winning words she moulded me to her purpose, till I believed that I could make no sacrifice sufficient to repay her tenderness; and, in a fit of fond, mad, enthusiastic affection, I made over to her all my property. Ay, you may well start—you may well look at me with astonishment and affright. But it is too true—and in this wasted frame, this pallid cheek, you look on the result. Scarce was the ink dry with which I signed my name to the fatal deed, than I discovered my mistake. She cooled—she neglected me—she almost shunned me—Oh, God, I, that was all love, could find none in her! But presently the consummation came, all too soon it came—for, returning home one evening earlier than she had expected me, I found her seated on the sofa with a stranger, his arm round her waist, her hand locked in his, and their lips scarcely separate when I entered the room. A scene of recrimination took place, if, indeed, that can be called recrimination, where she had nothing to urge against me but my too affectionate folly. Then for the first time I discovered why marriage had been refused me. This stranger was her husband. She was already married; and the wretch who claimed that title had been content to suffer his wife's prostitution, for the sake of the unholy winnings she had wrung from me in my fondness. I cannot describe the state of torture into which this announcement threw me. I knew not what

to do with myself for relief, and as a sort of desperate escape, commanded the fellow, who still sat lounging on the sofa with unblushing effrontery during his wife's recital of her shame, to quit my house. 'Your house,' cried he with a grin, 'do you not know this paper;' and he held before my eyes the deed of gift to which my name was too certainly attached. 'Do you not know this paper, and do you talk of your house? It is my house! Every bed—every chair—every footstool in it is mine. So, see you and quit *my* house; for if you are not out of it in one minute, a police officer shall be sent for to remove you.' It was not his words that moved me; but she too looked more—oh, tenfold more—cruelty than he uttered; and in merest act of self-protection I fled from the horrible scene. I know not how the law may be; but I doubt not that it is against me: be it, however, which way it may, the blow that has been given me has rendered life, property, everything valueless. And here, even here, I am content to die."

There, even there, did he die! He did not live through the night of my return. A few days afterwards it was my mournful duty to see him to the grave. Such a funeral as my means could afford was yielded to him. The melancholy hearse that contained his body moved slowly on towards the nearest churchyard; a single mourning coach, in which myself, and the apothecary who had attended his last days, officiated as mourners, followed as slowly; and thus we crept along the crowded streets, without one out of all the myriads, that witnessed our sorrowful passage, to cry—Who is dead?

Yes, Mervyn, the gentle-hearted, the benevolent—he who had tears for the widow and comfort for the orphan, pity for the distressed and consolation for the afflicted, was conveyed to his eternal rest without one of all the inhabitants of this great town-leviathan to cry after him so much as—Who is dead?

Is not this, then, an illustration that society has its evil as well as its good? Had such a man as Mervyn died in a village where nature looks fresh and wholesome, the whole population might perhaps have followed in mournful procession to his en-

tombment. To get at the real well-springs of the feelings we must get at man in a less sophisticated state than that which accompanies him in his course through great cities and assemblies of his species. In the pretty hamlet that seems to have been wisely thrust by its founder into some corner where the worldly pass not by, and where the proud of heart shall find nothing to gratify their self-importance, the funeral is the signal for those decent and sacred observances, which all men deem to be in unison with the character of the occasion, but which few amid the bustle of life condescend to find time to bestow.

In the village, the question of—Who is dead? is one of deep and earnest interest, for the answer announces the taking away of one known to all the little inhabitation of the place; the answer may sound the knell of the industrious father on whose labour hung the destiny of a little brood!—by this loss of fate have become unsettled and turned adrift before the strength of their days has arrived; or it may pronounce the extinction of the watchful mother, who only knew happiness in the exercise of her anxious duty, and who formed the guardian spirit of her domestic world—acting for all—caring for all—and feeling for all; or, even if the cruel hand of death has not struck one so valuable as these, still there remains some favourable recollection of him departed, (for who so bad as not to have one redeeming trait on which to hang an epitaph?) that makes the village answer to—Who is dead?—one of melancholy and mourning.

I remember an instance that will well serve to shew the truth of these remarks; and I narrate it, the rather because it goes to prove, that in the more quiet walks of man, sympathy is ever ready to be awakened, and that those feelings of regret, which, in the busier paths of life, are only rendered to close consanguinity, or still closer friendship, are in the humble village ready to flow for the stranger and the desolate.

Some short time ago, during one of my solitary rambles—alas! now solitary, for I have lost poor Mervyn, who was the chosen and ever ready enlivener of my way—it chanced that

I made a sojourn of some few days at a small village called Danbury, which lies about half way between Chelmsford and Maldon. In the midst of the flat, but well-cultivated county of Essex, Danbury stands on a lofty hill, and on the very highest apex of that hill stands its pretty thin-spined church, overlooking thousands on thousands of acres in the richest state of luxuriance and cultivation. After satisfying my gaze with a long, long look, at all the beauties the prospect afforded, I remembered to have read in some topography that the village took its name from the Danes having made it one of their stations when they were in possession of this portion of the country, and that there still remained to be traced the outline of a fosse and camp that they had formed for their protection on the summit of the hill. “I have given,” thought I, as I recollected this, and turned away from the living prospect around me, “I have given an hour to the things of the present day, and now I will render as much to those of foregone ages.” And I looked about for some one who should be able to direct me to the lines of entrenchment which I was desirous of investigating. It was then for the first time that I observed that a man was leaning against the churchyard stile near the spot that I had been occupying. The position in which he was standing was such, that I knew not whether to attribute it to an indolent desire of lounging away half an hour in the sunshine, or to an absolute demand which weakness or illness might be making on him for rest. This, however, was but the observation of a moment as I approached him, and commenced to state the object of which I was in search. But scarcely had I finished my first sentence, when he stopped me by a peremptory waving of his hand, while, at the same time, he exclaimed, in a tremulous and uneven voice, which nevertheless gained power as he continued speaking—“Foolish man, what have you to do with the events of a thousand years ago? Live in your own time, and be satisfied; or, if you must be prying and disquisitive, look, as I do, at the glories of the sun, and his shadowings over the face of the earth. There is more

philosophy in that than in all the savage records that England ever witnessed. It is for this that I have mastered weakness, which will soon master me, and climbed this hill—once again to see the sun sink below the fruitful plains—once again to see him, at his last, illumining the pleasant things of nature, and watch the lapse of his brilliant blaze into the gray tint of twilight—and then, to bed, to bed!”

I was somewhat puzzled at these remarks, which flowed smoothly enough from the stranger, but which seemed to me to have a tinge of incoherency in them; neither was I particularly enamoured with the manner in which he had rebuked my antiquarian ardour. As soon, therefore, as he came to a pause, I made him a hasty parting bow, and proceeded along the side of the hill to endeavour to discover the Danish camp for myself.

The next morning, as I was sitting at breakfast in the little apartment which I had secured exclusively at the Griffin's Head, I heard a considerable bustle in the house, little like the usual undisturbed tranquillity of the place. The cause of confusion was soon announced to me by my host, who told me that a stranger, who had engaged a bed in the house the night before, had been that morning found dead in his bed. It immediately struck me that this could be no other than the person whom I had seen the evening before leaning against the churchyard stile; and on entering the room where the corpse was lying, my suspicions were confirmed; the countenance was the same, save that the eyes were shut, and there was no longer to be seen that wild expression which they had lent to the whole face; on the contrary, there was a calmly placid look pervading all the features, and as I gazed upon them, I could not help imagining that they reflected, as it were, the sober twilight for which he had been waiting.

The suddenness of his decease made it necessary that an inquest should be held upon the body; but nothing explanatory of his life or death was elucidated. The only information (if so it might be called) was obtained from a letter which he

himself had written the night of his death, and which was found lying open on the table of his bedroom. Its contents were curious, and worth preserving:—

“Yes, this is the night on which I am to die! I feel the decay of mortality to be gradually stealing over me, becoming more and more powerful and irresistible. Yes, God be thanked, this very night I shall die. I, that have lived to feel a hundred deaths, shall now at last grapple with the real end-all. Ellen, that has gone before me, is waiting for me; as I looked this evening at the setting sun, I thought I saw her smiling at me through his illumination, and her light step seemed to be tripping before my eyes down the hill into the glad fields of spring. She beckoned me, and I shall come. Let those that bury me, bury with me this letter. Let it be laid open on my heart, that the name of Ellen may be near me; and if those who perform this last office want to give me an epitaph, let ‘Gone to join Ellen’ be my only record. Ellen lies in the deep sea—I shall lie in the cold, cold earth; but though the elements separate us, God will not! This night accomplished, and Ellen and I are together for ever!”

The letter was, as he desired, placed on the bosom of the corpse, when it was laid in the coffin; and when the day of his funeral arrived, mournfully did it move from the inn to the churchyard. None were there that knew him—myself and the landlord were probably the only two that had seen him alive. But still right mournful was the procession. His world-farewelling letter had won him “golden opinions from all sorts of men,” and the humble, honest, feeling villagers, paid him the tribute of an earnest tear, as his coffin was lowered deep into the bosom of the hill of Danbury—of that hill on which he had taken his leave of the sun, of the world, and of Ellen.

Thus much for the difference between the funerals of poor Mervyn and the stranger at Danbury Hill. But as I sit in my solitary chamber, writing of these melancholy things, the whole air seems to ring with the knell of—Who is dead?—Ay, even as this question is written,—even as

this question is read, a thousand slip from the scene of life, and descend to dust and worms. Not only are dying and perishing away from the face of the globe those that belong to nations we scarcely know by name—but who is there in mighty England, with her colonies, her islands, and her possessions, that almost cover the face of the earth, that has not friends far, far away—dear friends—friends of their earliest youth—friends of their happiest hours?—Even so! And perhaps as we exclaim—Who is dead?—Truth, could her voice be heard through the maze of space and distance, might at the moment reply—A brother!—A sister!—A friend!—A wife!

Who is dead?—Even as we ask, the daring and high spirited mariner is struggling with the waves, while piecemeal drives the wreck—even as we ask, he is for the last time casting his eyes around the lashing ocean for a relief that cometh not—and sinks into annihilation as he looks.

Who is dead?—At this moment the horrors of a distant war may be

raging; the patriot may be groaning on the blood-stained earth—the rending curse of a hundred wounded may be frightening the very birds of the air, who are waiting till they may stoop to their prey.

Who is dead?—As we ask it, honesty that has struggled to a miracle against the neglect and the ill-usage of man, may be at length ceasing to struggle, and seeking its first and last refuge in the tomb!

Who is dead?—Yea, even now at the instant the answer may be,—the patient wife—the good-man striving father—the enduring mother—the injured friend of all humanity!—These, all these may be evanishing at one fell swoop!—these, and a hundred more, equally deserving and equally good, may be heaving their last sigh more for others than themselves,—may be sinking into an oblivion unworthy of them, as some who live in story are unfit for story's page.

All this, and much more, may be, and is;—for of such materials is our mortality made up!

* These interesting compositions were among the last written by Mr Godwin, the excellent son of an excellent and illustrious father. He was cut off suddenly by cholera, at a time when, by the exercise of his fine talents, he had every prospect of securing competence and comfort; and we fear his death has left his amiable widow in very straitened circumstances. It is intended, we believe, to publish a larger work—of fiction—which he left ready for the press, and we do not doubt that it will meet with a favourable reception from the public.

EDMUND BURKE.

PART V.

It had been the old maxim of the pretended philosophers of the Continent, that Religion was useless or injurious as a feature of civil polity; that establishments for Religion were among the worn-out expedients of a system divided between the priest and the King, hypocrisy and oppression, the tyranny of superstition and the tyranny of the sword. The charge was extended from the tranquillity of nations to their times of disturbance. Religion was libelled for the work of the passions. She was pronounced to be the cause of more extravagant ambitions, more profound perfidies, more sanguinary violences, and more incurable subversions of empire, than all other causes combined. She was the great tragic figure in the drama of human suffering; the great mover of those fiercer convulsions and conflagrations, which, bursting up from the depths of society, like the lava, or the earthquake, from caverns beyond the reach of man, utterly perplex all human resistance, as they baffle all human precaution. It was pronounced to be doubly fatal, by its substituting an illegitimate and imaginary conscience for a sense of duty; and while it retained the feeble through fear, and stimulated the enthusiastic by hope, employing the theories of a future world to overthrow the realities of the present, thus depriving reason of its influence, and law of its authority; and, by the erection of a fantastic tribunal in the heart, turning the regicide and the rebel into the martyr.

This declamation had been a thousand times refuted; but it was too congenial to the profligate *liberalism* of the Continent to be abandoned. At length a proof was to be given that Atheism could outstrip at a single stride all the pretended horrors that had ever been let loose by religion; that men who had exiled the priest, and broken down the altar, might be more ruthless and sanguinary than the fiercest persecutor; and that the wildest perversion of belief—the most flagitious dexterity of imposture, under the abused name

of religion, could be thrown into eclipse, by the remorseless craft and prodigal atrocity of a rebellion, whose first proclamation sounded in the astonished ears of Europe, THAT THERE WAS NO GOD!

But a preparatory period was still to be passed. The life of nations is like the life of man. The true philosopher can scarcely fail to discover when nations begin to assume a shape—when they develope their successive energies, and when they have reached the point of decline. The last ten years of the eighteenth century were evidently marked for a great European crisis. The state of manners, knowledge, and feelings on the Continent, was evidently ripening for some consummate trial. But it was in England that the most marked evidence of some great preparatory agency was given. The partial failures of Britain in the American war, so loftily compensated by her havoc of the French and Spanish navies on the ocean, were among the clearest lessons of where the true strength of the country lay. And the national enthusiasm was vigorously turned to that arm, on which was so soon to be staked the national safety in the greatest of all naval wars. But the finances of England required reinstatement after the vast exhaustion of a six years' contest, carried on at the distance of three thousand miles. An interval, amply adequate to this purpose, now came. From 1782 to 1789, was a time of the most serene, joyous, and productive peace ever known in Europe. All the active intercourses, the graceful employments, the brilliant luxuries, the opulent commerce—of nations, were in unexampled life. The prevalence of perpetual peace; the unassailable amity of all the thrones of Europe; the establishment of codes of national law, which should preclude all jealousies for all time to come, were among the dreams of the hour, but they were the dreams of vivid health; passing fantasies, but the splendid conceptions of minds at ease, and exulting in the glow of the prospect around them. Yet this animated day

was but a respite. The sentence which had long gone forth against the guilt of Europe, must be executed; and the exultation of those days of memorable and almost extravagant enjoyment, was to be followed by the deepest suffering of nations since the fall of the Roman Empire.

England was prepared against the change, by her internal vigour, the activity of her laws, and the purity of her religion. But the great instrument by which the power of the Empire was to be put in motion, was the Minister. Pitt was born to stand at the head of a great nation in its most perilous time. Bold, pure, high-principled, equally disdaining submission to the multitude and subserviency to the throne, he sustained both, and he controlled both; by the noblest displays of senatorial ability, he protected the Crown against the aggressions of party in the legislature; by the most vigilant decision, he coerced the violence of faction in the streets. And, for his reward, he saw party rapidly sink into a depth of popular scorn, which extinguished it as an antagonist of Administration; and the old bitternesses of the popular heart, as rapidly changing into the generous and glowing pride in the triumphs of their country, which makes the great redeeming quality of Englishmen.

Burke was to bear an illustrious part in the work of national preservation; and he was, like the country, to be prepared for his duty. If it seemed extraordinary that a mind so palpably formed for objects above all local and individual interest; that his sleepless energy, fiery enthusiasm, matchless extent of knowledge, his strong sincerity of public virtue, should have been suffered to cast itself away for ten years upon the repulsive labour of the unsuccessful impeachment of a doubtful criminal, are we not entitled to look beyond the event, to take the remote result for the true solution, and find, in the successful defence of the principles and privileges of the human race against Jacobinism, the ground of the apparent waste and lavishing of his powers in the struggle against the individual? The partial combat was to give nerve for that great summoning of his strength, in which the prize was his country. The great orator, like Homer's hero, was to

invigorate himself by the use of earthly weapons in inferior warfare, before he was to be clothed in the impenetrable armour, whose very lustre flashed dismay, and, wielding the spear and shield of more than mortal workmanship, decide the battle at a blow. The mental exertion required by the long continuance of the impeachment, obviously contributed to the subsequent services of Burke. We can discover its uses in the increased soberness of his judgment, his more mature estimate of party, and the heightened activity, clearness, and brilliancy of his powers; all the natural results of this perpetual exercise, and all the preparatives for those great public and crowning efforts, which were so soon to rescue the mind of the Empire from the frenzied absurdities of revolution. Unquestionably, unless we are to conceive that all things are under the dominion of chance; that men are in no case *prepared* for the performance of the highest duties to their fellow-men; that the providence, which concerts with such delicate and dexterous arrangement, the whole process of the natural world, leaves the moral totally to itself; we must believe that instruments are prepared for the preservation of kingdoms, as much as the rain is prepared for the germination of the seed, or the sunshine for the ripening of the harvest. The theory, too, may be true in less important instances than in the history of Burke. There are, probably, few men of any saliency and vigour of intellect, who will not be able to trace a preparative process in their minds for the leading events of their career. With Burke, the results of the trial were effectual in the highest degree. They weaned him from that disastrous connexion in which he had been politically born. They taught him the utter uselessness of depending for help in any cause of disinterested manliness or public spirit, on men who were to be moved only by the stimulus of self-interest or popular breath. From that hour, the abscission of all cordial feeling between him and party was begun. He still adhered, because, in England, party divorce is like matrimonial, *prima facie* a matter of disrepute. But the separate mind was already there; and that high-hearted abjuration by which

he finally rejected the revolvers against the cause of England, and, in defiance of clamour and connexion, proclaimed the right, and threw the gauntlet down in defence of the country, was only the more formal shape of the principle, which, from this moment, had begun to stir and animate all his feelings.

Still a brief period intervened before the necessity of the public cause called for the powers of its predestined champions. When the history of those proud days comes to be written, it will probably be found that as palpable and extensive a train of incidents was put in motion for the safety of England, as for the fall of France. The wild havoc of the French Revolution fixes all eyes, and the politician and the philosopher will, for many a year, find some of their most exciting studies in seizing the chain of causes which gradually entangled the stately monarchy of the Bourbons, until it was given over to the brute passions of the multitude. But preservation may be as full of high design as subversion; and the philosopher who adds to his philosophy the still nobler knowledge of the Christian, may find in the preparative history of our country for that great contest, evidences of the most curious and admirable provision for a defence which was to be consummated, in the victory, not only of England and her rights, but of the morals and feelings of the civilized world. To give but the most passing glance at those original precautions; the great source of ruin to the French monarchy was its utter ignorance of the force of her multitude, its foolish reliance on the influence of national habits and popular affections, and its fatal and incorrigible propensity to believe, in all instances, that the danger was over with the day. On these points, England and France had been in nearly the same state of blindness, up to a period close upon the Revolution.

Twenty years before the Tuilleries was stormed, and the King sent to the block, the English statesman was as incapable as the French monarch, of believing that the element of political ruin was in the streets. But, in 1780, a lesson was given to our country, which opened all eyes

and kept them open. A harmless petition on a constitutional subject, presented through the legitimate channels, to the legitimate source of redress; a Protestant petition against a violation of the national law, brought to the doors of Parliament by a body of orderly remonstrants, suddenly gave birth to the most rapid, furious, and devastating outrage, ever known in England. The principles of law and peace, and even of religion, were instantaneously blackened into public havoc; the cloud no bigger than a man's hand grew before the eye into a tornado, that threatened to hurry before it Church, Monarchy, and Constitution. Its violence was at last checked; but not till the lesson was completely given; till the national mind was fully awakened to the horrors of rabble fury; till the Government was put in possession of the whole secret of popular violence, on any subject which might hereafter rouse the populace; and, as if the lesson was to be pregnant with important uses in every point of view, the hitherto failing respect of the empire for the libelled character of one of the best Kings that ever sat upon the throne, was, in the course of this hazardous period, cleared from all its clouds, by the evidence of personal maunliness, sense, and feeling, exhibited by his Majesty, and even the character of royalty itself was illustrated by the public proof of the services which might be rendered by a Monarch in the general perplexity and suspended strength of all inferior authority. Even the location of this extraordinary event seemed to be a part of the same preservative design. If this whirlwind of popular frenzy had come ten or twenty years before, its recollection must have partially faded away; or at least, it could not have been in the personal experience of the generation by whom the furies of Jacobinism were to be controlled. If it had risen ten years later, it would have come in the very tumult of Jacobinism, and would have made a parallel revolution in England. But it was placed in the exact point of usefulness; not too far back for personal remembrance, nor too far forward for national preservation. If this theory

be fanciful, at least, nothing could be more unequivocally protective than the practical results. From that time forth, the eye of Government was fixed with wise vigilance upon the first movements of popular disaffection; the symptoms of disturbance, which in other times might have been regarded but as ripples on the surface of the popular expanse, were now justly watched, as formidable indications of tempests, that might heave it through all its depths. The universal alarm of England at the now well-known hazard of letting loose the power of the multitude, strengthened the hands of Government to the fullest extent of providing for the public security; rapidly enfeebled the influence of Opposition, until it broke up its ranks, and bringing over the noblest and ablest of its members, forced the remainder into a virtual exile from Parliament, and placed England in a state of direct hostility with Jacobinism, an avowed, resolute, and principled war with all the furies and follies of republicanism, that pointed her out as the unfailing refuge of religion and law, the final barrier of nations against popular license, and the natural, and, thank God, the invincible defender of the last hopes of national independence, against the last malice of Atheistic and popular passion, embodied in the form of the most grasping and remorseless despotism.

Another of those preparations was the rapid ascendancy, we might almost say, the supremacy, of Pitt. The Son of Chatham must have been a powerful authority in any age of the Legislature; but no man is equal to all things, and even his pre-eminent ability must have been heavily impeded, if it had been exposed at once to the activity of an Opposition, still retaining public favour, and the embarrassments of a war against the new and startling fierceness of French republicanism. With Fox in possession of the public heart, and Jacobinism wielding energies that seemed to invest it with a title to universal conquest, no Ministry could have stood; it is altogether idle to conceive that even the genius of Pitt could have done more than yield with honour. If he had

been summoned to face a French war, at the earlier period, while he was struggling with the India Bill, or the Regency Question of 1788, no strength of man could have sustained him under such a complication of difficulties. The perpetual assault in Parliament, and the flood of civil trouble, popular discontent, French circumvention, and European terror, must have broken him down at the first outpouring of the war. But, for some years before, every public event strongly tended to disembarass the Minister of the encumbrance of Opposition. A series of measures, conceived in the rashness of angry ambition, and urged with the recklessness of political despair, continued to break down the vigour of party; until their conduct of the Regency Question seemed even to render Fox's fidelity to the name of Whig doubtful, to shew him supporting principles directly adverse to the creed of his old authorities, and, finally, gave his great rival all the advantage of taking the popular side, and carrying his measures through the Legislature with a bold and defying disregard of the wrath of Opposition. The Regency Question virtually extinguished the whole parliamentary force of Opposition, and stripped it of all its old popularity in the nation, and deeply alienated the hearts of its most steady and principled adherents. "Perpetual failure," said Burke, with a vexed spirit, in one of his letters to Lord Charlemont, in 1789, "even though nothing in that failure can be fixed on the improper choice of objects, or the injudicious choice of means, will detract every day more and more from a man's credit, until he ends without success, and without reputation. In fact, a constant pursuit, even of the best objects, *without adequate instruments*, detracts something from the opinion of a man's judgment. This, I think, may be, in part, the cause of the inactivity of others of our friends who are in the vigour of life, and in possession of a great degree of lead and authority."

A year now elapsed of Parliamentary intermission and public tranquillity. The struggles of party had been closed; the House went its customary round of local business; Europe

was stagnant; men, in every country, began to think that the spirit of public disturbance was laid—that war was to be no more—and that henceforth the world was to live on its remembrances. In the midst of this tranquillity a thunderbolt fell in France, that sent its echoes and its flame round Europe; a thunderbolt, like one of the Roman omens, increasing its terrors by falling from a sky without a cloud. In July, 1789, the Bastille was stormed by the populace of the Parisian suburbs. A letter written by Burke shortly after to Lord Charlemont, gives a slight but natural view of the first impress of an event so important to every interest of England and Europe on the mind of the great philosopher of politics. “As to us here, our thoughts of every thing at home are suspended by our astonishment at the wonderful spectacle which is exhibited in a neighbouring and rival country. What spectators, and what actors! England gazing with astonishment at a French struggle for liberty, and *not knowing whether to blame or applaud*. The thing indeed, though I thought I saw something like it in progress for several years, has something in it *paradoxical and mysterious*. The spirit it is impossible not to admire, but the *old Parisian ferocity has broken out in a shocking manner*. It is true that this *may* be no more than a sudden explosion; if so, no indication can be taken from it. But, if it should be *character* rather than accident, then that people *are not fit for liberty*, and must have a strong hand, like that of their former masters, to coerce them. Men must have a certain fund of natural moderation to qualify them for freedom, else it becomes noxious to themselves, and a perfect nuisance to every body else. What will be the event, it is hard still to say. To form a solid constitution requires wisdom as well as spirit; and whether the French have wise heads among them, or, if they possess such, whether they have authority equal to their wisdom, is yet to be seen. In the meantime, the progress of the whole affair is one of the most curious that was ever exhibited.”

In this simple language the writer expresses the principle of his conduct during the entire progress of

the Revolution. He gave France credit for whatever manliness or justice she might display, for the redress of every real injury, and the establishment of every actual advance to freedom. But he had an honesty of heart unknown to the minor race of politicians. His rectitude felt that public virtues can have no root in public excesses—that the justice which begins in robbery must be spurious, and the liberty which is dipped in innocent blood must be but another name for tyranny. Following the maxims of the highest wisdom, he judged of the tree by its fruits; and when he saw that the first shaking of the leaves was poison, he looked to its whole produce with a feeling of dismay. But to appreciate the vigour of this foresight, we ought to remember the time. The first intelligence of the French Revolution found the world mad, or made it so. It was hailed by the acclamation of Europe. Its sudden glare was pronounced to be not the first flash of an explosion which was yet to shatter the civil frame of nations; it was the existence of a new element of splendour—it was the political “Let there be light.” The violence of its first shock was not a threat of the fall of society, but a gorgeous promise of its restoration. All was gloriously changing and to be changed; all abuses must be swept away, be the risk what it might; but on the ground which they had so long encumbered, was to rise the fairest temple ever erected to human happiness by the most fortunate labour of man. Old institutions, decrepit beyond the hope of cure, were, of course, to be given over to the grave; but where the art of political counsel had failed since the beginning of government, the power of the pure and mighty spirit of regeneration was to work the wonder; the sepulchre was to give up, and new and brilliant shapes of human happiness, new and stainless forms of the social principle, authority without violence, religion without hypocrisy, the public good undebased by private interests, a general fraternity of all the virtues, were to be thenceforth the inheritance of the auspicious generation of the eighteenth century. In this universal tumult of applause, one man’s ears alone could catch the

cries of the rancorous and sanguinary assassins, who threw themselves forward in the march of popular liberty. But the warning was sufficient for him, and from that hour he resolved that none should thereafter charge his example with having tempted them to the worship of spoliation, blasphemy, and massacre, under the insulted name of constitution.

With his usual fairness, his first effort was to obtain all possible information of the actual state of the French mind. He maintained correspondences with persons of various grades for this purpose, and, as if he had already felt that he was to act a great part in the coming collision of Monarchy and Republicanism, he started on his route with a vigour proportioned to the magnitude of the object. But at every additional step his views became more decided. In a correspondence with M. Menonville, a member of the National Assembly, who had requested his opinion of public affairs, he says, so early as in October, 1788, "You may easily believe, that I have had my eyes turned with great curiosity, and no small concernment, to the astonishing scenes now displayed in France. It has certainly given rise in my mind to many reflections, and to some emotions. * * * *

You hope, sir, that I think the French deserving of liberty. I certainly do. I certainly think that all men who desire it, deserve it. It is not the reward of our merit, or the acquisition of our industry. It is our inheritance, the birthright of our species. We cannot forfeit our right to it, but by what forfeits our right to the privileges of our kind; I mean the *abuse or oblivion of our rational faculties*, and a *ferocious indolence*, which makes us prompt to wrong and violence, destroys our social nature, and transforms us into something little better than wild beasts. To men so degraded, a state of strong constraint is a sort of necessary substitute for freedom; since, bad as it is, it may deliver them, in some measure, from the worst of all slavery, the despotism of their own blind and brutal passions. You have kindly said, that you begin to love freedom from your intercourse with me. Permit me, then, to continue our conversation, and to tell you what is the freedom

that I love. It is *not* solitary, unconnected, individual, selfish liberty; it is social freedom. It is that state of things in which the liberty of no man, and no body of men, is in a condition to trespass on the liberty of any person, or any description of persons in society. This kind of liberty, indeed, is but another name for justice, ascertained by wise laws, and secured by well-constructed institutions. * * * I have nothing to check my wishes towards the establishment of a *solid and rational* scheme of liberty in France. On the subject of the relative power of nations, I may have prejudices; but I envy internal freedom, security, and good order, to none. When, therefore, I shall learn that in France, the citizen, by whatever description he is qualified, is in a perfect state of legal security, with regard to his life, to his property, to the uncontrolled disposal of his person, to the free use of his industry and his faculties; when I hear that he is protected in the beneficial enjoyment of the estates to which by the course of settled law he was born, or is provided with a fair compensation for them; that he is maintained in the full fruition of the advantages belonging to his state and condition of life; when I am assured that a simple citizen may decently express his sentiments on public affairs, without hazard to his life or liberty, even though against a predominant and fashionable opinion; when I know all this of France, I shall be as well pleased as every one must be, who has not forgotten the general communion of mankind, nor lost his natural sympathy in local and accidental connexions."

It is clear, from those striking developments of his mind, within so unripe a period as two months after the first blow of the Revolution, and while it still wore its honours in their newest gloss, that Burke had already found the key to the whole mystery. While others saw the Revolutionary shape only assuming the attributes of pomp and festivity, as if to do additional honours to the Monarch, his foresight saw the long train of conspiracy that lurked under the ostentation of loyalty. He saw in the weak concessions, and fatal facility with which the unfortunate King suffered himself to be led into

the very place of ruin, the destiny of the "gracious Duncan" sealed; the Government, the laws, and the Crown, on the point of being thrown at the feet of a bloody, perfidious, and regicidal usurpation. He saw, further still, the fate of that usurpation; and, even at the time when its designs were still cloaked under the most specious covering of patriotism, when all was shew and confidence, lofty protestation and extravagant credulity, he could mark the coming of the retributive hour, when the man of blood should feel his treachery recoiling upon himself, and successive factions do the work of justice upon each other, until France, sunk in the lowest humiliation, should, like the she-fiend of Shakspeare, groan over the memory of her temptations and her successes, and find, that to wash out that one foul spot of royal murder, all remorse was in vain.

But, in tracing this outline of the vigorous and virtuous career of Burke, we are not to forget that he had other qualifications than those of the Senate, and that, largely as politics occupied his life, he had a reserve for the more graceful purposes of society. No man better knew the value of a general taste for all the forms of acquirement that embellish life, or their use in the enjoyment of private intercourse, and even in the illustration of the more refractory and unmanageable materials of which *public fame* is made. An acknowledged and copious source of the superiority of Burke's eloquence was to be found in his extensive knowledge of the graceful arts. Giving him vividness of imagery, rich allusions, and brilliant variety of topic, it threw an unrivalled charm over his style. We shall now advert to a striking instance of this cultivation.

The first two Georges were nearly strangers to this country, and their habits, tastes, prejudices, and patronage, were all foreign. George the Third, who had nobly made it his boast that he was "born a Briton," had the tastes of an English gentleman, and his fondness for the fine arts raised him into sudden popularity. It is a remarkable circumstance, that, in all nations, public liberality is followed by the birth of

genius. Whether the cause may be, that powerful talents are turned from other pursuits into the popular direction, or that Nature, by some ordinance of which we know nothing but the advantage, actually seconds public wisdom by a sudden influx of distinguished powers. At this period a circle of admirable artists cultivated painting. Reynolds held the first rank, by the master qualities of colouring and expression. He was, by the whole construction of his mind, a painter; and, by his peculiar talent, a painter of portraits. Without the elegance of Lely, or the pathetic dignity of Vandyke, he excelled every name of Art, since the days of Charles the First, in depth of feeling, force of character, and splendour of design. Inferior in History to the great masters of the Italian schools, confused in his conception of story, and elaborate, without correctness, in his outline, he was remarkable for the habit of making all his portraits historic,—a happy skill, which gave novelty to commonplace, and dignity to feebleness. The works of his pencil are still the ornament of the noblest mansions of England, and the pride of the English school. But he aspired not less to the praise of the pen; and a series of Discourses on the Fine Arts, which he read from the chair of the Royal Academy, are still among the laws of Taste. But their eloquence betrayed a higher hand, and Burke has been long conjectured to be their chief writer. The idea is strengthened by the discovery, in his correspondence, of a paper bearing all the features of the Discourses, their criticism, their peculiarities, and their eloquence.

In the midst of the most anxious public avocations, with a great party clinging to his character for support, with the deepest questions of debate pressing on his mind, with India for his cause, England for his tribunal, and the eyes of Europe fixed on the result, the singular capacity of Burke's mind found room for the gentlest arts and accomplishments of life. He had never forgotten his ancient love for painting, nor his ancient friendship for its most wayward and unfortunate cultivator, Barry. He had long found more than

sufficient cause to withdraw himself from all direct intercourse with a man whose temper was intractable, his manners rude, and his estimate of all contemporary excellence a compound of jealousy, contempt, and hatred. But Barry possessed powers which gave strong hopes of his restoration to society. He had undoubted talent, great diligence, and a stern, almost a savage, determination to force mankind into the acknowledgment of his rights to fame. He had just painted the series of pictures for the Adelphi, a desperate defiance of public neglect, and had flung away time and intense labour on this daring attempt to extort justice from the nation. The performance is now beyond criticism. Public opinion has long since pronounced it the imperfect work of strong ability, feeble in parts, but powerful as a whole; often offending the eye by the grotesque in form, and the judgment by the extravagant in conception, but in all its errors redeemed by rich variety, classic grandeur, and vigorous nature. That the mind capable of such a work should have been suffered to fall into obscurity, to feel the bitterness of public neglect, and even the sufferings of personal privation, is among the stains of his age. The tenth part of the sum staked nightly on many a card in St James's—the tenth part of the cost of some ducal dinner, or idle rout at the West End—the merest superfluity of languid wealth, would have rescued this able and disastrous man from a premature grave, probably enriched the arts of England by some pre-eminent memorial, and certainly cleared a signal disgrace from the name of his country.

Barry had opened his work to public inspection before it was finished, in the fantastic idea of deriving benefit from general criticism, and perhaps, too, in that eagerness for praise which makes the fever of the Arts. Burke had, of course, visited this popular exhibition, and he determined to give the artist the full advantage of his advice. But probably his knowledge of the capricious brain with which he had to deal forced caution on him, and he wrote without a name. Anonymous letter-writing, generally an employ of pe-

culiar baseness, was never so honoured before. This letter, marked by the eloquence of taste and truth, should be preserved beside the painting. It forms a new discourse worthy of the *authorship* of Reynolds's famous volumes. It commences by unequivocally pronouncing that the series "surpasses any work which has been executed within these two centuries, and, considering the difficulties with which the artist has had to struggle, any that is now extant." He then proceeds to lay down the principles of the arts of design. His sentences remind us continually of the author of the *Sublime and Beautiful*. He first strongly insists on the practical study of form. "Without an accurate knowledge of forms and colours, the most happy power of combining and abstracting will be useless. * * * * * The painter who wishes to make his pictures (what fine pictures must be) nature elevated and improved, must first gain a perfect knowledge of nature as it is. Before he endeavours, like Lysippus, to make men what they ought to be, he must first know how to render them as they are; he must acquire an accurate knowledge of all the parts of the body and countenance. To know anatomy will be of little use, unless physiology and physiognomy are joined with it. This is a science which all the theorists in the world cannot teach. It is not by copying antique statues, or by giving a loose to the imagination in what are called poetical compositions, that artists will be enabled to produce works of real merit, but by a laborious and accurate study of nature upon the principles observed by the Greeks—first, to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the common forms of nature; and then, by selecting and combining, to form compositions according to their own elevated conceptions. This is the principle of true poetry, as well as of painting and sculpture. Homer and Shakspeare had probably never seen characters so strongly marked as those of Achilles and Lady Macbeth; and yet we all feel that those characters are drawn from nature. * * * * * The taste may be the gift of nature, the skill may be acquired by study, but the groundworks, the knowledge of limbs

and features, must be acquired by practical attention."

One of the common outcries of the day is against portrait-painting, as a narrow, feeble, and mechanical drudgery. Burke was superior to this absurdity, and his sentiments on the subject amount to more than a vindication, almost to a panegyric. "That portrait-painting," says he, "which you affect so much to despise, is the *best* school that an artist can study, provided he studies it, as every man of genius will do, with a philosophic eye. It was in this view that the great painters of the Roman and Bolognese schools collected such numbers of studies of heads from nature, which they afterwards embellished and introduced into their pictures, as occasion required. Hence that boundless variety which is observable in their works, the want of which is the only material fault of your great and masterly picture of the Olympic victors. * * * There is scarcely a countenance so vacant, but that there are some features which may be of use to a skilful artist. Portrait-painting may be to the painter, what knowledge of the world is to the poet; provided he considers it as a school by which he is to acquire the means of perfection in his art, and not as the object of that perfection. It was practical knowledge of the world that gave the poetry of Homer and Shakspeare that superiority which still exists over all other works of the same kind. It was a philosophic attention to the imitation of common nature, (which portrait-painting ought to be,) that gave the Roman and Bolognese schools their superiority over the Florentine, which excelled so much in theoretic knowledge. I entirely agree with you that the rage of the inhabitants of this country for having their faces painted, whether they are worthy of it or not, is the great obstacle to the advancement of the art, because it makes that branch more profitable than any other, and therefore makes many men of great talents consider it as the ultimate object of their art, instead of the means of that object. But there is an error on the contrary side not less fatal, which is the contempt young artists are apt to feel for the lower detail of nature, and

the forward ambition which they all have of undertaking great things before they can do little ones; of making compositions before they are acquainted sufficiently with the constituent parts. We are told that many ancient artists bestowed their whole lives on a single composition. Such was Apollodorus, who made the Laocoon; and Lysimachus, who made the famous Hercules, destroyed by the Crusaders at Constantinople in the 13th century. We are not to suppose that these great artists employed so many years in chipping one block of marble; but that the greater part of the time was employed in studying nature, particularly the vast and intricate branches of physiology and pathology, in order to execute perfectly the great works which they had conceived.

"Those sciences are, in a manner, neglected by the moderns, but the author of the Laocoon was as deeply skilled in them as Haller or Gaubius, and hence he has been able to give that consistency of expression which prevails through the whole body, from the face, through every muscle, to the ends of the toes and fingers. I was once told by a person who had spent many years in experiments and investigations of this kind, that every discovery he had made disclosed to him fresh beauties in the wonderful group of Laocoon, and that to understand it thoroughly, would require to know more of the human body than most anatomists attempt to know. It is not enough to know the forms, positions, and proportions of the constituent parts of the animal machine; but we should know the nice changes that are produced in them by the various affections of the mind, grief, agony, rage, &c. Without this we may produce splendid compositions and graceful figures, but we shall never approach that perfection to which the ancients arrived."

He then strikes on an error which will bring him into prodigious disrepute with the ambitious portion of our pictorial age, and which is high treason with the whole modern generation of historical painting. Michael Angelo and the Sistine Chapel are in the lips of all our artists in this school; and to rival the genius

of the one, they seem to think it essential to have the space of the other. Thus boldness of effect is supposed to be synonymous with breadth of canvass, and a picture is nothing unless it realizes the fate of the Vicar of Wakefield's family-piece. Barry was one of the most furious advocates for the "Grand Style," and the lecture given to him by the master of taste may be important to all. "There is another erroneous principle extremely general in the present age, and a chief cause of our faulty taste. This is the confounding greatness of size with greatness of manner, and imagining that extent of canvass, or weight of marble, can contribute towards making a picture or statue sublime. The only kind of sublimity at which a painter or sculptor should aim, is to express by certain proportions and positions of limbs and features that strength and dignity of mind, and vigour and activity of body, which enable men to *conceive and execute great actions*.

A space which extends beyond the field of vision, only serves to distract the eye, and divide the attention. The representation of gigantic and monstrous figures has nothing of sublimity in either poetry or painting, which entirely depends upon expression. When Claudian describes a giant taking a mountain on his shoulders, with a river running down his back, there is nothing sublime in it, for there is no great expression, but merely brute strength. But when Homer describes Achilles advancing to the walls of Troy, clad in celestial armour, like the autumnal star that brings fevers, plagues, and death, we see all the terrible qualities of the hero, rendered still more terrible by being contrasted with the venerable figure of Priam, standing upon the walls of Troy, and tearing his white hair at sight of the approaching danger. This is the true sublime. The other is all trick and quackery. Any madman can describe a giant striding from London to York, or a ghost stepping from mountain to mountain. But it requires genius, and genius experienced in the ways of men, to draw a finished character with all the excellences and excesses, the virtues and infirmities of a great and exalted

mind, so that by turns we admire the hero, and sympathize with the man, exult and triumph in his valour and generosity, shudder at his rage, and pity his distress. This is the Achilles of Homer, a character everywhere to be seen in miniature; which the poet drew from nature, and then touched and embellished according to his own exalted ideas. Had he drawn him with great virtues and great abilities, without great passions, the character would have been unnatural, and of course uninteresting; for a vigorous mind is as necessarily connected with violent passions, as a great fire with great heat.

"The same principle which guided Homer should guide the painter in studying after nature. He should attempt to copy, and not to create. And when his mind is sufficiently stored with materials, and his hand sufficiently exercised in art, then let him select and combine, and try to produce something superior to common nature, though copied from it. But let him not imagine that when he has covered a great extent of canvass with bold and hasty sketches, he has produced a fine picture or sublime composition. Such works, compared with the beautiful and animated compositions of the Bolognese school, put me in mind of Claudian's battle of the giants compared with Virgil's battle of the bees."

It is with great concern that I have observed of late years this taste for the false sublime gaining ground in England, and particularly among artists. Homer formed the taste of the Greeks. The shield of Achilles contains all the beauties of picturesque composition which have ever been imagined. Phidias owned that whatever expression of majesty he had been able to give to his Jupiter, was owing to Homer.

I am persuaded that understanding Homer well, would contribute more towards perfecting taste than all the metaphysical treatises upon the arts that ever have or can be written: because such treatises can only *tell* what true taste is; but Homer every where *shews* it. He shews that the true sublime is always easy, and always natural; that it consists more in the manner than in the subject, and is to be found by a good poet or good painter, in *almost*

*every part of nature! * * * * **

The immoderate size of the pictures of Polygnotus at Delphi was never looked on as worthy of imitation in the more polished ages of Greece, but only to be defended on account of the vast variety of poetical beauties introduced by the genius of the artist. The finest works of Apelles and Zeuxis were either single figures, or compositions which did not exceed three, or at most, five figures."

All this fine lesson was thrown away. Barry still plunged from one error into another, railed at the public for every suffering occasioned by his own pertinacity, clamoured for painting by "acres and furlongs," was finally deserted by the world, and while he was revolving the vengeance that he should take on an ungrateful world in painting St Paul's, or in some equal extravagance, was seized by sudden disease, exacerbated by his own vexation of heart, and died.

The French Revolution had now begun its course, and the eyes of England in astonishment, and of the Continent in terror, were attracted to its progress. In the commencement all had been professed purity; the snow on the summit of the Alps was not purer in the estimate of the thousands and tens of thousands who stood gazing at its first slide. But its primitive position was soon left behind. Then came the mass, gathering, rushing, and thundering, till all resistance gave way, and it rolled down, sweeping strength and weakness before it, ruining all that it reached, and covering the ruins with a new weight of ruin, which seemed to defy the labours of man. Burke's convictions of this tremendous evil grew by the hour, and in speeches, pamphlets, and letters, he deprecated the insane admiration of Jacobinism. We may well be astonished that such admiration ever existed. Where could be the wisdom of furious overthrow? the security of extinguishing all the habitual defences of society against the violence of popular passion? or the

propriety of laying open the national property to the rapine of the populace? What was to be expected from the future cultivation of the political soil, when the first act was to break up the sluices and let loose the waters of pestilence and sterility over it for years? What was to be the answer of Heaven to the offerings of France, from altars where the popular voice was mingled with dying agonies, and where parricides and Atheists were the ministers of the worship? But this was a time for the trial of political professions. The boasted friends of universal freedom in England took upon themselves the clientship of the bloodiest tyranny ever known. The grossness and rage of the rabble found eager advocates among men proverbial for the haughtiness of their aristocracy; and even the horrid defiance and blasphemous cries of exasperation against Christianity, England, and all that belonged to the name of England, found defenders among men whose watchword was patriotism, whose whole vigilance was ostentatiously employed in exploring every vestige of fancied oppression in their own country, and whose eloquence was lavished in eternal praises of the immaculate superiority of the British Constitution.

The true spirit of the French Revolution has never yet been fully developed. The French narrators of its sullen and desperate career (for it has never found a historian in France—the genius of the nation is unhistoric—she has never yet possessed a writer equal to the dignity, the clearness, and the comprehensiveness of history) have assigned to it motives either tinged by their personal prejudices, or obscured by their ignorance. The British writers* have been essayists and pamphleteers, taking the cursory view fitted for the objects of the time. But, divesting Jacobinism of all its disguises, and placing it before the world with its whole wild and frightful anatomy bare, its characteristics have been neither love of freedom, nor revenge for wrong; its nature is wholly of the populace, and whol-

Mr Alison's volumes must be excepted; a work of vigour, manliness, and good faith.

ly impelled by the grovelling passions and crude hatreds of the source from which it sprang. The spirit of French Jacobinism, and of all Jacobinism, is combined envy and love of rapine. The French populace and their leaders cared nothing for the insulted dignity of religion, for the corruption of the law, for the abstraction of the public revenues, or for the levities of kings and courtiers. But they hated the rank which they saw above them, whether virtuous or vicious; and thus longed to grasp at the property in the hands of their superiors, whether earned by honour or dishonour. Not one in a million of those who tore down the banners and escutcheons of the French noblesse, burned their mansions and drank their blood, knew or cared whether they were more or less profligate than the clowns around them. But they were their superiors; they inherited a place in society which set them over the heads of the clowns, and the clowns were determined to have the grinning triumph of tearing them down. Are the rabble, and the leaders of the rabble among ourselves at this hour, impelled, or capable of being impelled, by loftier motives? Their outcries against the abuses of Government, against places and pensions, hereditary rank and the existence of an Established Church, are outcries on subjects of which they know no more than they do of the Copernican System. Whether for good or evil, those things are totally above their means of judging. But the cobblers and tinkers who legislate by pulling down, know perfectly that in destroying those institutions they would level a class superior to themselves; they would have the gratification of tearing down those to whom they could never hope to rise; and in their plunder seizing on property which they could never hope to earn. The popular language of the rabble leaders is full evidence of the gross selfishness of their motives. Their name of scorn for the Peerage is the proud Aristocracy, as if the pride of any class of society could be a political crime; their true offence is, that their rank galls the sense of inferiority. The name of scorn for the clergy is the "fat Prelacy and the lazy incumbents;" as

if either fat or laziness were crimes that could affect the political welfare of the rabble purifiers of the State. But while they are conceived in the gross apprehensions of the crowd, to be the proofs of property, they assume the shape of crimes of sufficient magnitude to embitter every angry and covetous heart against the possessors of that property. The clamour against the British Prelacy is one of the most undisguised evidences of popular selfishness. Their merits or demerits as servants of religion are totally out of the question; their fitness for sacrifice is, that they are presumed to be rich. It never enters into the consideration of those arbiters of the streets, that British Episcopacy is among those institutions which may be said to belong to the people, that its highest offices are not merely open to the sons of the humblest, but that they are chiefly held by those sons; that Prelacy, in fact, throws open one of the widest gates in our whole public system to the advance of the lower classes into the foremost ranks of subjects. No—the craver for plunder, or the rancorous hater of dignities, looks only to the present moment. He would shut up the gate were it ten times as wide, provided he could trample a Bishop into the acknowledgment that he was no better than the ruffian who trode him under foot; or could grasp, with his sanguinary clutch, the opulence which enabled a man, probably of the highest learning and virtue, to eat his bread without the labour of his hands. The cry against the French Clergy was not their impurity or impiety, for individually they were popular; and whether popular or not, the *bourgeois* of Paris and Versailles cared nothing for their virtues or vices. It was their church income, and on the strength of it they massacred as many of them as they could seize, and banished the remainder. In the war of the peasants against the nobility, it was not the gay man of fashion, or the severe feudal lord, that they held as the enemy; their enemy was the possessor of the neighbouring chateau, the master of so many chariots and horses, the proprietor of so many services of plate. The rental was the treason, and the plunder of all

that he was worth, the formal execution of national justice. No man in France thought that he would be the wiser, purer, or freer for the murder of the King; but thousands and millions rejoiced in that most remorseless act of blood, as the triumph of their vanity: it made every beggar and bandit in France as great as his King, for the time; and the stimulant was enough with the legislators of the streets, to urge them to the murder of every branch of the Royal Family in their grasp. Such was the lesson of rabble supremacy in France, and such would be the example in England, if, in the vengeance of Heaven, we should ever suffer the mob to dictate to our Parliament, or domineer over the educated classes of the Empire. With the mob all change is rapine in prospect; and all patriotism consists in the art of pulling down. Let England beware, for she will have her trial yet; the ground is shaking under her feet, and nothing but the vigilance and vigour which saved her before, can save her again.

In all the great stages of public affairs, there is a time when profession has done its work, and can do no more. In the fable, the storm either blows away the cloak, or fastens it closer; in the first instance, it was the encumbrance or the disguise, worn for either vanity or deceit. Opposition was now forced to exhibit something of its actual form. Specious speeches on general topics were no longer to be borne, at a time when questions of national life and death were busy. The friends or enemies of their country were to be suffered no longer to flourish in declamation; facts of the deepest terror had come to supersede the vague and shewy harangues through whose medium all public principles were presented, equally softened and divergent. The breaking out of the French Rebellion was the dissolving of the spell which had disguised the minds of men in and out of Parliament. Every man's character was forced into full and naked display, by the necessities of the struggle. The two leading parties of the State started asunder by a more complete division than public exigency had ever witnessed before; the French Revolution was the great

gulf between, denying access from either side, and while it lay shooting up horrid flame, and startling the eye and ear with the shapes and cries of torment, it gave to both the image of that fate which awaited weakness, perfidy, and perversion of the laws by which nations are secure. In this crisis Burke chose his way at once, and had the high distinction of being the first to choose his way, and to be the great guide of all that was sound and pure in the nation, up the steep and difficult road of public safety. He had his sacrifices, and his susceptible and ardent nature was formed to feel the entire keenness of those sacrifices; loving public applause, strongly affected by private friendship, sensitively alive to the slightest imputation of dishonour, and by long habit attached to the party which he had sustained, guided, and adorned for twenty years, he had before him only the alternative of abandoning all, or adopting the Revolution. His choice was soon made. He gave up his feelings, to retain his principles; threw the cause of party overboard, to welcome the cause of humankind; and in both achieved the highest honour that it is in the competence of a statesman or a commonwealth to obtain or to confer.

The process of separation was rapid. He had already fixed the seal of condemnation on the abettors of France, by pronouncing their plaudits "a tolerance of crime, an absurd partiality to abstract follies and practical wickedness." In these expressions, he chiefly adverted to the crowd of obscure writers, who, from the first outbreak of French violence, had virulently aspersed the Church and King of England, in contradistinction to the new era which was to propagate downfall on the opposite side of the Channel. It was among the Prices and Priestley's,—the bitterness and squalid divisions of Sec-tarianism,—the Socinians, Arians, and Anabaptists, the whole ignorant, jealous, and envenomed brood of Sec-cession, lingering on the confines of Christianity and infidelity, that the atrocities of the French Revolution found their most pertinacious defenders. The great body of the British people rejected and loathed it, from the moment when it began to be

stained with blood. The *malignants* loved it the more; identified themselves with its progress at every fresh iniquity; clung to every sanguinary rag that fluttered round its frame, and boasting of religion and freedom, proclaimed, day and night, the praises of a tyranny that denounced the immortality of the soul, worshipped a drunken profligate from the streets, and realized its doctrines of equality, by plundering all alike, and sending the plundered to the promiscuous scaffold.

The higher ranks of party were now to take their side. The debates on the Army Estimates, (5th and 9th February, 1790,) gave the first decided evidence of the sullen spirit which had entered into the councils of Opposition. In the debate of the 5th, Fox, after a long panegyric on the glories of subversion, had the hardihood to pronounce a direct eulogium on the revolt of the French Guards. He was met by the natural result—a storm of reprobation from the insulted feelings of the House. In the debate of the 9th, Burke spoke, first adverting to the danger of such opinions coming from the authority of such a name. Then entering at large into the question of Democracy, he delivered those immortal sentiments which were to be the sounding of a trumpet to all the generous sympathies of England. While the House was suspended in admiration of the magnificent enthusiasm with which he pictured the grandeur and security of a Revolution founded, like that of 1688, on the true rights of human nature, he suddenly turned to the violent contrast in the tumults and crimes of French liberty. He declared that he had never loved despotism in any land; he had not loved it the more for its being in France. But there was a despotism more dreadful than ever was wielded by the monarch of any civilized people; and “that was the despotism of a plundering, ferocious, bloody, tyrannical democracy, democracy without a single virtue of republicanism to redeem its crimes. This was so far from being worthy of imitation, as had been said by his honourable friend, that it was worthy of all abhorrence; that he would spend his last breath, the last drop of his blood, he would quit his best friends, and

join his most avowed enemies, to oppose the least influence of such a spirit in England.” This declaration was received with loud applause by the great majority of the House. Pitt himself was among the loudest in its praise. He said, that former differences could not preclude him from giving his highest admiration, and expressing his strongest feelings of gratitude and reverence for the speaker of those sentiments; sentiments which would be received with the greatest esteem by his country, and which would give down his name to posterity with the most distinguished respect and honour.

In this memorable debate, from which is to be dated the final schism of the Whigs, Fox half redeemed his original error by the temperance with which he bore his rebuke. The question had evidently come to the point of individual feelings, and his reply chiefly adverted to the position which Burke had individually taken. His speech was almost a panegyric. He declared, “that he had ever entertained the highest veneration for the judgment of his honourable friend; by whom he had been instructed more than by all other men and books together; by whom he had been taught to love our Constitution; from whom he had acquired nearly all his political knowledge, all, certainly, which was most essential, and which he most valued. His speech on that day, some arguments and observations excepted, was one of the wisest and most brilliant flights of oratory ever delivered in that House; still, with all those admissions, his opinions on the general subject continued the same.” Burke accepted of those civilities in a few polite expressions; and it has been the opinion of writers on this period, that all might have been reconciled once more, but for the petulance of Sheridan. But this opinion seems to be grounded rather on the habits of private life than of party. The open quarrels of public men are indications less of personal resentment than of divided views. It was impossible that Burke and Fox, after this full announcement of their opinions, could ever cordially agree in their parliamentary course. The separation was already complete. Sheridan’s haste and heat only hur-

ried the overt act. He had fancied, or real motives for hostility. His ambition was thwarted by the high respect paid to Burke by all the graver and more influential heads of the party. The habits, too, of a man like Burke, virtuous and dignified, were silent reproaches to the loose morals, the notorious profusion, and the negligent principles of Sheridan. A little intrigue, too, by which Sheridan was said to have laid wait for office in the former Whig Ministry, had been spoken of in contemptuous terms, which were attributed to Burke's sense of honour on all subjects; and Sheridan's conscience, like that of one of his own characters, chiefly "hurt by being found out," never forgave the detection, and took the first opportunity of revenging the contempt. On this occasion, he used his strongest epithets to re-fan the sunk fires of debate, charged Burke with "deserting from the camp, with assaulting the principles of freedom itself; with defending despotism, with loving to obtrude himself as the libeller of liberty, and the enemy of men labouring for the noblest objects of mankind." Burke now rose, less irritated than indignant, he loftily expressed his distaste for "language, which ought to have been spared, were it only as a sacrifice to the ghost of departed friendship; the language itself was not new to him, it was but a repetition of what was to be perpetually heard at the reforming clubs and societies with which the honourable gentleman had lately become entangled, and for whose plaudits he had chosen to sacrifice his friends, though he might in time find that the value of such praise was not worth the price at which it was purchased. Henceforward, *they were separated in politics for ever.*"

The schism with Sheridan was, of course, beyond all cure. But the obvious consequences of public discussion to the interests of the party struck so forcibly on the mind of its principal members, that active means were tried to reconcile two individuals of such importance; and among those was a meeting at Burlington House, at which the Duke of Portland, Fox, and others of consideration, were present. The discussion continued from ten at night until

three in the morning, with a remarkable display of ability on both sides, and closed, as might have been predicted, without satisfying either. The verdict, however, was so amply given in favour of Burke, that Sheridan took offence, and for nearly a year drew back from Parliamentary business, in vexation or disdain.

Burke had now taken his side. He had come forward as the leader of Toryism in its championship of the Constitution. And he was now to shew the powers by which he was qualified to unfurl the banner of religion, political wisdom, and patriotic virtue.

He soon gave proof of himself in a work which instantly threw all rivalry into the shade, the memorable "*Reflections on the Revolution of France*," a work which has seen no equal since its day in knowledge, eloquence, or insight into the tortuous spirit of party abroad and at home; yet still more distinguished by that foreseeing and vigorous conception of the revolutionary career, which makes the whole amount to the most magnificent *political prophecy* ever given to the world. This great performance had been constructed on a large series of papers and memorandums made by its author from the commencement of the Revolution. But that period itself had been brief, and to have collected those documents, and matured those views, from July, 1789, to February, 1790, when his volume was probably begun, implied the gigantic diligence of Burke. The announcement that it was in progress, excited the strongest literary and public curiosity. And he himself alluded to it in his correspondence as "deeply occupying and agitating him." It was laboured with even more than his habitual care of composition; and large portions of it were recomposed or revised, until his printer, Dodsley, remonstrated. But this frequency of correction in Burke was the result, not of its usual cause, feeble fastidiousness, or rhetorical effeminacy, it flowed from the richness of his resources. The fragments of his manuscripts which remain, shew that not words but things were the objects of his revision. At every fresh return some fine idea was found capable of enlargement; some strong feeling was

invigorated; some masculine moral was aggrandized into universal application, and coloured into poetic beauty. To speak of the literary triumphs of such a work would be a humiliation. Its objects were of a higher rank than any within the little ambition of such fame as is to be awarded by criticism. It was a great republication of the original feelings of a country manly and virtuous enough to have established for itself a British Constitution. It was a manifesto of law, truth, and religious obligation, against boundless license, ferocious perfidy, and the most desperate avowal of national blasphemy that had ever shocked the ears of mankind. It was a great appeal from the virtues of nature and nations against the subversion of every right, happiness, and principle of society. The mere circulation of this work was unexampled. Within the first year, 19,000 copies were sold in England, and 13,000 in France. The writer received testimonies of public feeling from every quarter of Europe. Many of those testimonies were from the highest authority. The Sovereigns assembled soon after at Pillnitz, transmitted to him an expression of their thanks and admiration. The French Princes at Coblenz complimented him through M. Cazales. The Empress Catherine transmitted her thanks by the Russian Ambassador, Count Woronzow. The King, George the Third, ordered a number of copies to be richly bound, which he gave to those individuals to whom he desired to pay peculiar honour, saying, in his plain but expressive way, "that it was a book which every gentleman ought to read." Stanislaus, the King of Poland, sent him the gold medal with his effigy, and a letter written in English, which, he gracefully said, was the only language fit to convey his opinion of a work of so much talent and virtue.

Burke had been educated at the Dublin University. That learned body, justly proud of having produced such a pupil, now came forward, and conferred the degree of LL.D. upon him, a proceeding which did equal honour to the University and to Burke, following up the degree by an address, presented in a gold box, declaring "their sense of

his services as the powerful advocate of the Constitution, the friend of public order, virtue, and the happiness of mankind, and in testimony of the high respect entertained by the University for the various endowments of his capacious mind, and for his superior abilities." A full-length portrait of him was afterwards placed in the Theatre of the College among the most eminent sons of the Alma Mater. The resident graduates of Oxford were the next to offer their tribute in a long and eloquent address, transmitted through Mr Windham. The conclusion of this paper was equally panegyric and true. "As members of an University, whose Institutions embrace every useful and ornamental part of learning, we should esteem ourselves justified in making this address, if we had only to offer you our thanks for the valuable accession which the stock of our literature has received by the publication of your important 'Reflections.' But we have higher objects of consideration, and nobler motives to gratitude. We are persuaded that we consult the real and permanent interests of this place, when we acknowledge the eminent service rendered to both our civil and religious Constitution, by your able and disinterested vindication of their true principles. And we obey the yet more sacred obligation to promote the cause of religion and morality, when we give this proof, that we honour the advocate by whom they are so eloquently and effectually defended."

From the Continent panegyric continued to pour on him. The Archbishop of Aix, and the expatriated French clergy, acknowledged their obligations in the most ardent language, and rejoiced, that, "in the first orator of England, they had found their defender." His name became synonymous on the Continent with the preservation of law, polity, and religion. But perhaps the highest, though the most melancholy of all those tributes, the tribute which he would have at once most honoured, and most lamented, was in the feelings of the unfortunate and lovely Marie Antoinette. In the midst of those horrid scenes which darkened the final hours of royalty in France, the unhappy Queen read

the "Reflections," with an interest such as we may well conceive could have belonged to no other. The eloquent compliments to her grace and beauty might have pleased the consciousness of a woman eminent for both; but the fearful power of its picturings of rebellion, the impending ruin, and the wild influx of evil that was yet to execute vengeance on the perfidy, cruelty, and fury of Revolution, created impressions which the Royal Martyr could acknowledge only by frequent tears, if not by the still higher acknowledgment of that Queenly dignity and Christian courage, which sustained her prison hours, and made her, even on the scaffold, superior to the malice of her enemies.

In England the voice of the whole body of established literature was loud in its praise of the writer of the "Reflections." Burke had sent his volume before it was printed to Sir Joshua Reynolds, from whose genius he could borrow nothing, but of whose taste, soberness of mind, and knowledge of human nature, he had deservedly a high opinion. Reynolds, in returning it, expressed the strongest sense of its value. But a less suspected testimony than that of friendship was given by Gibbon, keen, sarcastic, smarting under a sense of official loss, adverse in politics, and fatally blinded in his conceptions of Christianity. After having acknowledged that he looked for the appearance of the work with avidity, he read it with eager delight. "Burke's book," said he, "is a most admirable medicine against the disease of French principles. I admire his eloquence. I approve his politics. I adore his chivalry. And I can almost forgive his reverence for *Church Establishments*."

Erskine, overcome by truth and kindred genius, at once threw aside his party garb, and shewed himself the aristocrat that every man of honour and ability is by nature. "I shall take care," said he, "to put Burke's work on the French Revolution into the hands of those whose principles are left to my formation. I shall take care that they have the advantage of doing, in the regular progression of youthful studies, what I have done even in the short intervals of laborious life; that they

shall transcribe with their own hands, from all the works of this most extraordinary person, and from this last, among the rest, the soundest truths of religion, the justest principles of morals, inculcated and rendered delightful by the most sublime eloquence; the highest reach of philosophy brought down to the level of common minds by the most captivating taste; the most enlightened observations on history, and the most copious collection of useful maxims for the experience of common life; and separate for themselves the good from the bad."

But the complete tribute is not given to wisdom or virtue, until they are assailed by folly and vice. The "Reflections" roused the whole host of disaffection, as the daylight, suddenly let into the haunt of a gang of profligates and plunderers, instantly startles them all into activity. The whole generation of disloyalty, the whole bitter and obscure faction, which, too mean for public station, had gratified their malignity by the pen in a succession of reptile attacks on the principles of a Constitution which they professed to venerate; the whole festering and corrupted pamphleteering of England, was stung into a new attempt to infect and debase the public mind, by the consciousness that their extinction was at hand. Their Dagon had been crushed on the ground-sil edge, and the whole impure and infamous priesthood of imposture clamoured against the overthrow. The names of those pamphleteers, totally unworthy of remembrance for their literature, and doubly degraded by its use, have perished too long and too completely to be now revived. Paine alone is remembered, and he alone for his conspicuous iniquity. The remnants of the master-atheist, libertine, and rebel, still protrude themselves from the ignominious grave.

Burke had some previous intercourse with Paine. As one of the penalties of party, American principles, reform, and the loose contempt of all forms of worship which is pronounced Universal Toleration, had been among the stigmas which the fair fame of this eminent person was presumed by strangers to inherit. Thomas Paine, in 1787,

brought with him a letter to Burke as the friend of Americans, from Laurens, who had been indebted to him for services in his liberation from the Tower in 1781. The Ex-President's letter introduced Paine as an ingenious person, wishing to make some mechanical contrivances known in England. Paine's pamphlet, "Common Sense," had given him some literary distinction at home, and he was received by Burke with his usual kindness at his house, was carried by him during a summer excursion through the iron-founderies of the north, and introduced to several men of rank in London. Politics had been professedly abjured by Paine, his whole attention was given to the construction of iron bridges, and, for the purpose of gaining some additional information in the office of the "*ponts et chaussées*," he subsequently went to Paris. There he found the element of disorder in which he was formed to live. He had quitted America from the subsidence of the storm. In France he found the tossing and the thunders, the fury of a revolutionary tempest, to which the wildest convulsions of his Transatlantic Commonwealth were calm. To the angry and envenomed heart of Paine the prospect of civil rage was irresistible. At once vain, profligate, and malignant, he saw the full indulgence of his nature in a country where the infatuated violence of the mob had broken down all the barriers to obscure ambition, impure pleasure, and personal vindictiveness. Europe could not have offered such another banquet to an epicure in evil, and he sat down to it, resolved to feed to the full. One of his first acts was to invite his English friends to share the feast. With a zeal which must have singularly blinded his knowledge of character, one of his first missives was to Burke, whom he eagerly urged to introduce Revolution into England by its esta-

blished name of "Reform," explaining his meaning by the phrase of "bringing in a *more enlarged sense of liberty*." Burke threw back the temptation, or the insult, at once. "Do you *really* imagine, Mr Paine," was his reply, "that the constitution of this kingdom requires such innovations, or *could exist with them*, or that *any reflecting man would seriously engage in them*? You are aware that I have, all my life, opposed such schemes of reform, because *I knew them not to be Reform!*" Paine, however, continued his ill-received correspondence; and whether from the delight of molesting Burke, or in the expectation of making him a convert to a side which had the grand charm for the conviction of a profligate's reason in all lands, success, he sent him narratives of the rapidly recurring triumphs of democracy, and of the views of its leaders. In one of those letters he stated the remarkable information, that the Reformers had already determined on the total overthrow of the monarchy; that to carry their principles of subversion into complete agency, they were prepared to involve all France in civil war, "to set fire to the four corners of France, that the army was thoroughly corrupted, and at the disposal of the revolutionary leaders, and that no resistance would be made by it to the uttermost designs of the new regenerators of their country." This letter was written while the whole body of professional patriotism in England was applauding the purity and moderation of France; while the voice of Fox was heard in Westminster pledging himself by every tie of blood and honour to the constitutional integrity of French politics, and every club, tavern, and corresponding society was echoing the sound. Such is the foresight or the sincerity of party. The letter was written exactly three days *before the storming of the Bastille!*

BARBADOES. A POEM.*

BARBADOES, a Poem! What can poetry have to do with planters? Shall the Muse in heroic verse sing of slaves—mouth of mulattoes and molasses—celebrate the cultivation of sugar—and set fire to rums? Barbadoes, a Poem! respectfully inscribed—we presume—to overseers and drivers, and the titlepage tastefully adorned with cuts of cart-whips and chains, and of all the other paraphernalia of the planter, as he administers justice with mercy to his negroes, sitting under his own Bearded Fig-tree?

Such, though in less lively phrase, was the philosophic criticism made to us a few days ago by a Fowell-Buxtonish-looking, fattish, and not unportly, man of middle age, whose face was, notwithstanding, far from expressing any rooted aversion to Punch. We assured him that we were no West Indian planters ourselves, but that we were acquainted with several, with whom poetry might, in our opinion, have about just as much to do, as with brewers. At the same time we disclaimed any contempt for either porter or ale, and begged him to believe that we reserved it for small beer. As to singing about slaves, it seemed to us, we observed, that the Muse might see virtue even in them, and that if she did not, she was no Christian. We confessed we did not feel the force of the alliteration, mulattoes and molasses; and modestly begged him to inform us what the latter were; on which he put on a senatorial aspect, and assured us they were “the first sprightly runnings of the Sugar-cane, the best coming from the *Island of Demerara*.” We did not trouble him for his idea of a mulatto. To celebrate sugar, we ventured to say, did not seem to us more absurd than to celebrate honey—as Virgil had done—and that, with all due deference, blacks were as poetical in their way as bees. A prudent poet, we hoped, might sing of rum without setting it on fire,

just the same as the Thames. To the cuts by way of frontispiece, whether on wood or steel, we acknowledged we could offer no very particular objection, farther than that a clergyman might surely publish a volume of sermons on Death and the Day of Judgment, without thinking himself imperiously called on to illustrate it with engravings of doctors, coffins, hearses, and a general conflagration. Nay, that as we possessed an engraving of Lord Brougham without his “gewgaws and baubles,” we saw no reason why planters, in whose praise the Lord Chancellor had written two volumes in his youth, might not be represented without theirs; and as for a Bearded Fig-tree, we begged to assure our fat friend, that it was not, as he seemed sarcastically to suppose, about the size of a prize cabbage, but could overshadow with its umbrage him and all his butts. Nor, being perhaps in a rather grave humour, were we at that moment, we confessed, sensible of the absurdity of the name Barbadoes; though we could not but envy him his perception of the ludicrous, in our inability to partake of his amusement.

The West Indian islands are perhaps the most beautiful of any that use the seas as their mirror. Than the Ceiba, the Cedar, and the Palmetto, you will not easily find nobler trees. So felt Columbus. Cuba was like heaven. A poet can make himself Columbus in the twinkling of an eye, and rediscover the Indies. All those magnificent islands must, as if for the first time entrancing European eyes, be made to emerge with their silvan mountains from the “unapparent deep.” Unapparent! For there seems no watery world; all is but confusion of loveliest earth and heaven!

Were they inhabited—and by mortals? Aye—by men stately as the best cavaliers of Spain—by women in their tropic beauty darkly-bright as Castile’s own large-eyed

* Barbadoes, and other Poems. By M. J. Chapman. London: James Fraser, Regent Street.

daughters. What became of them all, after having been *discovered* by Columbus? "All murdered."

Who were the Charibbees? The inhabitants of the Windward Islands. Some think they were Apalachian Indians, who had been war-driven from Florida in North America, and arriving at these islands exterminated the ancient male natives, and begot on their women a not ignoble race; others that they were a colony from the Charibbees of South America, for their traditions referred to Guiana. Came they whence they chose, they were "souls made of fire, and children of the sun." They had, it was said, no passion for the sex. Indeed! Then why did they paint their faces of a flaming red, and adorn their heads with feathers? But they had other passions—for they loved to kill their old hereditary enemies, the Arrowauks, who came too from Guiana, and peopled the Leeward Islands. Then the Charibbees invaded, hunted, took captive, stabbed at stakes, and cutting them into pieces, devoured—for they were cannibals. Without doubt, the ancient natives of Hispaniola, Cuba, Jamaica, and Porto-Rico were comparatively a mild and cultivated people—but to windward was War and Death, who often came down, sailing large and free, in such vessels as the Otahetians used in later times, and massacred, in the fury of undying feud, the gentler and feebler race, whom the Charibbees had abhorred and killed, and probably eaten, for ages on the continent, and whom they could not but continue to devour among the Islands.

Suppose them all—Charibbees and Arrowauks—exterminated, or nearly so, by white discoverers. Were the Islands to go to waste? Surely not—and were we a Poet, and the West Indies our theme, we should next sing of the sufferings of serfs and slaves whose faces, though sometimes dusky, were not black, and whom a spirit of adventure sent in swarms—stealing or stolen—over the Islands, from the noblest countries of Europe. How they slaved, pined, and perished, it might not always be unpleasant to sing, and the spirits of the savages might be invoked to look down from the Blue Mountains on the plague-stricken pale suddenly yellowing to death.

Retribution is sublime—and Justice, along with other perhaps higher emotions, awakens both Pity and Terror, executing her criminals by diseases that change red blood into a kind of ochre-mud, and give a ghastliness to living eyes, ere they expire in their hollow sockets, that might frighten ghosts.

Decay having succeeded extermination, necessity was driven to import; and a whole wild continent offered a black market, which barbarous life kept in a perpetual glut. 'Twas pleasanter to sell than murder. The slave-ship purchased blood that used to be drunk by the sand, and the "quivered chiefs of Congo" were bartered for baser matter than the bones and muscles of man. Christian countries and their legislatures, became soon reconciled to the "dreadful trade," which was legalized by acts of Parliament, encouraged and protected like all other branches of national industry, and became the sin not of their colonies only, but of all the mother kingdoms of which they were the offshoots or the offspring. It must never be forgotten that the African slave-trade was defended, not on grounds of political economy only, but on those of humanity and religion,

"And holy men gave scripture for the deed."

Its abolition by England was one of the greatest triumphs ever achieved by mercy and justice, and was owing, more than to all the rest of mankind "conjunct and several," to Clarkson. Much misery ceased at once, just as if a breeze blowing steadily from the sea had swept some epidemic from the shore; and had other nations acted like England, the curse had ceased to be in Africa but a name and a tradition. That they have not, is their shame and their guilt, and no argument against us who cleansed our country's character from that pollution. In Africa, there is still the slave-trade, as we all know; but 'tis comparatively dull, now that the chief customer is not the Queen of the Waves. Barbarous life is made up of all kinds of cruelty done and suffered; but civilized life is not called on by a voice from heaven, but from hell, to avail itself of that dread-

ful disorder, and in order to enrich itself with luxuries, to carry on a commerce that perpetuates the crime and misery by which it is fed.

Well might the indignant and abhorrent Christian poet put into the lips of an African slave the question—"In this do you please God?"

"Hark! he answers—wild tornados,
 Stealing yonder sea with wrecks,
 Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
 Are the voice with which he speaks.
 He foreseeing what vexations
 Afric's sons should undergo,
 Fixed their tyrant's habitations
 Where his whirlwinds answer—No.

"By our blood on Afric wasted,
 Ere our racks received the chain;
 By the miseries we have tasted,
 Crossing in your barks the main;
 By our sufferings since ye brought us
 To the man-degrading mart;
 All sustained by patience taught us
 Only by a broken heart:

"Deem our nation brutes no longer,
 Till some reason ye shall find
 Worthier of regard and stronger
 Than the colour of our kind.
 Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
 Tarnish all your boasted powers,
 Prove that you have human feelings,
 And you proudly question ours."

What is now going on in Africa, along her coasts or in the interior, nobody well knows; but we all know, or may know, what is the state of the negroes in our West Indian Islands. With the cessation of our trade in slaves ceased all the misery that trade caused in the Islands; and if there be any persons who deny that the condition of the negroes is better now than when that trade kept up their numbers, they must be the very basest creatures among the morally blind.

The change in the condition of the slaves has been so great, the worst cruelties to which they were formerly too often subjected, are now so rare, and their physical comforts so much increased, that all friends of humanity and freedom must rejoice in the alteration in a lot which, were they free to give, they most assuredly would not impose on any of their brethren of mankind. Slavery can never be thought of but with repugnance and detestation; but as it is a condition in which, by whatever name called, the greatest

part of the population of every country in the world has for ages on ages existed, it is the duty of all who seek to ameliorate or remove the evil, to understand its nature, else never can they understand its cure. If the negroes in our West Indian Islands have all their lives been subjected to the most horrid barbarities, to free them will be to deliver up all who breathe there to destruction. If they have been as happy as human beings can be in the condition of slavery, then, as the outcry for their emancipation has been an outcry of folly and falsehood, it should have been allowed to waste itself on the winds. But a government worthy, in its wisdom, of such a country as ours, would never have been careless of the condition of our colonies—it was their duty thoroughly to know that condition; nor can that be difficult, for the West-Indian Islands are not to the north or the south of the respective poles—and the enlightened humanity of the land would have supported them in all matured measures adopted on expediency and justice, to bring safely about that change in the whole structure of life there, which every Christian so devoutly desires, and which Christianity itself alone can by its divine spirit effect, slowly but surely, as seems to have been every where the law of its operation under Providence.

We shall not now pursue the consideration of the many most serious and awful consequences which may result from rash legislation respecting a condition of society, that, if broken up suddenly and violently, may give birth to inconceivable horrors, but turn to take a look at life in those Islands as it has been pictured, at different times, by men who ought to know something of their fellow-creatures, because their power lies in a knowledge of the human heart, and who, if they utter folly, belie their name—the Poets. Let us, if it be but in courtesy, call them so; and should they seem to be but feeble or erring authorities, let their representations be met and overcome by such prose narratives and arguments as have been heard at Anti-Slavery meetings, and other schools of Christian Charity, where Eloquence of the highest order has sought no triumph but that of Truth.

The "Sugar-Cane" is a good subject for a descriptive and didactic poem. Its cultivation is neither more nor less than the agriculture of the West Indies. Grainger says rightly, that "as the face of this country is wholly different from that of Europe, so whatever hand copied its appearances, however rude, could not fail to enrich poetry with many new and picturesque images." Chalmers is wrong in saying clumsily and dictatorially, that the "effect of the Sugar-Cane, either as to pleasure or utility, must be local." The effect of a sugar-cane is no more local than the effect of any other plant. It has the advantage of most plants in diffusing very general pleasure and utility, as Sandy experienced at morn and dewy eve, over his tea and his toddy, both of which he took sweet. "Connected," adds Alexander, "as an English merchant may be with the produce of the West Indies, it will not be easy to persuade the reader of English poetry to study the cultivation of the sugar-plant, merely that he may add some new imagery to the more ample stores which he can contribute without study or trouble." 'Tis to be regretted that Alexander Chalmers, as dull a man as you could meet with on the longest day, by way of a joke, should have edited the British Poets. Nothing in our literature equals the unfailing stupidity of his critical remarks. 'Tis no great matter in the case of so heavy a writer as the Doctor; but we lose our temper on seeing him handling in succession the Swans of Thames, to feel if they be fat and well feathered, as a poulterer would a capon. Who would not wish to add new imagery from the loveliest and grandest scenery on the face of the sea, to his stores, however ample? And who contemplates ample stores of imagery "without study or trouble?" Unstudied stores of imagery are good for nothing; and our critic is equally out, when he asks who "can find interest in the transactions of planters and sugar-brokers?" he might as well have asked who can find interest in the transactions of ploughmen, and graziers, and shepherds, and fishermen, and farmers, and landlords, and mechanics, and manufacturers, and merchants—in short, of men? Here we have a respectable

bookseller's hack excluding, in his dignity, all the white inhabitants of our West Indian Islands, from the sympathies not only of the Row, but the race. In what transactions did *he* find interest? How he must have despised Crabbe's Borough! It is the privilege of genius to send "illumination into deep dark holds," that common and careless eyes may be startled at the sight of the unsuspected riches of art or nature. Had Grainger been a man of genius, he would have furnished with poetry the "copper boilers" as well as the black faces that laughed around them; and without justifying slavery, he would have brought out the virtue that may work, not unwillingly, in chains. Can a slave be happy? Yes. And a Christian poet might tell you how, nor violate the spirit of his divine religion. Can a planter be humane? William Wilberforce thought he might; but Alexander Chalmers, the terror of printers' devils, thought them all as wicked as sugar-brokers, and plumping in a double-refined lump of coagulated black blood into his bollea, sent them all to Lucifer.

Nor can we agree with the editor of the British Poets, in thinking "wealth unpoetical and unphilosophical." Adam Smith did not think it "unphilosophical;" and nobody who ever saw London will think it "unpoetical;" and we are surprised to hear any man call it either or both, who for the better part of his life was employed in writing for three guineas a sheet. Even avarice is not unpoetical, for it is a passion. The old dramatists arrayed the passion in imagination, and almost made it sublime. Is the "wealth" unpoetical, that

Might ransom great kings from captivity!"

There is sublimity even in a vast debt. The National Debt! That once paid, all that remains is to pay the debt of Nature. But Chalmers, who we believe was an annuitant, felt that the repeated mention of "wealth" in the Sugar-Cane, lessened the respect of the reader for the poem in general. Yet how inconsistent was he in making such an objection to it; for he adds, with all the liberality of Grub Street, "it

would be difficult to find many instances of planters who desired any thing else." We daresay he never took "the study or trouble" to try to find one; but passed judgment on the whole body without knowledge of any of its members. The high soul of the black revolted from all communion with a Planter. He moved in a loftier sphere, and breathed a purer air, and passed his life in nobler pursuits. Shall a literary man, who despises wealth from the bottom of his heart, stoop to confabulate with a walking sugar-cane? No! he remembers he is himself a quill-driver; and forgetting in his pride the frowns of his own many employers or proprietors, tosses up his nose at all masters of slaves.

But though wealth be neither unpoetical nor unphilosophical, it may be made to look both by a block-head. The Doctor was not a block-head; but in him we look in vain for that which O'Connell says he desiderates in Sir Robert Peel, the *mens divinator*. He contrives, very often, to raise in our minds very small ideas indeed of himself and his subject, when it is plain he imagines both to be at their grandest; as for example, after having in a prophetic vision seen the Cane acknowledged to be the "lawful lord of plants," and the fame of St Kitt's "floating familiar through the world," he bursts forth into a panegyric on "red-brick mould," which he concludes with these glorious lines—

"The reuter, this
Can scarce exhaust; how happy for the
hair!"

His enthusiasm elsewhere kindles into this philosophical exclamation—

"Be this great truth still present to thy mind—
The half well-cultured far exceeds the whole."

And after having filled his fancy with endless visions of riches accruing to Planters from the judicious cultivation of their estates, he, like a true Scotchman, and no doubt in a strong Scotch accent, gravely, if not piously, breathes,

"Ah! when will Fate,
That long hath scowled relentless on the
Bard,
Give him some small plantation to enclose,
Which he may call his own!"

We do not dislike didactic poetry, but desire it were not generally so dull. Dyer's Fleece is dull; but wool is not so heavy as sugar—nor yet so sweet. The Fleece is lighter than the Cane; yet 'twas not badly said by some one wishing to be rather witty, that Dyer would be buried in woollen. His Episodes and excursions, however, are sometimes very poetical, and he was a man of considerable genius. Grainger, again, had not a grain of genius, but he was a shrewd, sensible, well-informed man, who made himself master of his subject, and treated it in very passable verse, which, without ceasing to be prose, now and then verged on something not very unlike poetry. Some descriptive power he had, as, indeed, who has not? But he set himself to study the scenery of St Kitt's, an epitome of all the scenery of the West Indies, like a man reading for a degree. He got not merely primed, but *crammed*; and then took his seat at a table, resolved to do justice to his subject, of which he had previously made a pretty full prose sketch from a vast heap of raw materials, to be cooked up, at his learned leisure, out of flat prose into what he supposed poetry with an irregular surface. He keeps a muse, and acts as her amanuensis. He dares not put pen to paper, but to her inditing; and as she sometimes grows rather sleepy, he has to jog her on the elbow, with such exhortation and expostulation as "Oh! muse, awake." The Doctor had no low opinion of his own genius, and pays himself a neat compliment in praising the beauty of St Kitt's;—

"O might my strain
Far transcend the immortal songs of
Græce
thou the partial subject of their
praise!"

In prosecution of this design, he by-and-by exclaimed in his manuscript copy—

"Now, muse, let's sing of rats."

And the chief part of the Second Book of the Sugar-Cane, as appears from the argument, includes the following topics in the following order:—"Address to William Shenstone, Esq.—of Monkeys—of rats and other vermin—of weeds—of the yellow

fly—of the greasy fly." Then comes a hurricane and an earthquake.

Such transitions he would not have ventured to make, as a mere mortal man, but a muse may do any thing, for she has *carte blanche*. Thus we have

" Shall the Muse celebrate the dark deep mould,

With dung or gravel mixed ?"

" Of composts shall the muse descend to sing

Nor soil her heavenly plumes ?"

" Enough of composts, Muse."

" There are, the Muse hath oft abhorrent seen,

Who swallow dirt."

" Or shall she sing, and not debase her lay,

The pest peculiar to the Ethiop kind,
The Yaws ?"—

" Farcy's rabid form,

Joint-racking spasms, and cholick's pungent pang,

Need the Muse tell ?"

Virgil, said some senseless French critic, "tosses his dung about with an air of majesty." Not exactly so. But we defy any body, man or woman, to toss dung about, without rather a dignified air—at least with a pitchfork. With your hands you may drop or scatter it into furrows merely with elegance and grace ; but the exertion required for the pitchfork necessitates considerable dignity of demeanour. The rolling of casks again ensures a union of dignity and grace. And Grainger seems to have been aware of that, for they are seen rolling and rolled about in all directions through his poem.

" But would thou see huge casks in order due,

Rolled numerous on the bay, all fully fraught

With strong-grained Muscovadoes silvery grey,

Joy of the Planter," &c.

And again,

" Well pleased the master swain reviews the toil,

And rolls, in fancy, many a full-fraught cask."

With regard to dung, he is seldom anywhere so concise as a didactic poet of our acquaintance, who says, "Now, Muse ! let's sing of dung !" But he is richer. He says with *gusto*,

" Let sun and rain mature thy deep-hoed land,

And old fat dung co-operate with them."

And again, with *gusto* still more intense,

" The sacred Muse

Nought sordid deems, but what is base ;
nought fair,

Unless true virtue stamp it with her seal.

THEN, Planter, wouldst thou double thine estate,

Never, ah ! never, be ashamed to tread

Thy dung heaps, where the refuse of thy mills,

With all the ashes all thy coppers yield,
With weeds, mould, dung, and stale, a compost form."

What a strong line ! You smell it a mile off. It scents the whole poem.

Grainger was a humane man, and beloved by Samuel Johnson and Dr Percy, who nevertheless were disposed to laugh—or at least smile—at many passages—perhaps the whole of his *Sugar-Cane*. Samuel, 'tis said apocryphally, used to drink as a toast, "An insurrection in the West Indies, and success to it !" The old Rambler liked to say strong things and drink strong liquors ; and probably felt at times that a bumper of raw brandy could only be justified by a bloody sentiment. The sight of the Savage and Sage sucking in the stingo to such a prayer—*so unlike the Lord's Prayer*—must have been ill calculated to convert to Christianity the infidel members of the Club. We shall hope he merely meant to curry favour with his black servant, who used often to be in the sulks. Samuel, in his heart, was no lover of the shedding of blood. He knew the negroes in the West Indies did not overhear him—and 'tis lucky for them that he was not an overseer. For though naturally humane, he was passionate ; nor would it at all times have been safe to trust him alone in a boiling-house with a pretty young negress.

Grainger, throughout his *Sugar-Cane*, calls the negroes "swains ;" and there is something rather ludicrous in such application of the term. We think of Campbell's free Pennsylvanians, "on Susquehanna's side, sweet Wyoming," where

" The happy shepherd swains had nought to do,

From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew ;"

and the contrast is painfully to the disadvantage of the negro swains, who have always something to do, and sometimes, we suspect, rather too much. Yet we have seen "rum swains" in Somersetshire, and other counties of England—swains whom it required a nice perception to discriminate from scarecrows. Dr Grainger having had the good sense and gentlemanly address to marry the daughter of a planter, with whom he fell in love on board an outward-bound West-Indiaman, and, while he was curing her of the small-pox, inoculated her with the tender passion, from his first arrival at St Kitt's saw slave-life under *coulour de rose*, with the eyes at once of a successful lover, and no less successful practitioner. He seems to have considered the whole black population his patients, and humanely persuades them and himself to think lightly of all their maladies. Apollo inspires him more kindly in his character of Physician than in that of Poet. The worthy Doctor cannot look unprofessionally at a nut,

"Yet if the cholice's deathful pangs
thou dread'st,
Taste not its luscious nut."

But he shines in prescriptions—not written in the rabid dog-Latin in which doctors usually destroy—but in sensible English verse. He tells us that

"Worms lurk in all, but pronest they to worms
Who from Mandingo sail."

By the way, that is a singularly soft and sweet expression—"Who from Mandingo sail." But the sound is not an echo of the sense. One would imagine a Mandingo yacht-club taking a pleasure cruise, and suddenly attacked by worms. But the patients have been all in casks, or packed in layers like herrings, and fresh, or rather salt, from the middle passage. And here comes the prescription.

"Wouldst thou secure thine Ethiop
From those ails,
Which change of climate, change of water breed,
And food unusual, let Machaon draw
From each some blood, as age and sex require;

VOL. XXXIV. NO. CCXIII.

And well with vervain, well with semprevive,
Unload their bowels."

That is simple, and seven times insisted on in the Sugar-Cane; but here is a more poetical touch.

"Nor will it not conduce
To give what chymists, in mysterious phrase,
Term the white eagle, deadly foe to worms."

But even the white eagle will not cure the master-swain's Ethiops of eating dirt,

"Unless restrain'd from this unwholesome food
By soothing words, by menaces and blows."

But menaces and blows he advises only in those extreme cases, where the master-swains have failed

"By medicine's powers their cravings to subdue."

We doubt if any Ethiop ever was restrained from "eating dirt" by soothing words; or even cured of "bloating dropsy" by menaces and blows. The Doctor seems aware of the obstinacy of such complaints and patients; and therefore prudently tells the master-swains to buy only such negroes as are not likely to eat dirt and die of dropsy.

"Not prominent their belly—clear and strong,
The thighs and legs, in just proportion rise,
Such soon will brave the fervour of the climate,
And free from ails that kill thy weaker slaves,
An useful servitude will long support."

He bids them beware of a Coromantee, for Coromantees do not like being slaves; and,

"Fired with vengeance, at the midnight hour,
Sudden they seize thine unsuspecting watch,
And thine own poniard bury in thy breast."

In some parts of Africa the women do all the work, and the men nothing but hunt, fish, and fight. Therefore, buy all such women and no such men. For,

"They, hardy, with the labours of the cane
Soon grow familiar; while unusual toil
And new severities their husbands kill."

Such are a few samples of the Doctor's thoughtful humanity; and he farther warns the master-swains against buying any old negroes. That would be at once cruel and uneconomical; for "nor sturdy nor laborious they." By avoiding all such errors, the slave-trade, he opines, may be the means of diffusing wealth and weal over all the islands. Were we to believe the Doctor, there was no cruelty in St Kit's, even during the heat of the slave-trade. He speaks with the most perfect complacency of every cargo of human beings imported from Africa—and but that the names of the different tribes sound human, you might imagine the Doctor was speaking of cattle, or long-woolled sheep, or some sort or other of useful animals. Here the Man is sunk out of sight in the Doctor, and the Doctor head over ears in the Planter, and the Planter in the Beast. This it is to have a senseless advocate of enormities at which humanity shudders; and on reading his cold-blooded verses, one wishes that he were yet alive (but he died long ago of the yellow fever), that one might purchase him at prime cost, and send him off to another settlement, torn from the arms of Mrs Grainger, formerly Miss Burt. The argument of Book IV. is thus conducted—and the illustrations are equally cool. "Negroes, when sold, should be young and strong. The Congo negroes are fitter for the house and trades, than for the field. The Gold Coast, but especially the *Paw-Paw* negroes, make the best field negroes; but even these, if advanced in years, should not be purchased. The marks of a sound negro at a negro sale. Where the men do nothing but hunt, fish, or fight, and all field drudgery is left to the women, these are to be preferred to their husbands. The Minnahs make good tradesmen, but addicted to suicide. The Mandingoes, in particular, subject to worms, and the Congos to dropsical disorders. How salt water or new negroes should be seasoned. Some negroes eat dirt. *Praise of Freedom. Praise of Commerce.*" The Doctor has here made up a loathsome dose, and with a placid face, requests us to swallow it, diluted to our taste, by his muse. But though she certainly squashes

in the water, the very look at the abomination turns our stomach, and is itself an emetic. So we must leave the poor "Swains" in the hands of the Quack.

The Doctor wrote an ode of some celebrity to Solitude. Samuel Johnson thought it very fine, and used to snore it sonorously to the Club.

"O Solitude, romantic maid,
Whether by nodding bowers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' cleft side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from your half-year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble waste survey,
You, recluse, again I woo,
And again your steps pursue."

"Very fine, sir!" And indeed the lines are far from being amiss; though to our fancy there is something ludicrous in a middle-aged and somewhat corpulent man like Dr Grainger pursuing a romantic maid along the Andes, to the source of the Nile, up Hecla, and in among the ruins of Tadmor. Miss Burt, had she seen her "Swain" displaying such agility, would have been jealous; and Mrs Grainger neither "to hold nor to bind."

Does the Sugar-Cane deserve a place among the collected works of the English Poets? Now that it is in, we shall not cast it out; and many parts, here and there, may be read with pleasure. The following Fig-Tree makes no despicable picture. Grainger bids "fixed attention" cast his eye

"On the capt mountain, whose high rocky
verge
The wild fig canopies, (vast woodland
king,
Beneath thy branching shade a banner'd
host
May lie in ambush!) and whose shaggy
sides
Trees shade, of endless green, enormous
size,
Wondrous in shape, to botany unknown,
Old as the deluge."

And there is some pretty painting of lowland rural scenery that breathes of the tropics. Sometimes we see in fancy the green plantations, with their blooming hedges, and are start-

led by their Indian beauty, so unlike
the soberer enclosures of England.

"With limes, with lemons, let thy fences
glow,

Grateful to sense; now children of this
clime:

And here and there let oranges erect
Their shapely beauties, and perfume the
sky.

————— The acasse

With which the sons of Jewry, 'stiff-
neck'd race,

Conjecture says, our God-Messiah
crown'd;

Soon shoots a thick impenetrable fence,
Whose scent perfumes the night. The
privet too,

Whose white flowers rival the first drifts
of snow

On Grampia's piny hills.

Boast of the shrubby tribe, carnation fair,
Nor thou repine, though late the Muse
record

Thy bloomy honours. Tipt with bur-
nish'd gold,

And with imperial purple crested high,
More gorgeous than the train of Juno's
bird,

Thy bloomy honours oft the curious
Muse

Hath seen transported; seen the hum-
ming-bird,

Whose burnish'd neck bright glows with
verdant gold;

Least of the winged vagrants of the sky,
Yet dauntless as the strong-fenced bird
of Jove;

With fluttering vehemence attack thy
cups,

To rob them of their nectar's luscious
store.

Wild liquorice here its red beads loves to
hang,

Whilst the rich blossoms, yellow, pur-
ple, blue,

Unhurt, wind round its shield-like leaf
and spears.

Nor is its fruit inelegant of taste,
Though more its colours charm the ra-
vish'd eye;

Vermeil, as youthful beauty's roseate hue;
As thine, fair Christobelle."

We have omitted, we see, the
"thick-built wall," and "cuttings of
the prickly pear," without which the
passage is not intelligible, but the
Doctor's style has no compression;
he is rarely happy for six lines in
succession, and spoils his best pas-
sages by some allusion or other to a
dose of physic. Thus "Not unde-
lightful blooms the logwood hedge,"

is an agreeable line, but not so the
two that follow it,

"Whose wood to coction yields a pre-
cious balm,
Specific in the flux!"

Nor can we sympathize with the
Doctor so acutely as he may wish,
while he adds,

—————"Endemial all,

Much cause have I to weep thy fatal
sway."

Mrs Grainger, we fear, died of the
flux, nor was logwood found in her
case a specific.

Nothing so delightful, in a tropical
climate, as a fall of rain. The Doctor
describes one well, and its cheering
effects on soul and sense. It is usu-
ally preceded by fierce showers of
mosquitoes and sand-flies; while

"from their retreats

Cockroaches crawl displeasingly abroad."

The mosquitoes and sand-flies
"without pity let thy slaves de-
stroy;" cockroaches "the smother of
combustion quell." Meanwhile,

"The speckled lizard to its hole retreats,
And black crabs travel from the moun-
tains down;

The ducks their feathers prune; the
doves retire

In faithful flocks, and on the neighbour-
ing roof

Perch frequent, where with pleased at-
tention they

Behold the deep'ning congregating
clouds!"

All that is picturesque; and so are
the images of rattling doors and win-
dows, housewives placing spouts and
pails, negroes seeking the shade for
shelter, or "with ready hoe opening
the enriching water-courses,"—and
the description of the Fall is excel-
lent—the best passage in the Poem.

"For, see, the drops,

Which fell with slight aspersion, now
descend

In streams continuous on the laughing
land.

The coyest Naiads quit their rocky caves,
And, with delight, run brawling to the
main;

While those, who love still visible to glad
The thirsty plains from never-ceasing
urns,

Assume more awful majesty, and pour,
With force resistless, down the channel'd
rocks.

The rocks, or split, or hurried from their base,
 With trees, are whirl'd impetuous to the sea :
 Fluctuates the forest; the torn mountains roar :
 The main itself recoils for many a league,
 While its green face is changed to sordid brown.
 A grateful freshness every sense pervades;
 While beats the heart with unaccustom'd joy :
 Her stores fugacious Memory now recalls;
 And Fancy prunes her wings for loftiest flights.
 The mute creation share the enlivening hour;
 Bounds the brisk kid, and wanton plays the lamb.
 The drooping plants revive; ten thousand blooms,
 Which, with their fragrant scents, perfume the air,
 Burst into being; while the cines put on
 Glad Nature's liveliest robe, the vivid green."

Montgomery's *West Indies* was originally published by Mr Bowyer in his splendid volume on the Abolition of the Slave-Trade, and, like almost all poems written per order, is, on the whole, but a moderate performance. Its subject, strictly speaking, is the Slave-Trade. It has, however, some fine passages. Compare this with that noble one on the same subject in Rogers's *Fragments on Columbus*, and it will not suffer from the comparison.

"Far from the western cliffs he cast his eye
 O'er the wide ocean stretching to the sky :
 In calm magnificence the sun declined,
 And left a paradise of clouds behind :
 Proud at his feet, with pomp of pearl and gold,
 The billows in a sea of glory roll'd.

"—Ah! on this sea of glory might I sail,
 Track the bright sun, and pierce the eternal veil
 That hides those lands, beneath Hesperian skies,
 Where day-light sojourns till our morrow rise!

"Thoughtful he wandered on the beach alone;
 Mild o'er the deep the vesper planet shone,

The eye of evening, brightening through the west
 Till the sweet moment when it shut to rest :
 'Whither, O golden Venus! art thou fled?
 Not in the ocean-chambers lies thy bed?
 Round the dim world thy glittering chariot drawn
 Pursues the twilight, or precedes the dawn;
 Thy beauty noon and midnight never see,
 The morn and eve divide the year with thee.'

"Soft fell the shades, till Cynthia's slender bow
 Crested the farthest wave, then sunk below;
 'Tell me, resplendent guardian of the night,
 Circling the sphere in thy perennial flight,
 What secret path of heaven thy smiles adorn,
 What nameless sea reflects thy gleaming horn?'

"Now earth and ocean vanish'd, all serene
 The starry firmament alone was seen;
 Through the slow, silent hours, he watch'd the host
 Of midnight suns in western darkness lost,
 Till Night himself, on shadowy pinions borne,
 Flew o'er the mighty waters, and the morn
 Danced on the mountains:—'Lights of heaven!' he cried,
 'Lead on;—I go to win a glorious bride;
 Fearless o'er gulfs unknown I urge my way,
 Where peril prowls, and shipwreck lurks for prey:
 Hope swells my sail;—in spirit I behold
 That maiden world, twin-sister of the old,
 By nature nursed beyond the jealous sea,
 Denied to ages, but betroth'd to me.'

"The winds were prosperous, and the billows bore
 The brave adventurer to the promised shore;
 Far in the west, array'd in purple light,
 Dawn'd the new world on his enraptur'd sight:
 Not Adam, loosen'd from the encumbering earth,
 Waked by the breath of God to instant birth,

With sweeter, wilder wonder gazed
around,
When life within, and light without he
found :

When, all creation rushing o'er his soul,
He seem'd to live and breathe through-
out the whole.

So felt Columbus, when, divinely fair,
At the last look of resolute despair,
The Hesperian isles, from distance dimly
blue,

With gradual beauty open'd on his view.
In that proud moment, his transported
mind

The morning and the evening worlds
combined,

And made the sea, that sunder'd them
before,

A bond of peace, uniting shore to shore."

Vain, visionary hope ! And Mont-
gomery paints sternly the bloody
career of the Spaniards in their ac-
cursed work of extermination. How
beautifully he first describes the
West Indian Islands !

" Amidst the heaven-reflecting ocean
smiles

A constellation of Elysian isles ;
Fair as Orion, when he mounts on high,
Sparkling with midnight splendour from
the sky ;

They bask beneath the sun's meridian
rays,

When not a shadow breaks the boundless
blaze ;

The breath of ocean wanders through
their vales

In morning breezes and in evening gales ;
Earth from her lap perennial verdure
pours,

Ambrosial fruits, and amaranthine flow-
ers ;

O'er the wild mountains and luxuriant
plains,

Nature in all the pomp of beauty reigns,
In all the pride of freedom.—NATURE

FREE

Proclaims that MAN was born for liberty."

The Poet appears to us in what
follows to confuse the Charib peo-
ple with the gentler natives of the
Leeward Islands. The Charibs were
certainly not a gentle race—nor " in
placid indolence supremely blest."
But he mourns their extinction in
indignant strains.

" With fraud and force, with false and
fatal breath,

(Submission bondage, and resistance
death,)

They swept the isles. In vain the sim-
ple race

Kneel'd to the iron sceptre of their grace,
Or with weak arms their fiery vengeance
braved ;

They came, they saw, they conquer'd,
they enslaved,

And they destroy'd ;—the generous heart
they broke,

They crush'd the timid neck beneath the
yoke ;

Where'er to battle march'd their fell
array,

The sword of conquest plough'd resist-
less way ;

Where'er from cruel toil they sought re-
pose,

Around the fires of devastation rose.

The Indian, as he turn'd his head in
flight,

Beheld his cottage flaming through the
night,

And, midst the shrieks of murder on the
wind,

Heard the mute blood-hound's death-
step close behind."

The Spaniard's foot had thus spurn'd
the island-race from life—and

" Among the waifs and foundlings of
mankind,

Abroad he look'd, a sturdier stock to find ;
A spring of life, whose fountains should
supply

His channels as he drank the rivers dry."

He looked to Africa—and on her
warring plains saw an exhaustless
supply of flesh and blood and bone to
fill up the vacancy,

" As the childless Charibbeans died."

The vision is not without subli-
mity.

" The conflict o'er, the valiant in their
graves,

The wretched remnant dwindled into
slaves ;

Condemn'd in pestilential cells to pine,
Delving for gold amidst the gloomy mine.

The sufferer, sick of life-protracting
breath,

Inhaled with joy the fire-damp blast of
death :

—Condemn'd to fell the mountain palm
on high,

That cast its shadow from the evening
sky,

Ere the tree trembled to his feeble stroke,
The woodman languish'd, and his heart-
strings broke ;

—Condemn'd in torrid noon, with pal-
litate hand,

To urge the slow plough o'er the obdu-
rate land,

The labourer, smitten by the sun's quick
ray,

A corpse along the unfinish'd furrow lay.
 O'erwhelm'd at length with ignominious
 toil,
 Mingling their barren ashes with the soil,
 Down to the dust the Charib people
 pass'd,
 Like autumn foliage withering in the
 blast:
 The whole race sunk beneath the op-
 pressor's rod,
 And left a blank among the works of
 God.

"Where the stupendous Mountains of
 the Moon
 Cast their broad shadows o'er the realms
 of noon;
 From rude Caffraria, where the giraffes
 browse,
 With stately heads among the forest
 boughs.
 To Atlas, where Numidian lions glow
 With torrid fire beneath eternal snow:
 From Nubian hills, that hail the dawning
 day,
 To Guinea's coast, where evening fades
 away,
 Regions immense, unsearchable, un-
 known,
 Bask in the splendour of the solar zone;
 A world of wonders,—where creation
 seems
 No more the works of Nature, but her
 dreams;
 Great, wild, and beautiful, beyond con-
 trol,
 She reigns in all the freedom of her soul;
 Where none can check her bounty when
 she showers
 O'er the gay wilderness her fruits and
 flowers;
 None brave her fury, when, with whirl-
 wind breath,
 And earthquake step, she walks abroad
 with death:
 O'er boundless plains she holds her fiery
 flight,
 In terrible magnificence of light;
 At blazing noon pursues the evening
 breeze,
 Through the dun gloom of realm-o'er-
 shadowing trees,
 Her thirst at Nile's mysterious fountain
 quells,
 Or bathes in secrecy where Niger swells,
 An inland ocean, on whose jasper rocks
 With shells and sea-flower-wreaths she
 binds her locks:
 She sleeps on isles of velvet verdure,
 placed
 Midst sandy gulfs and shoals for ever
 waste;
 She guides her countless flocks to
 cherish'd rills,
 And feeds her cattle on a thousand hills;

Her steps the wild bees welcome through
 the vale,
 From every blossom that embalms the
 gale;
 The slow unwieldy river-horse she leads
 Through the deep waters, o'er the pas-
 turing meads;
 And climbs the mountains that invade
 the sky,
 To soothe the eagle's nestlings when they
 cry.
 At sun-set, when voracious monsters
 burst
 From dreams of blood, awaked by mad-
 dening thirst;
 When the lorn caves, in which they
 shrunk from light,
 Ring with wild echoes through the
 hideous night;
 When darkness seems alive, and all the
 air
 Is one tremendous uproar of despair,
 Horror, and agony;—on her they call;
 She hears their clamour, she provides
 for all,
 Leads the light leopard on his eager way
 And goads the gaunt hyena to his prey.

"In these romantic regions man grows
 wild;
 Here dwells the Negro, nature's outcast
 child,
 Scorn'd by his brethren; but his mother's
 eye,
 That gazes on him from her warmest
 sky,
 Sees in his flexile limbs untutor'd grace,
 Power on his forehead, beauty in his face;
 Sees in his breast, where lawless passions
 rove,
 The heart of friendship and the home of
 love;
 Sees in his mind, where desolation reigns
 Fierce as his clime, uncultur'd as his
 plains,
 A soil where virtue's fairest flowers might
 shoot,
 And trees of science bend with glorious
 fruit;
 Sees in his soul, involv'd with thickest
 night,
 An emanation of eternal light,
 Ordain'd, midst sinking worlds, his dust
 to fire,
 And shine for ever when the stars ex-
 pire."

There is much strong writing in
 the other Books; but they are often
 rather rhetorical than poetical; some-
 times declamatory; and not seldom,
 though noisy, dull. Indignation alone
 will not make noble verses; and the
 Poet's indignation degenerates into
 abuse. He "did well to be angry;"

but his lightnings are not always electrical, and he gives us claps of imitation-thunder. He knew that he had all sympathy on his side, but he did not always feel its grandeur. He rails against the Slave-Trade; and we had almost said, but shall not say it, that the Politician appears through the Prophet. His cause was holy; his lips should have been touched but with holy fire; and in a song of Mercy and Justice, he should have sternly spoken Truth. But he describes all the horrors of slavery as equal to those of the middle-passage; the life of the slave all misery on the Islands, all happiness on their own continent, which was not Truth. Nor was it Truth that all Planters were Funguses and Monsters. That was wilful misrepresentation and exaggeration, and unworthy of a philosophical Christian Poet like Montgomery, who, as an Apostle, should not have overlooked the sanctity of Truth, even when dealing death-blows to oppression, and celebrating the extinction of a Curse.

Mr Chapman, by birth a Barbadian, is, we believe, a Cantab, and a very young man; he has received, and is receiving, the best education England can give; and his translations of the *Heliodora* and the *Danaë*, which we selected from his volume to grace the Appendix to our Articles on the Greek Anthology, shew that he is a scholar. He has assiduously and successfully cultivated his naturally fine and strong talents, and we do not hesitate to say that he is an honour to his native Isle. He loves it well, and he knows it well; his poem is stamped throughout with the seal of sincerity, and we firmly believe he gives utterance to no opinion or sentiment which he does not firmly believe to be the truth. An interested witness he is, but likewise an incorruptible one; and knowing that the character and condition of his countrymen have been calumniated, he stands boldly up, like a man, in their defence. For ourselves, we should be ashamed not to place confidence in his integrity; and after making some allowance for the enthusiasm inspired into a generous spirit by the love of the *Natale Solum*, which may sometimes have given rather too bright a colouring to scenes and services which orators

on this side of the Atlantic have pictured in such hideous hues, we accept his representations of slave-life in Barbadoes, as just and faithful, and applicable to it, as it now exists, in all our West Indian Islands. They agree, in the main, with those of all enlightened and experienced persons who have within these dozen years written of our colonies; and, while we shall ever hate slavery in all its forms, and ardently desire to see its extinction all over the face of the earth, we rejoice to know that its worst features no longer frown there; and that humanity and religion have long been considerate of the well-being of our black brethren, and have secured much happiness to their lot. Mr H. N. Coleridge, as humane and high-hearted an Englishman as ever worshipped Freedom in her chosen seats, during his Six Months' Visit to the West Indies, saw much in the life of slavery to console, and to justify cheering hope; and Mrs Carmichael, an accomplished and benevolent English lady, during a Seven Years' residence at St Vincent's and Trinidad, though far from being insensible to the evils inseparable from the condition of masters as well as slaves, under a system which all Christians would wish to see changed, never witnessed one act of revolting cruelty on the part of those whom it has been the base fashion to paint not as men but as devils. Their ears heard no clanking of chains, no smacking of cart-whips, no agonizing groans and curses; their eyes saw no streams of blood from lacerated backs, no writhing limbs of pregnant women tortured in face of day, for the crime of being overcome by the weakness of nature or its approaching pangs. Are they liars all? Or are they the liars, who, with the name of our Saviour for ever on their lips, are for ever violating his precepts, and hypocritically assuming the garb of religion and humanity, that they may propagate principles glaringly at war with those on which the very existence of civil society depends, and, if acted on, would shake the foundations of all the establishments of social life?

The plan of Mr Chapman's poem is rather inartificial; and its chief merit is in the life and animation of its detached parts, especially the descriptive. It is a series of pictures;

and you might frequently alter the order of their succession, without impairing their force or beauty, though sometimes there is something very striking in the transitions. We should conjecture it was a hurried performance, and that the young poet gave vent to the feelings and images as they arose and came crowding upon him, without taking the trouble of trying to mould them into a consistent and regular whole. You may, thus, open the poem at any page, and read backwards or forwards as you please, and still find it pleasant; not that there is any confusion, but because the various topics are touched on as they happen to suggest themselves by accidental associations, which, though always apparent, are not such as to require being carried along with him by the reader from beginning to end. Mr Chapman's style is flowing and free, and formed on a fine model—that of the Pleasures of Hope. But he is not a mere imitator, much less a plagiarist; a promising pupil of a great master. No affectation, the besetting sin of all our young poetical writers, can be laid to his charge; he has no paltry impertinences of mannerism such as incense men against cockneys; he

writes the English language like a gentleman.

Barbadoes, the Bearded Isle and the Beautiful, was probably first discovered by the Portuguese in their voyage from Brazil, who named, and left it without occupants as they found it, for the Charibbees, why we know not, had deserted it, and the discoverers were satisfied, says Edwards, with the splendid regions they had acquired on the continent. It never has belonged to any other Power than England. Many of the Cavaliers sheltered themselves there after the murder of Charles I., and from them many of the families are lineally descended. There are no better mothers and wives, says Mr Chapman, than the Barbadian women, and in several fine passages he does justice to their virtues. The Barbadians love to call their island "Little England," and always speak of the mother country as "Home." Perhaps the most beautiful part of the island is called "Scotland," and the poet traces in it a miniature resemblance of the scenery of the land of his forefathers. In a few striking lines he describes its first discovery by the English.

" Fair rose the morning on the bearded isle,
And bright the welcome of her virgin smile;
Sparkled the wave, and listening seem'd the wood,
The happy birds, were in their merriest mood,—
When first her bay was dipp'd by English oar,
And English shouts came cordial to the shore;
When England woo'd her, and the bridal song
Was heard her thickets and her groves among;
When loving hearts their burning thoughts reveal'd,
And loving lips the holy contract seal'd;
And happy lovers oft were heard to bless
The lot that led them to the wilderness;
When first the infant's low and wailing cry
Rose faintly in our island-Araby:
Sun, moon, and stars, look'd loving from above,
And fond earth nursed them with a mother's love;
While gardens grew from out the sylvan lair,
Till a new England bloom'd in beauty here."

The scenery of Barbadoes is not on the magnificent scale of Cuba, Hispaniola, and Jamaica, but it is lovely, and, for great part of the year, there is a celestial climate. Bryan Edwards's charming description applies to all the islands. "The nights at this season (the tropical summer) are transcendently beautiful. The clearness and brilliancy of

the heavens, the serenity of the air, and the soft tranquillity in which nature reposes, contribute to harmonize the mind, and produce the most calm and delightful sensations. The moon, too, in these climates, displays far greater radiance than in Europe. The smallest print is legible by her light; and, in the moon's absence, her function is not ill sup-

plied by the brightness of the Milky Way, and by that glorious planet Venus, which appears here like a little moon, and glitters with so refulgent a beam as to cast a shade from trees, buildings, and other ob-

jects, making full amends for the short stay and abrupt departure of the crepusculum or twilight." Mr Chapman's poetry is not inferior to Bryan Edwards's prose, when inspired by such a night-heaven.

"How beautiful is night! the glorious sky
Is filled with countless gems—how silently
Kind Hesperus first trims his distant fire;
Then through the blue depths Cynthia leads her choir;
And while she travels through her vast domain,
Unnumbered glories glitter in her train;
Unnumbered lights their ordered station keep,
And shine reflected from the glassy deep;
While o'er the measureless star-paved sky
Flashes the bright, o'erarching galaxy.
Life-breathing shapes! we cannot think them less—
Onward they dance through Heaven's vast hollowness;
And ever on the earth cast looks of love,
As though they wished her in their train above.
Glorious! how glorious! who can upward gaze
And see the circlets of that softened blaze,
Nor the Unseen, that rules their courses, bless,
And startled feel brief life's vain emptiness?"

"This world is passing glorious; fit to be
The palace-home of Immortality!
And while the light of Heaven so softly smiles,
Why should not these, in truth, be Eden-isles?
Sin! sin! that marred the world! creation groans;
The earth is weary of her weight of bones;
She cries out on us; she has never rest;
We tear and trample her all-nurturing breast.
The earthquake and the thunder speak in vain;
Famine, and plague, and death, come on again;
We hear not: Conquest fans his bloody wing,
And builds his throne on corpses. Prophets sing
Of dole and doom; the blinded have no eye;—
Sin, sin! thou art a deadly mystery.

"How beautiful is night! the wood is whist,
And lovingly is by the moonbeam kissed.
A night like this in gorgeous glory shone
On the dread doom of fated Babylon;
Such lights upon her hanging-gardens danced,
Gleam'd through the foliage, through the lattice glanced.
In such a night as this Caraccas fell,
While fearful rose a people's dying yell;
In such a night was Lisbon's overthrow,
When fell in ruin, at the sudden blow,
The lordly palace and the convent wall,
The humble cottage and the stately hall;
Her populous life lay buried; yet—O yet
We read, we pity, shudder—and forget."

Such calm is contrasted with hurricane and earthquake—but we cannot afford to quote any of the vigorous descriptions of such eventful phenomena. The poet's imagination sees the island as it shewed itself to the eyes of its first Portuguese discoverers—a silvan and savage scene—yet even then not uncultivated; for it was not till the European in-

vaders had exterminated the rightful owners, that tropical suns covered with rank vegetation, fatal to human life, isles each in itself intended by nature to be a paradise upon the seas. How nobly does the historian of the West Indies, whose work Mr Chapman has read to great advantage, and on its glowing pages had his own enthusiasm kindled by

experiences of the glories that yet survive; how nobly does he describe the character of the scenery of these countries at the time when they were extremely populous, "hills and valleys, of the smaller islands especially, cleared of underwood, and the trees which remained affording a shade that was cool, airy, and delicious. Of these trees, some, as the paw paw and the palmetto, are, without doubt, the most graceful of the vegetable creation. Others continue to bud, blossom, and bear fruit throughout the year. Nor is it undeserving notice, that the foliage of the most part springing only from the summit of the trunk, and thence expanding into wide-spreading branches, closely but elegantly arranged, every grove is an assemblage of majestic columns, supporting a verdant canopy, and excluding the sun without impeding the circulation of the

air. Thus, the shade, at all times impervious to the diurnal breeze, affords not merely a refuge from occasional inconveniency, but a most wholesome and delightful retreat and habitation. Such were these orchards of the sun, and woods of perennial verdure; of a growth unknown to the frigid clime and less vigorous soil of Europe; for what is the oak compared to the cedar or mahogany, of each of which the trunk frequently measures from eighty to ninety feet from the base to the limbs? What European forest has ever given birth to a stem equal to that of the Ceiba, which alone, simply rendered concave, has been known to produce a boat capable of containing one hundred men? Or the still greater Fig, the sovereign of the vegetable creation, itself a Forest?" Here is a visionary picture.

"Such are the scenes that bid th' enthusiast wake,
And his rapt glance at all their glories take,
Before the sun mounts far up in the sky,
Wearies the sight, and dims the gazing eye.
While every scene brings back the past to life,
The bower of love, the field of mortal strife;
The thoughtful dreamer lives the days of yore,
Enjoys their loves, and fights their battles o'er;
Back to the hoar of Time his fancy springs,
And as the local genius lends him wings,
He sees the island overgrown with wood—
The haunt of birds—a human solitude;
The bearded shelter of the banyan tree,
The king-bird's court—a royal liberty;
Or won by names, he visits every place,
That keeps the foot-prints of the Indian race;
At Indian river sees the Indian train,
In light canoes come dancing o'er the main;
At Indian castle marks the cavern-home,
Fitted by nature for her sons that roam;
And when the hapless race is dead and gone,
He re-erects their feeble gods of stone;
Shrinks from the sounds that vex the modest air,
And for their welfare breathes a silent prayer."

But imagination combines the past and the present with fine effect in another description:—

"How changed that island from the savage scene
Of bearded monsters with their heads of green;
While mid the tangled umbrage frightful stood
The native prince—the wild man of the wood!
Surprised, and filled with superstitious dread,
The sea-tossed Lusitanian saw and fled;
Sighed for the Tagus, and resolved no more
To hunt the ocean for the Spaniard's shore.
But now no more, a wild and savage lair,
It shelters monsters; now of forest bare,

And scant of solitary trees, that tell
 Of olden times, when the vast arches fell
 Of leafy arcades, and there thundered down
 To th' planter's axe the monarch with his crown,—
 No more new scions of his race to rear,
 Amid that outstretched silvan theatre—
 It blooms a garden, and it charms the eye
 With its sweet infinite variety.
 The chattering monkey is no longer seen
 To play his pranks amid the leafy green;
 Man drove him first from his ancestral wood,
 Then, cruel tyrant! thirsted for his blood.
 No more his active form is seen to bound
 From tree to tree, or light upon the ground;
 No more he pelts with nuts his hated foe,
 Or scolds at him that stands and laughs below—
 The cunning miniature of man is gone,
 Slain in the empire which was once his own!
 No longer from the green-veiled branch is heard
 The Mathews of the woods—the mocking-bird.
 No more the tall flamingo shews his crest,
 In royal state, in brightest scarlet dress;
 Nor keeps his court of red-plumed beauties here,
 With swan-like grace, and with a princely air.
 The proud macaw, and bright-green paroquet,
 Are captives wing-clipt, or in cages set;
 Where once they had free liberty to roam,
 To choose their mates, and build their leafy home.
 But still the redbreast builds and twitters here;
 The little wren, to social bosoms dear;
 While, mid the murmurs of the breezy grove,
 Is heard the cooing of the turtle-dove.
 Still sparkles here the glory of the west,
 Shews his crowned head, and bares his jewelled breast,
 In whose bright plumes the richest colours live,
 Whose dazzling hues no mimic art can give—
 The purple amethyst, the emerald's green,
 Contrasted, mingle with the ruby's sheen;
 While over all a tissue is put on
 Of golden gauze, by fairy fingers spun—
 Small as a beetle, as an eagle brave,
 In purest ether he delights to lave;
 The sweetest flowers alone descends to woo,
 Rifles their sweets, and lives on honey-dew—
 So light his kisses, not a leaf is stirred
 By the bold, happy, amorous humming-bird;
 No disarray, no petal rudely moved,
 Betrays the flower the collobree has loved."

But the Poet repeoples the woods with life—and gives us the fierce Lay
 of the Last Charib:—

"The nut-brown warrior long has left the scene,
 And dim the traces where his step has been;
 Hunted from every spot he called his own,
 The Charib perished, and his race is gone.
 The latest lingered in some mountain-wild,
 Rejoiced to think he left behind no child—
 Lingered till death, a welcome visitant,
 Found the fierce savage in his pathless haunt;
 While through the woods his vengeful curses rung,
 And o'er his race his dying dirge he sung:
 'Of all my days the dearest is the last,
 That brings oblivion of the fearful past;
 That sets the eagle of his people free,

And ends the warriors of the isles in me.
 No more our war-shouts on the shores shall ring ;
 No more our maids the song of triumph sing.
 Long since of country and of home bereft,
 My tribe has perished, and but one is left ;
 Some fell in battle, some, the stranger's prey,
 In cursed slavery toiled and pined away.
 My only hope, my last surviving boy,
 His mother's darling, and his father's joy,
 By his own hand, upon his mother's grave,
 As sunk the sun, found freedom for the slave.
 Man-child nor woman on the earth remains
 That has the Charib's red blood in his veins ;
 And I, the last, now see my latest sun—
 Our name has perished, and our race is run !
 But vengeance light upon the tyrant-train,
 That came with withering curses o'er the main ;
 With fire's red arrows by the demon armed,
 Our startled waters and our woods alarmed ;
 As, while their fiery deaths unerring fell,
 Rose woman's shriek, and manhood's dying yell ;—
 Who snared our warriors, and refused to kill,
 But tried to tame them to a master's will !
 With power to slay, but impotent to save,
 No white man now can boast an Indian slave !
 Perish the white-face ! let the slayer steal
 On his night-slumber ; let the cruel feel,
 When first he clasps his fond and cherished bride,
 Life's warm blood welling from his wounded side !
 Plagues track his human cargoes o'er the sea ;
 And let him know the wrongs he heaped on me !
 Fire in his bosom, madness in his brain,
 His women outraged, and his children slain !
 On the whole race let my last curses fall ;
 In slow, consuming tortures perish all !
 No ! let one live, upon this mountain-brow,
 To curse their slayers—as I curse them now ;
 And when he falls upon his dying side,
 In death remember how the Charib died ! ”

That is vigorous writing, and justifies high hopes of future achievement. In Barbadoes the traces of these anthropophagi are few and indistinct. The catacombs on the side of Hackleton's Cliff, some idols, and household implements, are mentioned by Hughes. To the present generation a few names only preserve their memory. But if, says Mr Chapman, the last Charib be supposed to have died in one of the mountain-wilds of St Domingo, his imprecation on the European pirates will have the interest that belongs to the late fulfilment of a Curse.

We all know the story of Inkle and Yarico, as told by the Spectator. Addison took it from honest Ligon, and perhaps did not improve it, though in his elegant hands it is not without

pathos. Ligon, after praising poor Yarico's complexion, which he says “ was a bright bay,” and “ her small breasts with nipples of porphyrie,” observes, “ that she chanced afterwards to be with child by a Christian servant, and being very great, walked down to a wood, in which was a pond of water, and there, by the side of the pond, brought herself a-bed, and in three hours came home with the child in her arms, a lusty boy, frolicke and lively.” Mr Chapman has sunk the Christian servant, and confines his attention to the ungrateful Inkle, whose life Yarico had saved in Guiana, but who sold her in Barbadoes, whither she had fled with him on the wings of love. Mr Chapman thus paints the Indian Beauty in her native colours :—

“ A bright-limbed Hebe of the ancient wood,
 A shape to love in holy solitude ;

Whose eyes, quick-rolling, seemed to dance in dew ;
 Whose laugh was music, and whose footstep flew :
 A brighter Venus of a darker hue
 Than sculptor e'er designed, or painter drew.
 Her rounded arms—her bosom's graceful swell—
 Her twinkling ankles, with her wreaths of shell—
 Her limbs' proportion, and their wavy line,
 Instinct with beauty, breathing and divine—
 Her glorious form, complete in every part,
 Shewed Nature's triumph over colder art.
 The gentle creature to the white man came ;
 She saw and loved him, and she felt no shame.
 She loved the stranger, cherished him and saved—
 For him her father's dreaded frown she braved :
 For him she left her careful mother's side ;
 For him the dangers of the deep she tried.
 She knew not what his moving lips might say—
 His earnest gesture beckoned her away ;
 She read his love-suit in his pleading eye ;
 Her bosom heaved in answer to his sigh—
 She shrunk not from his arms, his bosom, side—
 The Indian Dryad was the white man's bride.
 Him whom she fed by day and watched by night,
 Could she refuse, fond girl ! to share his flight ?
 'Tis true she would not hear her sister's voice,
 Whose soft low accents made her soul rejoice ;
 Her infant brother needs must miss her arm ;
 Her father's hut would lose its dearest charm ;
 But she had found a treasure in the wood—
 Her own white man was gentle, kind, and good.
 Though, as they left the shore, her eyes were dim,
 How could she fear to trust herself to him ?
 To leave her kindred grieved her gentle heart,
 But from her lover it were death to part—
 He was her all, and in his loving days,
 The child of Nature imaged thus his praise :
 ' All persons, things, that ever pleased me,
 All met in one, methinks I find in thee—
 The swift canoe in which I urged my way ;
 The bud that waked me up to joy and day ;
 The tree that gave me shelter in the night ;
 My mother's smile, so pleasant to my sight ;
 The dance by moonlight, when the day was done ;
 After long rains, the bright and glad some sun.'
 To this fair island came they : then she found
 The white man's honour was an empty sound ;
 The white man's plighted faith a scornful lie,
 His love a dream, his oath a perjury.
 For him the Indian would have gladly died,
 And to the winged death opposed her side—
 Deceit, and broken vows, and chains repaid
 The fond devotion of the Indian maid—
 He left her there to sicken or to die ;
 And for her love she lost her liberty."

From by-gone days our young poet then turns to the present state of white society, which he describes as characterised by the same virtues and the same vices as flourish at "Home." The Barbadians are alive to love, and the dark-eyed damsels of the Isle are among the most beautiful of the daughters of Eve.

"Fair are the villas, trim the gardens round,
 Where oft in covert are the Graces found ;
 Where bright-limbed beauty loiters oft and strays,
 And Love, insidious, many an ambush lays."
 Sing he could of many a happy home,
 where dwell all domestic virtues and

delights ; but we prefer quoting, as a specimen of his powers, the picture of a neglected, forsaken, insulted, and distracted wife.

“ There came Maria, in her dawn of life,
A blushing bride and fond devoted wife ;
There bloomed in beauty, in her modest bower,
Of all its flowers herself the sweetest flower.
There on her features, ever mild and meek,
Sat thronéd joy ; and her pomegranate cheek—
Her timid fondness half repress by fear—
Blushed into gladness as his step drew near.
Not long Hope's siren strain her heart beguiled ;
She had not honour, for she had no child.
Blest links ! that closer draw the nuptial chain—
She wished for children, but she wished in vain.
Soon her proud lord grew sated of her charms,
And left for lights-of-love her loving arms.
One friend, one young companion, yet a child,
Shared her lone bed, her widowed hours beguiled :
With her she loved to tend her garden flowers ;
With her she read, when fell the pattering showers.
Wise in her counsels, in her precepts kind,
To virtuous aims she led her ductile mind.
That child became a woman passing fair,
That woman fluttered in seduction's snare ;
Th' insulter was her husband, and her bower
The love-haunt of his wanton paramour.
Her own chaste eyes surprised them ; not a word
Passed her pale lips—her bosom scarcely stirred.
She stood, as if she were congealed to stone—
She gazed, still gazed—the guilty pair are gone—
But still she stood with open staring eye—
Still gazed intent and mute on vacancy.

“ There in the grounds of her own loved abode,
In that low, wood-built cottage by the road,
The maniac rends with shrieks the vexéd sky ;
Or in a fitful mood sits silently.
There scarcely tended, scarce with food supplied,
Music, observance, watchful care denied,
The widow missed not the assiduous aid
The guilty husband to his victim paid ;
She saw him not upon his stately bier—
Upon his cold remains she shed no tear.
Torn from her chamber, from her husband's hall,
Maria rages in that boarded stall !
Unhappy one ! the negro who goes by
Shakes his crisped head, and gently heaves a sigh ;
The stranger wonders at the open shame,
And stops to ask the screaming maniac's name.

“ Gay sounds are heard within the lighted halls ;
The listening leaves the melody enthral ;
The charmed zephyr pauses as he flies,
And mingles with the strain his softest sighs ;
The wakened lizard leaves his bushy bed,
Climbs to the lattice, and erects his head.
Carriage on carriage passes by her door—
She starts, she shrieks, and falls upon the floor.
Inexplicable threads that twine the brain,
And bring the long since past to life again !
A chord was struck, and answered ; light was there—
Such festive lights, such music in the air,
When first by her beloved husband's side,
She passed that lodge a blushing, blooming bride.
Belovéd still ! her mind his image woke,
And long-lost reason, taught by nature, spoke.

Then might her senses have been surely kept,
 While the dread dragons of her fancy slept;
 A sister's heart was riven; her sister's cure—
 Look in that hut, and see that maniac there !
 Toothless that mouth, where once the graces hung,
 And round her song their lilied odours flung;
 Bare is that bosom, where loves nestling lay,
 Till they by faithless man were scared away;
 Flashing with madness those fierce senseless eyes,
 Which once expressed ten thousand witcheries :
 That form disfigured, scarcely covered o'er
 With decent rags, where Venus spent her store
 Of choicest beauties ; which, with loving hand,
 Herself had bound with her own mystic band.
 See the poor victim, senseless, bleeding, bound—
 While Want, and Woe, and Madness glare around !”

Mr Chapman, speaking of what he has seen, and in the confidence of conscious veracity, before his country, affirms that the negroes proceed cheerfully to their work. They rise with the sun, and their labours cease with it. The day is of twelve hours' duration, and the variation in it does not exceed half an hour during the year. They have two or three hours in the course of the day for refection, working, in fact, nine or ten hours at most, and where task-work is assigned, they sometimes get done in seven or eight hours. Dr Farre, whose name is still blessed in Barbadoes, bore testimony to these facts,

in his evidence before the Committee on the Factory-System, and indignantly scouted the foolish belief that children were worked there as in the mills of England. During crop-time, the persons engaged in the boiling-house, are, of necessity, longer employed; and ever must be, whether slaves or free labourers. These parties are often changed, and there is no part of the work of an estate which the negroes like so well. So asserts Mr Chapman, and believing his eyes, and ears, and the observations of a humane and intelligent mind, he thus describes the condition of the slaves.

“ In that blest month, to all the cane-isles dear,
 Which Numa added to the circling year;
 Which other climes with hideous sights deforms,
 And ushers in the year with howling storms,
 With sleet, and snow-falls, and impetuous hail,
 The shrieking blast and desolating gale;
 But here comes softly, comes a welcome guest,
 In robe of green, and flowery kittle drest;
 Sports with the Naiad on the sparkling deep,
 Or on the Dryad's bosom falls asleep.
 In that dear month, when every cane-field blooms
 In pride mature, and waves its downy plumes,
 The lotty mill-points wear their canvass sail,
 Shake to the breeze, and court the favouring gale;
 The new-hung coppers shine with polish'd glow,
 The fire-man with his cane-trash stands below;
 And busy preparation loudly sounds
 Through the glad buildings and the yellow grounds.

“ Soon as the grey dawn peeps upon the hill,
 Soon as the daylight falls upon the mill,
 Swarms forth the laughing, happy negro throng,
 While through the glad air rings the crop-time song:
 Not dearer home to school-imprison'd boys,
 Nor cheerlier sing they home's enchanting joys.
 Some lop and strip the yellow-jointed cane;
 The branchy spires the happy cattle gain;
 The tender prickly tops, with eyes thick set,
 Fall on the fields, where they shall flourish yet,
 When once again is hoed the fertile plain,
 And vows are offer'd for the genial rain.

Meanwhile, in bundles bound, the luscious canes,
 Brought to the pathway, fill the creaking wains;
 The glad mill dances; down the liquid wealth
 Pours to the boilers. Ye, whose failing health
 •Speaks in your faded cheeks, your drooping eyes,
 Drink the health-giving stream the mill supplies!
 Nor balsam, nor the moss that Iceland hives,
 Nor gum medicinal, such vigour gives.
 Hence come the sickly, hence the healthy fair,
 To win their roses back—or take the air.
 The ruddy planter dreams not shapes so bright
 Can rob his day of peace, of sleep his night;
 But feels at morn strange flutterings in his breast,
 And on his weary bed he finds no rest.

“With molten gold the polish’d coppers foam,
 While many a wreath of mist enwraps the dome:
 All is alive, each gang responsive sings;
 The mill-yard reels with joy, and echo rings.
 Who is not here? the little mechin bawls;
 Halt palsy from his leafy pallet crawls;
 The centenary, with his head of snow,
 Forgets his years,—the widow half her woe;
 The stranger, come to see the burning shame
 Of negro wrongs, forgets for what he came;
 He hears their merry laugh, their joyous strain,
 His sides are aching, yet he laughs again.
 He hears no groan, he hears no cruel lash,
 Their maddening mirth he sees no tyrant dash.
 But soon the stranger back to England goes—
 He talks of brands, a frightful scourge he shews;
 Shudders, where’er is named the horrid isle,
 Where negroes never dance, and never smile,
 But groans and wailings ever vex the sky;—
 Plaudits resound, and cheers await the spy.”

“Would,” asked O’Connell, “the most wretched horde of Irishmen exchange their condition with negro-slaves?” We cannot tell. But that they are far worse off in all respects we grieve to know; they are more miserable, and more murderous; sorry are we to say, often more ignorant; in a far more degraded condition as human beings; more deplorable as mere animals. Still they are—free. Yes—the slaves are free; and the light of liberty has been seen far and wide over the land, quenched but by hissing blood. Words shall not impose upon us, nor will any person of common sense accept a query

for an argument, even when put in broadest brogue, or suffer the empty declamation of a brawler to hide or darken his knowledge of the real condition of any portion of his fellow-creatures, whatever be the colour of their skin, or the name of the servitude which they endure. Would to heaven they were happier! But, alas! there are hundreds of thousands of the “finest peasantry on earth” of whom no such picture could be drawn, with the slightest regard to truth, as the following one, which, as a picture of the negroes in Barbadoes, we believe to be entirely true.

“Lo! where the gang assembled wields the hoe,
 And each begins his own appointed row;
 Song and the jocund laugh are heard around—
 Quirk upon quirk, and ready jokes abound.
 The task allotted they with ease can do;
 No shapes of dread affright their steps pursue:
 They fear no lash, nor, worse! the dungeon’s gloom,
 Nor nurse the sorrows of a hopeless doom.
 The gay troop laughs and revels in the sun,
 With mirth unwearied—till their work is done.”

If the West Indian landlords have been continuing to treat their negroes with a more and more thoughtful humanity, during the last thirty years, partly from motives of mere self-interest, partly from their own good natural dispositions, which we shall not deny they possess in common with ourselves of the same blood, and partly from the mighty influence exerted over all their character by the

sleepless voice of the Mother Country counselling and inspiring humane sentiments,—and that it is so we for our own parts cannot in reason and conscience but believe,—we see not why we should not read with satisfaction the following animated descriptions of negro toil and release from toil, nor doubt that they are correct as general pictures of their contentment with their condition:—

“ While the noon-lustre o’er the land is spread,
The listening lizard hides his star-lit head:
The four o’clocks their shrinking petals close,
And wearied man seeks shelter and repose.
The negroes now desert the master’s field,
And seek the joys that dearest home can yield;
Their little children claim the mother’s care—
Some cull the pepper, and their meals prepare;
Some dress their gardens; some a fish-net spin;
While childhood’s merry laugh is heard within.
How calm and tranquil look those negro huts,
Their fruit-trees round, and scattered cocoa-nuts!
Their dear security the negro loves,
While through his shrubs and vines he loudly moves.

“ Ah, happy is his lot, from ill secure!
He oft is wealthy, while his lord is poor:
Law and opinion guard his home from want;
Nor horrid debts his tranquil pallet haunt.
Him, well disposed, no voice of anger chides;
For every need his master’s care provides.
Each has his homestead and his faithful hound,
To keep his door and watch his garden-ground.
The tradesman, proud of station and of skill,
Erects his head on high; and prouder still
The ranger walks, the monarch of the plain,
And with his boy surveys his wide domain.
The master’s eye is on his people set,
He loves the glistening face of honest jet;
He mingles with them in their mirthful hour,
He gives the simpering bride her marriage-dower;
He stands the sponsor for the bouncing boy—
Sleeping or waking, they his thoughts employ.
No churlish tyrant he to mar their mirth;
He loves their sports, and often gives them birth.

“ So with his slaves the patriarch of old
His cattle pastured and enclosed his fold;
Saw them with joy the mien of gladness wear,
And for their sorrows had a ready tear;
With them he dwelt, and colonized or roved—
The slave was trusted, and the master loved.”

* * * *

“ How beautiful the night! how sweetly fall
Its shadows! ’tis the negro-festival.
To the sound of flutes and drums they dancing come:
Not sweeter nor more musical the hum
Of falling waters to the drowsy ear,
Than those far sounds the wings of Zephyr bear.
They come, they come! and in their train advance
Love, pleasure, joy, content, and esperance!
Satins, and silks, and hose! legs they show;
Rich streams of cane distill’d nepenthe flow.

In his own valleys ^{*}Saturn reigns confess'd,
 Rules or misrules—the golden and the blest.
 Lovers in pairs go dancing o'er the green,
 While Bacchus cheers them with his honest mien.
 Here may be seen the dance of Libya,
 While honour'd bands their native music play,—
 The deep-toned banjo, to their ears divine,
 The noisy cymbal, and the tambourine.
 Such was the dance Ionia loved of yore,
 While virgin troops the mystic emblem bore,
 And priests or priestesses—nor thought it shame
 To own the symbol when they felt the flame;
 Such image still the dancing Indians bear,
 In praise of him who fructifies the year,—
 While holy Ganges rears his placid head,
 Well pleased to see his banks so visited.
 Wanton each motion; every motive seems
 Waked into sense by soul-dissolving dreams;
 With linked arms they twine, or else advance
 In the slow maze of floating dalliance.
 While some, refined, the modern art display,—
 That leaves the grace, and takes the shame away.
 Pleasure and gladness sit on every brow;
 They, careless of the future, seize the now;
 And give their thoughts to frolic and to fun,
 Till Saturn's reign of revelry is run."

Human beings will dance and sing in the midst of many miseries; nor, because they are sometimes seen dancing and singing, are we to conclude that they are contented with their condition. There is much mirth in Newgate. But of that mirth we know the character and the cause—and that it breaks forth in trouble below the shadow of the gallows. Is that the nature of the negro's merriment? No. It is sincere; it is part of their being; and proof therefore of enjoyment. So we are glad to think; but others may attribute it all to wretchedness, and see in it all but an appalling proof of the heart-breaking misery that is the perpetual portion of slaves. To all who think so, it will seem a wicked mockery to speak of the care which Christian love is extending over the negro population in the West Indies. But to Christianity we look for the ultimate and safe emancipation of all our slaves. The measures now about to be carried into effect will be fatal indeed, if the holy work of enlightening their minds by a knowledge of religious truths be not committed to holy hands. If blindest bigotry and fiercest fanaticism be still suffered to agitate, and disturb, and confuse, not only must all the islands be lost to us, but to humanity; and a barbarous black population of

lawless tyrants and slaves indeed will drench them all in blood which even tropical suns will be too weak to dry, and which will continue flowing to the sea, till all veins have been exhausted, and nature regain possession of her still domains, where the hurricanes, on their periodical visitations, will have nought to trample down but trees. The danger of false and foul superstition, misnamed Christianity, at all times great, is becoming every hour more frightful; but to true Evangelists we must look for the averting of the most hideous calamities now imminent, and to the book in their blessed hands, and expounded by their blessed lips, the Bible. Such men are already in the Islands, and let the band of deliverers be increased and encouraged by all honours and all rewards. Why did a great man, like Lord Brougham, declare to the country, that men educated for the Established Church in our Universities, would not go there, nor were qualified for the work? They have gone, and will go, and for the work they are nobly accomplished; nor is it work to which, in their own native land, they are strangers. "There are," says Mr Chapman, "in proportion to the population, as many sincere Christians in Barbadoes as in England. I appeal to our schools and our chari-

ties ; to the life and the death-bed of the professed Christian ; to the list of offences, minor and capital ; to the testimony of the clergy, and of every respectable individual who has visited the island." He pronounces a high, and Britain knows, as well as Barbadoes, a just eulogy on Dr Coleridge, the first Bishop, who arrived at his diocese exactly two hundred years after the settlement of the island. Such men in such station should have been there long, long ago ; " a pi-

ous Christian, a learned theologian, an excellent preacher, gentle yet dignified, authoritative without pretension, energetic without offensive eagerness in the pursuit of his object, he has done wonders for the moral and spiritual condition of the islanders." But let the panegyric on him and his coadjutors, lay and clerical, be pronounced in verse, and in verse not unworthy of such a theme :—

" The busy week is done of worldly care ;
The bell invites them to the house of prayer.
The negro comes in holyday attire,
His voice, not inharmonious, swells the choir ;
His earnest look is on the preacher bent,
In love, and fear, and awe, and wonderment.
Schools for their children bless the bishop's eye—
Faith for the living, hope for those that die.

" The central school ! how loud the note of praise,
While fathers watch their hopes of future days ;
And grateful memory keeps with pious care
The loved and honoured name of Combermere !
Thy praise, too, Packer, other days shall tell ;
Thine was the system, thine the zeal of Bell,
The patient love that silent works its way,
The kindling faith no obstacles can stay.

" Nor, Coleridge ! shall the grateful isle forget
To thee her vast, unutterable debt ;
Thou a true father to our hopes hast proved,—
A tender shepherd, by his flock beloved.
With thee came blessing ; over thee the Dove
Futters the brooding wing of holy love.
Our own apostle ! good, and wise, and true,
Persuasion steeped thy lips in heavenly dew ;
While to thy look and upward glance is given
A light reflected from the throne of Heaven.
Blessings go with thee ! Heaven's best gifts attend
Our father, teacher, shepherd, guide, and friend !

" Pinder and Naise ! can we forget your worth,
When those ye cherish daily bless your birth ?
Look on that beaming face, those streaming eyes,
That prostrate smiter ! hear the prayers that rise
Ye are rewarded ; Heaven looks smiling down ;
Yours is the palm-branch and the golden crown.

" But one is absent, whom his country mourns ;
Nor yet her own, her favourite son returns.
O'er his young lips the bees enchanted hung,
And, as the Muses spake, the poet sung ;
But soon he brake his all-unwilling lyre,
Warm from the altar, rapt with holier fire ;
And now with higher inspiration fraught,
As though the prophet's mantle he had caught,
He peals the music of his tuneful voice,
Bids the bad tremble, and the good rejoice.
But ah ! forgetful of his native dells,
The holy man in some far country dwells ;
And still the bearded isle regrets her son,
And calls in vain on absent Chaderton.

" Here, too, have come, though few and far between,
The good Moravians,—grace of every scene

To which their task of love their steps has led,—
 To teach the sinner why the Sinner's led.
 Nor foul ambition, nor the lust of pelf,
 Nor pluméd vanity, nor love of self—
 Has lured them from their strait and narrow way,
 To win the lost, recover those that stray.

“ Far from his friends, his country, and his home,
 It is the missionary's lot to roam ;
 To traverse empires—oceans leave behind,
 The pilgrim benefactor of mankind.
 Patient, yet prompt ; when duty points the way,
 He girds his loins, and hastens to obey ;
 He heeds no change of country, nor of clime,
 No sacrifice of comfort, health, and time.
 No dangers daunt, no fears disturb his soul ;
 He presses forward to the distant goal :
 He sees the glorious prize hung up on high,
 He runs, he arms, he strives for victory.
 In faith he visits many a savage race,
 Content to have no home—no resting-place ;
 In faith he rears the banner of his lord ;
 In faith he preaches, promulgates his word.
 In the dry land, where water was not yet,
 Wells forth a sweet, refreshing rivulet ;
 The thirsty soil with verdure now is drest ;
 With peace and plenty crown'd, the scene is blest ;
 Sharon with roses glows, and round the tomb
 Of man's pollution flowers of promise bloom.
 How beautiful the feet of those who preach
 Glad tidings of salvation, and who teach
 The people holiness ! how lovely they
 Who fill the dark holes of the earth with day ;
 Mighty in faith, renew'd in second birth,—
 Who break the idols, and subdue the earth ! ”

These are the kind of men who must save the West Indies. Not abject sinners like Smith, themselves the worst of slaves. He was justly condemned to die ; but the Government at home, which is brave enough to continue hanging misguided wretches, who cannot read, for burning ricks in England—a great crime—had not courage to begin hanging misleading wretches who could read, for burning plantations in the colonies—a far greater one—and preaching not only fire but blood. A pardon was prepared for the felon, but he died of fear in prison ; and though the gallows was thus cheated of its

due, the maudlin and murderous Methodist was mouthed of at Emancipation-Meetings as a Martyr. Much will be left, we trust, to the landlords in the West Indies, in carrying the measure into effect ; they will be advised and assisted, we trust, by the wise and good in this country ; and by prudent and enlightened management, we trust, in spite of all the dangers lowering over their heads, that Christianity may there, as everywhere else, when taught by true apostles, prove on earth what it is, pure from Heaven, the religion of peace.

THE SKETCHER.

No. IV.

PERHAPS it may be thought that I have too much insisted on the Pastoral, as if it were the only walk of the landscape-painter, and consequently of the Sketcher. Not so; perhaps for want of a better term I have used that in a comprehensive sense; for much of my admiration of pictures and remarks would more strictly be referable to the Romantic. Let there be but poetry, and apply what other term to the style you like best. All out-of-door transactions, *sub dio*, whether real or imaginary, are within the province of landscape, (or at least of the Sketcher,) and if you are an Irishman you may include *sea ships*; whatever the sky plays over, "the furrows of land or water, furlongs of brown furze, or fathoms of salt sea. Whenever divine Poetry walks abroad, whatever be the dress she may choose to wear for the day, you may attend her steps in sunshine or in shade, and do not be surprised, if by a sudden metamorphosis she mount the clouds, *major vident*, and you find yourself attached to her girdle as your sky-scraper, high up above the mountain-tops. Then if you have good nerves, boldly dip your pencil in the great colour jars wherefrom Nature makes storm and tempest; but be sure to have another ready to dip into the sunshine, that you may have a charm to quell the fury of the storm-demon, that would otherwise hurricanize over the world like a true revolutionist, uptearing all things. Nay, perchance, she may take you a higher flight still, far above, and purify your faculties to behold a new heaven and a new earth; that your enlarged ideas in visible things of this world, as in a magic mirror, may see the now invisible wonders of the Creator's hand, shining in a glory and magnificence of which all the excellence and beauty of this earth shall appear but a faint reflection. The air you then breathe will be life, and you may be gifted with immortal fame, and spurn "the blind Fury" that comes "with abhorred shears,"

"And slits the thin-spun life."

You have now scope and room enough, or you are unreasonable indeed.

I have often thought a sketcher would do well to read some delightful tale, say in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* or Spenser, and then, with the character of picture vivid in his mind, go forth to the rocks, the woods, and wilds, and sketch and paint in, on the spot, objects, tones, and colours, as may be most applicable; and with the poetry in his heart he will not be afraid to lighten a little, for Nature will often give him but a glimpse, where he must imagine a great deal. He will then have a distinct aim; and his genius, become confirmed, will learn to reject, and no longer burden itself and the portfolio with unmeaning, vague, or distracting studies. Ovid's *Metamorphoses* is a delightful book for the landscape-painter. It takes him back to the fabulous—it endows his pencil with the license to create—to divest the earth of its every-day common look, and cover it with the beauty of a golden antiquity, that defies and forbids the scrutiny of the poor butterfly critic that has fluttered over his one poor short recent summer day, to which the glory of the olden day may be admitted without dispute to have been somewhat unlike—when Phœbus was seen galloping his steeds over the clouds, and, passing on, gracefully tossing his hand to the Graces as they danced by the fountain in the wood, and when the earth was good enough for his footstep, when he left his radiant chariot, burning with love, to pursue the cold daughter of the River. These were the days of the old "Court Beauties" in the reign of Jupiter, or of the beauties of Jupiter's courting—of wood nymphs and water nymphs, the latter such as lifted their pearly arms and took in the lovely Hylas. As to bright Phœbus, however, driving the Exquisite or the Regulator from east to west visibly, if the artist would paint him, and a noble picture does he make in the hands of Guido, I fear he will err much if he make the god subservient

to any landscape whatever. Whenever he is introduced *in propria persona*: he must be a principal—the picture: and this for a reason which must be taken from the difference that separates poetry as an art from painting as an art, though they may be one in feeling. Poetry appeals more to the mind's eye, which sees with a flash and passes on, to which objects are more vague, more evanescent, retained so as to be for a moment only separate pictures taken out of a general subject to which in their after-vagueness they yet belong. But painting fixes and fastens, and the poetic illustration must become a particular picture; it is too bold, too strikingly and permanently embodied, to become an accessory. Thus a few lines of a poem may make many pictures, or one, as they are treated. The "mind's eye" is indeed an eye of all faith, but is not the faithful eye which will accurately search into all that is submitted to it. The "*oculis submissa fidelibus*," these are faithful in their office, but it is not an office of an easy and passing credence, but will call upon the hands to pull down Phœbus himself off the box if he dare intrude into a landscape, that would be a landscape; and to see him thus "fallen from his high estate" is a metamorphosis above Ovid's. I know not how a picture of Turner's, in which I am told this attempt has been made, will bear the test of this criticism. I have never seen the picture, but I should conceive such a medallion stuck upon the sky would burlesque the heavens, and set the earth a-laughing. To think of every living and creeping thing on the theatre of this earth, poking their noses from under every leaf and tuft agape at the wonderful Phœbus Ducrow in his grand illumination of fire-works, is to think a vexation, at finding any thing so "new under the sun."

In composing and painting from such a poet as Ovid, and sketching for this purpose from nature, it will be absolutely necessary to preserve the antiquity of the subject. You must avoid, therefore, or at least be very sparing, what is too common or familiar. In those days human beings had their genealogical tables literally rooted in the trees, and the oaks spake—flower and shrub were a metamor-

phosis, almost gifted with thought, and running brooks had a sweet complaining eloquence that was felt and understood. You may, therefore, take some few liberties with the forms of boughs, and make them bend to each other, and give them a more social and conversational repose than you see; stamp them with somewhat of the action of life, and cry "*vivite sylvæ*." Let them not meanly harbour nothing but Tom-Tits; let them have as it were an immortality of being under their rinds, as coeval witnesses of your poetical transaction. Let the mind, in looking at your picture, be carried back to the greatest antiquity, or the spectator will not believe a word of your tale, and your Daphnes and Dianas may be but regarded as worthily the notice of the "Society for the Suppression of Vice." When Horace so audaciously asserted that he saw with his own eyes Bacchus among the remote rocks, teaching his scholars the Nymphs songs, and the goat-footed Satyrs pricking up their pointed ears to listen—

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus

Vidi docentem (credite, postei)

Nymphasque discentes, et aures

Capripedum Satyrorum acutas,—

though he addressed an audience that professed as much to believe in those divinities, as good Catholics do in the Pope's Calendar, yet he knew the air of antiquity would alone bestow credit on his performance, (no bad picture,) and therefore he appeals to after ages. We now do not dare to doubt the fact. And there is a something in the "*remotis rupibus*," secret, removed afar off rocks, that cheats the senses, and takes you into uncommon and unknown regions. How many modern pictures do we see, to which we give no trust, and disbelieve the whole matter they profess to represent! Who ever thought for a single moment there was a word of truth in Wilson's representations of the Mythology? There was not the least correspondence between his figures and his landscape; the latter was all of his own day, and his figures intruders, trespassers to be questioned, or cry

"The squire or parson of the parish
Or the attorney."

How very common and mean is the whole landscape of his Niobe! You

never can properly drown and sink Hylas in the Paddington canal—a coroner's inquest will inevitably have the body up, and a jury of tailors sit upon it, and advertise it as "unknown and found drowned;" that Hercules himself should no more run about crying "Hyla! Hyla!"

Ut litus, Hyla! Hyla! omne sonaret.

Some few years since, I saw a picture, by a modern artist, and of genius and celebrity, that for lack of this fabulous hue and character of his scenery was a total failure. The subject was Pan and Syrinx; at first sight you would have thought it had been painted for a West India Planter, to commemorate an escape of his white wife at an insurrection of the negroes. Poor Pan—an I then what a miserable Syrinx, a flimsy, gauzy, vapoury, gossamer, ghostly, unsubstantial white object of female, not at all worth Pan's running after. The sky was a glaring dazzling white, that would put your eyes out to stare at. The herbage and foliage was all of hot glazed greens, and the flaming red flowers that overtopped Pan, and by their impudent stare put Syrinx out of countenance, might have been gathered for botanical lectures. It was a choice scene for a herbalist to gather his fox-glove. The whole scene was the common artificial, it was of the manufactory of a "capability man," a grounds' dresser. And there was the architectural onrue over the woods, such as even capering Pan never beheld in all his rounds. Poor Pan! he might have feared the head gardener and his man, and would never have pursued Syrinx in such a place—where he might have expected to have met at every turn Mr Robins making his pony-chaise tour of the estate to advertise it for sale.

Now, Pan is a cautious clever fellow, rough indeed, but the merriest—and as the ancients represent him, he scarcely frightens any one, and the nymphs only run away from him to be pursued. He is the frolicking deity of the old woods. Were he the wretch some make him, he should be instantly banished the domains of poetry and landscape—should be shot for a malicious baboon. His mother laughed when she bore him; his father, Hermes, laughed when he took him up, wrapped in a hareskin; and all the gods of Olympus laugh-

ed when they saw his "beautiful child;" and as he grew up, frolicksome as ever, did not the gentle nymphs round the fountains sing sweet songs to him? At least so says Homer, in his hymn to Pan, and there is no bad subject for a picture. But do let good worthy Pan preserve somewhat of his divinity. Every one must have seen many of these modern antiques; most of them are frightful, and vulgarize all classical recollections.

It has been said that the ancients had no great notion or admiration of landscape;—as a painter's art, perhaps not; but Horace was not the only one who thought "*flumina anem sylvasque inglorias.*" It is true they give you no very elaborate descriptions, and I doubt whether any give them successfully—not excepting Mrs Radcliffe. But they often paint in a word, and awaken to the eye more than meets the ear. There is a vast range for the sketcher over Homer's *ἡ ἄλυστος*—"The shadowing mountains, and resounding sea" are a boundary within which are noble and exquisite pictures. The Odyssey is delightful to the landscape-painter. And who will be bold enough to try his hand at the gardens of Alcinoüs? Then what magnificent lion-hunts, and marine pieces with the steam-vessels that knew all ports, and went self-directed, covered with vapour and cloud! Ulysses throwing the magic safety girdle behind him into the sea, and a thousand other admirable subjects. Nor must we forget the minutely described rural pictures on the Shield in the Iliad. And the more well known are these subjects, so much the better for the artist; for in viewing a picture, we want to make no enquiries as to the thing represented. We are, therefore, better pleased in knowing the story beforehand. In reading we like to *learn* the story, because reading is progressive—but painting deals with one fixed incident, and it is better we should know all that led to it from other sources. If you have to learn what the figures are about, you will have very little sympathy with them, and there is more room left for your curiosity than your admiration. But there is no book should be more often in the hands of the sketcher or painter than the book of all books—the Bible. Whether his genius be

for the grand, the beautiful, the simple, or whatever it delights in—he will there be gratified to the full, and his mind and heart improved besides.

Now, to descend to what is more commonly known as the Romantic. The most known works are always the best for the artist. It must be taken for granted, therefore, that the Sketcher is well acquainted with old Boiardo, and Ariosto, and our Spenser—the *Innamorato*, the *Furioso*, and the *Fairy Queen*. It is strange that landscape-painters, who should be of a kindred spirit with these enthusiastic panegyrist of love and chivalry, and all gentleness, should make so little use of their works—works that abound in beautiful descriptions of scenery, and incidents delightful to a true painter's mind. The *Innamorato*, if less poetic in execution, is perhaps more amusing than the continuation of the story by Ariosto. There is more of the *Fairy tale* in it. It is less known than the *Furioso*, but should certainly be read before it. The *Rifacimento* of Berni is the best. I have not read Mr Rose's translation, I believe partly in prose. I cannot but think his version of Ariosto a little too flippant, though I confess I have not read more than half a dozen Cantos—and fails most in the poetical passages. Ariosto furnishes a richer mine for the painter than Spenser. He had a congenial spirit with his own heroes—a love-devoted poet, as we learn from the affectionate regrets at absence from his endeared home, in his *Satires*. There is great variety too in the *Furioso*, gentleness, and grandeur, and fascinating enchantment. There are the gardens of Alcina, and in more lordly scene the loves of Angelica and Medoro. What a fine scene there is even for the animal-painter—where the war-horse, endowed with his "*intelletto umano*," is chased by a flying Hippogriff. If I may judge from prints, and I see little else of modern art, there is rather an affectation of the grand, than a pursuit of the gentle and chivalrous; and in consequence these great poets of romance are neglected as sources of illustration for the landscape-painter. And I am compelled to add, that as far as my judgment goes, there is no great natural ability for all this sublimity-mongering. The composi-

tions are wretched—greatness made up of littlenesses—and endless repetitions of the same forms—bits of broken grounds, and little bits too, are but repeated more vapoury in the distances; too often the lights, and even objects, are as if picked out with a pin's point, perhaps in contrast, ill assorting to the black splashes, and sudden flashes of light—"confusion worse confounded" by its detail—and all so strangely huddled together as if "Chaos were come again." One is quite sick of these mock-sublimes, and joins with the poet, "*Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*" Another class of would-be landscape painters, see nothing good under this blessed sun, but what is low and vulgar in itself, and affecting theatrical or puerile sentiment, daub the canvass or stain the paper with nothing but ragged cottages, sheep, sheep-dogs, and simpering children affecting the pathetic—out of all nature! The nineties never lived in the country. Gainsborough, an admirable painter, certainly, and whose landscapes have great beauties, (and whose portraits are perhaps better than his landscapes—*e. g.* his *Blue Boy*,) led the way to this folly—and, how or why nobody can tell with good reason, obtained the name of the painter of English scenery—as if England exclusively was a country of cottages and labourers' children—and contained nothing else—as if all elegance had been banished the land, and lordly domains "bosomed high in tufted trees," were nowhere but in the blind bard's imagination. Some again paint you lanes and turnpike roads, with grey trees that should be green, unless they sketch from the powdered ones near the metropolis; and flatter themselves they paint landscape—never stopping to ask themselves what there is in the piece to interest, and if in nature they would not turn away from it in disgust, having little sympathy with the hen and chickens in the foreground—though they may have some inclination for the pot-house in the corner of this rural simplicity, this would-be sweet village scenery. There is no studying landscape proper near large cities. Though there are effects for every one's daubing, a black windmill throwing its hideous arms into a white cloud bursting out

of a dark-grey one, a moor and a reedy puddle will thoroughly satisfy the genius of many, humble enough to abject poverty in subject, presuming enough in effect. They take great pains that their deformities shall stare. Ere it be too late, and they become confirmed in their vulgar vanities, let them take coach an hundred miles or so, and follow the course of some of our sweet rivers;—rivers are always poetical, they move, or glide, or break into fall and rapid through their courses, as if they were of life, and were on Nature's mysterious errands. The sunbeams gleam upon them with messages from heaven. Trees bend to them, and receiving freshness and fragrance, grow in their music—flowers kiss them—love haunts them—silence keeps awake in their caverns and sequestered nooks, and there the nightingale sings to her—the bright and many-coloured bow arches their falls—and the blessed and blessing moon gifts them with magic. Let them be followed from their sources, on mountain or moor, through dell, dingle, ravine, and more open valley, by wood and rock, over which the clouds loiter to admire, “do rest,” and if the mind of the Sketcher do not drink poetry through his eyes and convey it to his portfolio, he may be sure neither nature nor art intended him to be Painter or Sketcher. But if he find his soul poetic, and imbued with the feelings of the poets he has read, he will call up such ideas as will suit his scenery, enable him to give it a new character, perhaps nowise inconsistent with that it has or indicates, and he will thus study with a purpose.

There is a vulgar notion, that beauty in landscape lies in extent of prospect—because Claude was celebrated for his distances; therefore, pretenders to taste will make you ascend, ascend, and ascend, till you are out of breath and out of humour, to see a map, a poor hungry assortment of intersections of hedge-rows defacing a whole country. Now, it happens that Claude's *distances* occupy but a small portion of his canvass;—that small portion is, indeed, everything both in colour and lines—there is no mapping. The air comes pure over a free country, where you may be under no alarm

of man-traps and spring-guns. Even the painters of close scenery do not neglect the beauty of distance, but that beauty is to heighten, not make the subject. Gaspar Poussin is seldom satisfied, partial as he is to more confined subjects, without giving extension to his territory, by the introduction of blue hills, or extreme flat distance. Distance-painting is often a trick of the idle and ignorant—it is short work to daub in an horizon of grey distance, and below it a few darker lines to throw it off still farther, and upon that a foreground with donkeys or donkey-like figures,—and call the wretched thing a picture. Distance in pictures should, in most instances, be the very smallest portion of them,—it should be like the golden chain adorning the neck of beauty, the la tournament, and the finest and smallest. When a succession of distances is made the principal subject, or to occupy the principal space, the performance looks like the pattern-card of a sworn measurer, especially if it be according to the vulgar taste—which is to overlook parishes, and scrutinize the boundaries and dimensions of estates. It is a taste that, to coin a word, insignificantizes every thing—unpoetizes nature—strips off the beautiful covering, and lays bare the bones of the skeleton. An Egyptian desert, vast, solitary, unintrrupted, is grand—and, with the addition of the two colossal sitting figures, overlooking immensity, yet reaching no boundary, monuments of the obscure past, present, and future, it becomes awfully sublime—and such a subject requires a master-hand. But this is not the sort of distance that is admired. The public like to have as much as they can for their money, and like to cheat themselves with the *prospect* of other people's estates. The beauty of many a scene is estimated often by the number of churches exhibited, though they each are but dots in the scene. One of this school, enlarging his view from “Prospect Place” to the country, finding it not convenient to shift his summer-house or his arbour, cut a hole in his apple-tree, that through it he might see the church, (the outside of it,) as he sat smoking; and being church-warden, he had the tower white-washed. Open staring

distance, that exposes all in insignificance, under the eye, in numberless divisions, reducing opulence into small change, is the worst delusion, for it is one of detraction—it deceives by an idea of meanness of parts, and at the same time degrades the whole. Beauty is not a bare-faced thing—and must be sought, not caught by beckoning your finger from the top of a hill, but you must steal upon her unawares, and often catch her sleeping in most undisturbed charms, in most sequestered places. Now, gentle Sketcher, of all living beauties whom your eyes have ever been blessed in beholding, who have most stirred your inmost soul?—not the proclaimed by all acknowledged beauty—but some quiet, unobtrusive face, that perhaps at first you thought plain, till by little and little every individual feature stole upon your fancy, and with such an expression of each, and of them all together, that you had not a chance of escape from their fascination; and when you wondered you had not seen it at first, you really flattered yourself that the miracle of beauty was created solely for you, and charmed from the observance of other eyes, and then only admitted to yours, the spell being taken off as your peculiar blessing. Nay, in your vanity, too, you hogged your happiness with the self-pride that you alone had made the rich discovery, and could appropriate the jewel. When I first saw that exquisitely beautiful spot, Lynnouth, in the north of Devon, and where I propose shortly to take the Sketcher, I looked down upon it from Linton, I saw nothing that gave me an idea of the beauty of the scenery. Apparently the hills were not very high nor rich; below was a village, with some mean intersections of low walls, poor gardens—and between the hills there appeared, as I thought, an insignificant brook running between brushwood; but when I reached this brook, I found it to be the most exquisitely beautiful mountain river I had ever seen,—the brushwood became trees—and the hills, instead of two or three hundred, elevated themselves to a thousand feet. The wanderings I have there made, and the communing there with art and nature, will be an after-subject, if Maga will give me a hearing. The late Sir

Uvedale Price, in his work on the Picturesque, remarks upon his disappointment at the view from Malvern Hills, when the orchard trees were in blossom; and though he may rightly conjecture one cause, still I think he misses the main cause of his disappointment. It arose not only from deficiencies in light and shade, from spottiness, but from the dissection into *mean* parts, of that which should have been one domain. He is speaking of the bad effect of flowers and blossoms—in which, by the by, he is wrong, as I will presently shew. “This effect,” says he, “I remember observing, in a very striking degree, many years ago, on entering Herefordshire, when the fruit-trees were in blossom: my expectation was much raised, for I had heard, that at the time of the blow, the whole country, from the Malvern hills, looked like a garden. My disappointment was nearly equal to my expectation; the country answered to the description; it did look like a garden, but it made a scattered, discordant landscape: the blossoms, so beautiful on a near view, when the different shades and gradations of their colours are distinguished, seemed to have lost all their richness and variety; and though the scene conveyed to my mind the cheerful ideas of fruitfulness and plenty, I could not help feeling how defective it was in all those qualities and principles on which the painter sets so high a value.”

Now, this is ugly, for another reason. It rolls, to the mind's eye, heaven and earth of their great beneficence—contracts their bounty. We see subdivisions and contractions of petty properties, and thus the wholeness of the scene is destroyed; and the poetical idea of a Home, which the parts individually might have conveyed, is destroyed by the many; for many homes is no home; the entire separation is wanting to make each a whole. Besides, the trees, orchard trees, or pauper-looking trees, rejected from the silvan paradise, put upon the parish, yet affecting decoration; and as to an idea of fruitfulness—it can only be of partial fruitfulness and plenty—it is not poured from the cornucopia of nature, but cooped up and hedged in in patches, (only awkwardly attempt-

ing to make a whole,) and provokes your suspicion of the selfish cultivation of man's laborious, painfully laborious hand, and the hedging off my neighbours. There is not the liberal bounty of Heaven. That which art does by breadth of light and shade, is to spread abroad the idea of the enlarged bounty of nature—thereby making a *whole*. I described, in a former paper, a picture of Ruysdael's, which was rendered beautiful by the prevailing sentiment of home—it was one home—and probably any one of these orchards would have made a similar one. Ruysdael, by thus understanding the *poetry* of his subject, has turned to advantage even the worst part of his scenery, the moor or waste character of the ground on which his home was made. He sketched from nature, but he gave a charm to that which he could not, as he intended to be faithful, remove. His scene was in no rich land. In general, cottages, and such small houses, should be considered as particularly under the protection of Sylvanus, embowered, as if even they in their lowliness contained something precious—some fair native plant, that would shun the eye of power, be sheltered in safe and modest seclusion. Now, having just quoted the work on the Picturesque, and stated that I thought Sir Uvedale wrong in the passage which led to his remarks upon the orchards, I will shew in what respect I think him so, and that he overlooks a great beauty, for I do not recollect that he has noted it as one elsewhere in his work. "As the green of spring," says he, "from its comparative coldness, is, upon the whole, unfavourable to landscape-painting, in like manner, its flowers and blossoms, from their too distinct and splendid appearance, are apt to produce a glare and spottiness, so destructive of that union, which is the very essence of a picture, whether in nature or imitation." To which he adds in a note,—“White blossoms are, in one very material respect, more unfavourable to landscape than any others: as white, by bringing objects too near the eye, disturbs the aerial perspective and the gradation of distance.” He then refers you to some remarks on the subject, by Mr

Lock, in Mr Gilpin's *Tour down the Wye*; but as I have not that work by me, I must be content to remark on the passage as it is. Denying, in the first place, that the green of Spring is necessarily too cold,—for Spring is Spring, and must have its *fresh* cool character, to be called into sweet warmth by the sun, which then begins to be more lavish of his beams,—I would rescue the flowers by all means, and thank Earth and Heaven's bounty for giving them; and the whole matter about the white flowers, I take, notwithstanding the weight of accumulated authority, to be mere nonsense. Flowers, it is true, *may* be glaring and spotty in a landscape, the character of which is too great or too beautiful for the eye to notice them; in which cases even, in due time they are supplied by the imagination, and supposed to exist, and might be curled in some nook or corner. But the whole passage wants to be qualified—for in some scenes they are even white flowers, eminently beautiful. I have now a scene in my collection, of which there are thousands. Similar at Leymouth, where the *white flowers* make the picture. White flowers with drooping heads on tall stems, breaking into the deep brown of a running stream overshadowed with deep foliage, are extremely beautiful, but they must not be made subordinate parts of a grander whole. They are of themselves dominant, and have a sort of half-bairy life in them, and, as it were, control the very waters, to whose fabulous music they seem to listen. The beauty of a scene in Nature often depends on something which, taken abstractedly, appears too insignificant, but which from its peculiar position, form, and colour, assumes a consequence, which it is the business of the reflecting Sketcher, who will take the trouble to study and analyze his feelings, to invest upon his canvass with its true adventitious or poetic character. Turning a leaf or two back, I find the introduction to this passage I have quoted from Price on the Picturesque, to be a discussion on the relative merits of Spring and Autumn in the eye of the painter, and, as it comes in the way, it may not be irrelevant to the subject, here to notice it. Autumn, “the painter's

season," obtains the preference. The application of his Picturesque to colour as well as form, independently of any subject, strikes me as very whimsical. Autumn certainly is the painter's season, (as is every other,) both for itself and its own peculiar expression, and because it furnishes his palette with those deep rich solemn tones, that he may transfer to subjects that are not autumnal, *where*, and *where only*, they will assist the sentiment he would convey—and here I would refer the reader to the slight notice I gave in my last of a theory of colour, accounting for the departure from actual nature by the old masters. Autumn is not more beautiful than Spring: the colours are not *more* beautiful; nor are they in any sense of the word more picturesque, excepting as they may be more in number. And yet the Author of "the Picturesque" is so eloquent upon Spring, that I am surprised he has been led into error to have taken the *difficulty* of art for a defect in Nature. "But these beauties," says he, "which give to Spring its peculiar character are not those which are best adapted to painting. A general air of lightness is one of the most engaging qualities of that lovely season. Yet the lightness in the earlier part approaches to thinness, and the transparency of the new foliage, the thousand quivering lights, beautiful as they are in Nature, have a tendency to produce a meagre and spotty effect in a picture, where breadth and broad masses can hardly be dispensed with. The general colour also of Spring, when

"April lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his tenderest, freshest green,"

though pleasing to every eye in nature, is not equally so on the canvass; especially when scattered over the general scene. Freshness also, it may be remarked, is, in one sense, simply coolness, and that idea, in some degree, almost always accompanies it; and although in nature gleams of sunshine, from their real warmth as well as their splendour, give a temporary glow and animation to a landscape entirely green, yet even under the influence of such a glow, that colour would too much preponderate in a picture. Such a style of landscape is therefore rarely

attempted, for who would confine himself to cold monotony, when all nature is full of examples of the greatest variety, with the most perfect harmony?" These last few words are as a directing post to the solution. You have no business to stop at such a scene of monotony, this green carpet—when "all nature is full of examples of the greatest variety, with the most perfect harmony." There is this variety in spring, if you will look for it, and select proper scenes. The "beauties of spring not best adapted to painting!" Then are they not beauties—for I take it as incontrovertible that whatever is beautiful in nature, is the proper province of art, and it is the difficulty alone that deters painters from the attempt. He takes the difficulty for an impossibility, and charges the fancied impossibility upon the thing itself. What is really beautiful to the eye ought to be beautiful in painting. If there be the scattered character of which he complains, and want of breadth, so far in nature the scene loses its beauty—and here it is the particular business of art to give that breadth, and yet preserve all lightness, and "the thousand quivering lights." As to freshness being mere coolness, that is not quite correct; after a shower, the spangled transparent leaves, even shining through sunshine, have freshness and are not cool. But the power of giving coolness is one of the most delightful exercises of art. The genial warmth of spring, existing only because it is heat tempered with coolness, is very delightful to the sensations, and you must take care that nothing "preponderates in a picture" to destroy it. It is a fact, that, speaking as a practical sketcher, there is no colour so difficult to attain as green, and no colour that, however you make it, without great skill, will be so much out of harmony with others. Supposing we have pigments that will make it exactly in all its variations, and that shall be permanent, as it is made of colours most opposite, yellow and blue—or, if you please, heat and cold—it is manifest, that, by undue mixture, either heat or cold may predominate. Green, therefore, as it were, holds the balance—is the key to harmony or dis-

cord. For it must agree or disagree in its character of heat or cold with all else. The pastoral certainly should be of spring or summer—and, startle not, perhaps a mixture of both,—never actually seen in nature—and such perhaps is Gaspar Poussin's Pastoral. For the *poetic* Pastoral will admit a little lingering of either season, so that you may have the fulness of summer with the tenderness of spring. Gaspar delights in the light transparent thin leaves of spring, when the other parts of his picture indicate all the full leafage of summer. He did not feel himself compelled to paint either season, his landscapes being of that happy age of the world when the seasons themselves were not subject to too sudden revolutions. If the landscape-painter, as it would seem he ought, prefer the pastoral, spring will have with him a greater charm than autumn. But I would maintain that every season is within the painter's province, and that they have all their "picturesque," inasmuch as they are all paintable—"*Ut pictura poesis*"—and *ut poesis pictura*. With regard to autumn, it may be remarked that it is curious, yet true—that the sombre, the melancholy, and such is autumn in all its associations, have something more congenial with the *general* tone of the mind, than freshness and spring, and young ideas. It more recalls the past, and identifies itself with the future, than that which is less active, as being solely in the quiescent enjoyment of the present. The latter may admit of a gentle tenderness, but stirs not to deep pathos like the former. And from the naturally busy character of our minds, as well as the habit of life, we are generally more disposed to that which strongly excites, than to that which is repose,—and too often our desire for repose, arises from vexation and disgust, in which case the mind carries with it a certain melancholy that ill assorts with, and is therefore pained by, retirement, whose character shall be of the freshness, the spring of life and nature. Our whole range of poetry, our tales, our dramas, sufficiently prove this—mostly, where not tragic, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Joy and grief, with their thousands—their

myriads of gradations—are the raw materials for the poet, with whatever instrument he works, pen or pencil, to mix together with the free license of his genius. The commingling may be infinite, and even bizarre combinations may be formed, that, like the April day, with its thunder-storm and sunshine, shall have their charm and be yet in nature. To a landscape-painter I cannot but think that autumn should be less the object of study than spring or summer, because perhaps the great charm of landscape is the pastoral—the ideal pastoral—such as Gaspar Poussin's. It recalls the mind to its more original happy state;—we have there the happy retirement—there is no painful retrospection—no gloomy expectation—no sense of decay—that all things are passing away; it is *therefore* this great painter does not present to you even positive spring, because it retains too much of winter, too much of the springing up of what is new amidst the decay—the grave of the old. He wished to convey the idea of the perpetuity of every charm, and to annihilate the idea of the possibility of decay, as a thing that never had taken place within the territory of his fancy, and never could take place. He has therefore coined a season—coined it by that Fancy

"Which is bred

In the heart and in the head."

The magic of this style imperceptibly enchants, it deludes the senses into an easy and attainable Elysium, where there is nothing too striking to excite surprise. It is of that tenderness which is charmed of all its pain, and becomes gentleness. The positive autumn, with the sear and yellow leaf, must be, and ought always to be, so represented, melancholy; it is past the tender. Its poetry is gloomy. I have now before me a very beautiful little picture of Gainsborough's—which in feeling is truly autumn—it is a small upright. An evening sky, with a far-off perspective—a river stealing through a valley skirted with wood—in the foreground are two oaks, with the lichen strongly marked on their trunks,—these connect themselves with the second distance of wood, which re-

tires in the course of the stream towards a village only indicated by a church-spire; beyond that is a distant wood on rising ground, but still low in the picture, towards which the water is lost. The composition is extremely simple. There is "the sear and yellow leaf," the sombre brown partaking much of the red, and very solemn dull green, scarcely bearing that name, interspersed, in trees and on the ground. The river among the trees is scarcely perceptible, so near the hue of all about them, but in the distance it is marked by a strong yet somewhat broken line of light. It is long ere you see some cattle very indistinctly indicated in repose in the meadows. The clouds are broken into parts, and all perspectively going off to their rest,—grey, amid a faint yellowish evening light—and in perfect concord with them are rooks returning for the night. It is just before that time when—"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight." You would easily imagine the poetic sounds, from the distant church—where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," you might hear the curfew that "tolls the knell of parting day"—and the cawing of the rooks in their homeward passage. Gainsborough had put in a figure—apparently a country man, leaning over some broken hurdles, that separate the bank of foreground from the wood behind, but has judiciously painted over it; you can just see it has been there, but that discovery is only made when the picture is well known. It is not seen nor thought of when you look at it. The whole melancholy of departing day is thus preserved. A figure would have been an intrusion. The spectator is the figure, the subject will bear no other. He feels at once that even the rooks will soon be still in their nests—"and leave the world to darkness and to me." This little picture is very true, and very feelingly treated. The forbearance of the artist has shewn that he had a poetical conception of the subject. Allan Cunningham acquaints us, that

one day while Gainsborough was studying in his favourite woods in Suffolk, Margaret Burr, in all the bloom and beauty of sixteen, came suddenly across the landscape. Who can doubt that sunshine from his pencil followed her steps? Whatever season it was when he sketched, ere he finished his picture, and his whole heart was in it, there was fresh, joyous, delightful Margaret Burr—(afterwards Mrs Gainsborough)—and the season was converted into spring.* How unlike must be these two pictures—both poetry! I dare to say in the last he had no other figure but sweet Margaret Burr—that none might look at her but himself. But the hope, the joy, the spring of life, was thereby the better felt. It was not solitude, *because* there was but *one* figure, for the painter himself was ever there, and he knew whoever should look at the picture would feel himself present too, and the sweet maid would never be alone, for there would ever be eyes to see and a heart to love her. Solitude, indeed,

O Zimmerman, Zimmerman,
Hast thou but a glimmer, man—

but he had not a glimmer of sense, or he never would have dreamed and prated of a thing so unfit for man on this earth, where nature has furnished every fragrant green bower, with or without license, Episcopal or Parliamentary, to hold *Two*.—But I have perhaps digressed.

Sir Joshua Reynolds remarks, that in historical painting often exact texture should be omitted, and that there should be drapery, only not any particular material. This principle will equally hold good frequently in landscape; as in a landscape above common pretensions no particular season will be acknowledged, so will there be, for the heightening the general effect, a sacrifice of detail and of actual resemblance to nature in tone and colour. A picture now just occurs to my recollection which will exemplify this; it is a small one by Rubens. Where I saw it I can-

* There was the honeymoon long before the gloomy month. There is nothing bridal in autumn, whose garlands are funeral, cast by the morning winds upon the great general cemetery—the earth.

not tell; it was in a public gallery abroad—probably Milan. There was much space of landscape in it; the subject, strictly speaking, chivalric, for it was the encounter of two knights on their chargers. There was, I believe, a castle in the background. The picture was slight, but most masterly executed; and the colour certainly not like common nature, and yet not attractive, for you saw nothing but the two knights. Every tone of the picture was, as it were, in sympathy with them. You thought only of them—saw only them; there was not an object, not a form, to obtrude—all nature was, as it were, in suspense and breathless, awaiting the contest. The knights were probably encountering each other in a meadow, but had you seen the onset in nature you would never have thought of the green grass; and had you been questioned if there was herbage on the spot next day, might not have known. Your mind would have been engrossed with the subject, and that only; and that would have given tone and colour to every object; and so should you have painted it, omitting all little detail of grass, even the colour of it, as well as many other objects; and you would have carefully avoided much finish. The more hasty and dark the execution, the more characteristic—and so Rubens painted it. Examples without number might be given, but one will suffice.

I doubt if there be a "picturesque" that conveys no sort of sentiment. We are often pleased, yet know not *what* pleases us; we are satisfied with the feeling, without scrutinizing its character or cause. "I think," says the author of "the Picturesque," "we may conclude, that where an object, or set of objects, are without smoothness or grandeur, but from their intricacy, their sudden and irregular deviations, their variety of forms, tints, and lights and shadows, are interesting to a cultivated eye, they are simply picturesque. Such, for instance, are the rough banks that often enclose a by-road or a hollow lane. Imagine the size of these banks and the space between them to be increased, till the lane becomes a deep dell, the caves large caverns, the peeping stones hanging

rocks, so that the whole may impress an idea of awe and grandeur, the sublime will then be mixed with the picturesque, though the *scale* only, not the style of the scenery, would be changed." Now it is worthy of remark, that this is an appeal to "*a cultivated eye*,"—the mind's eye, that can imagine as well as see; to that sense that can suck the honey of sentiment out of almost any materials. Here is a bare picturesque supposed, that *per se* has no sentiment, but the enlargement of the scale gives it that of awe and grandeur. But is it true, that such a scene, with precisely the same combinations of form, light and shade, and colour, would necessarily convey no sentiment? It certainly would to the *cultivated eye* "that could look to its enlargement." Feelings may be excited by form, by light and shade, and by colour, either separately or in combination. Some of these must be common to the small as well as the enlarged scene. Let us take the simplest subject, such as he gives it—a by-road, or hollow lane. I write this in a country parish that abounds with such. I pass through them daily, some extremely beautiful; but, to me, they owe all their beauty to the sentiment, the poetical sentiment, they convey. They always set the imagination to work. Simply colour they would move me: as light and shade they would not be without their effect. As to forms and objects, they, too, convey something more to the mind than the eye sees; for fancy extracts much from them; and I have often seen such a subject, and in good hands, spoiled for want of a little examination into the nature and cause of the pleasure arising from them. Here is a deep hollow lane, very rich in colours, simple in the general, but varied in the individual forms of the objects. Here are brown earth banks, with old roots, curiously twisted, shooting out, and again hiding themselves in the deeper holes. Here are various greens, yet all blending into masses; the road, rugged enough, leads down, rather steep, and in consequence, at an edge not much beyond a stone's throw, is lost, and from thence rises up the foliage of trees below, and the silver boles of the young beech shoot up through it. All this part, from the

edge of the road formed by its descent, is illuminated, but tenderly, by the sun; but the light comes not direct, but through the leafage of other trees higher up on the bank. All else is in shade,—not all equally dark, for, from the irregular depths and hollows of the banks, some parts are very dark,—excepting near the fore-ground at the edge of the road, where the sunbeams, flickering through and coloured by the foliage above, play among loose stones and dead leaves, and slightly running up the opposite bank, just gild a few leaves and a single white half-blown flower of a brier-rose. The light is throughout like that of a painted cathedral window. I see no sky, unless it be, perhaps, a few dots of dark grey, that serve to throw out both the form and colour of the transparent leafage overhead. All is still, perfect silence; all motionless, save the slight play of the sunbeams on the stones as mentioned; and, see! a weasel, or some such little creature, is running across the road, and is gone. The road itself is in perfect accordance with all else. It is broken in ruts indeed; but they seem as if dug deeper and desperately broken up by nature's myriads of unseen sappers and miners, to defy the irruption of cart wheels. You would wonder how you came there, for it seems charmed against intrusion. I doubt if the veriest clown would not stop and stand agape with awe, and think he had broken into the domain of the good people—they have taken possession of it, and human footstep is a forbidden thing. You would very soon fear to look round the fantastic roots, lest there be lurking spies behind them, whose look you might not encounter.

Now, who would wish to enlarge the scale?—Is it not perfect as it is? Does not even many a homely scene as this—a common lane—become sublime to the “cultivated eye” of the poet or painter, whose fancy can people it with imaginary, minute, or unseen beings, or invest with strange mystery even the insects, small and innumerable, whose territory, magnified thus into a kingdom or world, it appears to be. It thus acquires an importance, and the spectator is impressed with the awe of an unqualified invader. And yet how easily

is all this character of the picture destroyed. Take the old-fashioned receipt for “the picturesque,” and the disenchantment is perfect. A group of beggarly gipsies, a black pot suspended from cross poles over a smoky fire, ragged children, and two or three still more ragged donkeys, and it is done for; the fairies are off, and the parish-beadle is only wanting to rout the new settlers. And yet this is all nature. You may see it so every day; and formerly, and at present, too, for aught I know to the contrary, every lane must be supposed to have its gipsy, its clown, its cart, or its beast. But where is the poetry? “It is a long lane,” quoth the proverb, “that has no turning.” It is to be hoped there is a turn. It was one of the mischiefs of theorizing on “the picturesque,” or “the rough,” that it perpetuated in pictures the whole race of donkeys. A lane and a donkey—a common and a donkey—children and a donkey—a group of donkeys—were long the high aspirations of the British Academy of Arts. Away went masters and pupils to the nearest common, and the poor animals had no rest; they were beaten all day, and stared out of countenance in the evenings, by sketching groups of more veritable donkeys than their innocent selves. The glorious sun himself was considered complimented if he were made to kiss the muzzle or ears of one. Such a *taste* is there to vulgarize, to unpoetize nature. Poor Nature! she is ever at work, the painter's slave! She fills up ravines with trees for him; she throws water over the rocks to please him; she deepens the shadows of the woods to captivate him; throws sunline before his footsteps to amuse him; she softens the hills, and azures the mountains, to delight him; she weaves garlands for him; spreads a gorgeous carpet for him to walk upon; she breathes poetry for him over her whole creation in vain,—he will not inhale it. He contemptuously puffs his cigar in her face, and at her marvellous doings, and turns away to littlenesses, to meanesses, which she despises; to vulgarities, which she would sweep from the earth if she could; or to the monstrosities of his own bewildered dreams, which she abhors.

NIGHTS AT MESS.

CHAP. V.

ALL night I dreamt of nothing but cool rivers, flowing through shady woods, prodigious icebergs, fresh imported from the North Pole, and I awakened, wishing that my gullet was the centre arch of Blackfriars Bridge. Oh, the horrors of the parched lips and burning tongue, which salute a gentleman of retired habits, like myself, on the morning after partaking of a few noggins with delicate and susceptible friends—such as my companions of the Mess. Hunger is a very endurable feeling—indeed, on some occasions, I rather like it—when invited, for instance, to dine with the late Sir Billy. The agony of appetite began, perhaps, about three, so that I had four mortal hours of sufferance—cheered, no doubt, by the anticipation of a feast, such as the gods, poor devils, never dreamt of. Luncheon would have been high-treason against the majesty of dinner—and so I went on—hungry and expectant—suffering and delighted. How different this calm placidity from the impatience produced by thirst! I should like to see the liquid, however celestially compounded, the prospect of which, at a distance of an hour, would tempt me to refrain from soda-water the instant I can eject the cork from the bottle. Impossible! So just let me trouble you for another tumbler, with the smallest whisper of “the veritable” at the bottom of the glass. Old Hixie, the Quartermaster, to whom this request was addressed for the eighth time, at least, did the needful in a twinkling, and over went the ineffable fluid, making me suddenly as fresh as a four-year-old, and hungry as a hunter. It is useless enumerating the various articles, the aggregate of which constituted my breakfast. A stroll to the reading-room,—a cigar, and some Burton ale,—a lounge on the sofa, with a slight doze over a lively scene in a novel, brought me in safety to the dinner-hour. It is surely the force of habit which makes people appetized exactly at the nick of time. If a man, for many years, has accustomed himself to dine at seven, though his luncheon were to last till

half-past six, I have no manner of doubt he would be gluttonous as ever at the first view of the table-cloth. On this day, we had fewer strangers amongst us than usual. Every thing went on like a family party. I observed only one or two new faces, and was greatly taken with the expression of the young man's countenance who sat next me. Old Hixie was on the other side of him, and shewed, by the friendliness of his manner, how delighted he was to have secured so agreeable a listener. Of all the good-natured fellows I have ever met with in the whole course of my travels, old Hixie was five hundred times the best. It was impossible to put him out of temper; if you attended to him, he was delighted—if not, he seemed just as delighted as ever. His stories—he had only two—were as well known as himself; so it may easily be imagined how pleasing a stranger must have been, who not only had never heard his anecdotes, but was evidently well inclined to hear them. Hixie was now fat, red, and forty-seven. He could have furnished forth three of the finest characters in King Henry the Sixth. Bardolph would have gloried in his nose, Sir John in the rotundity of his paunch, and Pistol might have been proud of the liveliness of that peculiar faculty which they say is generally found most powerfully developed in travellers. At the same time, old Hixie was as brave as Hotspur. But somehow or other, though he had only two stories, he made them go a great way by little additions or subtractions. He never told them twice with exactly the same conclusion; and our only wonder was, how a gentleman, with such a talent for improving and altering, never took a bolder step, and invented a new story altogether. He could have written myriads of novels, if any one would only have furnished him with a beginning; for, when once set afloat, it was delightful to see with what incidents he embellished the narrative as he proceeded. Furnish him with tools, he could wield them like a master; but without tools he could do nothing.

"Have you been long in York?" he asked the young gentleman who sat between us.

"I only arrived late last night. I was detained on the road by a sort of adventure."

"How—how—I'm so fond of adventures.—What was it?"

"Why, as I was sitting quietly smoking my cigar behind the coachman, a lady inside stopt the coach, and begged that some gentleman would exchange places for a stage or two with a young female who felt very unwell. An old fellow beside me immediately volunteered. I got down, effected the exchange in a jiffy, extinguished my cigar, and addressed myself to the invalid at my side. Her face was so muffled up that I could not catch the smallest glimpse of her features, and her figure was equally obscured by a prodigious tartan cloak. She only answered yes or no to my observations; and at last, concluding she felt too unwell to enter into conversation, I left her to herself, and amused myself by admiring the scenery. But there is something in travelling with any one which always makes one impatient to discover who they are. Don't you think so?"

"Think so?" said Hixie, "to be sure I do. I can never rest till I find out every thing about them."

"Well, I went on wondering who this female could be; and after about half an hour's silence, I addressed myself to her again,—'Are you going far?' I said.

"Yes; a very long way," she answered.

"I did not like to ask her her destination point-blank; besides, as I am myself engaged to be married the end of this month, my curiosity about young ladies is not so lively as it used to be.

"I hope you won't suffer from the journey," I said, "for travelling must be very fatiguing to invalids."

"Every time we stopt to change horses, enquiries were made by the lady inside how she supported the fatigue; and, altogether, there was something about those two women, which, in spite of my engagement, made me anxious to find them out."

"Did you find them out?" said old Hixie,—"I'm confoundedly anxious myself—though I think I know who they were."

"Indeed?" replied the young

man; "you must have a great knack at guessing. Well, they left the coach at some town or other on this side of Manchester, and as I thought this would be a famous opportunity to discover them, I offered them my escort while the passengers stopt to dinner. The muffled lady clung very closely to my arm while I superintended the unloading of their luggage, and, at last, on a card which was nailed upon one of their trunks"—

"You saw the name," said Hixie, "and it was your sweetheart. My heavens! you cried—Maria, or Julia, or whatever her name is, who the devil expected to find you here? Ah! dearest love, she replied, how could I stay away from you? I knew you were coming to York, and I thought Gretna-Green just a step beyond, so I persuaded this old lady to travel along with me till we overtook you, and now to find you here, oh heavens!"

It is uncertain how long old Hixie would have gone on giving his version of the story, but the young man looked quite steadily all the time, and interrupted him—

"No, sir. I found it was a Mrs and Miss Smith on their way to Scarborough. The young lady was about forty years of age, and afflicted with erysipelas in the cheek. I know nothing more about them, except that my politeness cost me my place, for the coach had started before I returned from seeing them to their lodgings."

"And is that all? Is that the adventure? My eyes! what a much better one I could have made of it!"

"But it is truth."

"Pooh, pooh! what the devil does that signify? No man is on his oath after dinner, and if a little colouring is required, who the deuce is to stand on such a trifle as that?"

But a good listener was by no means to be thrown away, though he proved to be an indifferent storyteller; so old Hixie, after flooring about a bottle in an incredibly short space of time, commenced his attack upon the stranger. It was very evident the young man entered fully into the narrator's peculiarity, and enjoyed the fun very much. But I am afraid it is impossible to convey any idea of Hixie's manner upon paper. In the first place, one misses

the lustrous rubicundity of his countenance, and the contrast, ineffably ludicrous, furnished by the lugubriousness of his stories, for both of them were intended to be pathetic, and the inextinguishable hilarity of his face. If you can imagine either Keeley performing *Lear*, or Jack Reeve murdering *Desdemona* (and *Othello*), you will have some little idea of old Hixie enacting the romantic, and occasionally overcome by his feelings.

"Take a good pull at the bottle," he began, "for my story is so confoundingly dismal, it always makes me as thirsty as a sand bank. Grief, they say, is dry. I'm sure I find it so. It is now nine-and-twenty years since I entered his Majesty's service, though nobody, to look at me, could suppose I was much older than that altogether. Well, I was fond of the army, and whenever a man is fond of any thing, he is sure to excel in it."

"I back old Hixie for a rump and dozen to drink three bottles of port and six tumblers of brandy and water without being a bit tipsy," cried a young lieutenant near the bottom of the table.

"Impossible!" said the other; "no man can drink such a lot as that, and walk straight to bed after it."

"Well, will you say done? Old Hixie will delight in the match, for don't you recollect in one of his stories where he always says that people delight in what they excel in?"

The bet was made, and the narrator, taking no notice of this unfortunate interruption, proceeded with his story.

"I soon made myself as much master of my profession as I am at this moment. I taught myself that a soldier's duty is paramount to every other consideration; that home, country, friends, ay, love itself, must give way to the stern claims of duty. Duty is to a sold!"

"Hixie, my dear fellow, leave out the rest of your homily on duty, for we know it pretty well by heart," said the same young lieutenant, who was now attending to the quartermaster's harangue.

"Hush, Saville," said Hixie; "I'm only giving a little private anecdote to my young friend here, and I bar all interruptions."

Saville let him have his own way, but the word was passed round that Hixie had got hold of a listener, and every eye was turned to the animated countenance of that most eloquent and highly flattered gentleman.

"A young man," he continued, "about the same age as myself, entered the army the very day I did, and was appointed my regimental servant. His name was John Taylor—upon my soul, the handsomest fellow I ever saw in my life. He was rather taller than I was, being six feet high without his shoes, dark brown curling hair, and deep expressive eyes—in fact he was the best looking youngster in our regiment, and we were certainly a splendid body of men. John Taylor, as I have said, was rather taller than I was, and not quite so stout, but"—

"In fact," interrupted Saville, "he was twice your height, and half your thickness, so that you might have been rolled out into just such another."

"Exactly," replied Hixie, "but you promised to be quiet. Well, this young man struck me, from the very first, to be something different from what his situation might have led one to suppose. His manners, too, were of a most superior order; and altogether there was something about him which made me feel it very difficult to order him—to clean my boots. To all my questions of where he came from, and what had induced him to enter the army, he gave evasive replies, and seemed little inclined to enter into any conversation on such subjects. At last, however, he appeared a little more communicative—he told me he came from a village in Kent, with which I happened to be acquainted; that love, which is the cause of all our joys, all our sorrows," (here Hixie heaved a deep sigh,) "was the cause of all his misfortunes. He told me no particulars, but I confess I was interested by the little he had confided to me. And though our ranks were so different, and our relative positions in the service kept us so far apart, by heavens! I exclaimed to myself one morning as he brought me a pot of beer, and poured it out for me with the air of an emperor, by heavens! I should like very much to help this unfortunate lover, or at

least to know every thing about him. Gentlemen, you may perhaps think it was below the dignity of a superior officer, when I confess to you that I pumped him—but consider I was then only an ensign of foot, and confoundedly anxious to discover the mystery of his love. ‘Taylor,’ said I, ‘I am acquainted with the little village of Hawley from which you come.’ He started as I spoke. ‘Are you, sir?’ said he; ‘it is a most romantic spot.’—‘Do you mean romantic from the beauty of its situation, or from any adventures you have met with there?’ He stammered a little as he answered me—‘Beauty, sir? situation, sir? Oh, yes—very romantic.’ He sighed as he concluded, and hurried off with my linen to the washerwoman. By Jupiter, thought I, this is very extraordinary; a common soldier talking of romance and beauty—there is more in this than is dreamt of in the philosophy of the ranks. I’ll enquire into it. My curiosity, however, remained for a long time ungratified. We were now in all the hurry of preparation for foreign service, for we had received orders to hold ourselves in readiness for embarkation. I made sure, in the course of the voyage, of picking up the particulars of his history; but what was my surprise and disappointment to find, that about three weeks previous to the time fixed for the sailing of the expedition, John Taylor had disappeared! A deserter,—could he be a thief? I counted my shirts and stockings that instant, and found every thing correct.—I found also a letter addressed to me, stating, that my kindness during the time he had been in the service prompted him to inform me of his resolution to leave the army—and also to give me to understand that the circumstances which had led him to enter the service no longer existed, and that he had every chance of being happy in his love!—This letter only added fuel to fire, and how the deuce was I to act? Here was a deserter had made me the confidant of his desertion. Heavens! imagine me shot for aiding and abetting a crime against which my sense of duty made my inmost soul revolt! But how to proceed was the difficulty. If I shewed the letter at all, or acted

upon it, would it not appear immediately that I knew all about his design, about the causes of his enlistment, and about the issue of his love? Heavens! I never was in such a quandary—and not to be acquainted with the secret after all! He was advertised and described in handbills, rewards offered for his apprehension, men sent out in search of him in all directions, but no tidings did we hear of John Taylor. Our Colonel, who was a prodigious martinet, and very proud of the appearance of his men, was very much distressed by the loss of the flower of the regiment; and he vowed that if he were discovered at any time, no matter how distant, he should be shot as a warning to others. Well, our preparations for embarkation still continued; I got another servant, but he was such a cursed little ugly fellow, that I never troubled myself to imagine whether he had ever been in love or not. In about a fortnight after the desertion, we were marched to the coast, and after a week’s practising and delay till the expedition was concentrated, we at last set sail, and with a fair wind and fine weather, landed on the loveliest shores in the world—the coast of Portugal. Well, we dodged about from one place to another—Sir Hew gave us very little rest—and at last our regiment found itself stationed at a small village a few miles from the memorable town of Cintra.

“My eyes! what a beautiful country! hills and valleys, all steeped in continual sunshine—and excellent port-wine about nine-pence a-bottle! We received our billets, and I went with mine to the house of a Signor Joaquim Fernando Pereira, and a beautiful snug house it was. The Signor himself, they told me, was from home, but I was received by the loveliest woman I ever beheld—drest like an angel, and with such enchanting smiles,—I never felt so inclined to be ravenously in love. But no! there was something about the Lady Seraphina that made me thrill with awe as well as kindle with admiration. Oh, what a delicious thing it is to sit beside a surpassingly beautiful woman, and gaze on her charming features, even though you don’t exactly comprehend her lan-

guage—and I must say the Lady Seraphina was the best mixer of brandy and water, and also the best judge of a true Havannah, I have ever met with. I had staid in the house rather more than a week without ever seeing Signor Joachim, when at last I was told that he was expected that evening, and if I could get quit of my brother officers, he would be delighted to see me in his private room. This was told to me by the Lady Seraphina in her broken language, but, by Jupiter, a lovely woman has very little use for a tongue! The eyes do every thing, and have far more effect than a sermon. About seven that evening, I was ushered by the lady herself through several rooms, and at last conducted to a chamber at a remote end of the house. The door was opened, and I saw only one gentleman sitting at a table which was covered with every delicacy you can imagine, and a huge case of spirits stuffed to the very brim. I made my bow, and when I had recovered my upright position, I gazed with speechless astonishment on the countenance of my entertainer. There never were two peas in a pod more like than Signor Joachim Fernando Pereira, and my late servant, John Taylor the deserter. He spoke,—none of your cursed soft sounding Portuguese, but the purest English, and with the finest pronunciation, just as I do myself. The moment I heard his voice, oh the dickens, said I, here's a pretty mess! This fellow is resolved to be the death of me, first by raising my curiosity, and next by martial law, for concealing a deserter. 'Taylor,' I said, 'here's a devil of a go.'—'Sit down, my dear Mr Hixie,' he replied—'Seraphina, my love, hand a chair to Captain Hixie, and thank him for his kindness to your husband.' I only looked for a moment in her face—my eyes, such a face and such a smile!—I took the chair, and endeavoured to steel my heart to the due performance of my duty.

"'Seraphina, my angel, make the Captain a glass of brandy and water, and hand him a cigar.' I sat all this time quite mute. What, drink and smoke with a deserter! Impossible—I declare I was so petrified, that I found it impracticable to refuse in words—but I shook my head in token of refusal. In the meantime, the lady made me the tippie, and presented

me with a cigar—such a hand!—so white, so beautiful, such taper fingers, and so covered with rings—and besides, *she* had never been a deserter. I sighed from the bottom of my heart, and lighted the Havannah. Pereira then began. 'You must hear my story, Mr Hixie, before you judge too harshly of my conduct.' 'Say on, sir,' said I, working myself into a fearful regard for duty.—'I told you, you recollect, at Winchester, that the circumstances which had led me into the army were at an end, and that I had every prospect of happiness in my wooing. My father was a wine-merchant in very extensive business, and sent me to his correspondent here to superintend his interests on this side of the water. I did so for several years, and when I tell you that Seraphina was the daughter and only child of the merchant at whose house I lived, I need not inform you, that my time passed, as the poet says, on angel wings. Her father, the Signor Pereira, was rich and proud. I, however, was a great favourite with him, and as my father had been of considerable service to him in the way of trade, I perceived, that could I gain the daughter's affections, I had nothing to fear on the score of his withholding his consent. In this I was not disappointed. Seraphina confessed that she had loved me long—Seraphina, my love, make the Captain another glass—and on applying to the father for his approbation, he told us, he could refuse nothing to the son of his English friend. Buoyed up with flattering hopes, I went over to England on the earliest opportunity, presented myself to my father, but found him not only opposed to the match, but raving against it with such a ferocity of resentment, that I saw at once it would be impossible to overcome his scruples. I lost no time, however; the effort pained me in writing this dreadful news to Pereira—but praying him at the same time to allow us to continue our engagement, in hopes of overcoming the objections of my father. The answer was a death-blow to my hopes—that Seraphina should never be allowed to enter any family which was not proud of such an acquisition—Seraphina, my angel, give the Captain a fresh cigar; and in short, vowing, in terms scarcely less energetic than those of my own father, that nothing

should ever reconcile him to the connexion. I had a friend at Hawley, in Kent, who was the only one to whom I confided the difficulties of my position. He told me, that he knew one plan by which I might make a last effort to work on the tenderness of my father. He advised me to prove to him the sincerity and constancy of the passion which consumed me, by entering the army as a private, and writing to apprise him of my situation. My friend assured me, from his knowledge of my father, that such a step was almost certain to lead him to relent, and that having once convinced him of my firmness, every thing else would follow as we could wish. Persuaded by my friend, I consented to give his advice a trial. I enlisted in the army—Seraphina, my life, another tumbler for the Captain—I found my situation intolerable, cheered only by the condescending kindness of a very distinguished officer in the regiment—make it strong, my angel—to whom, I am sure, my gratitude will never suffer decrease.—He bowed as he spoke, but I smoked on, determined to take no notice, but to do my duty, and deliver him up to justice.—‘I wrote to acquaint my father with what I had done, and again to implore him to give his consent, and make two lovers happy. Back came an answer, still more furious than his former declaration, informing me, that he had promised that I should marry the daughter of his English partner,—that finding me incorrigibly obstinate and degraded, by reducing myself to the rank of a common soldier, he had cut me out of his will, washed his hands of me for ever, and hoped I might be flogged as early and as severely as the service would permit.’—‘Very sensible man,’ I said, ‘he knows something about military law.’—‘This, you will allow, Captain,’ he continued, ‘not minding my observation, was a hard letter to receive from a father. I wrote to my friend at Hawley, imploring him to write to Signor Pereira, informing him, that though my father was obstinate, it was through no disrespect to him or his family, but solely from a previous engagement into which he had entered without consulting my inclinations; but that I continued fondly devoted to Seraphina, and though no longer rich, or fit in any way to be a match for so

much loveliness and virtue, that I hoped to be permitted to devote my life and my knowledge of business to his service. A month brought me an answer—such an answer! Mr Hixie, you are a man of sentiment, a man of feeling; you will judge of the contending emotions in my bosom, when my friend forwarded to me a letter from Seraphina herself. It told me that her health had failed ever since I had left them—that her father did nothing but weep—that the house, which had once been alive to nothing but mirth and music, was nothing now but the dark abode of a despairing maid and a miserable old man. A tear was in his eye as he spoke, and curse me if I could prevent a little quivering of the upper lip. I pretended to have burnt it with the cigar, and that loveliest of women had another in my chuck in a moment. After a short pause, during which Seraphina compounded a tumbler for each of us, he proceeded—‘The letter then went on to say that her father’s pride had yielded at last, and that as his physicians informed him he had but a short time to live, he was anxious to see me as early as possible, and to give me his daughter and his blessing before he died. I had no time to wait and negotiate about the purchase of my release; in fact, I had no money, and no friend in England to whom I could apply. I resolved to send the requisite funds as soon as I should reach Pereira, and stealing quietly out of the camp, I made my way directly to the sea, and in a fortnight was in this place, and the happiest of men. Here I have been for a year, never yet having had time or a proper channel for transmitting the money for my discharge, but now happy to have in my house a gentleman whose previous kindness, under very different circumstances, leads me to hope he will not refuse his assistance upon this occasion. My father-in-law died shortly after my marriage, and as my father continued obstinately to cast me off, he begged me, on taking possession of his fortune, also to adopt his name. This I have done, and I now wait your determination whether you will aid me in obtaining a discharge, on payment of whatever sum may be demanded.’ I paused before I made any reply; and Seraphina laid her hand imploringly on my arm. ‘Ami-

go nuostro,' she said, and looked so beseechingly in my face,—d—me I could not stand it, and finished my tumbler at a draught. 'It is now too late,' I said. 'If the colonel sees you—he is a confounded hard-hearted, unromantic Scotchman—I'm hanged if he doesn't have you shot at the drum-head as soon as winking.'—'Oh Dios!' sighed Seraphina, and leant her head on my shoulder—such a beautiful white neck, and ear-rings as large as an epaulet! What the devil was I to do? If old Crawford got hold of him, he was gone to a certainty. Duty commanded me to have him up without loss of time—Pity told me to sit still, and say nothing about it. Seraphina kept constantly whispering in my ear, in her own delicious language, though what it was she said I have no means of finding out, and what was to be done I did not know. But what! am I to allow compassion to drown the call of duty? No!"

—There little Hixie became so animated, partly by the interest of his story, partly by the extent of his potations, that his fat red face became far redder and fatter, and he absolutely panted for breath like a grampus.

"Here, my lads," he continued, "was a beautiful woman, fleecing and beseeching,—there, an unfortunate man, with the finest case of spirits I had ever met,—but what were these to one who was devotedly attached to duty? What was I to do?"

"Why," said Saville, "last time you told the story, you had him shot for desertion, after a drum-head court-martial,—the time before, you let him off for a flogging,—for God's sake, spare him altogether to-night."

"What! spare a deserter altogether? I'll see him d—d first—it would have a very bad effect. No; I yielded so far to their entreaties, that, in fact, I—I—I undertook, you'll perceive, to manage the matter for them, on condition of their forfeiting one pipe of port and one hogshead of Madeira to the use of his Majesty's service. It was given in all due form to our mess, and when I gave them a discharge in proper style for the private John Tay-

lor, you never saw two people so overjoyed in your life. Those Portuguese, you'll understand, kiss upon the most trifling occasions; but, my heavens! I don't believe any lady ever had such magnificent lips as the Lady Seraphina."

The little man threw himself back in his chair, and seemed to glow with the recollection of these imaginary kisses. For imaginary indeed they were. The gentleman, who had listened throughout the story very attentively, was just about to make a reply, when he was addressed from the bottom of the table by a gentleman in plain clothes, who spoke with a very Scottish accent.

"Sir, I've been listenin' a' night to the story o' the Quarter-Master. I was in the regiment wi' him at the time, and can bear witness to his anecdote, for I mind it very weel. There certainly was a lad o' the name o' John Taylor listed wi' us at Winchester; he was a lang thin good-for-nothing-like fellow, wi' sic a grewsome cast in his een, that we all wondered at Hixie's takin' him for his servant. Weel, in a wee while after he was detected drunk twa or three times, and auld Crawford threatened him sae strongly, that the ne'er-do-weel deserted and carried off wi' him a' the handkerchiefs and half the snuff-boxes in the regiment. He didna trouble Hixie's wardrobe, for he carried most of it on his back,—but I mind very weel we catched the scoundrel when we were in Portugal, playing aff his tricks under a foreign name, and passin' aff a disreputable Portuguese jaud for his wife; but, my certie, auld Crawford cared naething for his foreign name nor his huzzie, but just had him identified; and I mind perfectly, he consulted some o' us whether he should shoot him as a deserter, or only flog him as a thief. He was flogged in due course, an' a terrible skirlin' the crature made. So you see this is either the same story, or one very much like it."

Old Hixie opened his eyes when he heard this new version; and after trying for some time to look offended, found the attempt vain, and burst into a laugh. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "all I have to say is, which of these stories do you like best?"

AMERICA.*

No. II.

THE two best Books on Men and Manners in America, out of all sight, and therefore beyond all comparison, are those of Hall and Hamilton. We are sorry to say they are both Scotchmen; for such is our admiration of every thing English, that we feel a repugnance to praising ourselves, in any case of competition with our illustrious countrymen on the other side of the Tweed, and are proud to award them the palm in almost every department of literature. All we wish is, to shew ourselves no unworthy rivals of our Southern brethren; that it should be universally acknowledged we are animated in our rivalry by the same generous and enlightened spirit that exalts their national character, and that, in European reputation, we should be regarded as one people. To know that we are so regarded, justifies pride in our power, and trust in its achieving new triumphs. The spring of all that is good and great in all literature, is Love of Country—that Love which is the concentrated essence of all high and holy thoughts, with their kindred emotions, naturally inspired by Soil and Institution, and, wherever man's life is free, the noblest of Passions.

The philosopher of the world calls this Nationality, and means by the name to denounce the feeling, as if circumscribed within limits which philosophy will not allow, because they hinder "the genial current of the soul" from overflowing all the earth. But patriotism, although in much like, is in much unlike the air and the ocean. As the air it is pure, and the very breath of life—as the ocean it is deep. But 'tis not "wide and general as the casing air"—as the ocean-stream it encircles not the globe. Every country has its own climate—every climate its own atmosphere—and to the Love of Country, lovely is the colour of its own clouds. England is the Queen

of the Sea; but she is prouder of St George's Channel than of the Straits of Coromandel; and Scotland, though her flag floats afar, feels most her heart burn within her as she sees reflected in her own friths St Andrew's Cross.

This is the spirit which every man, British-born, should carry with him into foreign lands. "I am a son of that Isle whose 'foot beats back the ocean's foaming surge;' go where I will, my face has the features of the free—my hands have done no slave-work—tongue-tied have I never been—and on my lips fear has never frozen truth." Am I now among slaves? Let me study a condition I have never seen at home. Am I among freemen? Then here am I no foreigner. Let liberty inspire our communion, and when we part, the memories of our mutual esteem. Nor let us fear that when we afterwards speak of or to each other, across the waves, the same sincerity which, in spite of many differences of sentiment and opinion, set a seal on our friendship, will not preserve it unbroken, even though in witnessing what we believe to be the truth of each other's national character, before the tribunal of the world, there be a civil war of words.

This is the spirit that should prevail between Great Britain and America. Of the same stock, a people are planted in very different soils, and flourish, like oaks, under very different institutions. The similitude of their characters still shews the root from which they are sprung; but while their boles are the same, only rather rougher in the rind on the other side of the Atlantic, and their leaves in shape and hue—how sharply serrated and how vividly green—nearly alike—yet their arms, of both gigantic, grow not after the same fashion of nature, though heaven's sunshine settles—may it be eternally—on their lofty heads.

An enlightened American, on his travels over Europe, comes to Great Britain. He plants his foot on her soil with pride—for 'tis the Natale Solum of his Pilgrim Forefathers. Much he sees to admire, to venerate, to love. But he sternly shuts his soul to all access of delight from the contemplation of those institutions which, true to his blood, he eyes with ancestral scorn, and turns, little touched by their long-enduring grandeur, to the glory greater far, in his imagination, of a new kingdom wrested from the woods. An old Monarchy he regards, even in his kindest moods, as an incumbrance; his pride is in a young Republic that clears for itself ample space in the wilderness which it makes to blossom like the rose. His heart shuns not, with any sense of individual or national insignificance, beneath the shadow of ancient towers and temples; for it has learned, all life long, another worship. He is proud of his own Present, and hopeful of his own Future—and the Past is to him almost nothing. His country is creating its history in its greatness—and the annals of every year are as of an age. Yet all is fresh in memory, as bright in imagination, or rather the progress, rapid as it is, seems one Now,

"And bright improvement on the car of Time,
That rules the spacious world from clime to clime,"

is visibly before his eyes, in her most radiant career, chariotting all over vast America. In his soul-astronomy, the sunrise he sees in the West; 'tis twilight evening among our Isles; longer here fall the shadows, giving warning of night; but there 'tis full morning, and bright hours shall there be ere that day reach meridian.

An enlightened Briton visits America. He, too, plants his feet with pride on the soil, for there his own brethren salute him with the aspect of liberty. He reads kindred in their eyes—he hears it in their speech. Rebels! No—compatriots—though the Colonies tore themselves from their mother-country, because full-grown they would be free. Enemies! No—friends; though their adverse flags

have since fluttered in each other's fearless faces, both on land and sea. He, too, sees much to admire, to venerate, to love. For he sees—brought thither across the wide Atlantic, from the white-cliffed Isle—energy, unconquerable and conquering; domestic virtue, such as nowhere else may be found but in his own land whence it sprang; and,

"Pure religion, breathing household laws."

Yet wants, in his eyes, that energy, that virtue, that religion, much, perhaps, of the outward, and not a little of the inner charm that, whether rightly or not, he believes belong to them, as it were, by birthright, in Albion, the Island Albion, or Great Britain. A Plain, with a hundred Churches, some of them Cathedrals, all seen at once from a "heaven-kissing hill," whose sloping sides carry softly up and over its summit a smiling world of wealth adorned with mansions for the rich and cottages for those he may not call the poor,—with villages, and towns, and cities bedropt all over the sylvan campaign,—with rivers winding their way through the perfect cultivation of the glorious garden, and visible in richer profusion of beauty that crowns their upland banks,—while, shining far off, he sees a sunny light which he feels is the rim of the encircling sea;—That Vision, familiar to him as the sky, he sees still in softened colours, with the eyes of his soul that learned its first lessons of light from all that matchless blending of the works of nature and of man—on earth, if there may be any place yet worthy of the name, this, surely, in its loveliness and its grandeur, a Paradise—and he blesses in gratitude, brightening remembrance into devotion, the *IMAGE OF ENGLAND*. He looks far and wide over the New World, but he seems to see nothing that may be compared with *this*—not even in her kingdom-like prairies, where sea-like rivers sing aloud in the vast solitudes to specks of human life—not in her farmy forests, where the axe is forever resounding with a restlessness that is sublime, and sunny glade looks green, and shadowy grove looks grey, as onward flows the tide of Being impatiently; but gladly, from sea to sea—not in her timber towns, in easy metamorphoses growing out

of trees, whose fallen brethren are swallowed up in the soil they enrich now yellowing with other harvests—not in towns and cities, inland, or peninsular, named from native liberators, or after prosperous places afar off in a now foreign land, shewing to her expatriated children how their mother once was dear;—no, not in all the growing greatness he sees there, where all that belongs to nature is great, and where she need not be ashamed of her offspring—sees he aught—it may be in his fond delusion—so noble to his reason, to his imagination so exalting, as that which is glimmering in his spiritual vision, THE IMAGE OF ENGLAND. Nor will the New World ever displace from his profound love and passionate admiration, that other World, Old though it be, and brightest and boldest of them all, that one Island, reposing in its strength upon the bosom of its own stormy seas.

What should we think of that American gentleman, who, after a few months' or a few years' residence in this country—nay, after the residence of a quarter of a century, supposing he had reached manhood in America—liked it better, nay, loved it better, and assigned it the superiority, in all political and social institutions, and in the character of its inhabitants, its "Men and Manners," over those of his own? We should yerk the yokel of a Yankee with the knout—a bleeding sacrifice to the injured manes of Washington; or, rather, we should send him to the same place—to cool his heels, if he could—with the traitor Arnold. Had he any sense at all—and we never yet saw an American without much sense—we should know him to be simply a liar. To lie is not to utter untruth. Were it so, all men would be liars. Few travellers lie; but all travellers often tell untruths. An honest man says what he thinks; but the most enlightened man does not always think aright about what he truly sees; nor does he always see truly what is subjected to his eyes, which, perspicacious though they may be, are not always faithful. He may be a veracious witness, yet an inaccurate spectator. He wishes to mislead nobody, but is himself misinformed; and though he is justified

in believing, generally, in the testimony of his senses, yet he knows there are ocular deceptions. Looking through prejudices—and none are free from them—is like looking through water. Nay, without prejudices, the eye of the mind needs teaching before it can see rightly new objects, and especially if presented to it under a new atmosphere. There is much here an American looks at, and, being an American, does not see; there is much here an American sees, which, being an American, he cannot understand; there is much here he understands, which, being an American, it is impossible he can like. Our Transatlantic brethren, though they have often said handsome things of us, to do them justice, have never disgraced themselves by attempting to flatter us into the belief that they envy us our birth and habitation in Great Britain.

What shall we think, then, and what must they think, of that English or Scotch gentleman, who takes shipping, in a merchantman or packet, to New-York, and expresses himself delighted with his experiences of "equality" on the Quay, in the Custom House, all along the fronts of "Good Dry Stores," and up to the splendid entrance of "Niblo's Tavern?" American manners may be better than English or Scotch. We must get a Frenchman and a Spaniard, and a Dutchman, to settle that among them to the satisfaction of other nations. But they are very different; and the English or Scotch gentleman who has his taste, his feelings, his reason, and his fancy all at once charmed with them, must have been equally uncomfortable and disagreeable in his own country. "Manners maketh men," saith the old English adage; and he finds among all the multitudes of men made to his hand, hardly one who sympathises with the feelings, or acquiesces with the thoughts expressed and implied in the prevalent manners of Britain. However much in love he may be with their manners, they are far from being love-sick with his; and they do not more highly estimate the character of the alien, on seeing him outwardly assuming the airs of a native. Nor can their respect be increased on hearing

him gratuitously reviling the Institutions of his own country, and be-praising theirs; for they would not revile their own, nor bepraise his for any number of dollars. They frown—he mistakes it for a smile—when he speaks snoringly of Kings. For they are proud of their President. Who is he, they ask themselves, who thus condemns all hereditary distinctions of rank, and yet must have outwardly at least honoured them all his days—perhaps may have in his own humble obscurity claimed alliance by birth with the illustrious? An Established Church the Americans did not choose to have, thinking it not suited to their condition; but even they are not so sure that it may not work well in Britain, nor are they ignorant of the reverence in which it has there been held for ages by the wisest, the greatest, and the best in the land. Our friend talks of settling among them, and they coldly tell him that if he does so, and is not idle, he will always leave what they believe, from his words, is not always to be had in his own country, even on that condition—*enough to cut.*

We cannot help thinking, that obvious—commonplace, if you will—as are these observations, they have not always been attended to by travellers. Some of them have gone to America because they could not conveniently stay at home, and having been no great favourites here, either of fame or fortune, they hoped to become at once more popular and more prosperous, by appealing to national pride, or flattering national vanity; not having the sense to see that the one cannot be gratified but by some respect paid to it by the distinguished, nor the other but by some unctio applied to it by the eloquent; and that a young people, conscious of their own place among the nations, which they have won for themselves by victorious energies, yearly achieving wider triumphs, would not give the snap of a finger for a mean foreigner's praise, though they might give the thump of a fist for his blame; while, were he very abusive, some skilful Kentuck might give him a practical lesson in the gouging art. The best Americans come here; and guarding inviolably their love and admiration

of their own country, as the greatest on earth, from all approach of any feeling towards ours, that could, however slightly, seem to interfere in their minds with their boundless esteem for their own mighty Mother of Rivers, yet they have walked and talked pleasantly with us about our minute Mother of Rills, and smiled philosophically and philanthropically to hear us eloquent on monarchy with its crowns, and sceptres, and thrones—on our nobility with its stars and garters—on our clergy—in the South—with wigs, and cassocks, and surplices, and some of them, moreover—the Bishops—with mitre, and crosier, and lawn sleeves, beautiful to see as folds of the new-fallen snow—and on a thousand other useful, and ornamental, and venerable things, respected, and admired, and hallowed in this our nook of the Old World, which in the New are no more than dreams sometimes passing over the brain of Jonathan ere he awakes, smiling at their absurdity, to the touch of the morning light. New-Yorkists—Bostonians—or Philadelphians—they were all alike—in their courtesies and in ours—true to America, nor yet to Britain unjust; nor have we ever once, in all our intercourse with them, been made to endure the mean misery of seeing the face of one who thought of gaining our good-will by lowering the Stripes and Stars.

“That cuts both ways,” quoth some starving samph. “No,” quoth Christopher North—“it cuts but one way—right through your stupid skull.”

Hall and Hamilton are travellers of the right stamp. They have both served their King and country—by sea and land—and they know the Americans can fight—but they know they cannot fight better—nor so well—as the British. They have both seen many other countries—yet saw they never one, they think, equal to their own—not even America; and for saying so, the gallant Captain has been abused—to his heart's content—on both sides of the water. Yet on both sides of the water he is respected; as every man will be who does his best to understand and to utter the truth. Two charges have been brought against him; one—that he was once

a Whig and is now a Tory; or rather that he was once a little bit of a Republican, and is now as staunch a Monarchy-man as Lord Eldon; the other—that he enjoyed the hospitality of the Americans, and then found fault with their national institutions and character. If he ever was a Whig, it must have been when he was a middy; and all middies—the wicked wretches—are Whiglings—though most of the best of them grow up, as their minds get bone and muscle, into Tories. As to being a little-bit of a Republican, all men of spirit are so, for that form of government is full of fire. But its fire is not so steady and well directed as that of a monarchy, and its great guns are liable to burst. So thought Captain Hall, after having been a good while on board the America; and he now prefers, for many reasons, manfully assigned, the service on board the Britannia. They must be magnanimous men, with souls as large as their stomachs, who praise to the skies the political and social institutions of the Americans, and far above the skies all their virtues, because in their steam-boats, in self-defence, they may have spat, in their boarding-houses they may have attempted to sleep, and in their taverns they may have eaten, not unpaid for, a canvass-back duck. At Ordinaries or Extraordinaries he was well received, for he is no “rude and boisterous captain of the sea,” nor did he, though outspoken, ever in his life “fasten a quarrel” on any body; and as he did not keep his mouth shut there and then, we see no reason why he should do so here and now, or repay in butter the grease which he must have swallowed with his viands among those fat-loving Federalists, in that liking, at least, at one with the Republicans. Private hospitality he likewise enjoyed; and as we will venture to say, he did not abuse it by an inordinate appetite, so neither has he failed to express his sense of it by due praise of that exclusively American, nor, in any civilized country, cardinal virtue. But gratitude for a good dinner, though lasting, need not, except with the habitually hungry, be profound; nor ought it to reign paramount over every other feeling that

may be awakened by the New World, in the soul of a native of the Old.

How “Men and Manners in America, by the Author of *Cyril Thornton*,” may be received there, we do not know; his political opinions, as all who have read our last Number must have seen, and most of them been delighted to see, are what we call Constitutional. That is enough to make them disrelished by many here; yet is his tone so temperate, his disposition so candid, and his reasons for the faith that is in him given so manfully, that we perceive some of the most enlightened men of other schools have spoken with respect of his principles, and of his talents with admiration. They could do no less. Every thing, with him, is above board. He puts on paper his experiences, pleasant or painful, important or of small moment, plainly and with no exaggerated expressions of praise or censure, wishing to make Americans neither better nor worse, neither more repulsive nor more attractive, than, to his mind, they are; and his impressions he gives to the Public, as forming, in his belief, a true picture. In the plan of his work he has exemplified, we think, a happy medium between anecdotal sketchiness, and formal disquisition, frequently intermingling his narrative of incidents, of sights seen, and conversations held in his hearing that he might show the Notions of Americans, with reflections and reasonings, to our minds almost always just, often singularly acute, and sometimes masterly and profound. He gives us the result of what he has seen and heard, not of what he has read; he does not indulge himself in quotations; for he is not ambitious of the character of an accomplished compiler, but expects, and he will not be disappointed, that his volumes may be considered a contribution by a Traveller, to that part of the literature of his own country—and it is rich—which aims at illustrating the character of other countries, and the spirit of their institutions.

In a prefatory letter, addressed to his friend, William Wokryche Whitmore, Esq., M.P.—whose course as a politician, he justly says, has ever been “straight-forward and consis-

tent, and than whom he knows no one who brings to the discharge of his public duties a mind less biassed by prejudice, or more philosophically solicitous for the attainment of truth,"—he says, that he "makes no pretension to the impartiality of a cosmopolite," and in writing of the institutions of a foreign country, "may have been influenced by the prejudices natural to an Englishman." But he adds, "I am aware of no prejudices which could lead me to form a perverted estimate of the condition, moral or social, of the Americans. I visited their country with no antipathies to be overcome; and I doubt not you can bear testimony that my political sentiments were not such as to make it probable that I could regard with an unfavourable eye the popular character of their government. In the United States I was received with kindness, and enjoyed an intercourse at once gratifying and instructive, with many individuals for whom I can never cease to cherish the warmest sentiments of esteem. I neither left England a visionary and discontented man, nor did I return to it a man of blighted prospects and disappointed hopes. In the business or ambitious of the world I had long ceased to have any share. I was bound to no party, and pledged to no opinions. I had visited many countries; and may therefore be permitted to claim the possession of such advantages as foreign travel can bestow. Under these circumstances I leave it to the ingenuity of others to discover by what probable—what possible temptation—I could be induced to write in a spirit of unjust depreciation of the manners, morals, or institutions of a people so intimately connected with England, by the ties of interest, and the affinities of common ancestry."

All this we know to be true to a tittle; and the same liberal spirit which belongs to the man pervades his book. Liberality, except of the purest water, taken by itself, is no high quality, one would think, in a traveller. Some travellers—in and out of the Club—have nothing else; and on strength of that imputation are presented with a certain sort of popularity as spurious perhaps as the virtue. For it is very apt to be spurious. A liberal is often a

lazy and licentious lout, who allows to all other men the liberty of indulging themselves in any way they choose, in the expectation, or rather on the condition, of being allowed to claim the same privilege, and exercise the same right. All the rest of the race are bigots. Such liberals as these cut up no "customs of the country." "Men and Manners" are everywhere all right; for everywhere a liberal can find enjoyment to his mind, and having found that, he would feel it to be most illiberal to find fault with other men for deriving theirs from a different source. A tinge of this kind of liberality colours the characters of many men, ambitious, against their better nature, of the praise so plentifully bestowed, in some circles, on this vicious virtue. But there is a liberality pure as light, with which a man like the Author of *Cyril Thornton* may be clothed as with a garment no contamination is suffered to soil. He who wears it, keeps aloof from all vulgarity and baseness, and will not only withhold from them all his sympathies, but if he must speak of them, it will be with abhorrence or disgust. For brutal manners belong but to brutes; and as you know a swine by his grunting, so from much that is far worse than grunting, or even wallowing in the mire, you know many creatures, by courtesy called men, who are but animals more loathsome than is in the power of any quadruped.

And this leads us to say that not one man in a hundred is qualified—and, therefore, is he not entitled to judge at all—to judge rightly of the Manners either of individuals, of professions, or of nations. To judge rightly of either, a man must not only have fine, and at the same time sound moral feelings, healthy sensibilities of all common kinds, and cultivated and not exclusive tastes, but he must have had personal experiences extending through a wide range, and have been familiar with many phases of many-coloured life. Yet among wandering individuals, many slenderly provided, indeed, with such qualifications, many more without a single one of them, and not a few not only thus destitute, but themselves distinguished for natural and acquired vulgarity, callous

moral feelings, coarse tastes, confined experiences, comprehensive ignorance, and by way of finish, a quantity of what is called cleverness, one of the worst of the small curses of this life—away they all go—the last class chiefly Cockneys—off to the Continent—to Paris perhaps—or Vienna—or even Madrid—nay, to Rome—but of late years shoals to America—for there they have heard that the people speak a sort of English—and on their return they must needs present to the public the fruits of their foreign travel, their views of “Men and Manners”—perhaps in Courts; Bolt-court in Fleet Street having been the highest at which they had previously been presented, and of which a choice few had the *entrée*.

From such travellers how delightful to turn to the Author of Cyril Thornton! Here he is—and we wish we had been with him—in New York. His first impressions, on leaving his not unpleasant imprisonment in the packet—where his fellow voyagers had been all agreeable, the fore excellent, the crew expert, and Captain Bennet a seaman and a gentleman—were all favourable; and along with several of his friends among the passengers, he appears to have made a most substantial dinner at Niblo's, the London Tavern of New York. It consisted of oyster soup, shad, venison, partridges, grouse, wild-ducks of different varieties, and “several other dishes less notable.” Soup, fish, flesh, and fowl, simultaneously furnished the table—a plan of which we highly approve—for how wretched is the cold white frost-and-snow expanse of a long wide table—with two or even three soups! to be succeeded by a severe winter of few and far-between fish! The consequence was—he says—that “the greater part of the dishes were cold, before the guests were prepared to attack them.” This shewed a sad want of preparation—and had we been there to set an example of despatch, there would have been no such disastrous delay. However, they all duly disappeared; and he says “the wines were excellent—the company agreeable in all respects, and I do not remember to have passed a more pleasant evening, than that of my first arrival in New York.” And the morning, to our mind, must

have been almost as pleasant—for the following is a “material breakfast:”—

“I had nearly completed my toilet on the morning after my arrival, when the tinkling of a large bell gave intimation that the hour of breakfast was come. I accordingly descended as speedily as possible to the *salle à manger*, and found a considerable party engaged in doing justice to a meal, which, at first glance, one would scarcely have guessed to be a breakfast. Solid viands of all descriptions loaded the table, while, in the occasional intervals, were distributed dishes of rolls, toast, and cakes of buck-wheat and Indian corn. At the head of the table, sat the landlady, who, with an air of complacent dignity, was busied in the distribution of tea and coffee. A large bevy of negroes were bustling about, ministering with all possible alacrity, to the many wants which were somewhat vociferously obtruded on their attention. Towards the upper end of the table, I observed about a dozen ladies, but by far the larger portion of the company were of the other sex.

“The contrast of the whole scene, with that of an English breakfast-table, was striking enough. Here was no loitering nor lounging; no dipping into newspapers; no apparent lassitude of appetite; no intervals of repose in mastication; but all was hurry, bustle, clamour, and voracity, and the business of repletion went forward, with a rapidity altogether unexampled. The strenuous efforts of the company were of course soon rewarded with success. Departures, which had begun even before I took my place at the table, became every instant more numerous, and in a few minutes the apartment had become, what Moore beautifully describes in one of his songs, “a banquet-hall deserted.” The appearance of the table under such circumstances, was by no means gracious either to the eye or the fancy. It was strewed thickly with the *disjecta membra* of the entertainment. Here, lay fragments of fish, somewhat unpleasantly odoriferous; there, the skeleton of a chicken; on the right, a mustard-pot upset, and the cloth, *passim*, defiled with stains of eggs, coffee, gravy—but I will not go on with the picture. One nasty custom, however, I must notice. Eggs, instead of being cut from the shell, are poured into a wine-glass, and after being duly and disgustingly churned up with butter and condiment, the mixture, according to its degree of fluidity, is forthwith either spooned to the mouth, or

drank off like a liquid. The advantage gained by this unpleasant process, I do not profess to be qualified to appreciate, but I can speak from experience, to its sedative effect on the appetite of an unpractised beholder."

He now despatched his letters of introduction; but several gentlemen who had merely heard of his arrival through the medium of his fellow-passengers, "and on whose civility he had no claim," called upon him, tendered a welcome to their city, and the still more obliging offer of their services. His letters, too, did not fail of procuring him a plentiful influx of visitors. Numerous invitations followed, and, by the extreme kindness of his new friends, free admission was at once afforded him to the best society in New York. How and why was all this? His reputation as an author was high in America, and thus was honour shewn to his literary character on his first arrival in New York. He had reason to be proud of such reception—it did him no more than deserved honour; and most honourable was it, not to the hospitality merely of the citizens of New York, but to their character; for such a tribute to genius and talent proved their enlightened understanding and true feeling of excellence in literature, after a manner, we are sorry to say, which might not have been exhibited on this side of the Atlantic—no, not even in the Modern Athens—though we believe it would have been in the Queen of the Clyde—to Washington Irving or Cooper.

"The first impression made by an acquaintance with the better educated order of American gentlemen, is certainly very pleasing. There is a sort of republican plainness and simplicity in their address, quite in harmony with the institutions of their country. An American bows less than an Englishman; he deals less in mere conventional forms and expressions of civility; he pays few or no compliments; makes no unmeaning or overstrained professions; but he takes you by the hand with a cordiality which at once intimates, that he is disposed to regard you as a friend. Of that higher grace of manner, inseparable perhaps from the artificial distinctions of European society, and of which, even those most conscious of its hollowness, cannot always resist the attraction, few speci-

mens are of course to be found, in a country like the United States; but of this I am sure, that such a reception as I have experienced in New York, is far more gratifying to a stranger, than the farce of ceremony, however gracefully it may be performed."

Let us then, at once, hear what one, himself in all things a gentleman, says of the ladies of New York.

"I have observed many countenances remarkable for beauty, among the more youthful portion of the fair promenaders. But unfortunately beauty in this climate is not durable. Like 'the ghosts of Banquo's fated line,' it comes like a shadow, and so departs. At one or two-and-twenty the bloom of an American lady is gone, and the more substantial materials of beauty follow soon after. At thirty the whole fabric is in decay, and nothing remains but the tradition of former conquests, and anticipations of the period when her reign of triumph will be vicariously restored in the person of her daughter.

"The fashions of Paris reach even to New York, and the fame of Madame Maradan Carson has already transcended the limits of the Old World, and is diffused over the New. I pretend to be something of a judge in such matters, and therefore pronounce *ex cathedra*, that the ladies of New York are well dressed, and far from inelegant. The average of height is certainly lower than among my fair countrywomen; the cheek is without colour, and the figure sadly deficient in *co-bon-poit*. But with all these disadvantages, I do not remember to have seen more beauty than I have met in New York. The features are generally finely moulded, and not unfrequently display a certain delightful harmony, which reminds one of the *Bell-Donne* of St Peter's and the Pincian Mount. The mouth alone is not beautiful; it rarely possesses the charm of fine teeth, and the lips want colour and fulness. The carriage of these fair Americans is neither French nor English, for they have the good sense to adopt the peculiarities of neither. They certainly do not paddle along, with the short steps and affected carriage of a Parisian belle, nor do they consider it becoming to walk the streets with the stride of a grenadier. In short, though I may have occasionally encountered more grace, than has met my observation since my arrival in the United States, assuredly I have never seen less of external deportment, which the most rigid and fastidious critic could fairly censure."

These are slight but characteristic touches—and we shall take a flight, for a few minutes, to Baltimore to have a look at the fair Marylanders, of whose grace and elegance we have so often heard—though always with lamentation that the flowers were so fading—no sooner “blown than blasted” by some fatal quality in that beauty-withering clime.

“The ladies of Baltimore, I have already intimated, are remarkable for personal attraction; indeed, I am not aware that, in proportion to the numbers assembled, I have ever seen so much beauty as in the parties at Baltimore. The figure is perhaps deficient in height, but sylphlike and graceful; the features are generally regular and delicately moulded, and the fair Baltimoreans are less remarkable than American ladies usually are for the absence of a certain fulness and grace of proportion, to which, from its rarity, one is led perhaps to attach somewhat too much value as an ingredient of beauty.

“The figure of an American lady, when past the first bloom of youth, presents an aggregate of straight lines and corners altogether ungraceful and inharmonious. There is an overweening proportion of bone, which occasionally protrudes in quarters where it certainly adds nothing to the general charms of the person. The result is, perhaps, a certain tendency to *scragginess*, which I have no doubt to the eye of a young poet would be exceedingly annoying. A middle-aged gentleman, however, looks on such objects through a medium more philosophical; and I imagine, that, were it possible to combine the scattered and impalpable elements of female attraction, and to form a fair estimate of their amount, the ladies of the United States would have no deficiency to lament in comparison with other nations.”

Of Baltimore, our traveller says that hospitality is frequent and habitual, and in no other city of the United States are there so few of the sordid characteristics of traffic apparent to a stranger. There is more effort than elsewhere to combine the pleasures of social life with professional labour. The effect of this is generally felt in society. The tone of conversation is lighter and more agreeable, and topics of mere commercial interest are rarely obtruded at the dinner-table. The ladies are exceedingly well-bred, and one of them was shocked to

think she had inadvertently hurt the feelings of the Author of *Cyril Thornton*, by thoughtlessly asking him if he had seen their “Battle-Monument.” It was erected to commemorate the repulse on the attack of the city by the British, during the late war. Struck as if by sudden recollection, she apologized for having mentioned the subject, on account of the painful feelings which could not but be awakened in the mind of an Englishman by mention of the name of a memorial of failure in his country’s arms. He stood the question like an old soldier. But her apologies for having wounded his feelings became more strenuous as he continued to declare he suffered no pain. “As it was evidently agreeable that I should appear in the light of a mortified man, I at length judged it better to desist from farther disclamation.” The polite stranger adds, that “the idea of being distressed at the failure of the attack on Baltimore, is perhaps somewhat closely connected with the ludicrous;” and to contain his gravity, since he thought so, was one proof among a hundred in his book of that good-breeding which never deserts him; but the idea does not, in the imagination of a Baltimore lady, we confess, appear to us so ludicrous as that idea prevalent in the imagination of all the ladies in the Highlands, and in that of many, perhaps most, in the Lowlands of Scotland, that the battle of Waterloo was won, with little assistance from other regiments, by the gallant Forty-Second and the terrible Scots Greys. The names of those who fell in defence of Baltimore were engraven on the “Battle-Monument;” it was a repulse of some importance to the city; and ’twas as natural and laudable for the light-clthed ladies who inhabited there, and for whom that portion of American militia and of regulars fought and died, to believe that they had shorn off the beams of the whole British army for ever, as it was for the long-gowned ladies of Troy to exult over the defeat of Agamemnon and all his host, when Hector rushed on to set fire to the Grecian fleet. We love the Beauties of Baltimore for their patriotism, even more than their personal charms, for it will outlive “a certain

tendency to scragginess," and to our eyes, robe them in perpetual youth. But we fly back, in the twinkling of an eye, to New York.

"On the last night of the year there was a public assembly, to which I received the honour of an invitation. The ball-rooms were very tolerable, but the entrance detestable. It led close past the bar of the City Hotel, and the ladies, in ascending the stair, which, by the by, was offensively dirty, must have been drenched with tobacco smoke. Within, however, I found assembled a great deal of beauty. At seventeen, nothing can be prettier than a smiling damsel of New York. At twenty-two, the same damsel, metamorphosed into a matron, has lost a good deal of her attraction. I had never been in so large and miscellaneous a party before. I looked about for solecisms of deportment, but could detect none on the part of the ladies. There was, however, a sort of *transatlanticism* about them; and even their numerous points of resemblance to my fair country-women, had the effect of marking out certain shadowy differences, to be felt rather than described.

"There was certainly an entire absence of what the French call *l'air noble*,—of that look of mingled elegance and distinction which commands admiration rather than solicits it. Yea the New York ladies are not vulgar. Far from it. I mean only to say that they are not precisely European; and with the possession of so much that is amiable and attractive, they may safely plead guilty to want of absolute conformity to an arbitrary standard, the authority of which they are not bound to acknowledge.

"But what shall be said of the gentlemen? Why, simply that a party of the new police, furnished forth with the requisite *loggery*, would have played their part in the ball-room with about as much grace. There is a certain uncontrollable rigidity of muscle about an American, and a want of sensibility to the lighter graces of deportment, which makes him perhaps the most unhelpful of all the votaries of Terpsichore. In this respect the advantage is altogether on the side of the ladies. Their motions are rarely inelegant, and never grotesque. I leave it to other travellers to extend this praise to the gentlemen.

"An American dandy is a being *sui generis*. He has probably travelled in Europe, and brought back to his own country, a large stock of second-rate

fopperies, rings, trinkets, and gold chains, which he displays, evidently with full confidence in their powers of captivation. For a season after his return he is all the fashion. He suggests new improvements in quadrille dancing, and every flourish of his toe becomes the object of sedulous imitation. Tailors wait on him to request the privilege of inspecting his wardrobe. His untravelled companions regard with envy his profusion of jewellery and waistcoats of figured velvet. He talks of "Dukes and Earls, and all their sweeping train; and garters, stars, and coronets, appear" in his conversation, as if such things had been familiar to him from his infancy. In short, he reigns for a time the *Magnus Apollo* of his native town, and his decrees in all matters of taste are received as the oracles of the god.

"But time passes on. The traveller has returned to the vulgar drudgery of the counting-house; his coats, like his affectations, become threadbare, and are replaced by the more humble productions of native artists; later tourists have been the heralds of newer fashions and fopperies; his opinions are no longer treated with deference; he sinks to the level of other men, and the vulgar dandy is gradually changed into a plain American citizen, content with the comforts of life, without concerning himself about its elegancies."

This is a pleasant description, and there can be no doubt that it is true, and unexaggerated; nor is it meant to be a description of men and manners peculiar to New York in America. Assemblies, as they are called with us, dancing assemblies, card assemblies, at which cards are cut by the old and elderly, and capers by the young and middle-aged, we have assisted at—towards the close of last century—in this country—in England and in Scotland—we must not be more particular that we may not be very personal—where there was much that appears to us, at this distance of time and place, to have been exceedingly queer. Waltzes and quadrilles were not in those days; but country-dances—so were they pronounced and spelt—did much abound and rebound; an occasional cotillon gave imposing solemnity, and a solitary minuet inexpressible grace, to the scene; but oh! the joy of all joys was a rattling reel—jig-time alternating with strathspeys—and that most

elegant of all side-steps, the Breeze, suddenly transformed into the Highland Fling, in which young ladies and gentlemen, who had never seen any thing of the Highlands but a Highland regiment on parade, did nevertheless, by the fine force of natural instinct, inspired by uncontrollable glee, "play such fantastic tricks before high heaven as made even angels smile." Human nature is the same all over the world—

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Throughout his whole Book, our Traveller speaks with pleasure and praise of the American ladies. He regrets that their presence so seldom adorns the dinner-table. That too seldom happens even at New York, and still seldomer at Boston. There he saw but little of them, as he was at but one ball. But what he did see was all corroborative of the high account he had heard of their attractions. These fair New Englanders, he says, partake of the endemic gravity of expression, which sits well on them, because it is natural. In amount of acquirement they are very superior, he believes, to any other ladies of the Union. They talk well and gracefully of novels and poetry; are accomplished in music and the living languages; and, though the New York ladies charge them with being *dowdyish* in dress, he is not sure that their taste in this respect is not purer, as it certainly is more simple, than that of their fair accusers.

In what are commonly called accomplishments, then, the best-educated young ladies in the Union are in no way inferior, it would appear, to the best-educated young ladies in Britain. Of course, the families of the highest gentry and of the aristocracy in England, in as far as "accomplishments" are concerned, are far more highly educated than in any Union or Disunion on the face of the earth. But he speaks in many places of what is far better than "accomplishments;" of modesty of manner, delicacy of feeling, sweetness of disposition, and unsullied purity of thought, of honour bright, affectionate warmth of heart, moral worth, and a deep sense of religion—all of which are found united in the wo-

men of America, who are as good daughters, wives, and mothers, as are on the face of the earth.

The formalities of a New York dinner do not differ, we are told, from those of an English one. When a "dinner party" is given, it is always on a great scale. "Earth, air, and ocean are ransacked for their productions. The whole habits of the family are deranged. The usual period of the meal (three o'clock) is postponed for several hours; and considering the materials of which an American *ménage* is composed, it is difficult to conceive the bustle and confusion participated by each member of the establishment, from Peter, the copper-coloured groom of the chambers, to Silvia, the black kitchen-wench."

A good deal of the same bustle and confusion, we suspect, convulses most families of a corresponding rank, in this country of ours; and in many where the usual dinner-hour is five, *jimp*, the good people put it off (we pity the poor lunch) till seven by the card and kitchen clock.

The conversation in drawing-rooms in New York, as in every house in Britain, "is generally languid enough;" but here it is silently enlivened by the fair sex, in number nicely proportioned to us ugly males; whereas the Ladies there are like angels, "few and far between."

The conversation at a "dinner-party" there—in the dining-room—is pretty much the same as here—"generally languid enough;" but the drawing up of the curtain, or rather the unfolding of the doors, gives rise there to a scene of activity and animation which we might in vain look for here in a private house.

"The folding-doors which communicate with the dining-room are thrown open, and all paradise is at once let in on the soul of a gourmand. The table, instead of displaying, as with us, a mere beggarly account of fish and soup, exhibits an array of dishes closely wedged in triple column, which it would require at least an acre of mahogany to deploy into line. Plate, it is true, does not contribute much to the splendour of the prospect, but there is quite enough for comfort, though not perhaps for display. The lady of the mansion is handed in form to her seat, and the entertainment begins. The domestics, black, white, snuff-co-

loured, and nankeen, are in motion; plates vanish and appear again as if by magic; turtle, cold-blooded by nature, has become hot as Sir Charles Wetherell, and certainly never moved so rapidly before. The flight of ham and turkey is unceasing; venison bounds from one end of the table to the other, with a velocity never exceeded in its native forest; and the energies of twenty human beings are all evidently concentrated in one common occupation."

What kind of houses do such hospitable people inhabit? Roomy and convenient—diningroom and drawingroom uniformly on the ground-floor. The diningrooms differ in nothing from English ones; but the drawingrooms are "more primitive;" of the most opulent classes—and perhaps so much the better—plain. In furniture they do not there seek to display their riches—as too many of us seek to display our poverty.

"Every thing is comfortable, but every thing is plain. Here are no buhl tables, nor or-molu clocks, nor gigantic mirrors, nor cabinets of japan, nor draperies of silk or velvet, and one certainly does miss those thousand elegancies with which the taste of British ladies delights in adorning their apartments. In short, the appearance of an American mansion is decidedly republican. No want remains unsupplied, while nothing is done for the gratification of a taste for expensive luxury. This is as it should be. There are few instances of such opulence in America as would enable its owner, without inconvenience, to lavish thousands on pictures, and mirrors, and china vases. In such a country, there are means of profitable outlay for every shilling of accumulated capital, and the Americans are too prudent a people to invest in objects of mere taste, that which, in the more vulgar shape of cotton or tobacco, would tend to the replenishing of their pockets."

But we defy the richest among them to have such delightful drawingrooms as all our rich people of any taste have and ought to have, *with such servants.*

These are chiefly people of colour, who, being a degraded, are a deteriorated race, and servitude partakes of the stain of slavery. There, indeed, all meanness is in the word—**Menial.** Such perpetual supervi-

sion does a coloured servant require, that an American matron must be her own housekeeper—almost her own slave. The place of master of an establishment—that is, father of a family—is, in house affairs, there no sinecure. "A butler is out of the question. He would much rather know that the keys of his cellar were at the bottom of the Hudson, than in the pocket of black Cæsar." Some families, under this torment, have tried Irishmen. Neither Scotchmen nor Englishmen will accept a situation considered degrading by all untainted by the curse of African blood. Pat pockets the cash, puts his richest brogue on the disgrace, and the moment he has got the requisite number of dollars in an old worsted stocking, "starts off to the back country." Thus are some houses menialed by a constant succession of very odd whites, who would make queer work "among buhl tables, or-molu clocks, gigantic mirrors, cabinets of Japan, and draperies of silk and velvet." As it is, no white servant is ever stationary in a place. It is said pleasantly, "He comes a mere clodpole, and is no sooner taught his duty than he accepts the Chiltern Hundreds; and a new writ must forthwith be issued for a tenant of the pantry. Now, though annual elections may be very good things in the body *politic*, the most democratic American will probably admit, that, in the body *domestique*, the longer the members keep their seats the better. Habits of office are of some value in a valet, as well as in a secretary of state; and how these are to be obtained by either functionary, as matters are at present ordered in this country, I profess myself at a loss to understand."

It becomes, under such a system of domestic economy, no easy matter for a foreigner to find his way to the wished-for port. The process of opening the front-door is so simple, that, after waiting during no very considerable segment of human life, you may hope to get entrance into the hall; but there the menial, black, brown, or white, pure African, mixed mulatto, or tight boy of the sod, leaves you to your conjectures on the geography of the solitary place.

"When you enter an American house, either in quality of casual visitor or invited guest, the servant never thinks of ushering you to the company; on the contrary, he immediately disappears, leaving you to explore your way, in a navigation of which you know nothing, or to amuse yourself in the passage by counting the hat-pegs and umbrellas. In a strange house, one cannot take the liberty of bawling for assistance, and the choice only remains of opening doors on speculation, with the imminent risk of intruding on the bedroom of some young lady, or of cutting the gordian knot by escaping through the only one you know any thing about. I confess, that the first time I found myself in this unpleasant predicament, the latter expedient was the one I adopted, though I fear not without offence to an excellent family, who, having learned the fact of my admission, could not be supposed to understand the motive of my precipitate retreat."

Hitherto we have been with the Author of Cyril Thornton in the best society of New York, that is in America; for there is none better either in Boston, Washington, Baltimore, or Philadelphia. We have been in gentlemen's houses. But suppose we take a meal, or if not hungry, see a meal taken in a tavern, aloft or ashore. And first for a shore hotel.

"At New York, the common dinner hour is three o'clock, and I accordingly hurried back to the hotel. Having made such changes and ablutions as the heat of the court-rooms had rendered necessary, I descended to the bar, an apartment furnished with a counter, across which supplies of spirits and cigars are furnished to all who desiderate such luxuries. The bar, in short, is the lounging place of the establishment; and here, when the hour of dinner is at hand, the whole inmates of the hotel may be found collected. On the present occasion, the room was so full, that I really found it difficult to get farther than the door. At length a bell sounded, and no sooner did its first vibration reach the ears of the party, than a sudden rush took place towards the diningroom, in which—being carried forward by the crowd—I soon found myself. The extreme precipitation of this movement appeared somewhat uncalled for, as there was evidently no difficulty in procuring places; and on looking round the apartment, I perceived the whole party comfortably seated.

"To a gentleman with a keen appe-

tite, the *coup d'œil* of the dinner-table was far from unpleasing. The number of dishes was very great. The style of cookery neither French nor English, though certainly approaching nearer to the latter, than to the former. The dressed dishes were decidedly bad, the sauces being composed of little else than liquid grease, which, to a person like myself, who have an inherent detestation of every modification of oleaginous matter, was an objection altogether insuperable. On the whole, however, it would be unjust to complain. If, as the old adage hath it, 'in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom,' so may it be averred, as equally consistent with human experience, that in the multitude of dishes there is good eating. After several unsuccessful experiments, I did discover unobjectionable viands, and made as good a dinner, as the ambition of an old catapaigner could desire.

"Around, I beheld the same scene of gulping and swallowing, as if for a wager, which my observations at breakfast had prepared me to expect. In my own neighbourhood there was no conversation. Each individual seemed to *pitchfork* his food down his gullet, without the smallest attention to the wants of his neighbour. If you asked a gentleman to help you from any dish before him, he certainly complied, but in a manner that shewed you had imposed on him a disagreeable office; and instead of a *slice*, your plate generally retained loaded with a solid massive wedge of animal matter. The New York carvers had evidently never graduated at Vaux-hall.

"Brandy bottles were ranged at intervals along the table, from which each guest helped himself as he thought proper. As the dinner advanced, the party rapidly diminished; before the second course, a considerable portion had taken their departure, and comparatively few waited the appearance of the dessert. Though brandy was the prevailing beverage, there were many also who drank wine, and a small knot of three or four (whom I took to be countrymen of my own) were still continuing the carousal when I left the apartment.

"An American is evidently by no means a convivial being. He seems to consider eating and drinking as necessary tasks, which he is anxious to discharge as speedily as possible. I was at first disposed to attribute this singularity to the claims of business, which, in a mercantile community, might be found inconsistent with more prolonged en-

joyment of the table. But this theory was soon relinquished, for I could not but observe, that many of the most expeditious bolters of dinner spent several hours afterwards, in smoking and lounging at the bar."

We cannot charge our memory with any such extraordinary Ordinary as this in England. In Scotland, certainly, there is nothing to be compared to it. Our Ordinaries are dull and slow. No want of victuals, and fair knives and forks are played; but the performers eat with a steady rather than a voracious appetite; and he who, on being twice requested to help you to no very difficult dish, does so with an air of bieuissance and beneficence, does not pass, during the remainder of the afternoon or evening, for the Singular Gentleman. He may be an Oddity, but on other grounds. In England we have seen very spirited Ordinaries—especially at Newmarket. All men seek to shun goose, as if it were the Glasgow Gender himself; and even turkey is in bad odour. Chops, and steaks, and stews, if not within reach of some men, are within the power of others; and prudent people, who know how to make up their books, manage to dine at the cost of little perspiration. Indeed, should Mr Gully happen to preside, all is decorum; especially if the company be so fortunate as to see him faced by Crutch Robinson.

Last time we breakfasted in a steam-boat was on the Clyde, between Bowling Bay and Greenock. The utmost order was in the cabin. The Steward had a still steadiness that performed wonders, and contrasted finely with the admirable agility of a couple of incomparable chaps, misnamed *waiters*, who waited on nobody, but like necromancers, or rather ministering spirits, bedropt the plates of all, each with a Loch Fine herring of unutterable richness, "fat, fair, and forty," shining like silver ore, in a circle of beauty and delight, that almost drew tears from our eyes. Open your mouth, and in went a muffin. Muffins they might not be; but as any muffins were they melting in their delicious oiliness—nor ever ate we such a dozen of eggs. We are haunted by that Ham. Nobody seemed to cut him—who could? He fell off,

spontaneously, in crimson flake^s edged with snow, lovelier than sunset clouds. Hotching was that hen with clusters of yellow grapes—you know what we mean—as full of eggies far off the shell, as Cairngorm is of Scotch pebbles, but needing no setting, and without a flaw. Under the shadow of the Glenlivet, himself a host, and of greenest crystal, stood his mild coadjutors, coffee-pot and tea-pot, of the polished tin. You might have believed there were a dairy of cows chewing their cud in the hold, such was the cream. But the butter—it must have dropped from heaven—churned by the Zephyrs in the Milky Way. We were all Christians—but one Cockney—and we ate devoutly—even he seemed to feel pious—and when all was over, when all had floated away like a divine dream, never heard we such a Grace. We saw before us a future Moderator of the General Assembly, and felt that were he translated to Edinburgh, the annuity-tax would be paid without a murmur, and no man need to consent to be liberated from prison, nor yet disposed to go in—such was the unction of that Grace as it grew into a Prayer.

Contrast that breakfast with this, on board an American Steamer, and bless your stars that you were born, and hope to live and die, in Scotland.

"The scene at breakfast was a curiosity. I calculated the number of masticators at about three hundred, yet there was no confusion, and certainly no scarcity of provision. As for the waiters, their name might have been *Legion*, for they were many, and during the whole entertainment, kept skipping about with the most praiseworthy activity, some collecting money, and others engaged in the translation of outlets and coffee. The proceedings of the party *in* the breakfast, were no less brief and compendious affair, than I had observed them on shore. As for *cutting*, there was nothing like it discoverable on board the North America. Each man seemed to *devour*, under the uncontrollable impulse of some sudden hurricane of appetite, to which it would be difficult to find any parallel beyond the limits of the Zoological Gardens. A few minutes did the business. The clatter of knives and voices, vociferous at first, speedily waxed faint and fainter; plates, dishes, cups, and

saucers disappeared as if by magic; and every thing connected with the meal became so suddenly invisible, that but for internal evidence, which the hardest sceptic could scarcely have ventured to discredit, the breakfast in the North America might have passed for one of those gorgeous, but unreal visions, which, for a moment, mock the eye of the dreamer, and then vanish into thin air."

What is this? Is it grosser greediness and gluttony, vaster voracity, and intenser agony of enjoyment than are known on this side of the Atlantic? Or, with the same passion, the same power, and the same pleasure in its gratification, does all the difference lie not in the Men but in the Manners of America? 'Tis a puzzle. We are not entitled to say they are a hundred or a thousand years behind us in eating; for we read of no people, in the annals of history, who so gobbled; in no extant memorials of the "*Fumes Edendi*," read we of such monstrosities, in prose or verse. True, the Charaibes, who were cannibals, eat the Arrowauks in a very masterly manner; and so to this day do some anthropophagical tribes of the Indian Seas. But they keep to one dish—plain roast—nicely browned under leaves. The Americans, like Mammoths and Mastodontons, are omnivorous. The Author of Cyril Thornton theorizes on the phenomena, but does not "pluck out the heart of the mystery." The following passages, however, are picturesque.

"The truth is, that instead of being free, a large proportion of the American people live in a state of the most degrading bondage. No liberty of tongue can compensate for vassalage of stomach. In their own houses, perhaps, they may do as they please, though I much doubt whether any servants would consent to live in a family who adopted the barbarous innovation of dining at six o'clock, and breakfasting at eleven. But on the road, and in their hotels, they are assuredly any thing but freemen. Their hours of rest and refection are there dictated by Boniface, the most rigorous and iron-hearted of despots. And surely never was monarch blessed with more patient and obedient subjects! He feeds them in droves like cattle. He rings a bell, and they come like dogs at their master's whistle. He places before them what he thinks proper, and they swallow it without grumbling. His decrees are

as those of fate, and the motto of his establishment is, 'Submit or starve.'

"No man should travel in the United States without one of Baraud's best chronometers in his fob. In no other country can a slight miscalculation of time be productive of so much mischief. Woe to him whose steps have been delayed by pleasure or business, till the fatal hour has elapsed, and the dinner-cloth been removed. If he calculate on the emanation from the kitchen of smoking chop or spatchcock, he will be grievously deceived. Let him not look with contempt on half-coagulated soup, or fragments of cold fish, or the rhomboid of greasy pork, which has been reclaimed from the stock-barrel for his behoof. Let him accept in meekness what is set before him, or be content to go dinnerless for the day. Such are the horns of the dilemma, and he is free as air to choose on which he will be impaled."

It must be noble stemming, in these stupendous steam-boats, "up those great rivers, great as any seas;" and with all their internal horrors we should much prefer them to land-carriage. We hope our Transatlantic brethren will not be angry with us, for quoting an American stage-coach.

"On the following morning we were afoot betimes, and after a tolerable breakfast at a most unchristian hour, left Providence at seven o'clock, and I enjoyed my first introduction to an American stage-coach. Though what an Englishman accustomed to the luxuries of 'light-post coaches,' and Macadamised roads, might not unreasonably consider a wretched vehicle, the one in question was not so utterly abominable as to leave a Frenchman or an Italian any fair cause of complaint. It was of ponderous proportions, built with timbers, I should think about the size of those of an ordinary waggon, and was attached by enormous straps to certain massive irons, which nothing in the motion of the carriage could induce the traveller to mistake for *springs*. The sides of this carriage were simply curtains of leather, which, when the heat of the weather is inconvenient, can be raised to admit a freer ventilation. In winter, however, the advantages of this contrivance are more than apocryphal. The wind penetrates through a hundred small crevices, and with the thermometer below zero, this freedom of circulation is found not to add materially to the pleasures of a journey. The complement of passengers inside was nine,

divided into three rows, the middle seat being furnished with a strap, removable at pleasure, as a back support to the sitters. The driver also receives a companion on the box, and the charge for this place is the same as for those in the interior. The whole machine indeed was exceedingly clumsy, yet perhaps not more so than was rendered necessary by the barbarous condition of the road on which it travelled. The horses, though not handsome, were strong, and apparently well adapted for their work, yet I could not help smiling, as I thought of the impression the whole *set out* would be likely to produce on an English road. The flight of an air balloon would create far less sensation. If exhibited as a specimen of a fossil carriage, buried since the deluge, and lately discovered by Professor Buckland, it might pass without question as the family coach in which Noah conveyed his establishment to the ark. Then the Jehu! A man in rusty black, with the appearance of a retired grave-digger. Never was such a coachman seen within the limits of the four seas.

"Though the distance is only forty miles, we were eight hours in getting to Boston. The road, I remember to have set down at the time, as the very worst in the world, an opinion, which my subsequent experience as a traveller in the United States, has long since induced me to retract. It abounded in deep ruts, and huge stones which a little exercise of the hammer might have converted into excellent materials. English readers may smile when one talks seriously of the punishment of being jolted in a stage-coach, but to arrive at the end of a journey with bruised flesh and aching bones, is, on the whole, not particularly pleasant. For myself, I can truly say, that remembering all I have occasionally endured in the matter of locomotion on the American continent, the martyr to similar sufferings shall always enjoy my sincere sympathy. On the present occasion, to say nothing of lateral concussion, twenty times at least was I pitched up with violence against the roof of the coach, which, being as ill provided with stuffing as the cushions below, occasioned a few changes in my phrenological developments. One of the passengers, however,—a grave valetudinarian—assured me, that such unpleasant exercise was an admirable cure for dyspepsy, and that when suffering under its attacks, he found an unfailing remedy in being jolted over some forty or fifty miles of such roads as that we now travelled. At the moment, I certainly felt more incli-

ned to pity him for the remedy than the disease."

But perhaps the accommodations at the inns on the road compensate for all such sufferings—especially the beds. Our traveller had passed nearly three weeks in Boston; and the festivities of Christmas being over, he got into the mail-stage to return to New York. It was no great shakes. "Old and rickety; and the stuffing of the cushion had become so conglomerated into hard and irregular masses, as to impress the passengers with the conviction of being seated on a bed of pebbles." The weather was most dismal. The wind roared among the branches of the leafless trees, and beat occasionally against the carriage in gusts so violent as to threaten its overthrow. At length the clouds opened, and down came a storm of snow, which, in a few minutes, had covered the whole surface of the country as with a winding sheet. The mail-stage arrived at Worcester, and the hotel (not the Hop-Pole) was, like the landlady, in a thriving way.

"As the county court,—or some other,—was then sitting, the inn was crowded with lawyers and their clients, at least fifty of whom already occupied the public *salon*, which was certainly not more than twenty feet square. The passengers were left to scramble out of the coach as they best could in the dark, and afterwards to explore their way without the smallest notice, beyond that of a broad stare from the master of the house. On entering the room, I stood for some time, in the hope that a party who engrossed the whole fire, would compassionate our half-frozen condition, and invite our approach. Nothing, however, was farther from their thoughts than such benevolence. 'Friend, did you come by the stage?' asked a man immediately in my front. 'I guess you found it tar-nation cold.' I assured him his conjecture was quite correct, but the reply had not the effect of any relaxation of blockade. I soon observed, however, that my fellow-travellers elbowed their way without ceremony, and by adopting Rodney's manœuvre of cutting the line, had already gained a comfortable position in rear of the *cordon*. I therefore did not hesitate to follow their example, and pushing resolutely forward, at length enjoyed the sight and warmth of the blazing embers.

"In about half an hour, the ringing

of a bell gave welcome signal of supper, and accompanying my fellow-passengers to the eating-room, we found a plentiful meal awaiting our appearance. On the score of fare there was certainly no cause of complaint. There were dishes of beef-steaks—which in this country are generally about half the size of a newspaper,—broiled fowl, ham, cold turkey, toast—not made in the English fashion, but boiled in melted butter,—a kind of crumpet called waffles, &c. &c. The tea and coffee were poured out and handed by a girl with long ringlets and ear-rings, not remarkable for neatness of apparel, and who remained seated, unless when actually engaged in the discharge of her functions. Nothing could exceed the gravity of her expression and deportment, and there was an air of cool indifference about her mode of ministering to the wants of the guests, which was certainly far from prepossessing. This New England *M-me*, however, was good-looking, and with the addition of a smile would have been pleasing.

"Having concluded the meal, I amused myself on our return to the public room, by making observations on the company. The clamour of *Bibel* could not have been much worse than that which filled the apartment. I attempted to discriminate between lawyer and client, but the task was not easy. There was in both the same keen and callous expression of worldly anxiety; the same cold selfishness of look and manner. The scene altogether was not agreeable; many of the company were without shoes, others without a cravat, and compared with people of the same class in England, they were dirty both in habit and person. It is always unpleasant to mingle in a crowd, with the consciousness that you have no sympathy or fellow-feeling with the individuals that compose it. I therefore soon desisted from my task of observation, and having fully digested the contents of a Worcester newspaper, determined on retiring for the night.

"The process in England in such circumstances, is to ring for the chamber-maid, but in America there are no bells, and no chamber-maids. You therefore walk to the bar, and solicit the favour of being supplied with a candle, a request which is ultimately, though by no means immediately, complied with. You then explore the way to your apartment unassisted, and with about the same chance of success as the enterprising Parry in his hunt after the north-west passage. Your number is 63, but in what part of the mansion that number is to be found, you are of course without the means of probable

conjecture. Let it be supposed, however, that you are more fortunate than Captain Parry, and at length discover the object of your search. If you are an Englishman, and too young to have roughed it under Wellington, you are probably, what in this country is called 'mighty particular;' rejoice in a couple of comfortable pillows, to say nothing of a lurking prejudice in favour of multiplicity of blankets, especially with the thermometer some fifty degrees below the freezing point. Such luxuries, however, it is ten to one you will not find in the uncurtained crib in which you are destined to pass the night. Your first impulse, therefore, is to walk down stairs and make known your wants to the landlord. This is a mistake. Have nothing to say to him. You may rely on it, he is much too busy to have any time to throw away in humouring the whimsies of a foreigner; and should it happen, as it does sometimes in the New England States, that the establishment is composed of natives, your chance of a comfortable sleep for the night, is about as great as that of your gaining the Thirty Thousand pound prize in the lottery. But if there are black, and, still better, if there are Irish servants, your prospect of comfort is wonderfully improved. A *douceur*, judiciously administered, generally does the business, and when you at length recline after the fatigues of the day, you find your head has acquired at least six inches additional elevation, and the superincumbent weight of woollen has been largely augmented.

"It was at Worcester that I received this most useful information. Being in want of the above-mentioned accommodations, I deputed my servant to make an humble representation of my necessities to the landlord. The flinty heart of Boniface, however, was not to be moved. The young lady with the ringlets and ear-rings was no less inexorable, but, luckily for me, a coloured waiter was not proof against the eloquence of a quarter dollar. In five minutes the articles were produced, and as sailors say, 'I tumbled in for the night, with a reasonable prospect of warmth and comfort.'"

We find we have quoted so largely from these most amusing scenes, many more of which are sprinkled over the volumes, that we have little room left for "graver matter." But here is a passage equally amusing and instructive, and while it diverts, will set people a thinking:—

"It is the fashion to call the United States the land of liberty and equality. If the term equality be understood simply as implying, that there exists no privileged order in America, the assertion, though not strictly true, may pass. In any wider acceptation it is mere nonsense. There is quite as much practical equality in Liverpool as in New York. The magnates of the Exchange do not strut less proudly in the latter city than in the former; nor are their wives and daughters more backward in supporting their pretensions. In such matters legislative enactments can do nothing. Man's vanity, and the desire of distinction inherent in his nature, cannot be repressed. It obstructed in one outlet, it will only gush forth with greater vehemence at another. The most contemptible of mankind has some talent of mind or body, some attraction—virtue—accomplishment—dexterity—or gift of fortune,—in short, something real or imaginary, on which he arrogates superiority to those around him. The rich man looks down upon the poor, the learned on the ignorant, the orator on him unblest with the gift of tongues, and 'he that is a true-born gentleman, and stands upon the honour of his birth,' despises the *roturier*, whose talents have raised him to an estimation in society perhaps superior to his own.

'Thus it is with the men, and with the latter sex assuredly it is not different. No woman, conscious of attraction, was ever a republican in her heart. Beauty is essentially despotism—it uniformly asserts its power, and never yet consented to a surrender of privilege. I have certainly heard it maintained in the United States, that all men were equal, but never did I hear that assertion from the lips of a lady. On the contrary, the latter is always conscious of the full extent of her claims to preference and admiration, and is never satisfied till she feels them to be acknowledged. And what zephyr is too light to fill the gossamer sails of woman's vanity! The form of a feature, the whiteness of a hand, the shade of a ringlet, a cap, a feather, a trinket, a smile, a motion—all, or any of these, or distinctions yet finer and more shadowy, if such there be—are enough, here as elsewhere, to constitute the sign and shibboleth of her fantastic supremacy. It is in vain, therefore, to talk of female republicans; there exists, and can exist, no such being on either side of the Atlantic, for human nature is the same on both.

"In truth, the spirit of aristocracy

displays itself in this commercial community in every variety of form. One encounters it at every turn. 'Other night, at a ball, I had the honour to converse a good deal with a lady, who is confessedly a star of the first magnitude in the hemisphere of fashion. She enquired what I thought of the company. I answered, 'that I had rarely seen a party in any country in which the average of beauty appeared to me to be so high.'

"'Indeed!' answered my fair companion, with an expression of surprise; 'it would seem that you English gentlemen are not difficult to please; but does it strike you, that the average is equally high as regards air, manner, fashion?'

"'In regard to such matters,' I replied, 'I certainly could not claim for the party in question any remarkable distinction; but that, in a scene so animated, and brilliant with youth, beauty, and gaiety of spirit, I was little disposed to play the critic.'

"'Nay,' replied my opponent, for the conversation had already begun to assume something of the form of argument, 'it surely requires no spirit of rigid criticism, to discriminate between such a set of vulgarities, as you see collected here, and ladies who have been accustomed to move in a higher and better circle. Mrs. ——— is an odd person, and makes it a point to bring together at her balls all the riff-raff of the place—people whom, if you were to remain ten years in New York, you would probably never meet anywhere else. I assure you, there are not a dozen girls in this room that I should think of admitting to my own parties.'

Thus driven from the field, I ventured to direct her notice to several elegant and pretty girls, about whom I asked some questions. Their attractions, however, were either not admitted, or when these were too decided to allow of direct negation, the subject was ingeniously evaded. If I talked of a pretty foot, I was told its owner was the daughter of a tobaccoist. If I admired a graceful dancer, I was assured (what I certainly should not have discovered) that the young lady was of vulgar manners, and without education. Some were so utterly unknown to fame, that the very names, birth, habits, and connexions, were buried in the most profound and impenetrable obscurity. In short, a Count of the Empire, with his sixteen quarters, probably would not have thought, and certainly would not have spoken, with contempt half so violent of these fair plebeians. The reader will

perhaps agree, that there are more *exclusives* in the world than the lady-patronesses of Almack's.

"I shall now give an instance of the estimation in which wealth is held in this commercial community. At a party a few evenings ago, the worthy host was politely assiduous in introducing me to the more prominent individuals who composed it. Unfortunately, he considered it necessary to preface each repetition of the ceremony with some preliminary account of the pecuniary circumstances of the gentleman, the honour of whose acquaintance was about to be conferred on me. 'Do you observe,' he asked, 'that tall thin person, with a cast in his eye, and his nose a little cocked? Well, that man, not three months ago, made a hundred thousand dollars by a single speculation in tallow. You must allow me to introduce you to him.'

The introduction passed, and my zealous cicerone again approached, with increased importance of aspect—'A gentleman,' he said, 'worth at least half a million, had expressed a desire to make my acquaintance.' This was gratifying, and, of course, not to be denied. A third time did our worthy entertainer return to the charge, and before taking my departure, I had the honour of being introduced to an individual, who was stated to be still more opulent than his predecessors. Had I been presented to so many bags of dollars, instead of to their possessors, the ceremony would have been quite as interesting, and perhaps less troublesome.

"The truth is, that in a population wholly devoted to money-getting, the respect paid to wealth is so pervadingly diffused, that it rarely occurred to any one, that it was impossible I should feel the slightest interest in the private circumstances of the gentlemen with whom I might chance to form a transient acquaintance. It is far from my intention, however, to assert, that many of the travelled and more intelligent order of Americans could be guilty of such *sottises* as that to which I have alluded. But it is unquestionably true, that the tone of conversation, even in the best circles, is materially lowered by the degree in which it is engrossed by money and its various interests. Since my arrival, I have received much involuntary instruction in the prices of corn, cotton, and tobacco. I am already well informed as to the reputed pecuniary resources of every gentleman of my acquaintance, and the annual amount of his disbursements. My stock of information as to bankruptcies and

dividends is very respectable; and if the manufacturers of Glasgow and Paisley knew only half as well as I do, how thoroughly the New York market is glutted with their goods, they assuredly would send out no more on speculation."

Now to all this it may be, and has been objected, that this is almost as true a picture of great part of British as of American society; but the objection shews, that they who made it, stupidly or wilfully misunderstood the whole meaning of the writer. Nay, the objector will not look at these words—"There is quite as much practical equality in Liverpool as New York." The picture is for the consideration of all those with whom "it is the fashion to call the United States the land of liberty and equality." It is no such land. Nor will it do to say, that the respect there paid to wealth is in truth paid to the talent and integrity proved by its acquisition. If it be so, surely not more there than here; and yet here one's ears are dinned with perpetual noisy slang, from these very encomiasts on all that is American, against the purse-pride of upstart merchants and manufacturers, most of whom, instead of being upstarts, have been slowly raising themselves up from a humble condition to one that is truly high, by the most laborious and indefatigable perseverance. Is purse-pride prevalent in America? It is, and in all its forms and spirits. Is wealth there worshipped in basest idolatry? It is, and in all shapes of superstition. Does the goddess Fashion reign in America? She does, and sets her silliest absurdities as rules and laws for social life. She is there the Queen of Balls; and her various vicegerents there below, the Lady Patronesses of the chosen circles, the *Almæ Matres* of American Almack's's, to save their divinity from profanation, often still the dance during a whole winter, alarmed lest some vulgar vagrants from unaccredited coteries should intrude themselves into the celebration of her higher mysteries. Exclusives in a land of liberty and equality! And 'tis needless to say how far more offensive such tyrannies must be, in countries where the distinctions they establish, are *all* on the score of wealth, than in those where wealth is with difficulty ena-

bled to force or flatter its way, and where high birth has always the ascendancy, tempering intolerance even by its dignified hauteur, and shedding an elegant, if a false lustre, over Fashion, that seems, if it be not, something finer far than Fortune, and illegitimate sister of Honour and of Grace.

Of the "Men and Manners" with whom the Author of Cyril Thornton was familiar in New York, it is needless to say he formed a highly favourable opinion—for he had chiefly to do with a "very small portion of the population, composed almost entirely of the first-rate merchants and lawyers." Even *their* manners, he admits, have a plainness, and even bluntness, somewhat startling at first to a sophisticated European. "Questions are asked with regard to one's habits, family, pursuits, connexions, and opinions, which are *never put in England*, except in a witness-box, after the ceremony of swearing on the four Evangelists." We never were in a witness-box. But we have a hundred times heard (and sometimes been ourselves) persons in private parties in England and in Scotland, cross-examined on private points, by gentlemen who appeared for the prosecution, somewhat in the style of Garrow; and have wished that Adolphus, Alley, or Phillips, had been at hand, that we might have given him a handsome retaining fee, to prove that the other prisoners were not so guilty as they looked, and in our own affliction, that we were not Christopher North. In the very highest society we daresay there is nothing of this; but in the very highest society we do not choose to move, though next time we go to London we shall certainly call on the King. In the best society of America there must, no doubt, be far more of it than here; for educated people have "been brought up under a social regime more tolerant of individual curiosity than is held in Europe to be compatible with good manners." They are, however, quite aware, our traveller says, of high breeding when they see it, and are not to be imposed on by the pretensions of the gaudy or shabby genteel. "With them, vulgar audacity will not pass for polished ease; nor will fashionable exterior be received for more than it is

worth." An impostor could not pass there—and play his pranks as in the Park of London. Baron Geramb might have shorn his whiskers, and hanged himself; and 'tis to the credit of their fineness of tact, that they shrink back from a Cockney, just as we do in Great Britain. So much for their manners—by and by of their minds—but now for their hearts. Are they in the right place? "I do assert, that in no other country I have ever visited, are the charities of life so readily and so profusely offered to a stranger as in the United States. In no other country will he receive attentions so perfectly disinterested and benevolent; and in none, when he seeks acquaintance, is it so probable that he will find friends." A few words of their minds:—

"Though I have unquestionably met in New York with many most intelligent and accomplished gentlemen, still I think the fact cannot be denied, that the average of acquirement resulting from education is a good deal lower in this country than in the better circles of England. In all the knowledge which must be taught, and which requires laborious study for its attainment, I should say the Americans are considerably inferior to my countrymen. In that knowledge, on the other hand, which the individual acquires for himself by actual observation, which bears an immediate marketable value, and is directly available in the ordinary avocations of life, I do not imagine the Americans are excelled by any people in the world. They are consequently better fitted for analytic than synthetic reasoning. In the former process they are frequently successful. In the latter, their failure sometimes approaches to the ludicrous."

"Another result of this condition of intelligence is, that the tone even of the best conversation is pitched in a lower key than in England. The speakers evidently presume on an inferior degree of acquirement in their audience, and frequently deem it necessary to advance deliberate proof of matters, which in the old country would be taken for granted. There is certainly less of what may be called floating intellect in conversation. First principles are laboriously established, and long trains of reasoning terminate, not in paradox, but in commonplace. In short, whatever it is the obvious and immediate interest of Americans to know, is fully understood. Whatever is available rather in the ge-

neral elevation of the intellect, than in the promotion of individual ambition, engrosses but a small share of the public attention.

"In the United States one is struck with the fact, that there exist certain doctrines and opinions which have descended like heirlooms from generation to generation, and seem to form the subject of a sort of national entail, most felicitously contrived to check the natural tendency to intellectual advancement in the interior. The sons succeed to these opinions of their father, precisely as they do to his silver salvers, or gold-headed cane; and thus do certain dogmas, political and religious, gradually acquire a sort of prescriptive authority, and continue to be handed down, unsubjected to the test of philosophical examination. It is at least partially attributable to this cause, that the Americans are given to deal somewhat too extensively in broad and sweeping aphorisms. The most difficult problems of legislation are here treated as matters on which it were an insult on the understanding of a schoolboy, to suppose that he could entertain a doubt. Enquire their reasons for the inbred faith, of which they are the dark though vehement apostles, and you get nothing but a few shallow truisms, which absolutely afford no footing for the conclusions they are brought forward to establish. The Americans seem to imagine themselves imbued with the power of *feeling* truth, or, rather, of getting at it by intuition, for by no other process can I yet dis-

cover that they attempt its attainment. With the commoner and more vulgar truths, indeed, I should almost pronounce them too plentifully stocked, since in these, they seem to imagine, is contained the whole valuable essence of human knowledge. It is unquestionable, that this character of mind is most unfavourable to national advancement; yet it is too prominent not to find a place among the features which distinguish the American intellect from that of any other people with whom it has been my fortune to become acquainted."

Here he is speaking of the Best; and he does so in many other passages with a friendly freedom which ought not to be offensive to any free American. We shall discuss him in another Number, the subject of national character; but meanwhile mention, that in his opinion, "neither in the manners nor in the morals of the *great body of the traders* is there much to draw approbation from an impartial observer. Comparing them with the same classes in England, one cannot but be struck with a certain resolute obtrusive cupidity of gain, and a laxity of principle as to the means of acquiring it, which I should be sorry to believe formed any part of the character of my countrymen." What a field yet lies before us! And with him and other guides, we cannot doubt that as we proceed, there will open upon us many interesting prospects.

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VOL. XXXIV.

PART II.

Contents.

THE IRISH UNION,	573
HYMNS OF LIFE. BY MRS HEMANS. No. V. EASTER-DAY IN A MOUNTAIN CHURCHYARD,	594
LYRICS OF THE EAST. BY MRS GODWIN.	
No. VII. BEDOUIN LAMENT FOR A SIBYL,	596
No. VIII. WISDOM IN THE WILDERNESS,	597
No. IX. TRUE VALOUR,	<i>ib.</i>
AN INDIAN LAMENT,	598
LIFE,	599
HOME,	600
STANZAS. BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY,	601
THE SOUND OF SKYE,	<i>ib.</i>
VERSES, BY MISS E. M. HAMILTON,	
I. A CHARACTER,	604
II. KNOWLEDGE,	605
III. A FEW YEARS,	606
IV. THE WEEPING ASH,	607
V. FRAGMENT,	608
THE CROWN OF THORNS,	609
LETTERS TO THE RIGHT HON. E. G. STANLEY, SECRETARY OF STATE, &c. &c. &c. FROM JAMES M'QUEEN, ESQ. LETTER II.	611
FRANCE IN 1833. No. I. ITS POLITICAL STATE,	641
MARSHAL NEY'S MEMOIRS,	657
THOUGHTS UPON BEARDS,	670
ENGLISH CATHEDRAL ESTABLISHMENTS,	677

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PART II.

THE IRISH UNION.*

THE History of Ireland for the last six hundred years is habitually termed the history of English misgovernment; it should rather be termed the history of Irish misrule. To panegyrize the Constitution and obey the Law, has been the characteristic of political perfection in England; to libel the Constitution and revolt against the Law, has been the claim of every Irish leader to the confidence of his country. The result has been natural. While England went on from prosperity to prosperity, Ireland was degraded; while the former country grew opulent by the general influx of the tribute of all nations to her commercial greatness and her vigorous freedom, Ireland lingered in the vitious obscurity of a poor, divided, and torpid dependency; giving signs of life from time to time only in some fierce convulsion, which still more repelled English sympathy; and exhibiting the alternate miseries of a population dying for food, and the riot of a banditti enjoying some unexpected feast of plunder and revenge. England has been charged with a desire to prolong this state of things. But the charge is refuted by an appeal not

merely to the facts of Irish History, but to the common principles of human nature. It was the interest of the superior country to make Ireland productive, which she could never do, until she should first make it peaceable. Peace was to be procured only by sharing the advantages, the laws, and the civilisation of England. The whole course of Irish connexion will be found marked by those attempts; perpetually frustrated by the inveteracy of Irish faction, perpetually renewed by the sense of English public interest, or the more generous and not less politic feelings of English sympathy; the resistance and the experiment constantly sustained, however varied; until at length the stubbornness which had refused to give way to policy, partially gave way to circumstance; the common influence of European opinion reached Ireland; the bark which no power of man had yet been able to launch, floated on the approach of the tide, and Ireland for the first time began to move, slowly as she might, on the general genial current of civilisation.

Still the cause of the extraordi-

* Historic Memoirs of Ireland; comprising Secret Records of the National Convention, the Rebellion, and the Union; with delineations of the principal characters connected with those transactions. By Sir Jonah Barrington, Member of the late Irish Parliament. Illustrated with curious letters and papers, in fac-simile, and numerous original portraits. In Two Volumes. Colburn: London.

nary failures of Ireland in the natural progress of the Empire, perplexes the historian. To those who might judge of its destinies by its place on the map, by its natural advantages, or by the qualities of its people, it must seem to be marked for the most distinguished political and individual good fortune. With England for an armed barrier between its shores and the disturbances of the continent; with a soil of proverbial fertility, a climate equally removed from the extremes of cold and heat, and singularly favourable to health and the increase of population; its shores indented into the most magnificent harbours, exceeding in number those of all Europe besides; too remote from the New World to suffer from its hostility, near enough to enjoy the full advantages of its commerce; inhabited by a people of great personal comeliness, ardour of temperament, daring courage, and intellectual capacity; sufficiently extensive for the full experiment of all the faculties of an active nation, yet not of that wasteful extent which diffuses the population into weakness, and lavishes the vitality of a nation over a wilderness; Ireland was made by nature for every enjoyment compatible with the condition of man. But her frame bore one evil which to this hour has poisoned her prosperity. The religion of the Church of Rome engrafted on her National Church, in the conquest of Henry II., withdrew by its pomps and traditions the popular mind from the simple and scriptural worship established by the original missionaries. The Scriptures were closed by the authority of Rome. Ignorance was substituted for the knowledge which had distinguished the early establishment, and had even made Ireland the refuge of persecuted learning in other lands. The general cloud was deepened by the smokes of altars loaded with the most degraded superstitions of Europe. Implicit obedience to Rome became the single law allowed by the missionary, or received by the worshippers; implacable resistance to English authority, the single impulse fostered by the habits of the country; rapine, the means of private life; rebellion, the instrument of national policy; English benefits rejected as fresh inju-

ries; English restraints retorted by promiscuous massacre; until every year drawing the national spirit farther from England, and closer to the remorseless foreign enemy of its prosperity and persecutor of its faith, the only government that could be applied to a people was force. Torn by feudal animosities, and provincial prejudices, to be washed out only in blood; turned into aliens by the most furious devotion to foreign allegiance, and adopting revolt as the common expedient of proclaiming their feelings, the instruments of barbarian coercion alone could be applied to barbarians. The long succession of furious tumults which had covered the fields of Ireland with the bones of her chieftains and leading families, and left to England nothing but the reluctant triumph over a sepulchre, were at length followed by a period of comparative tranquillity. But this was only the gathering of the storm. In the memorable massacre of 1641, every tie of allegiance, private faith, national connexion, and public honour, was burst asunder in a moment; the sacrifice of 100,000 lives shewed the ruinous hazard of relying on the pledges of a people possessed by the spirit of the Papacy. There was now no excuse for the old lenient tardiness of English statesmanship. The minister walked into the centre of the great lunatic hospital with the chain and the scourge in his hand. Exile, imprisonment, fine, and the scaffold were the natural inflictions of authority insulted by perpetual crimes. The northern province of Ireland was cleared of its loose and sanguinary tribe, and the land was colonized by those settlers from England and Scotland, who now form the most intelligent, industrious, and religious portion of the people, the true strength of Ireland.

Nothing can be more instructive than the contrast between the results of the earlier colonizations of Ireland and the Protestant settlement of Ulster. In the earlier settlements, the English had been Roman Catholics. They rapidly forgot their attachment to their country, adopted the full extravagance of Irish superstition, became loose, predatory, and ferocious, and ended in identifying themselves as much with the crimes as with the

habits of the people. They came from the freest land which still acknowledged the Papacy, yet they made themselves conspicuous by the abjectness of their slavery to the Roman Legates. Their English civilisation was cast off as suddenly as their sense of freedom, and they emulated the deepest excesses of Irish intemperance, and even led the way in the mingled grossness of the native prejudices and passions. But the English settlers in the North had brought the Reformation with them, and they soon rendered their province remarkable for fertility and rural beauty; distinguished themselves by an industry which brought the only manufacture of Ireland to perfection; exhibited a peace, opulence, and happiness, which seemed to have been banished from Ireland by destiny; and cherishing the sacred fire of liberty which they had brought with them, on the altar of a pure religion, finally threw a light over Ireland which awoke her to her first sense of Constitution. They, too, had their trials; and the civil war of James II. severely retarded their progress. But that most contemptible of monarchs was not long suffered to insult the feelings of Protestant Ireland; his crown, and the harness of Popery, were trampled together under the feet of the gallant soldiery of the North; faction was fastened to the ground with chains, and triumphant Ireland won and wore her tranquillity for eighty years!

It is the habit of the party writers to speak of this long period as one of utter helplessness, in which the silence of the dungeon only shewed the depression of the captive. But the truer statement is, that, in this period, the silence was a proof that disaffection had at last found its cure, that the minds of men were turned to pursuits of patient and productive industry, that the revolvers were weary of seduction, and that the loyalists were satisfied of the stability of the government and the protection of the laws. For where those things are not, no power on earth can suppress public clamour. Oppression and discontent create organs for themselves. Every wind of heaven will bear the curse not "loud but deep," of an unhappy people; the

blood of the injured cannot be concealed—it will cry out of the ground. It is not said that during this period Ireland had reached her full vigour. But she had rapidly advanced to that state in which she was to be capable of attaining an acknowledged rank among nations. She was maturing that race of men who were to shine so brilliantly in her independent legislature; she was hourly increasing in her agricultural and commercial wealth; and if we are to judge from her general state of society, from the narratives of the comforts and the hospitalities, the amusing developments of individual eccentricity, and the spirit of cheerfulness which spread equally through the Court and the people, she had some reason, even in the days of what was pronounced her independence, to regret the plenty, peace, and unostentatious enjoyment of what are as falsely termed the days of her slavery.

It is not our purpose to vindicate either the penal laws, or the rebels for whom they were made. They have been termed by the Roman Catholic orators religious persecution. They were not. They were strict laws made to keep down a direct spirit of revolt. They were the parchment fetters of men taken in arms against the constitutional King for the unconstitutional one; they were the comparatively lenient corrective of offences committed in the field against the peace of Ireland and the laws of the Empire; offences, the least of which would have been punished by the calumniators of those laws, at the stake or on the scaffold. But the tree is to be known by its fruits. Out of that condition grew two of the most unequivocal evidences of national vigour ever given—the Parliament of 1780, and the Volunteers.

The History of the Irish Senate is yet to be written. It will be the panegyric of English fortitude, during three-fourths of the eighteenth century, and the censure of English weakness yielding to Irish faction, during the remaining fourth; but it will also be the history of as extraordinary a display of senatorial ability, of public knowledge, generous sentiment, and accomplished understanding, as any furnished by the most brilliant annals of European

Legislature. Such men could not have been the product of a country thrown back into barbarism by oppression. Genius may spring up in the wilderness; but it is only in the shelter of good government that it can grow into the salutary and noble expansion, that gathers nations under its shade. A single mighty mind may arise in the severest humiliation of the national heart; but it will have no successors, no imitators growing into kindred splendour by its reflection. The meteor may ride in the tempest, and flash its temporary glare upon the clouds before it falls and is extinguished among them for ever; but it is only in the cloudless horizon that the whole host of light can come forth in their order, the less as well as the greater, the satellites and the suns, all contributing, in their degree, to the illustration of the land. It has been said that those eminent and able men were made by the Parliament of 1780. No. They were made for that Parliament, and made by that course of government which their memories are now employed to defame. The Scholar, the Jurist, the Statesman, the Orator, are not the work of a proclamation, of a popular effervescence. No sudden heat of the popular mind can raise the harvest when the seed has not been sown. And it was to the sowing of the seed under the steady and uncompromising government which protected it from being torn up by the violence of rabble legislation, that Ireland owed the singular fertility of mind by which her independent Parliament still remains in memory, as an honour to the time, and a measure of the degradation of all that has followed. It is further remarkable, that the chief ornaments of the House were not found among its barristers, whose profession may in all periods be supposed a school for debate, but among its country gentlemen, the greater part indeed nominally barristers, for in those days the majority of Irish gentlemen were called to the bar, as the only profession, except the sword, adapted for the higher orders. But they never practised beyond the bench of magistrates, or the fabrication of a grand jury. The spirit, intelligence, and public activity, which distinguished this class in Parliament, was an answer to all

the declamatory sorrowings over the years of Irish slavery. Such powers are not matured in the dungeon. No race of men that ever existed, displayed less of the crippling of the chain. The extracts which we shall, in the course of these papers, give from their speeches, will more than substantiate their character. It is further remarkable, that this generation was soon worn out; that from the time when the steadiness of the British Government gave way to a feeble submission; when expediency was substituted for principle, and Government ran a race with Opposition, for the prize of a factious popularity; when the outcry of the streets became the guide of the Legislature, the ability of Parliament followed its honour to the grave. All the great names of 1780 perished without a successor. A race of mediocrity filled the benches of Parliament with talent as retrograde as their honesty. The natural ability of the high-minded and open-hearted gentry of Ireland was exchanged for the fastidious and official dexterity of a crowd of needy lawyers, who cleaned their way into the House, as an avowed means of forcing themselves on public provision, with nothing to give in barter but their conscience, and fully exhibiting in their conduct the sincerity of their determination to make the most of their scandalous commodity. In this clamour of rival basenesses, the whole dignity and ability of Parliament were overpowered together. "*Notus, Eurusque ruunt*,"—all was a tempest of factious tongues blowing from every point of corruption upon the single sinking ship of Irish independence. Grattan, and a few of the surviving names of better times, still made great efforts, but the national hour was come. Their speeches were heard, but like guns of distress through the storm. They waved the flag to the last. But the timbers of the noble vessel had been long loosened, and amid a general uproar of shame, surprise, and terror, she went down.

It is equally remarkable, that since the fall of the Irish Parliament, Ireland has sunk into a still more unequivocal destitution of public ability. Not even the feeble reflex of her original brilliancy given in her dying Parliament, exists, with all the ad-

vantages of popular effervescence, with a Government giving all the encouragement that is to be given by bowing down to the popular supremacy, and with all the prizes that can be held out to the insolent cupidity of Irish faction in the almost acknowledged sway of the councils of the Empire. The whole Popish commonwealth, already masters of Ireland, stimulating every passion of the Popish heart, and bidding the largest price ever offered for Popish ability, has actually produced nothing. Of the *eight millions* of fettered intellects, to whose injured superiority we have heard such endless appeals, but two individuals have attained even the power of being endured in a public assembly. And even those two, Messrs Sheil and O'Connell, have been trained by the bar. But where are the Popish philosophers, so long eager to vindicate their latent illumination? Where the historians indignant at the oppressions of six hundred years, and only waiting for the hour of liberty to throw open those secret chambers where the rites of oppression have been so remorselessly solemnized, and shew us the instruments of this governmental inquisition? Where even the Sons of Song returned from their old captivity, and restraining their lyres to the early glories and future supremacy of Irish freedom? The whole troop are silent. Still, we have for the concentrated genius of an emancipated land, but two individuals. Every county of Ireland is now open to the hundred-handed strength of Popish genius, still the Briareus is content with the moderation of two hands, and those of mere mortal mould. All the old barriers are broken down; corporations, family interests, the influence of hereditary benefits, official responsibilities, public decorum, personal dignity, alike levelled for the mighty march of Popish ability over the land, yet we find it still a cripple;—in Ireland, laughed at for its impotence; in England, listened to only for its importunity; half mountebank, half mendicant, followed only by a kindred rabble of the *Mendici*, *Mimi*, *Balatrones*, too obscure for a name, too contemptible almost for ridicule, and exhibiting only the variety of shapes that can be worn by native

vulgarity and inventive degradation. It must not be conceived that the gentlemen of Ireland are included in this just scorn of the usurpers of the name. The Bar, the Church, and the higher ranks of the unprofessional gentry, possess the acquirements that do honour to their station. But let the test of the new order be this—What has it produced, since the decay of the old vigour of British government? What comparison is to be made between the men who grew up under that system of rational and deliberate strictness, and the men who have grown up in the fostering of the time of public timidity and popular domination—between the fabric erected on the settled foundations of intelligible law and established rule, and the fabric flung together by the hands of the populace, and left to be dislocated by the first puff of the popular breath? We are no more the advocates for unnecessary rigour, than we are for the loosest extravagance. But the whole history of Irish politics impresses one leading maxim, that Ireland is to be ruled by no relaxing government. However far from pleasing to the ear of the multitude, the voice of the true Governor of Ireland spoke from the lips of the Duke of Wellington, when he pronounced that “Ireland is to be governed only by an army.” And this the gentry of Ireland know, and echo with their fullest conviction. Every man of property, every man of sense, every man of an honourable profession, all who constitute a country, know that to relax the vigilance of English authority in Ireland in a single point, is to advance so far towards their ruin. Let an order be sent for the return of the British troops from Ireland to-morrow, it would be followed by an instant outcry of despondency, terror, and reclamation from the whole property of the land. Multitudes would emigrate at once. The remainder would look for a substitute in themselves for the defalcation of the Minister, take up arms, and exercise the force in self-defence which he should have exercised for national protection. At this moment, Ireland is preserved from universal ruin only by force. Let the British bayonet be sheathed, and the property of the country would be sub-

verted within twenty-four hours. Such is the undeniable result of the whole policy of misnamed conciliation; the conciliation of the profligate at the expense of the principled; the conciliation of the idle, superstitious, and sanguinary hater of England, at the expense of the active, tolerant, and faithful; the conciliation of a race sworn from their birth to an eternal feud against the blood of the Saxon, who look upon all concession as the work of fear, all tolerance as a tribute to their ferocity, all privilege as a pledge of their approaching triumph, and that triumph only as the consummation of a general revenge for the exaggerated wrongs and fancied injuries of years beyond the flood.

The true cause of this anomaly in the character of the people; this utter resistance to the wisdom, the leniency, and even the direct benefactions, of England; this national incapacity of being softened by the process which tames the lion and the tiger, is to be found in the single influence of their religion. Popery, in all lands, is but another name for implacable hostility to all other forms of belief. Abandoning the liberal arts which covered its deformities to the eye on the Continent—unrelieved by the sculpture, the stately architecture, the matchless music, or the costly and solemn ceremonial, it stands forth in Ireland, the fierce and fiery thing that it is by nature, the squalid shape of the tyrant of the cloister and the Inquisition, proud of its European supremacy, yet feeling itself shorn of that supremacy in Ireland; inheriting from its Roman recollections a vague claim to all that constitutes property or power in the soil, yet dependent on the contributions of the poorest class of the people; anticipating the resumption of Popish sovereignty, and conscious that the resumption is to be secured only by keeping alive the popular prejudices, it labours to draw an impassable line between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic—keeps the one in defiance, that it may keep the other in subjection; and continues the living calamity of the Empire.

While this system lasts, public peace is hopeless. The rules applied to other communities have no fitness. Prejudices fastened on the mind at

the font, pressed on it in every stage of life, and forming a part of the last ceremonial that transmits the spirit to Him that gave it, are not to be softened by the timid handling of supine authority. Until Ireland becomes Protestant, there can be no safe relaxation of the chain which was put into the hands of England to keep her fierce passions harmless to the Empire. That the idea of conversion is scoffed at, is notorious; but we shall not be guilty of the libel on the Irish heart and head, that it is impossible. Conversion has made an unexpected progress within those few years. That the Scriptures cannot have been diffused among the people without their natural result, that the labours of many active and holy-minded men cannot have been utterly thrown away, may be assumed, not more as a moral maxim, than as the fulfillment of a Divine promise. Yet it is an unhappy symptom that at the moment when the prospect was fairest, the policy of the times should actually interpose to contract the resources of the Church, and at once enfeebling its strength, and hazarding its dignity, cloud the brightest hopes offered since the Reformation.

The second evidence of the operation of the old Government was still more memorable—the Volunteers! The alliance of the French and Spanish Cabinets with America, and the threat of invasion, had roused the alarms of the Irish people. They had applied to England for troops; they were answered that there were none disposable. They immediately formed themselves into armed bodies, equipped at their own expense, and undertook the defence of the country. This was not the work of an impoverished and broken-spirited population. The Volunteers of Ireland formed, within a short period, the finest army in Europe, with all the equipments of a force ready to take the field, perhaps of a more costly description and in finer order than those of any army that ever took the field. The Ulster Division alone amounted to 34,000 men, including eight corps of artillery, with thirty-two guns. The official return given in at Dungannon, in 1782, amounted to 88,827 men; twenty-two corps which had not made the return, were estimated at 12,000;—thus forming

a force of 100,000 volunteers, with 130 pieces of cannon! a staff of twelve Generals, &c., the whole commanded by the Earl of Charlemont. And even this extraordinary force, clothed, armed, and maintained by itself, (for Government had supplied but 14,000 stand of arms,) was not a tenth of the number who were ready to spring to arms in the event of actual invasion. This superb armament could not be the product of a country ruined by stern legislation. This zeal was not the product of statutes too grinding for the prosperity of the country. The feelings of the freeman are not generated in such vigour, nor applicable to such noble uses, in hands where law has hardened into tyranny, or power has signalized itself only by loading the necks of its victims with iron. Oppression has roused fierce and sudden resistance in other lands, but the flame which lightened on the crest of the Irish volunteer, was like the splendour on the helm of Diomedes, lent by wisdom, not by passion, a favouring sign of the presence of that deliberate power that guides the just and protects the free.

The irresistible conclusion is, that the laws which coerced angry revolt were not too strong for loyal obedience; that, instead of depressing the spirit of the country, they raised it by the consciousness of security; that the fetter which bound the limbs of the Jacobite and the Papist, was the pledge of national peace, with all its personal blessings, to every true subject of England. The penal laws were withdrawn at the first moment when the extinction of Jacobite influence suffered their severer enactments to be extinguished. Protestantism rejoiced at this remission, for Protestantism is essentially free, and loves to communicate freedom. Every statute that could repress the natural efforts of the Roman Catholic to improve his condition, was abolished. But he demanded the power to injure, as well as the privilege to defend. Common sense refused this power; corruption yielded it partially in the Irish House of Legislature. Mingled presumption and perfidy completed the surrender among ourselves, and now, forced to revert to the original policy of governing Ireland by an

army, without the benefit of securing subordination, or the hope of creating allegiance, we have for our recompense the harangues of forty-two Irish Roman Catholics in Parliament, the indignant remonstrances and alienated feelings of the whole Protestantism of Ireland, the subversion of the corporations, the last bulwarks of the English interest, and a Papist populace fiercely demanding the dissolution of all English connexion.

A great number of illustrations of the calumniated period when Ireland enjoyed herself without hearing of her grievances from rabble orators, are given in the pleasant but eccentric narratives of Sir Jonah. In talking of the times of his youth, and the habits of landlords and tenants, he says—"At the Great House, where the Courts Leet and Baron were duly held, all disputes among the tenants were there settled; quarrels reconciled, old debts arbitrated; a kind Irish landlord then reigned despotic in the ardent affections of the tenantry; their pride and their pleasure being to obey and support him. But there existed a happy reciprocity of interests. The landlord of that period protected the tenant by his influence; any wanton injury to the tenant being considered as an injury to his lord. And, if the landlord's sons were grown up, no time was lost by them in demanding satisfaction from any gentleman for maltreating even their father's blacksmith. No gentleman of any degree distrained a tenant for rent; indeed the parties appeared to be quite united and knit together." The mode of repressing offences was rather rough, but we must remember that it was the received etiquette of the age; and, in fact, derived from that emporium of all the elegancies of life—the Court of France.

There is some humour in the account of the tranquil mode in which the Irish gentlemen of the day submitted to the utilitarianism of politics. Fortunate for their successors if they took with as much tranquillity things which concern them as little. "The anomaly of political principles among the country gentlemen of Ireland at that period was very extraordinary. They professed what they called 'unshaken loyalty,' and yet they were unqualified partisans of

Cromwell and William. The fact was, they had found the fates of both decided for them by their fathers, and wisely never troubled their intellects about the quarrels of a century before they were born. The fifth of November was always celebrated in Dublin for the preservation of James from Guy Fawkes and a barrel of gunpowder. Then the 30th of January was highly approved of by a great number of Irish as the anniversary of making Charles, the son and heir of the same James, shorter by the head. Then the very same Irish celebrated the Restoration of Charles the Second, the son of the King, who was twice as bad as his father. Then while they rejoiced in putting a crown upon the head of the son of the King, they never failed to drink bumpers to the memory of Old Noll, who had cut that King's head off. And in order to commemorate the whole story, and make their children remember it, they dressed up a calf's head, and with a red-smoked ham, which they called Bradshaw, placed by the side of it, all parties partook of them most happily, washing down the emblem and its accompaniment with as much claret as they could hold, in honour of Noll the regicide! Having thus proved their loyalty to James the First, and their attachment to his son's murderer, and then their loyalty again to the worst of his grandsons, they proceeded to celebrate the birth of William the Dutchman, who had kicked their King, the second grandson, out of the country, and who, in all probability, would have given the Irish another calf's head for their celebration, if the King, his father-in-law, had not gone to live on charity in France. Then as they dressed a calf's head for the son's murder, so they dressed *sheep's trotters* every first of July to commemorate the grandson's running away at the Boyne Water in 1690. Then one part of the Irish people invented a toast called, 'The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of William;' while another raised a counter toast, 'The memory of the chestnut horse that broke the neck of the same King William.' But, in my mind, (if I am to judge of past times by the corporation of Dublin,) it was only to coin an excuse for getting

loyally drunk as often as possible, that they were so enthusiastically fond of 'making sentiments,' as they called them. The truth was, that the 'enslaved generation' of Ireland were a set of good-humoured fellows, who felt themselves secure under the protection of an active Government, and growing rich in the growing prosperity of the kingdom; and loving to enjoy the good things of their day, very wisely turned their politics into conviviality, and left the absurdity of quarrelling about the dead and the unborn alike, to the solemn fools or petulant knaves who were yet to talk of liberty, and at once throw themselves into beggary, and the country into confusion."

Good reasons, and many, however, had the people of Ireland to drink the memory of "The Dutchman," whose gallantry and wisdom had saved them from being the victims of the most violent and merciless tyranny on earth. Protestant and Papist alike had cause to rejoice in any catastrophe which cast off the yoke of a man, who was at once a half-fool, a sullen bigot, an unprincipled tyrant, and a most sanguinary persecutor. If James had remained master of the field in Ireland, the next step *must* have been its annexation to France; and the Papist, treated as France always treated a country totally at its mercy, would have been doubly the slave of the priest and the king. The Protestants would have been *exterminated*. In the annals of the most remorseless conquest, never was there a more furious scene of rapacity displayed, than in the Irish Parliament of James. All the royal promises were contemptuously violated; all the popular rights were thrown into one scale of condemnation; all Protestant property was confiscated; all Protestant titles of rank were annulled. A virtual outlawry was passed against seven-eighths of the property of the kingdom. Law was silenced. Remonstrance was held to be rebellion. The land was filled with beggary, flight, and terror. A desperate faction, stimulated by the consciousness of unlimited power, and urged by the councils of Rome, domineered over their contemptible King; and representing the duty of break-

ing his oath for the honour of his crown, and of sacrificing his people for the law of God, exhibited the true character of political Popery in full possession of its revenge. The lesson was perhaps providential. England required to be weaned from its old submission to the Stuarts. She had seen Popery, for the last generation, only under the garb of a less decorous Protestantism. In Ireland, she was to see it with the disguise thrown off, its full hostility to freedom revealed, every bitter impulse of the persecutor passing across its naked visage, the instruments of torture in its hands, and the whole sullen and repellent stature of Popery at the height of its power. The lesson was *not* lost upon England. The cries of Ireland reached the English heart and understanding with irresistible effect. Jacobitism was extinguished. And the Government of William, freed from the embarrassments of Jacobite sympathies at home, was enabled to throw its whole force, as a barrier against the usurpation of France, on the Continent. Protestantism rapidly became safe, vigorous, and national in England, and that great war was begun which crushed the ambition of France at the gates of Versailles, and protected at once the independence of Europe, and the freedom of religion, for nearly a hundred years.

One of the anecdotes of the time is highly characteristic. "During the short reign of James the Second in Ireland, those who were not *for* him were considered to be *against* him, and were subjected to severities and confiscations. Among the rest, my great-grandfather, Colonel John Barrington, being a Protestant, and having no *predilection* for King James, was ousted from his mansion and estates of Cullenoughmore by one O'Fagan, a Jacobite wigmaker, and violent partisan, from Ballynakill. He was, notwithstanding, rather respectfully treated, and allowed forty pounds a-year! by the wigmaker, so long as he *behaved himself*. However, he *behaved himself* only for a couple of months; at the end of which time, with a party of his faithful tenants, he surprised the wigmaker, drove him out of possession, and repossessed himself of his mansion and estates. The

wigmaker, having escaped to Dublin, laid his complaints before the authorities, and a party of soldiers were ordered to make short work of it, if the Colonel did not submit on the first summons.

"The party demanded entrance, but were repulsed, and a little firing from the windows took place. Not, however, being tenable, it was successfully stormed; the old gamekeeper, John Neville, was killed, and my great-grandfather taken prisoner, conveyed to the drum-head at Raheenriff, tried as a rebel by a certain Cornet McMahon, and in due form ordered to be hanged in an hour. At the appointed time, execution was punctually proceeded on, and so far as tying up the Colonel to the cross-bar of his own gate, the sentence was actually put in force. But, at the moment the first haul was given to elevate him, Ned Doran, a tenant of the estate, who was a trooper in King James's army, rode up to the gate, himself and horse in a state of complete exhaustion. He saw with horror his landlord hung up, and exclaimed, 'Hollo, boys, cut down the Colonel; or you'll all be hanged yourselves, you villains of the world. I am straight from the Boyne Water, through thick and thin. We're all cut up; and Jenny's scampered, bad luck to him, without a 'good-bye to you,' or the least civility in life.'

"My grandfather's hangmen lost no time in getting off; leaving the Colonel slung fast by the neck to the gate-posts. But Doran soon cut him down, and fell on his knees, to beg pardon of his landlord, the holy Virgin, and King William from the Boyne Water.

"The Colonel obtained the trooper's pardon, and he was ever after a faithful adherent. He was the grandfather of Lieutenant-Colonel Doran, of the Irish Brigade, afterwards, if I recollect right, of the 47th regiment; the officer who cut a German colonel's head *clean off* in the mess-room at Lisbon after dinner, with one stroke of his sabre. Sir Neal O'Donnell, *who was present*, first told me the anecdote. They fought with sabres; the whole company were intoxicated, and nobody minded them *much*, till the German's head came spinning like a top upon the mess-table,

upsetting the bottles and glasses. He could not remember what they quarrelled about. Colonel Doran himself assured me that he had very little recollection of the particulars; the room was very gloomy; what he best remembered was a tolerably effective gash which he got on his left ear, and which had nearly eased him of that appendage. It was very conspicuous. The Colonel dined with me repeatedly in Paris about six years since, and was the most disfigured warrior that could possibly be imagined. When he left Cullenagh for the Continent, in 1784, he was as fine, clever looking a young man as could be seen. But he had been blown up once or twice in storming batteries, which, with a few sabre gashes across his features, and the obvious aid of numerous pipes of wine, or something *not weaker*, had spoiled his beauty.

"This occurrence of my great-grandfather fixed the political creed of my family. On the first of July the orange lily was sure to garnish every window of the mansion. The hereditary patereroes scarcely ceased cracking all the evening, to glorify the victory of the Boyne Water, till one of them burst, and killed the gardener's wife, when tying an orange ribbon round the mouth of it, which she had stopped to *prevent accidents*."

The records of the Irish Parliament of James furnish as instructive a document as any that could be extracted from the Chronicles of the Inquisition. They form a fine anticipation of the work which a Repeal of the Union would bring about, on the first opportunity of either paralyzing an English Ministry by menace, or throwing off its authority altogether by successful insurrection. James had prefaced the commencement of his exclusive Irish reign, by the most unqualified promises of protection to every thing established, to persons and property, without distinction of religion; in fact, by a solemn bond to leave all men unmolested for their opinions. How was this royal and religious promise kept? The Popish Parliament began its sittings on the 7th of May, 1689. It instantly proceeded in its work with the vigour of zeal against heresy. By the 20th of July it had passed the following measures:—

1. A repeal of the act of Henry the Eighth, which annexed the Crown of Ireland to the Crown of England.

2. A repeal of the act of Settlement and Explanation. This they hurried through the Commons in *three days*, so as to bar any remonstrance from the nation. Its preamble contained an attempt to justify the massacre of 1641.

3. A repeal of *all the provisions* made by former Parliaments, from the time of Elizabeth, for the Protestant clergy, tithes, &c., including arrears.

4. A revival of the writ, *De Hæretico Comburendo*, which gave every Protestant who refused to be converted to Popery only the alternative of being hanged or burned.

5. An act of Attainder against the only duke, two archbishops, several bishops, and a great number of the peers, baronets, and gentry, of Protestantism.

These atrocious measures, however, wrought the instant downfall of their proposers. The open tyranny, bad faith, and cruelty of the royal determinations, compelled the unfortunate Protestants to feel that they had no hope but in overthrowing the influence of Popery in the land. Thus driven to arms, they fought with the spirit that is, itself, equivalent to victory; and after suffering privations which have indelibly marked the era on the heart of Ireland, achieved a triumph which ought to have secured their liberties and their religion for ever.

One of the impressions which every tale of the last century makes on the mind is, that Ireland has purchased the party heat, bustle, and small talk of the present one, by no slight sacrifice of actual enjoyment. The peasantry have more law, undoubtedly, but infinitely less amusement: they can meet, petition, and stone the member for the county, more in their own right; but they have much higher rents to pay, and much fewer kindnesses to receive. They can sink, burn, and destroy, assassinate a landlord who demands his rent, burn the house over the parson's ears who thinks of tithes, and murder in the face of day the magistrate who doubts their authority; but they have much fewer

holidays, much scantier provisions, and much less protection from the violences of each other. The truth is, that by the force of harangues, aggregate meetings, and the "rights of man"—proclaimed in cottages where once all his wrongs were assuaged by the hereditary kindness of the landlord, a kindness encouraged and prolonged by the honest and good-humoured gratitude of the people,—now all is *political justice*, angry jealousy on both sides, disgust for unthanked kindnesses in the landlord; bitter envy of the landlord's superiority, open contempt for his station, and no very carefully concealed intimations that the time *may* come, nay, is close at hand, when the proprietor shall change places with the peasant, and "Old Ireland" be as barbarian, furious, and brutal as the heart of rapine can desire. The gentry, too, have been serious sufferers by this "March of Intellect." The long course of public tumults has greatly shaken property in Ireland, has driven away many of the ancient families, has utterly impoverished others, has made life in the towns a business of obscure toil, and in the country one of undisguised terror. Where the first sight that may greet a landlord's eye, on starting from his sleep, is a storming party of his own tenants drawn up in front of his hall door, he may naturally be supposed to suppress a little of the overflowings of his good-nature to the stormers. Or where the dinner list is called over like the muster of a regiment after a battle, and the guests congratulate themselves on having passed through their own estates without loss of life or limb, who can wonder that as many as can leave the land will leave it; that as many as *must* stay behind, stay in gloom; that they will narrow their expenditure where they may see their property extinguished in an hour, and restrict their bounties where the shilling given to the peasant goes for the purchase of powder and shot? If absenteeism is the curse of Ireland, let her thank the politicians for the infliction.

The following scene is certainly not one of the most meritorious evidences of Irish happiness; it is an avowed extravaganza, a *chef d'œuvre* of prodigal hilarity; but neither the

bad nor the good of the picture could find an example in liberated, petitioning, haranguing, and *beggared* Ireland.

"Close to the kennel of my father's hounds, he had built a small cottage, which was occupied solely by an old huntsman, Matthew Guerns, his older wife, and a nephew, a whipper-in. The chase, the bottle, and the piper, were the enjoyments of winter. My elder brother, justly apprehending that the frost and snow of Christmas would prevent their usual occupation of the chase on St Stephen's day, (26th December,) determined to provide against any listlessness during the shut-up period, by an uninterrupted match of what was called *hard-going*, until the weather should break. A hog'shead of superior claret was therefore sent to the cottage of old Guerns the huntsman, and a fat cow, killed and plundered of her skin, was hung up by the heels. *All the windows were closed* to keep out the daylight. One room, filled with straw and blankets, was destined for a bed-chamber in common; another was prepared as a kitchen. Claret, cold, mulled, or *buttered*, was to be the beverage of the whole company; and in addition to the cow above mentioned, chickens, bacon, and bread, were the only admitted viands. Wallace and Hosey, my father's and my brother's pipers, and Doyle, a blind, but famous, fiddler, were employed to enliven the banquet, which, it was determined, should continue till the cow became a skeleton, and the claret was on the stoop."

As a parenthesis, we may give a sketch of the *statistics* of the Irish cellar. Claret was the universal wine of the table of a gentleman. Port-wine was "*English*," was considerably despised as such, and was looked upon as a sort of treachery to the original honours of Irish hospitality. The country gentleman who suffered port to appear on his side-board, was already half Saxonized, and encountered the fatal suspicion of having derived some part of his wealth from some London shop-keeper. White wines were but little known, and in general reserved only for those older bacchanals to whom gout had given palpable hints that they had kept up too intimate an

acquaintance with claret; or were relegated to the housekeeper's room for cordials, or the ladies' maids' closet for their private enjoyment. French brandies and liqueurs were familiar, for a constant intercourse was kept up with France through the numerous connexions of the Irish gentry in the Continental services; and there were instances, perhaps many, in which the "gentleman's boat" stretched off the land towards Cherbourg or St Maloes, and finished her fishing by landing a cargo of all the good things that France produces. No "preventive service" in those days prohibited the easy interchange of national civilities; the smuggler was a free, dashing, convivial personage, *much respected* by the few Custom-house officers who ventured along the coasts, and who ventured only upon sufferance, and perfectly well known and well received by the establishment of every gentleman, "that was a gentleman;" a highly expressive addition. Whisky, the now favourite and famed liquor of the country, was then *vulgar*; it was seldom touched by the better orders, except in some of their hunting or fishing expeditions, when nothing else was to be got; it was left to the peasantry, who, with all their unchecked facilities for its production, were then neither the drunken race that all the Revenue laws have not reformed, nor the squalid, poor, and discontented race that all their liberty has made them. The history of claret itself in Ireland might make a curious book. Its glories have been declining for half a century, just about the period since Ireland became the land of patriots. Fifty years ago it was remarkably good, remarkably plentiful, and remarkably cheap. The English ear will be astounded at hearing of claret imported and in the cellar, at the rate of eighteen or twenty pounds a-pipe, as much as the English taste would be delighted by discovering it to be the quintessence of the southern vineyard. It is unfortunate, in a much higher point of view than the indulgence of *bons vivants*, that this plenty cannot be revived among us. Of all the products of the earth, wine was the most palpably given for enjoyment. That its abundance does not naturally produce excesses,

is evident from the general soberness of France, Spain, and Italy. But that abundance is actually one of the chief sources of the cheerfulness, smoothness, and general *jouissance* of foreign life. Its inordinate expense in England is the chief impediment to that sociability which is as congenial to the character of our country as of any other. The higher orders may command it with ease, but the middle orders command it with difficulty, and the lower command it not at all. If wine were as accessible as beer, and such it ought to be, nine-tenths of the diseases of common life would vanish, the harmless conviviality of the people would be greatly increased, and England, once proverbial for its gaieties, would be "merry England" again. Nothing can be a stronger censure upon the absurdities and perversion of state law, than the fact that, within fifteen miles of the greatest wine country of the world, the most opulent country of the world is destitute, for any general purposes, of the *finest produce of the earth*, the growth of the French vine. Our nobles and men of fortune may enjoy it; but the measureless majority, *the nation*, shares no more in the enjoyment, than if it were in the bottom of the sea.

To return to the wild frolic of the winter cottage, which, we must observe, even in Ireland, was rather rare. "My two eldest brothers, two gentlemen of the name of Taylor, one of them afterwards a writer in India; Mr Barrington Lodge, a rough songster; Frank Skelton, a jester and a butt; Jimmy Moffat, the most knowing sportsman of the neighbourhood; and two other sporting gentlemen of the country, composed the *permanent bacchanalians*. A few visitors were occasionally admitted. As for myself, I was too *unseasoned* to go through more than the first ordeal, which was on a frosty St Stephen's day, when the *hard-gokers* partook of their opening banquet, and several neighbours were invited to honour the commencement of what they called their *shut-up pilgrimage*. The old huntsman was the only male attendant, and his ancient spouse, once a kitchen-maid in the family, now somewhat resembling Leonarda in Gil Blas, was the cook;

while the drudgery fell to the lot of the whipper-in. A large turf fire seemed to court the gridiron on its cinders. The claret was tapped, and the long earthen, wide-mouthed pitchers stood under the cock, as if impatient to receive their portions. The pipers plied their chants, the fiddler clasped his cremona, and never did any feast commence with more auspicious appearances of hilarity,—anticipations which were not falsified.

"I shall never forget the attraction this novelty had for my youthful mind. All thoughts but those of good cheer were for the time totally obliterated. At length the banquet entered. The luscious smoked bacon, bedded in its cabbage *mattress*, and partly obscured by its own savoury steam, might have tempted the most fastidious of epicures; while the round, trussed chickens, ranged by the half dozen, on hot pewter dishes, turned up their white merry-thoughts, exciting equally the eye and the appetite; fat slices of the hanging cow, grilled over the clear embers on a shining gridiron, half drowned in their own luscious juices, and garnished with little pyramids of congenial shallots, smoked at the bottom of the well-furnished board. A prologue of cherry-bounce (brandy) preceded the entertainment, which was enlivened by hob-nobs and joyous exclamations."

All was now ready for action, and the description, worthy of Homer and his heroes, proceeds to state that every man gave ample and rapid testimonial of his sense of the festival. Toasts were drunk, in which "each man shouted forth the name of his fair mistress, and each surrendered a portion of his own reason in bumpers to her beauty. The pipers played appropriate planxies to every jovial sentiment, the fiddler *sawed* his merriest jigs, the huntsman sounded his horn, and gave the 'view holla,' responded to by an universal 'tally-ho.'" A fox's brush, stuck in a candlestick in the centre of the table, was worshipped as the presiding genius of the hour; claret flowed, bumpers were multiplied, and chickens, in the garb of spicy spitchecks, assumed the name of *devils*, to whet the appetites that nothing could conquer. The whole uproar of convivi-

ality was in full charge. But the *unseasoned* member of the party, who describes it, at length felt that this rapture could not last for ever.

"At length reason began gradually to lighten me of its burden, and its last efforts kindly suggested the straw chamber as an asylum. Two couple of favourite hounds had been introduced, to share the joyous pastime of their friends; and the deep bass of their throats, excited by the shrillness of the huntsman's tenor, harmonized by two rattling pipers, a fiddler, and twelve voices, all raising one continuous, unrelenting chime, was the last point of recognition which Bacchus permitted me to exercise. A faint *tallyho* was attempted by my reluctant lips; but I believe the effort was unsuccessful, and I very soon lost in the straw-room all the brilliant consciousness of existence."

"At noon next day, a scene of a different nature was exhibited. I found, on waking, two associates by my side, in perfect insensibility. Our pipers appeared indubitably *dead*; but the fiddler, who had the *privileges* of age and blindness, had taken a hearty nap, and seemed as much alive as ever. The room of banquet had been re-arranged by the old woman. Spitchcocked chickens, fried rashers, and broiled marrow-bones, struggled for precedence. The clean cloth looked fresh and exciting; jugs of mulled and buttered claret foamed hot upon the re-furnished table; and a better or heartier breakfast I never enjoyed in my life. Fresh visitors were introduced on each successive day, and the seventh morn had arisen before the feast broke up. As the day advanced, the cow was proclaimed to have furnished her full quantum of good dishes, the claret was upon its stoop, and the last gallon, mulled with a pound of spices, was drunk in tankers, to our next merry meeting. All now retired to their *natural* rest, until the evening announced a different scene. An early supper, to be partaken of by all the young folk of the neighbourhood, was provided in the dwelling-house, to terminate the festivities. A dance, as usual, wound up the entertainment, and what was then termed a 'raking pot of tea' put a finishing stroke in jollity and good-humour to such a revel as I never

saw before, and I am sure I shall never see again. The 'raking pot of tea' deserves a separate notice. It always wound up an Irish *jollification*. It consisted of a general meeting about daybreak, in the common hall, of all the young people of the house, mothers and old aunts, of course, excluded—a huge hot cake well buttered, strong tea, brandy, milk, and nutmeg amalgamated into syllabubs, the foxhunter's jig, thoroughly danced, a kiss all round, and a sorrowful 'good-morning.'

All this was in extremes, but it was the wildness of high spirits in the midst of plenty, and bespoke a time when society was at least neither soured nor starved. It was certainly not worse in point of morals, than the age which has followed, with all its pamphlets; and altogether more frank-hearted, kind, and manly. Who can disagree with these sentiments of its describer,—“When I compare with the foregoing,” says Sir Jonah, “the habits of the present day, and see the grandsons of these joyous and vigorous sportsmen mincing their fish and titbits at their favourite box in Bond Street; amalgamating their ounce of salad on a silver saucer; employing six sauces to coax one appetite; burning up their palate to make its enjoyments the more exquisite; sipping their acid claret, disguised by an olive, or neutralized by a chestnut; lisping out for the scented waiter, and paying him the price of a feast for the modicum of a Lilliputian, and the pay of a captain for the attendance of a blackguard;—it amuses me extremely, and makes me speculate on what their forefathers would have done to those admirable epicures, if they had had them at the ‘Pilgrimage’ in the huntsman's cottage.”

But there was connected with the character of the Irish gentleman of the last century, one most unhappy and culpable habit, that of duelling. The habit has passed away in a considerable degree; but while the law suffers itself to be mocked as it is on every occasion of a fatal event, while juries are taught to believe that deliberate murder is a justifiable mode of purifying reputation, and the public cry stigmatizes the man who refuses to vindicate himself by shedding the blood of the offender, so

long duelling will subsist, and so long the community will have to thank itself for the inroads of this guilty practice on the interests of society, for the deaths of many a brave, good, and able man, for the misery and ruin of many a family, and for the triumphant insolence of many a ruffian, whose only accomplishment is expertness in murder. The prevalence of duelling in Ireland was so proverbial, that it has been presumed to have arisen from some extraordinary and half frantic irritability in the national spirit. A more probable cause is to be found in the circumstances of the nation. The war of the Revolution had extinguished a large proportion of the Jacobite property. The heirs of those ruined estates wandered through the country, indignant at their loss, indignant at the new possessors, unable to dig, though to beg, not in all instances, ashamed, but in all instances considering themselves as the indubitable superiors of the interlopers, and ready to substantiate their claim to the rank of gentlemen by the sword. The defeat of the army of James, too, had filled Ireland with dismissed and undone officers, furious at their ill fortune, angry with the world, brave, destitute, idle, and desperate. Such men were hasty disputants, and the King's peace in the streets and the taverns was in perpetual danger. It was difficult to argue on fair terms with a bold soldier, who felt that his natural logic was cold steel, or the charge of his horse-pistol, and who also felt that to keep society in awe of his weapon, was his only pledge for keeping it in respect for his person. France, too, the old sower of mischief, public and private, in Europe, lent her mischievous example. She was the grand patroness of the duel. Swordsmanship was the prime accomplishment of the accomplished Frenchman. Every man fought, and the sword was a much more powerful instrument of public influence than the sceptre. Many of the Irish gentry had been educated in France. The Roman Catholics all clung to France and her customs; many, too, of the Protestants had been officers in William's army, bold men justly proud of their prowess, feeling no peculiar respect in society for those whom they had defeated in the field,

and ready to vindicate the imperfection of the law in their remote districts, by an unhesitating repression alike of rash claims and morbid insolence.

With such elements of explosion on every side, who shall wonder that explosions occurred, that feuds were perpetuated, that the sword, once appealed to, should become the constant source of appeal; and thus, that duelling should, even among a generous and good-humored people, grow into the universal arbiter of disputes, and the universal shame and curse of the land? For duelling in Ireland or in England either, there can be but one cure, *the hanging of the challenger*, and the transportation for life of the acceptor of the challenge. The seconds should, in every instance, be publicly scourged by the hangman, and transported for life, except in cases where they had stimulated the bad spirit of the parties, in which cases they should be hanged. And this is not said in burlesque. The sentence, to be of the slightest service in putting down the abomination, ought to be of an order with which no other feeling could come into competition. Fine, slight imprisonment, partial disgrace, any thing which suffers a man to resume his station in society, must be totally useless. So long as the stain of personal timidity is capable of being fixed on the man who refuses to fire his pistol at the heart of another, so long duelling will defy the common sense of mankind, and the direct law of God against the crime of murder. But let the punishment be of a severity which it would be madness to encounter, and the imputation of fear falls to the ground. No man can be called a poltroon for his reluctance to be hanged by the neck, nor supposed to be deficient in the offices of a *friend*, who postpones his display of *friendship* to the certainty of exile, chains, and bread and water, in New South Wales, for the term of his existence. As to the severity, it probably would never be required; the warning would be quite enough. Or, at most, a single evidence that Justice was in earnest, would settle the question for ever, and a single fire-eating fox-hunter, country attorney, or ensign of militia, hung at the first assizes, would put an end to the

hair-trigger dynasty to the end of time. The feebleness of Legislation on this great and grievous offence to the spirit of all law, is a foul blot upon the character of England.

But, in Ireland, when the explosive material was in such abundance, the abuse mounted to a height which would be actually incredible but for the clearest matter of fact. Not merely the rough blood of country squires was chafed into this fierce and foolish mode of settling their fox-hunting squabbles, but the lives of men of the highest public situation, the gravest offices, and the most distinguished attainments, were at the mercy of every trivial quarrel. Men, the loss of whose genius and virtues a century could not repair, were perpetually compelled by the tyranny of this desperate and senseless custom to the field; and the cause of their country identified with their lives, was at the mercy of the first ruffian, who, knowing the worthlessness of his own existence to any human being, chose, for pique, profit, or merely to get a *fighting name*, to stake it against the leaders and pledges of the national prosperity. Perhaps the annals of the world cannot produce a parallel to the following gazette of Irish belligerency.

Fitzgibbon, the Attorney-General, afterwards Chancellor, and Earl of Clare, fought Curran, afterwards Master of the Rolls, with twelve-inch pistols.

Scott, afterwards Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, and Earl of Clonmell, fought Lord Tyrawly about his wife, and the Earl Landaff about his sister, and others, with sword and pistol, on *miscellaneous* subjects.

Egan, judge of the county of Dublin, fought the Master of the Rolls, Barret, and three others, one with the sword. Egan was a humorist, and his duel with Barret was characteristic. On the combatants taking their ground, Barret, though the challenger, immediately fired, and missing his antagonist, walked away, coolly saying, "Egan, now my honour is satisfied." The judge, however, who was not *satisfied*, called out. "Halloa, stop, Roger, till I take a shot at your *honour*." Roger returned, and with the same composure, said, "Very well, fire away." Jack Egan presented, and seemed by his mo-

tions determined to finish Roger; at length he cried out, "Pho, pho, I won't *humour you*, I won't be *bothered* shooting you. So now you may go to the — your own way — Or shake hands, whichever you like best." The finale may be anticipated. The circumstance took place on the celebrated ground of Donnybrook fair, and some hundreds of *amateurs* were present.

The Right Honourable Isaac Corry, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, fought the Right Honourable Henry Grattan, a Privy-Counsellor, and leader of the Opposition. The Chancellor was hit. He also fought two others.

Metge, Baron of the Exchequer, fought his brother-in-law, and two others.

Lord Norbury, Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, fought *Fire-eater* Fitzgerald, and two others, muzzle to muzzle, and *frightened* Napper Tandy, and several besides. Napper was near being hanged for *running away*! Pistolng was notoriously one of Lord Norbury's *talents*. It was an element of his promotion; the wits said, alluding at once to the means and the rapidity of his rise, that he *shot up* into preferment.

Duigenan, Judge of the Prerogative Court, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, and the well-known antagonist of the Pope's claims fought one barrister, and came to the ground with another.

Grady, the first Counsel to the Revenue, fought Maher and Campbell, barristers, and *others*—very *stout work*.

Curran, Master of the Rolls, fought Lord Buckinghamshire, Chief Secretary, because he would not dismiss an obnoxious public officer.

Hutchison, Provost of Dublin College, and a Privy-Counsellor, fought Doyle, a Master in Chancery, (elder brother of the distinguished Sir John Doyle.)

Patterson, Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, fought three country gentlemen, one of them with the sword, and wounded all of them.

Ogle, a Privy-Counsellor, the Orange chieftain, fought Barney Coyle, a whisky-distiller, because he was a *Papist*. In this duel the remarkable good or ill luck prevailed, that the combatants fired four brace of pis-

tols, without stop or say, yet without hitting each other. But the combat was not altogether without consequence; for one of Ogle's seconds broke his arm by stumbling into a potato trench! Ogle was a man of great personal elegance and accomplishment, but a furious fighter, remarkably *high*; and his condescension in attempting to extinguish the unfortunate whisky-distiller must have arisen entirely from his equally furious spirit of party.

Sir Harding Gifford, late Chief-Justice of Ceylon, fought Bagenal Harvey, the barrister, afterwards the General of the Wexford Rebels. The Chief-Justice received a severe wound.

The Honourable Francis Hutchinson, Collector of the Customs of Dublin, fought the Lord Mountmorris.

Grattan was forced to hold himself in constant readiness for being called out and going out with any body and every body. This was his understood duty as head of the Opposition. He fought, as in duty bound, and distinguished himself by all the cool ferocity which became his station. He fought Lord Earlsfort, the Chief-Justice, and finished his Irish parliamentary career by calling out Isaac Carry on the night of the debate on the Union, and shooting him through the arm, while the debate was going on. Yet this extraordinary list was but a fragment of the rencontres which occurred in the course of a few years, even of the more subdued times immediately preceding the Union. Between two and three hundred remarkable duels were fought within the twenty years before. Still the extravagance, eccentricity, or absurdity of the practice assumed an air of double extravagance from the oddity of the national character. The universal spirit of arms which seized the Irish on the raising of the volunteers, was another of the inflammable materials which seemed destined to make this country the seat of perpetual combustion. About the year 1777, *fire-eating* was in great repute in Ireland. No young fellow could finish his education till he had exchanged shots with some of his friends or acquaintance. The first questions asked as to a young man's

respectability and qualifications, particularly when he proposed to a wife, were, "What family is he of? Did he ever *blaze*?" His fortune was the last enquiry, *because* the reply was seldom satisfactory. Tipperary and Galway were the ablest schools of the duelling *science*. Galway was the more scientific at the sword; Tipperary the more practical and prized at the pistol; Mayo not amiss at either. Roscommon and Sligo had many professors and a high reputation in the leaden branch. There was an association in the 1782, a volunteer corps, called the "Independent Light-horse." They were not confined to one district, but none could be admitted but the *younger* brothers of the most respectable families. They were all "hilt and muzzle" adepts. And that no member might set himself up as greater than the other, every individual of the corps was obliged, on entering, to give his honour, that he "*covered his fortune with the crown of his hat*, and had exchanged shot or thrust before he was balloted for." Most counties could then boast their regular *point of honour* men, to whom *delicate cases* were constantly referred. Lord Norbury was supposed to understand *the thing* as well as any gentleman in Ireland, and was frequently referred to by the high circles.

But there is no limit to human absurdity, when the frolic happens to be national. It was at length thought expedient by the principal oracles on the subject in the South, always the most *warlike* portion of the land, to bring the loose practices of the art into form, to tie down the various systems by rule, and thus, by placing the science on a proper, steady, rational, and moderate footing, silence all cavillers, and govern Ireland by one code, an uniform and satisfactory digest of the duelling principle, a fair exposition of the *lex pugnandi*. As a commencement, a branch society was formed, called "The Knights of Tara," which met once a month at a Theatre in Dublin fitted up for the occasion. The improvement of fencing was the great object. The amount of the admission money was laid out in silver cups given to the chief masters of the art. The Theatre of the Knights, on those occasions, was always over-

flowing; the combatants were dressed in close cambric jackets, garnished with ribands, each wearing the colours of his favourite fair, bunches of ribands dangled at their knees, and roses adorned their morocco slippers, which had buff soles, to prevent noise in their lounges. No masks or vizors were used, as in these more timorous times. The ladies appeared in full mourning-dresses, each handing his foil to her champion for the day, and their presence animating the exhibition. The prizes were handed to the conquerors by the fair ones from the stage-boxes, accompanied each with a wreath of laurel, and a smile, which they of course valued more than a hundred victories. All was decorum, gallantry, spirit and good temper. The Knights had also a select committee to decide on all actual questions of honour referred to them; to reconcile differences, if possible; if not, to adjust the terms and continuance of single combat. This association broke up at the end of two or three years. It is probable that the *Fire-eaters* thought it frivolous; they, however, in imitation, soon set forth a comprehensive code of the laws of honour, which they dispersed widely through the country, with directions that it should be strictly observed by *all gentlemen* throughout the kingdom, and kept in their *pistol-cases*, that ignorance might never be pleaded. This singular document was entitled—"The Practice of Duelling and points of honour settled at Clonmell Summer Assizes, 1775, by the Gentlemen Delegates of Tipperary, Galway, Mayo, Sligo, and Roscommon, and prescribed for general adoption throughout Ireland."

But those were the Saturnalia of an idle time. Other days were to follow, in which the partial evils of idleness and plenty were to be exchanged for the universal disturbances of faction. The country was to discover that she was the most aggrieved, calumniated, betrayed, and altogether ruined country that the malice of fortune ever determined to sacrifice; she was to learn, by the most unbridled harangues of conspirators and democrats, that she possessed no liberty of speech, and by the fierce and savage insurrections of her peasantry, that the peasant

was totally powerless to resist authority. The spirit of duelling was to be merged in the spirit of massacre, and the chance excesses of a squiredom too much at their ease, and finding protection from the direct grasp of the law in the attachment of their tenantry, were to be exchanged for the impoverishment or expulsion of the old class of proprietors, and the envenomed partisanship or sworn rebellion of the whole lower multitude. But, to meet even this period, some very powerful minds were preparing their vigour. Among the first, if not the very first, of those, was the late Lord Clare. He was called to the bar in 1772; the second son of a barrister of remarkable ability, who founding his own fortune, and rising to the head of the Irish Bar, left four thousand pounds a-year, at that time a large income, to his heir. The elder son died early, known only for his humour, and the promise of great abilities. John Fitzgibbon, to whom the estate devolved, now exhibited his natural designation for public eminence. He had been remarked in the University, where he was contemporary with the celebrated Grattan, and Foster, afterwards Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and Lord Oriel, as a young man of singular intelligence, capable of extraordinary effort, but appearing to do every thing without difficulty. He was seen in all the promenades of the capital, and in all its fashionable society, at the time when, to the general surprise, he was obtaining all the honours of the University. But he was enabled to pursue this course only by devoting to books the hours which his competitors gave up to sleep or dissipation. His father had signalized himself for that professional fearlessness which belongs to a strong mind, supported by a consciousness of professional superiority. On the act of the Irish Commons declaring pasture land free from tithe—an act equally unjust and shortsighted, and which, by throwing the tithe on the peasant, and exonerating the great land proprietor, generated the whole long series of peasant disturbances—the elder Fitzgibbon loudly protested against its illegality. The Commons proceeded to make the law in their own favour,

and declared “any man an enemy to the country who would bring an action for the tithe of pasture land.” The bold barrister instantly threw himself forward, defied the Commons, and offered his services as counsel to any bringer of an action for this tithe.

The son inherited the spirit of his father, probably with superior abilities, obviously with superior public opportunities, and with more decisive effect. Instead of being allured into indolence by wealth, which precluded the necessity of exertion, he plunged into the studies of his profession with characteristic vigour, less won, than forced, his way through its perimeters, and in a few years of almost uncontested triumph was Lord Chancellor. His general abilities were never questioned. He was charged with their perversion, but the charge was refuted by the success of his councils, the fear in which he was held by every enemy of the constitution, and the unanimous reliance with which the whole body of Irish loyalty turned to him in the day of public danger. The minor charges of arrogance, violent partiality for his friends, and as violent hostility to his enemies, were made against him from time to time, and abandoned by the honourable conviction of his accusers, or surrendered to the evidence of facts, or forgotten, and deserving to be forgotten, in the greatness of his public services. It will never be said, that he was without faults, but it will be confessed by any man capable of comprehending his situation, that his faults were the natural results of circumstances on a proud and lofty mind, that he turned them into the materials of national good, and that without his faults, his character would have been dismantled of half its virtues, and his career of all its services.

Lord Clare came into public life at a period when the true policy of Government was undergoing a change; the decision of older and wiser times was giving way to a feeble expediency, popularity was the cup of temptation, and the Cabinet was suffering its senses to be steeped in the draught, drugged by the enemies of the Empire. Lord Clare checked this course at the instant; he rushed

upon the orgie, broke the spell, and drove out the enchanter. He did more; he communicated his own unbending spirit to the Government, and for a while enabled it to assume the post of superiority, and prolong the defence, if it could not finally avert the ruin, of the country. With attainments less profound than some of his contemporaries, and genius less brilliant than others, he took the lead of every man of his day by the still higher qualities of instinctive knowledge of human nature, an intrepidity of view which nothing could disappoint or dishearten, an inexhaustible reliance on the resources of his own powerful mind, and, above all, an impregnable integrity and singleness of determination for the safety of the country. Surrounded with orators, and destitute of oratory, he still preserved his foremost station. Assailed by all the arts and graces of the finest eloquence—by the exquisite sarcasm and sportive venom of Curran, exhibiting the splendour, subtlety, and fang of the serpent—by the majestic tempest of Grattan, a combination of flame, whirlwind, and cloud, dazzling, magnificent, and, even in its confusion, rolling along in unexampled and almost irresistible grandeur—in the midst of all, his character stood up like a rock, not to be shaken or sapped by the storm; and however partially smitten, yet able to endure; and having endured, still to stand, the rallying point and stronghold of his country. For twenty years he was at the head of Irish affairs, the sole director of Irish policy, almost the sole combatant of Opposition, the most direct object of hatred to every hater of the Constitution, and the most recognised protector of the remaining hopes of Ireland against an encroaching, beguiling, and traitorous faction, who came forward first in the garb of suppliants, then in the assured violence of rebels, but who never were to be conquerors until he was laid in his grave.

To depreciate his political conduct by his private failings, it has been said, that he was petulant in society, contemptuous of the opinions of others, and too palpably positive in his own. But, true or false, such failings disappear on the great scale of a statesman's services:

they are too minute to be taken into view at the true historic distance. It is to the general vigorous proportions of the form alone that we can look, when the combatant descends armed to the field; the scars and trivial stains of the features are not to be investigated under the panoply and the plume which has always led to victory.

But without desiring to deny Lord Clare's haughtiness, or his too open contempt of his opponents, and even acknowledging that in those points lay the defect of his character, it must be remembered that his whole experience was naturally productive of those tendencies; that, as a Minister, his life was spent in the most pregnant opportunities of seeing the entire baseness of the human heart, in being solicited by sycophancy, besieged by unblushing importunity, and bargained with by remorseless corruption; that in Parliament he saw a perpetual display of profligate ambition under the mask of patriotism, and the most abject selfishness lurking under the language of the loftiest virtue; that he must have been sickened with the perpetual grimace of political hypocrisy, and have grown contemptuous alike of the men and the motives; that his perpetual defeat of party might well have justified his scorn of its powers; and his intimate knowledge of the hazards to which it was impelling the country, might have still more strongly armed his lips with indignant challenge and blasting reprobation. It was this high and unrelaxing hostility to all that threatened the country, which made the great distinction and matchless merit of Lord Clare's Ministry. He never shrank from instant collision with the traitor; he never compromised with the treason. Every movement of insubordination caught his vigilant eye. Every disturber found his foot instantly upon his neck. In his day no specious slave of conspiracy would have been suffered to roam the land, rousing the passions of the peasantry by the hope of plunder; no fifteen hundred meetings would have been held in the chapels of a tolerated sect, for the purposes of an insolent menace to the Legislature.

The factious calumniators of Government, the clients of public tu-

mult, the libellers of the Constitution, would have expiated their offences in banishment or on the scaffold; and the country, cleared of an insult and a danger, would have rejoiced in the salutary vigour of the laws. Lord Clare broke the Irish Opposition till he drove them from the House. He would have trampled down Irish faction, but he had to encounter in England a more formidable Opposition than at home. The Cabinet of St James's, near as it was to Ireland, was yet too far off to see its hazards in their true dimensions. If Pitt had been the Irish Minister, he would have acted like Lord Clare; if Lord Clare had been the English, he might possibly have felt the effect of distance, and adopted the middle system of Pitt. But it had become the policy of the English Cabinet to snatch from Fox the popularity for which he had paid no less a price than his principles. Concession took the place of firmness. Popery was wooed, that never was to be won. The teeth and talons of conspiracy were to be extracted by officious conciliation. The pestilent depths of rebellion were to be ventilated by new transmissions of the light and air of privilege, unsought for, scorned, and inapplicable. The Irish Cabinet saw the danger gathering on all sides. The English Cabinet could see nothing while the armies of rebellion manœuvred only under cover of night, and sank, like vapours into the earth, during the day. The extraordinary phenomenon of the sudden cessation of riot, popular harangues, and peasant intemperance, which signalized the beginning of 1798, was lost upon the English Cabinet. The Irish Government argued it as preparation, the English as conclusion. And while both stood paralysed, the mighty stream of conspiracy augmented, deepened, widened, lost its smoothness, burst down in a cataract, and shook the land with its roar. From the commencement to the close of his public life, all his measures were stamped by the same determination. His foresight pronounced that Catholic concession would be the grave of the Irish Parliament. The warning was thrown away. Faction, tampering with the English Government, triumphed. The franchise was given to the Popish pea-

santry;—a fatal gift to them; for it only propagated poverty;—a fatal gift to the country; for it extinguished the Legislature. By giving the franchise to the Popish multitude, blind, passionate, and prejudiced as it was, the Irish Parliament was daily becoming a house of delegates for Popery. A few years more would have made it Popish in substance as well as in spirit. The vessel of the State was already on her beam-ends. There was no alternative, but cutting away all above-deck. The Union swept away masts and streamers at a blow, but it righted the ship. No man in Ireland felt the calamity of the measure more deeply than Lord Clare. But he had shewed his sincerity, by repelling for years the acts out of which it grew. Faction shewed its insincerity, by urging those acts to their natural consummation, and then clamouring over the consequences. "You are forcing the country to the edge of a precipice," was the continual remonstrance of Government. "There is *no* precipice," was the continual answer of faction, and they forced it on; saw the Constitution dashed to atoms, and then exclaimed against the mischief of their own act, as if caused by the prophetic warning. The Union was mutilation, but it was the last resource to redeem the connexion of the Empire. Lord Clare bore his part in the measure, when it became essential, with the firmness of his whole career. Personal obloquy, and popular menace, were lavished on him in vain. Parliament, once the great organ of public prosperity, had become utterly diseased: it must be cut away, or Ireland must be but a name. The operation was desperate; but, in the firm hand of the Minister, it was decisive. The cancer was extirpated, and the patient was saved.

Lord Clare's course of public service was now done. He had triumphed for twenty years over every enemy of public order, had exiled Faction, trampled down rebellion, rescued the Constitution from the hands of the Papist, and finally yielded only to the misguided authority of the Cabinet of England. From this period, he took but little interest in public life, rather overlooked than mingled in the politics of England,

and partly worn out by exertion, and partly suffering from an injury which he had received in falling from his horse, died at a comparatively early age.

It may well be asked why, among the numerous biographies of the leading men of Ireland, there is no biography of Lord Clare. He has left a son, a man of spirit and ability, who ought to do this justice to his memory. A true biography of this eminent person would be the best history of the most vivid period of Irish character, the finest rebuke to the tardy wisdom of England, the keenest exposure of the hypocrisy of Irish faction, and the most graphic and powerful lesson to the future statesmanship of both countries. The time is come for this justice. Thirty years have now interposed between the passions of his day and the judgment of ours. His adversaries, like himself, are in the tomb long enough to be uncovered, without hazard of kindling the contagion of party. We may now calmly contemplate their frames and features, and see which best stands the ordeal of daylight and air once more. It was said that the Union killed Lord Clare. It should have been said, that it put an end to his political importance. He had brought the vessel, shattered as it was, into harbour, and the business of the pilot was done. But if his proud and powerful mind could have been consoled by the ruin of all his opponents, no measure could have afforded him

fuller consolation. Samson grasping the pillars of the temple of Dagon, was not more master of the fates of his enemies. The crush of the Parliament extinguished them at once. The few who escaped from the ruin scattered, never to unite again—the *faction* was dead and buried. But what to them was a just and contemptuous retribution, to the author and sharer of the catastrophe was an avowed and open act of self-devotion. No man knew better that his public life was meted by the life of Parliament. There was no want of popular clamour to tell him that an English Senate would be a retreat of neither dignity nor ease; that with the close of his power in Ireland the gate must be shut upon his ambition for ever; that, if he dragged faction to the altar, the knife that struck the victim must extinguish the sacrificer. His sagacity was too quick to be mistaken; no man shewed more distinctly by his subsequent conduct that he looked upon the Union as the close of his political course. In the English Senate, he made no attempt to be even known. In his own country he had accomplished his purpose, and with a steadiness of spirit, which time will vindicate from the recorded calumnies of men envious of his powers, smarting from his justice, or incapable of measuring his mind. He embraced the only alternative that offered a hope of saving the connexion of the Empire, and with it the prosperity of Ireland.

HYMNS OF LIFE. BY MRS HEMANS.

No. V.

EASTER-DAY IN A MOUNTAIN CHURCHYARD.

THERE is a waking on the mighty hills,
 A kindling with the spirit of the morn !
 Bright gleams are scatter'd from the thousand rills,
 And a soft visionary hue is born

On the young foliage, worn
 By all the imbosom'd woods,—a silvery green,
 Made up of spring and dew, harmoniously serene.

And lo ! where floating through a glory, sings
 The Lark, alone amidst a crystal sky !
 Lo ! where the darkness of his buoyant wings,
 Against a soft and rosy cloud on high,
 Trembles with melody !

While the far-echoing solitudes rejoice
 To the rich laugh of music in that voice.

But purer light than of the early sun
 Is on you cast, oh, mountains of the earth !
 And for your dwellers nobler joy is won
 Than the sweet echoes of the skylark's mirth,
 By this glad morning's birth !
 And gifts more precious by its breath are shed
 Than music on the breeze, dew on the violet's head.

Gifts for the *soul*, from whose illumined eye
 O'er nature's face the colouring glory flows ;
 Gifts from the fount of Immortality,
 Which, fill'd with balm, unknown to human woes,
 Lay hush'd in dark repose,
 Till Thou, bright Dayspring ! mad'st its waves our own,
 By thine unscaling of the burial stone.

Sing, then, with all your choral strains, ye hills !
 And let a full victorious tone be given
 By rock and cavern to the wind which fills
 Your urn-like depths with sound ! The tomb is riven,
 The radiant gate of Heaven
 Unfolded—and the stern, dark shadow cast
 By Death's o'ersweeping wing, from the earth's bosom past.

And you, ye graves ! upon whose turf I stand,
 Girt with the slumber of the hamlet's Dead,
 Time with a soft and reconciling hand
 The covering mantle of bright moss hath spread
 O'er every narrow bed :
 But not by time, and not by nature sown
 Was the celestial seed, whence round you Peace hath grown.

Christ hath arisen ! oh ! not one cherish'd head
 Hath, 'midst the flowery sods, been pillow'd here
 Without a hope, (howe'er the heart hath bled
 In its vain yearnings o'er the unconscious bier,)
 A hope, upspringing clear
 From those majestic tidings of the morn,
 Which lit the living way to all of woman born.

Thou hast wept mournfully, oh, human Love!
 E'en on this green sward : night hath heard thy cry,
 Heart-stricken one ! thy precious dust above,
 Night, and the hills, which sent forth no reply

Unto thine agony !

But He who wept like thee, thy Lord, thy guide,
 Christ hath arisen, oh Love ! thy tears shall all be dried.

Dark must have been the gushing of those tears,
 Heavy the unsleeping Phantom of the tomb
 On thine impassioned soul, in elder years
 When, burden'd with the mystery of its doom,
 Mortality's thick gloom
 Hung o'er the sunny world, and with the breath
 Of the triumphant rose came blending thoughts of death.

By thee, sad Love, and by thy sister, Fear,
 Then was the ideal robe of beauty wrought
 To veil that haunting shadow, still too near,
 Still ruling secretly the conqueror's thought,
 And, where the board was fraught
 With wine and myrtles in the summer bower,
 Felt, e'en when disavow'd, a presence and a power.

But that dark night is closed : and o'er the dead,
Here, where the gleamy primrose tufts have blown,
 And where the mountain heath a couch has spread,
 And, settling oft on some grey-lettered stone,
 The Redbreast warbles lone ;
 And the Wild-bee's deep, drowsy murmurs pass
 Like a low thrill of harp-strings through the grass :

Here, midst the chambers of the Christian's sleep,
 We o'er death's gulf may look with trusting eye,
 For Hope sits, dove-like, on the gloomy deep,
 And the green hills wherein these valleys lie
 Seem all one sanctuary
 Of holiest thought—nor needs their fresh bright sod,
 Urn, wreath, or shrine, for tombs all dedicate to God.

Christ hath arisen !—oh ! mountain peaks, attest,
 Witness, resounding glen, and torrent wave,
 The immortal courage in the human breast
 Sprung from that victory—tell how oft the brave
 To camp 'midst rock and cave,
 Nerved by those words, their struggling faith have borne,
 Planting the Cross on high above the clouds of morn.

The Alps have heard sweet hymnings for to-day—
 Ay, and wild sounds of sterner, deeper tone
 Have thrill'd their pines, when those that knelt to pray
 Rose up to arm ! the pure, high snows have known
 A colouring not their own,
 But from true hearts which by that crimson stain
 Gave token of a trust that call'd no suffering vain.

Those days are past—the mountains wear no more
 The solemn splendour of the martyr's blood,
 And may that awful record, as of yore,
 Never again be known to field or flood !
 E'en though the faithful stood,
 A noble army, in the exulting sight
 Of Earth and Heaven, which bless'd their battle for the right !

But many a martyrdom by hearts unshaken
 Is yet borne silently in homes obscure ;
 And many a bitter cup is meekly taken ;
 And, for the strength whereby the just and pure
 Thus stedfastly endure,
 Glory to Him whose victory won that dower,
 Him, from whose rising stream'd that robe of spirit power.

Glory to him ! Hope to the suffering breast !
 Light to the nations ! He hath roll'd away
 The mists, which, gathering into deathlike rest,
 Between the soul and heaven's calm ether lay—
 His love hath made it day
 With those that sat in darkness.—Earth and Sea !
 Lift up glad strains for Man by truth divine made free !

LYRICS OF THE EAST.

BY MRS GODWIN.

No. VII.

BEDOUIN LAMENT FOR A SHEIK.

DARK AZRAEL ! thy work is done,
 Our father sinks to rest,
 As dives at eve the golden sun
 Deep in the Desert's breast.

Chorus.—He's gone !—fling loose his camel's rein,
 Let his brave steed range wide the plain.
 He's gone ! our guiding star is sped,
 Our father slumbers with the dead.

Ye warriors,—shrouded is that eye,
 Your beacon-light so long,
 Silent the lip whose battle-cry
 So late rose clear and strong.

Chorus.—He's gone !—what other hand shall rear
 The foeman's scourge, *his* shining spear ?
 He's gone ! our guiding star is sped,
 Our father slumbers with the dead.

Ye hunters of an ancient race,
 The glorious spirits still,
 That urged the Desert's noble chase
 O'er rock, and stream, and hill.

Chorus.—He's gone !—shoot up his shafts to sail
 In mournful mockery on the gale.
 He's gone ! our guiding star is sped,
 Our father slumbers with the dead.

Ye matrons, and ye maidens, weep,
 For he who loved us well,
 And led us forth our flocks to keep,
 Where peace and plenty dwell.

Chorus.—He's gone !—unbind your braided hair—
 Rouse the wild song of your despair !
 He's gone, our guiding star is sped,
 Our father slumbers with the dead.

No. VIII.

WISDOM IN THE WILDERNESS.

If the vain hopes from boyhood cherish'd
 Have pass'd like a vision away,
 If the flowers in thy path have perish'd,
 If thy star hath withdrawn its ray,
 Go where the hill-stream rushes,—
 Go where the wild bird sings;
 Go where the clear well gushes
 Far from the courts of kings.

If the false friend, thy warm heart trusted,
 Hath fled thee in sorrow's dark night—
 If thy soul, like a sword that's rusted,
 Hath lost all its glory and might—
 Go where the tall palms quiver
 Bright in the desert air;
 Muse by the lonely river—
 Thou'lt find contentment there.

If the maiden, whose faith was plighted,
 Hath broken her vows to thee—
 Or the wife of thy bosom requited
 Thy love with inconstancy—
 Go—forget wrong and sadness,
 Where the fawns on the hill-tops play;
 Their bright eyes, beaming gladness,
 Shall charm all care away.

If that world in its wisdom blame thee,
 Whose flatteries were long believed—
 If the prince thou hast served disclaim thee,
 By slanderous tongues deceived—
 Go, thou despised one, hasten,
 Far from the factious brood;
 Go—disappointment shall chasten
 Thy spirit in solitude.

No. IX.

TRUE VALOUR.

Ask ye the warrior's falchion bright
 Of the strength of his red right hand;
 Ask ye the plume on his turban white,
 If 'twas vail'd to the hostile band;
 Ask ye his steed of the havoc wide—
 Of the count of the foeman's slain;
 Ask of the myriads his hoof of pride,
 Trampled down on the battle plain;

Ask ye the Desert that drank their blood,
 And the dark earth's unfathom'd caves;
 Ask ye the wild and the rolling flood
 Of the dying within its waves;
 But ask not the chief of the battle-host
 Of the deeds that his arm hath done,
 For never yet did true valour boast
 Of the fame and the glory won.

AN INDIAN LAMENT.

DAY's last of breath and sunlight floats on beach and woody height,
 Bathing them o'er with bloodlike gleams ; while the cool gale of night
 Wakes on the rugged forest-tops the many-whispering leaves,
 And, o'er the darkly-crisping stream, in low sad murmur grieves.

There are a few young stars in heaven, and, wheeling proudly high,
 The queenly vulture tracks a path into the purple sky,
 Darker the copper sunset streams on wave and autumn leaf,
 And on this spot,—the burial-place of many an Indian Chief.

The spot those forest hunters lov'd and scour'd at rise of day,
 To track the roe-buck, or to snare the young moose on his way ;
 Where once a hundred wigwams glow'd, and oft the sunset drew
 Its shadow o'er those fearful scenes the forest only knew.

But now there lingers only one,—one of the thousand forms
 Whose orgies fill'd the woods with sound deeper than summer storms.
 " Art thou the last of all that band ;—the droopless, the unshed,
 When every other leaf is flung to perish with the dead ?

" Or do thy tribes yet haunt the shade where not a star looks through ?
 Or rouse the council fire beyond yon hills of heaven-like blue ?
 And draw the battle-bow, and still within the dance's ring
 Hail the torn wretch that scorns to flinch beneath their torturing ?"—

" Stranger, my warriors hear no more the conch or war-whoop's sound,
 Their ancient blood has long since dried upon the battle-ground ;
 Long o'er my tribe the mountain gale has wav'd the forest bloom,
 And no mocassin's tread save mine has press'd their sunless tomb.

" No tread save mine ;—they are no more. The fiercely rushing breeze
 Ruffles the waters into voice, and wakes the slumbering trees ;
 The stars on the eternal sky shed their unfading light,
 The ranging wolf by cave and glen howls through the savage night ;—

" But we,—not o'er a thousand hills we once could call our own,
 May e'er uplift the voice again ; or tread the covert lone ;—
 The winds, the savage of the wood, are free as at their birth ;
 But we have felt the chain that kills,—earth is no more *our* earth.

" Go to our homes, the Sumach still blends its rich shadow there ;
 But moss o'erspreads each vacant hearth ; the red fox shelters near ;—
 Nought veils the white uncoffin'd bones that crumbling lie around,
 Nought but the wither'd leaf the storm has scatter'd o'er the ground.

" The bow is bent, the shaft is sped that draws this latest breath ;
 The Mohawk may be known no more, save in the hall of death :
 No more the night may rouse our hosts to scour the naked plain,
 Or vengeance print upon the turf her warm red battle-stain :—

" And years shall pass, and not a trace shall here remain to tell
 Where, haughty still in his despair, the Indian warrior fell.
 The matted woods shall fling their gloom upon a fairer brow,
 While, where the lone dark huntsman rests, the harvest sheaf shall glow.

" And, but the name, the memory that lifts its starry eye,
 Amid the solemn shadowiness of Time's deed-written sky,
 Shall wake a thought of what we were,—the mighty and the free,
 Before yon pale ones cross'd the storms, the fierce storms of the sea."

Wisbech.

T. C.

LIFE.

It seemeth but the other day—
 The other day that I was born—
 And childhood came—life's ruddy morn
 Soon pass'd away.

It seemeth but the other day,
 Came schoolboy cares, of verb and noun,—
 And idle sport, stern master's frown—
 They pass'd away.

It seemeth but a day, an hour,
 Since youth was mine, all fresh and young,
 With nerve, and heart, and forward tongue—
 Full pert the flower.

It seemeth but a day, since I,
 Scarce tamed before, to beauty knelt,
 And sigh'd, and swore, and madly felt
 Love's agony.

It seemeth scarce a day, e'en now,
 With firmer step I walk'd, the man,
 And proudly spoke ; and thought, and plan
 Shook from my brow.

How like a thief of night, to-day
 Upon that yesterday stole in—
 On that again Life's shades begin
 In twilight grey.

To-morrow—is it in our grasp?—
 This night may death shut up our age,
 And close our book of pilgrimage
 With iron clasp.

Life is but the soul's infant state,
 Where ripens its eternal seed
 For bitter dole, or heavenly meed
 Regenerate.

Death—Death is conquered, and the grave
 The summoned dead to Life shall yield—
 When angels reap thy harvest field,
 Lord, who shall save?

Redeemer, thou ; Thine was the strife,
 The victory—with thy Grace renew
 The inner man—set in my view
 Eternal Life.

That infant child, and youth, and man,
 Baptized, and cleansed from stain of Sin,
 By Faith in Thee, I come within
 Thy Mercy's plan.

HOME.

O, HOME ! thou art in every place,
 O'er all the boundless earth—
 The centre of eternal space,
 Where'er thou hast thy birth.

They say, " a thousand miles from home,"
 As from the dearest thing
 That links our souls, the more we roam,
 The more to it we cling.

What though ten thousand miles we run,
 And add ten thousand more,
 There is a Home—'tis like the sun
 That travels still before.

Though not for us—though all be strange ;
 Yet fondest hearts there be,
 In all the world's unmeasured range,
 No home elsewhere can see.

O'er peopled realms, or deserts vast,
 There still One Voice is heard—
 'Tis Home—Home there her lot hath cast
 Of man, of beast, or bird.

Within the forest's deepest shade,
 Ten thousand depths around—
 Home for each living thing is made
 That creepeth on the ground.

Where life hath neither bed nor lair,
 In silence, and in gloom
 Home finds the lonely floweret there,
 The worm within the tomb.

Home, Home—it is eternal love—
 His presence and His praise—
 O'er all, around, below, above,
 Creation's boundless ways—

E'en in the poor defiled heart,
 The present Home of sin,
 God said, Let wickedness depart,
 And *We* will dwell therein.

Blest Spirit, thou that Home prepare,
 Do thou make clean, secure,
 Lest Love should seek his dwelling there,
 His Home, nor find it pure.

Thou, when this earthly Home shall fall,
 As built on erring sands—
 Me to that heavenly mansion call,
 Prepared, not made with hands.

That Home of love, and joy, and peace,
 No sorrow in the breast—
 From troubling, where the wicked cease,
 And where the weary rest.

STANZAS. BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

Oh, bitter—bitter is the unrest
Of the quick heart in a *lonely* breast;
But bitterer far 'twould be to endure
Sorrows, that love might share—not cure!

Mournful—how mournful must it be,
Dead hopes, like wind-tossed leaves, to see;
But heavier anguish would ensue,
If a beloved one wept them too!

Oh, deadly—deadly is the strife
Of an impassioned soul through life;
Yet deadlier far such pangs must prove—
Involving all that soul doth love!

Yet, pause—sad thoughts, is there no charm
To wile away this double harm?
Yea! let our fears to Faith be given
—Shared be on Earth our trust in Heaven!

THE SOUND OF SKY.

Here then I rest me. On this shelving sand,
Awaiting my small bark, at ease reclined,
I watch the clear green wave with measured fall
Dash into silvery foam. Nor does its light
And sparkling play distract my soothed mind
Given up to meditation, not unpleased,
On toil and labours past.

Thou calm, bright sea!

Thy distant gleam for many a toil-some mile,
Still vainly mocked, my weary eye hath sought.
But now, my labours o'er, soon on thy broad
And gently undulating bosom borne,
All travail past,—the keen storm hardly faced
Upon the bleak hill-side, no shelter near,—
The long glen traversed, endless, thirsty, bare,
While from its steep grey sides reflected slant
The sun's fierce rays, resistless,—all shall live
In my pleased memory, but as restless dreams
To heighten present joys recalled. The while,
Deep in my thoughtful soul shall sink the wild
And varied wonders of this savage land,
There ever to remain:—the shadowy gleam
Of clouds dark brooding on the mountain's height;—
The dusky forms of giant hills, immersed
In solemn twilight, deep, serene, and still;—
Nor least, what but the eve of yesternight
I saw, Glenshiel, in thy deep vale,—where strait
From out thy lowest depths uprose a small
And roseate cloud, tinged with the glow of eve,
And mounting swiftly o'er the rugged breast
Of that stern barrier, spurning this gross earth,
Like some pure spirit vexed with earthly ills,
It mingled with the purer skies above.

Here end my dreams. For, lo! where round the base
Of yon black rock his little shallop steers
My youthful guide,—no wizard ferryman
To waft me o'er this bright and fairy sea,—
But a poor Highland boy, in humblest guise,
Bare-foot and bare-legged;—and, like him, his bark,
Crazy, and rude, and small;—slight trust and frail

For these wild seas : when but this very morn,
 The fierce North-west with fury swept the strait.
 All now is still. Soon on a fragrant couch
 Of blooming heather, which full well the want
 Of shaven bench in that small skiff supplies,
 I rest in luxury. Meanwhile with stout
 And sturdy strokes my little guide, intent,
 Plies his rude oars of mountain birch, still rough
 With fair and silvery bark ; and for the shores
 Of Skye, wide stretched before us, shapes his course.

How soft and balmy breathes this gentle air !
 The morning storm has fled. The sea and sky,—
 Like beauteous sisters clasped in fond embrace,
 After short strife and tears,—in harmony
 Lie sweetly blended : scarce can the eye discern
 Their softened mingling in the distant south :
 While tremblingly the glassy wave gives back,
 In doubtful shimmer bright, each mottled cloud,
 Each summery streak of that fair sky serene.
 Hushed is the howling gale. The sun's mild rays
 Gladden the freshened air, each hill remote
 In hazy sweetness wrapping : e'en thy height,
 Rugged and stern, Ben Aslaig, owns the soft
 And genial glow ; and on the glittering scene
 Looks down, like some sage elder's furrowed brow,
 At joyous festival, or nuptial dance,
 Wreathed in unwonted smiles.

How calm this deep !
 How bright and pure ! As by each wave-worn rock
 Or shelving beach we glide, pebble and shell,
 And tufted weed, beneath the lucid wave,
 To jewels rare transformed, sapphire and jet,
 Topaz and sparkling emerald, in rich
 And quivering brightness shine : — how do they mock
 The baffled pencil, powerless ! Where the floor
 Of this fair sea deeper and deeper still
 Shelves downwards, thorough the bright emerald wave
 Full many a fathom down the eye can trace
 With greedy gaze that plain untrodden, fair
 With level sand or whitened rock, or dark
 With long and streaming weed, which to and fro
 Waves gently ever, as the tresses green
 Of slumbering mermaid, decked with rarest shell,
 Sea-egg, or pearly fan. No brighter waves
 Can lave those realms of light where spirits blest
 Repose in endless joy : so fair they seem,
 So spiritually pure !

Onward we stretch,
 And gain the midmost channel.—“ Slack thine arm,
 My little guide, and wipe thy streaming brow ;
 Here pause a while ; soon from thy trembling hand
 Those weary oars I'll take, and share the toil.”—
 How still is all around ! No living sound
 Falls on my listening ear, save the faint scream
 Of distant sea-birds wheeling round and round
 In mazy dance, now soaring high in air,
 Now dashing downwards swift, and from the wave,
 Sparkling with that light touch, upspringing quick :
 While here and there some straggler,—fearless gull,
 Or light sea-swallow, graceful,—on its broad
 And clanging wing sweeps past, in snowy vest,
 Polish'd and firm, array'd, and with bright glance,
 Suspicious, eyes me near. Sole tenants they
 Of these wild seas and rocks. Nor sight nor sound
 Of busy man is here ; save where afar

The long blue streaming smoke of smouldering weed,
 The harvest of the restless deep, ascends.
 Still sleeps the wave : stir'd only where the tide,
 In long-drawn lines of light, with many a strong
 And whirling eddy sweeping onwards, breaks
 The glassy plain. How tranquil all beside !
 The mirror of the clear blue vault above !

Enough I've gazed. O'er that skiff's lowly side,
 With listless eye the lucid wave I scan—
 Into that crystal depth profound I seem
 Now deeper still to pierce ; while far beneath,
 Now swift, now slow, seem shadowy forms to glide,
 Mysterious, mute ; sole conscious creatures they
 Of the deep secrets, strange, unguessed, concealed
 In ocean's silent, twilight caves. At once—
 As from a dizzy height I seem to look
 On empty, gaping space, wide stretch'd beneath ;
 Hung by a viewless chain from heaven's high vault,
 In middle air suspended ;—treacherous
 That depth aerial ! With shudder deep
 Backwards I quickly shrink, and shrinking close
 My dizzy eyes, and still my whirling brain.

Again we ply the ceaseless oar, and soon
 Under the tall grey cliffs of Skye we thread
 Our sinuous course. And slowly now by deep
 And shadowy caves we glide, paved with the green
 And glassy waters, ever gently heaving,
 With a low gurgling sound, their liquid breast :
 While dimly plays around each cool recess,
 Chequering the dripping roof and aged walls,
 A ceaseless dance of flickering light, pale glancing
 From the clear bosom of the changeful wave.
 —And ever and anon the tall rocks part
 With steep and sudden cleft ; where deep within,
 In a still silent bay, embosomed sleeps
 A little grassy slope, with shrub and tree
 O'er-shadowed ; and through the midst there leaps
 O'er turf and mossy stone, a little rill :
 Deep in each rocky cleft around is wedged
 Hazel and gnarled oak ; or graceful birch,
 Like slender maiden fair, springs light and free
 With waving plumes aloft, and trailing thence,
 With many a downward curve, its tendrils long,
 Kisses its trembling shadow in the wave.

Onward we pass. High beetling overhead,
 Darkly the rugged crags indent the sky.
 A world to me these stately cliffs !—They fill
 My wondering vision as I slowly skirt
 Their wave-worn foot :—nor heed I that above,
 Far into middle air some mountain height,
 Aslaig, or Ben-na-Caple, rears aloft
 Its cloudy head ; while these grey cliffs so tall
 Are but a line, a slender belt which girds
 The mighty mountain's base :—So feeble man
 Presumptuous scans all mysteries, led on
 By glimmering ray of science, or the light
 Of boasted reason, self-sufficient ; blind
 To all things greater than himself, that Hand
 He sees not, nor that mighty Arm on high,
 Which sways, pervading all things here below.

Here ends my long-drawn course. On the fair shores
 Of thy small-circling bay, Isle-Oransay,
 I strand my bark ; and through the wilds of Skye,
 Refresh'd and cheer'd, my wonted march resume.

A CHARACTER. (1830.)

BY MISS E. M. HAMILTON.

Thy affection resembles a crystal stream
 I have somewhere gazed on long :
 More purely clear does its stillness seem
 Than steadfast or true or strong.

For let but a summer wind blow o'er
 Its constancy to one,
 And the image that lay so deep before
 Is shaken on its throne.

And whoever in passing shall smile on thee,
 Will meet an answering smile,
 And a calm transparent sympathy,
 Sweet for a little while.

But it does not last ; e'en, current like,
 Thy feelings steal away :
 Whate'er may their sunny surface strike,
 Stirs them, but nought will stay.

As harp-strings fervently reply
 Alike to many a hand,
 But, after, all as quickly lie
 The same untroubled band :

'Tis well for *thee* ! well for a mind
 That grief would wildly move ;
 But what for those who have consign'd
 To thee their life thro' love ?

Like rose-leaves on a river strewn,
 They may watch their fondness sent
 Carelessly out of sight full soon,
 By memories that repent ;

And, as the torn-up flower of joy
 Floats farther still from view,
 May weep : but thou, who couldst destroy,
 Will merely smile Adieu !

And yet to think that one, who thus
 Shall wound and injure hearts,
 Is good and kind, as few of us
 Whose love not so departs !

To think of all thy gentleness,
 Like that Italian air,
 Whose sweet warm breath has deadliness
 That life yet longs to dare !

Alas, for earth ! the weak then too
 Are tyrants like the strong,
 Even dreams that deified a few,
 We live to learn were wrong.

Yes, it is vain !—though Hope will rove
 Thro' realms too oft retrod,
 There is no heaven but one above,
 There is no god but God.

KNOWLEDGE.

BY MISS E. M. HAMILTON. (1829.)

YES ! 'tis a majestic thing,
 Soaring on its heavenward wing,
 Through illimitable space :
 Yet, methinks, its godlike grace,
 Passing o'er the unfolding heart,
 Makes its rest too often start ;
 Disturbs it with too rude a might,
 O'erpowers it with too cold a light
 For mortality to bear,
 And leaves us what we early were.

We catch the faded languid tone
 Of life too passionately known,
 And walk too soon beneath the sun,
 With surprise for ever done.
 Too curiously we ventured near
 The fountains of delight and fear ;
 Too eagerly we sought to taste
 Existence ;—'twas a fatal haste !
 What is there, remains to try ?
 Nothing, nothing, but to die !

Oh, if there were something new,
 To give our life its early hue,
 Any fresh emotion's lore,
 Any thing unfelt before !
 If the heart had yet a page,
 In its alter'd volume sage,
 Unopen'd, unperused, to shew
 Depths there that we did not know !
 But the highest, lowest note
 We have touch'd : we know by rote
 All sensations it contains,
 Its subtle sympathies and pains,
 And sweetnesses ; and powers that wait
 The rich developing of fate ;
 And infirmities that creep
 O'er it, like resistless sleep.
 We know the thoughts of others now
 By merely glancing at their brow :
 And worse, we know ourselves, and see
 We are not all sublimity.

Alas ! the poetry of thought
 Too much of science soon has caught ;
 Leaf by leaf, we tear away
 From Feeling's home the veil that lay
 O'er it to our childhood's view.
 We shake to earth the drops of dew,
 And search the early opening bud,
 Till every part is understood.
 Then, first we faint beneath the blaze
 That bursts upon our mortal gaze,
 And then grow weary in our souls,
 As time monotonously rolls ;
 Like a leaf from mystery's pen,
 That we have read, and read again,
 Till we would cast it quite away
 From sickening sight, and coldly say,
 What is there, remains to try ?
 Nothing, nothing, but to die !

A FEW YEARS. (1828.)

BY MISS E. M. HAMILTON.

Oh ! *a few years* ! how the words come,
 Like frost across the heart !
 We need not weep, we need not smile,
 For *a few years*, a little while,
 And it will all depart :
 And we shall be with those who lie
 Where there is neither smile nor sigh.

Yet,—“ *a few years*,”—is this the *whole*
 Of chillness in the name ?
 That, glad or wretched, *a few years*,
 With their tumultuous hopes and fears,
 And 'twill be all the same,—
 Our names, our generation, gone,
 Our day of life, and life's dream done ?

Ah ! this were nothing .—*fewer* still
 Will do to bury all
 That made life pleasant once, and threw
 Over its stream the sunny hue
 That it shall scarce recall.
 There is a gloomier grave than death,
 For hearts where love is as life's breath.

Ay, pain sleeps now ; but, *a few years*,
 And how all, all may change !
 How soon, whose hearts were like our own,
 So woven with ours, so like in tone,
 By then may have grown strange :
 Or keep but that tame cutting shew
 Of love that freezes fervour's flow !

Such things have been : oh, *a few years*.
 They teach us more of earth ;
 And of what all its sweetest things,
 Its kindly ties, its hopes' young springs,
 Its dearest smiles are worth,
 Than aught its sage ones ever told
 Before our own fond breasts grew cold.

But,—worst and saddest,—*a few years*,
 And happy is the heart
 That can believe itself the same—
 Its now calm pulse, so dead, so tame,—
 To be the one whose lightest start
 Was bliss, even though it wrung hot tears,
 To the cold rest of later years.

The storms and buds together gone,
 The sunshine and the rain,—
 Our hopes, our cares, our tears grown few,
 We love not as we used to do,
 We never can again !
 And thus much for *a few short years*—
 Can the words breathe of much that cheers ?

Yet something we must love, while life
 Is warm within the breast :

Oh ! would that earth had not, even yet,
 Enough, too much, whereon to set
 Its tenderness supprest !
 Would this world had indeed no more
 On which affection's depth to pour !

For then how easy it would be,
 In contriteness of soul,
 Weary and sick, to bring to One,
 To the Unchangeable alone,
 Devotedly the whole !
 Then, *a few years*, at rest, forgiven,
 Himself would dry all tears in Heaven !

THE WEEPING ASH,
 WITH NAMES, DATES, &c. CARVED ON ITS BARK. (1828.)

BY MISS E. M. HAMILTON.

ONE 'mid the lofty hundreds round ;
 Why pause we, oh ! lowlier tree,
 On the mossy swell of the silent ground,
 Where the shadow circles thee ?

Why bend we on thee a longer glance,
 And one more softly lit,
 With a meaning as when life's young romance
 O'er our sober'd hearts will flit ?

Is it that thou to us art less
 Than thy forest brethren proud,
 A stranger in this green wilderness,
 This dark and stately crowd ?

Or is it that in thy sudden droop
 Down from the sunshine bright
 To the blue deep stream,—that earthward stoop
 Of thy feathery branches light,—

We see some emblem of things that were,
 Things that once high promise wore,
 But, too weak their weight of gifts to bear,
 Sunk soon to rise no more ?

No ! we turn away with a heavy sigh
 From the emblems our minds will weave
 Like this—for the passionate years pass by,
 When we woo our thoughts to grieve.

And memory's tide can have nought to do
 With thy spell, whate'er it be ;
 'Till this sunset's blaze we never knew
 The wild, still path to thee.

'Tis that, leaf-veil'd, on thy silvery bark,
 As meant not for all eyes,
 But by years engraven there deep, and dark,
 This human record lies.

We pause to guess what tale belongs
 To those two kind words ; and where,
 Now amongst all earth's colder throngs,
 Are those who left them there.

Whether they ever shall come again
To see this trace—and then
How feel? Oh! say shall sudden pain
Darken with tears that ken?

Or with pitying smile of world-taught scorn
Shall they themselves recall,
Such as then they were, in life's fervent morn,
When love, deep love, was all?

Or was the vow that here they gave
Only too truly kept?
Is one or both in the quiet grave,
And have love's last tears been wept?

Yet what were to us the outline sad
Or bright of their after-fate,
E'en, trusted tree! if thy whispers had
A music that could relate?

Nothing!—then wherefore linger on,
Musing beneath thy shower
Of emerald wreaths, on those now gone
From thy once so well-known bower?

Oh! surely there is some strong sweet fount
Of feeling for all our kind;
That can thus with its gentle might surmount
The gulf between mind and mind;

When the long-left stamp of a human hand,
Recording a strange heart's thrill,
Can give thee this charm o'er the bright and grand,
Thou stem of "the Weeping" still!

FRAGMENT. (1827.)

BY MISS E. M. HAMILTON.

Ah! yes, we mingle, man with man,
But none will be the first
To whisper of the gloom within,
And mirth's enchantment burst.
'Tis long, too long, till we can speak
Even half of all we feel,
Or pour on hearts as dark as ours
The tenderness might heal.
We pass each other by in life,
Unguessing of the hidden strife
In any bosom but our own,
And communing with it alone,
Separate, we try to stem life's waves—
Then lie together in our graves! †

* * * * *

* "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."—*Proverbs*, xxvii. 19.

† "Have we not all one father? Hath not one God created us?"—*Malachi*, ii. 10.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

SIR,—A passage in Mrs Hemans's "Wood-walk," in your this month's Number, reminded me that I had introduced into a poem, written a year or two ago, a more detailed poetical use of the remarkable properties of the Passion-flower. Perhaps you may think the piece worthy of insertion in your Magazine.

August 8th, 1833.

C. M.

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

"Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals"

Song of Solomon, iii, 11.

PART THE FIRST.

Go, daughters of Sion ; your King survey
With the bridal wreath his brows around,
By his mother, fair Solyma, twin'd to day,
And now on his head like a diadem bound.

Have ye seen it ? Then wherefore in each dark eye
Do the sorrowful drops unbidden start ?
And whence those pale looks turn'd to the sky,
The ensigns sure of a troubled heart ?

Ye mourn, perchance, that your God is slighted
With a woven wreath of cheap-cull'd flowers ;
With the valley's spoils his love requited,
Or the treasures of Sharon's blushing bowers.

Ye would that his temples should blaze with gold
Thick-gemm'd with pearls from the ocean-stream,
The ruby its crimson glare unfold,
And the diamond shoot its dazzling beam.

O weep not for this ; for, kind and lowly,
No costly off'rings your King will seek :
He deems no gift so rich and holy
As a widow's mite, or a heart that's meek.

"Stranger, not hence our sorrows flow ;
For He, our King, full well we know,
Accepts the meanest gifts of love ;
But, ah ! no flow'rs, his brow above,
From those blest locks new fragrance gain :
With cruel thorns, whose touch is pain,
Pluck'd in Gethsemane's dark ground,

Our mother's hands have now those sacred temples bound.

"Stranger, O spare our lips the rest :
Go and behold thy Saviour blest
Bearing along th' accursed wood ;
And, when on Calvary thou hast stood,
And seen him drain his cup of woe,
Th' o'erflowing cup his friends* bestow,
Then will thy soul in anguish own,

'Such crown that King beseems, who makes the cross his throne.'

PART THE SECOND.

Go, daughters of Sion ; the worst is sped ;
Your King has bled for his household-foes : †
See ! the hues of the tomb his cheek o'erspread,
And in death the day-spring's eyelids close.

* "One shall say unto him, what are these wounds in Thine hands ? Then he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends."
—*Zechariah*, xiii. 6.

† "A man's foes shall be they of his own household."—*S. Matthew*, x. 36.

Go, stand by the cross; and, ling'ring there,
The drops of His sacred life-blood treasure;
That blood whose pow'r, man's loss to repair,
Is above all price, or weight, or measure.

O stay till the tree to your hands restore
The wasted frame of the Man of Sorrow;
And think, as ye shower your spices o'er,
Of its Sabbath-rest in the tomb to-morrow.

But the wreath that stains with a crimson die,
Remove ye first, sad task fulfilling;
And with choicest flowers its place supply,
Your hands, the while, rich myrrh distilling.
"Stranger, what favour'd flowers may twine
A garland for a brow divine?"

Here, maidens, see, a flower is growing,
Once white as the snow in its new-fall'n pride,
Till it caught the drops so richly flowing
From JESUS' hands, and feet, and side.

Soon as the nails, sharp-pointed, tore him,
And the funeral-tree its weight received,
The meek flower bow'd each leaf to adore him,
And its virgin breast in anguish heav'd.

Nor vain its care: the mystic pow'r
Of the crimson drops that from JESUS fell,
Have stamp'd it love's herald, from this dark hour
The tale of the passion in silence to tell.

The wounds and the nails are pictur'd there,
And the pillar of shame its breast adorns,
And of purple rays a circle fair
To shadow the crown of cruel thorns.

And through all time shall its death each eye
Renew the trace of this mournful hour.
Haste, maidens, haste, and rev'rent weave
His funeral-crown of the *Passion-Flower*.*

"Stranger, not e'en a flower so dear
May henceforth deck this brow divine;
Nor pearls, nor gems, shall sparkle here,
Nor purest gold from Ophir's mine.
Far other wreath does God prepare
For him who bore the cross's shame;
He soon his Father's throne shall share,
And heav'n and earth adore his name.

"For jewels† to stud his coronet
Shall the souls he hath bought with his blood be set,
And endless glory the brow adorn
That was pierc'd for us with the CROWN of THORN."

C. M.

* The *Passiflora [cærulea]* has its rays of the nectary spreading, purple at base, white in the middle, and blue at the end: it has, in its centre, a column, round which are the three styles, formed like nails, and the five stamens.

† "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—*Malachi*, iii. 17.

LETTERS TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE E. G. STANLEY, SECRETARY OF STATE,
&c. &c.

FROM JAMES M'QUEEN, ESQ.

LETTER II.

SIR,—In the Letter of the 15th ult., I promised that I would return more at length to the subject of the prosperity, the crops, and the value of property in the foreign Colonies, but more especially in the Colonies belonging to Spain, than I was able to do in that Letter. I now proceed

to redeem my pledge, by inserting the returns for those years for which I have been able to obtain them, at full length. Cuba, from its great superiority, stands first in the list. The crops for 1829, for *the whole* island, stood as follows:—

PRODUCE EXPORTED.			
Sugar, lbs.	161,710,700	Cocoa, dollars	74,390
Rum, puns.	1,518	Cotton, do.	125,000
Molasses, casks	63,537	Cassava, do.	146,141
Coffee, lbs.	52,200,000	Peas, beans, onions, do.	236,257
Tobacco leaf, do.	13,800,000	Meats and vegetables, do.	11,476,812
Ditto, manufactured, do.	213,113	Greens and grass, do.	5,586,616
Bees wax, do.	3,000,000	Charcoal, do.	2,107,200
Honey, do.	220,000	Timber and wood, do.	1,711,193
Rice, do.	11,000,000	Cattle, hogs, sheep, &c.	
Corn, do.	212,000,000	do.	8,500,000

The value of exports in 1830 is stated at 49,662,987 dollars, and the consumption of produce in the coun-

try is estimated at 50,776,900 dollars. The imports into Cuba in 1829 stood as under—

From United States direct	1,100,000	dollars.
In vessels of ditto, not direct	3,200,000	"
In all other vessels	7,000,000	"

Total . . . 11,300,000 "

VALUE OF PROPERTY IN CUBA, 1830.

91,819 Caballerras of land	91,396,300	dollars.
Buildings, utensils, &c. thereon	55,003,850	"
Plants	82,850,197	"
480,000 slaves	95,800,000	"
Animals	39,616,885	"
Value woods and forests	190,921,500	"

Total . . . 562,191,732 "

The revenue of Cuba in 1829 amounted to 9,150,000 dollars, and the clear revenue remitted to the mother country exceeded 1,000,000 dollars. From the revenue raised in the colony, Cuba maintains a very large and efficient garrison, and thirteen vessels of war, armed with 323 guns, and manned by 2205 seamen. Moreover, there remains a considerable value, both of exports and imports, from the smaller ports and bays in the island, where cultivation is daily extending, but for which no official account is received, or can for a time be taken.

In nine years from 1821, the United States have received for their exports to Cuba, for salt fish, sperm oil, salt beef, pork, hams, bacon, butter, lard, flour, tallow, &c., a return of upwards of 60,000,000 dollars. It is now calculated that Cuba takes yearly of the *bona fide* produce of the United States, to the value of 8,000,000 dollars. A very large proportion of the tonnage employed in the trade of the island is American. The trade between Spain and the Havanna is chiefly carried on in vessels belonging to the United States, and in this these States are yearly

deriving immense sums for freights, &c., and incalculable advantages from the number of seamen which this trade employs. Since 1830, the slave population of Cuba has very largely increased. According to the papers concerning the foreign slave trade, presented to Parliament in 1832, pages 90-93, the number of vessels which departed from the *Port of Havanna* alone, in 1829, for the coast of Africa for slaves, amounted to 45, of which number only four were captured, and one returned without slaves; and the number of vessels

which departed during the year 1830 was 29, and the number which returned to Havanna during the same year was 36, only one of which arrived without slaves, thus giving 76 vessels in two years, each of which carried from 500 to 600 slaves, which would thus give an increased importation of slaves into the Havanna alone of upwards of 40,000. In 1831, 31 vessels left Havanna for the coast of Africa. In 1831, the number of new slaves introduced into Porto Rico was about 3000. Let us next take the produce of that island—

EXPORTS OF PORTO RICO FOR 1832.

Sugar, lbs.	54,240,000	Cuart de Milado	2,684,037
Rum, puns.	1,200	Loads plantains,	4,778,898
Molasses, puns.	10,922	Loads cassava	20,099
Coffee, lbs.	19,600,000	Quintals de arroz	52,158
Cotton, do.	520,000	Fanegas maize	37,167
Tobacco, do.	5,000,000	Quintals potatoes	92,037
Maize, fanegas	8,000	Ditto yams	5,125
Hides, No.	33,000	Ditto pimento	561
Cattle, value dollars	145,000	Ac.	Sc.

ESTIMATED VALUE OF EXPORT

1828.	2,379,600 dollars
1829.	2,765,394 "
1830.	3,191,805 "
1831.	2,710,476 "
1832.	5,095,996 "

In 1778, the revenue of Porto Rico was only 45,000 dollars. In 1832, it had risen to upwards of 1,000,000 dollars. In 1827, the value of capital invested was estimated at 53,558,646 *pesos*. The capital, St John's, contains about 15,000 inhabitants, prosperous and opulent. The consumption of butcher meat is equal to 10 to 12 oxen per day; and there are 52 thriving towns and villages, which consume from two to three oxen each daily. Above one half of the imports into the island are received through St Thomas, and about one half of the exports are carried direct to the United States, which States had, in the direct trade with this island in 1830, 30,000 tons of shipping, very nearly half the tonnage employed in the whole trade, while a considerable portion of the remaining half was also American, in the trade between the island and Spain.

The population and the exportable productions of those two Spanish Colonies have, as you will observe,

greatly increased of late years. Both must also continue to increase greatly. Cuba is in length about 1000 British miles, and in breadth from 100 to 150. It is on all sides deeply indented with bays and inlets of the sea, thus presenting to the ocean, and consequently giving an easy and cheap route for exporting heavy produce, an extent of perhaps 3000 miles of coast, by which means the produce of her vast and rich lands is, at the cheapest rate, put on board the ships, which are ready to convey these to every quarter of the world at a rate and with a facility which cannot be afforded or obtained on any continent, more especially on any tropical continent. This will always give Cuba a decided preponderance in the market of the world. Porto Rico is much in the same state; and besides the extent of sea-coast peculiar to both, in proportion to their superficial contents, considerable rivers render the conveyance of sugar in both easy and cheap from the more distant and fertile parts of the

interior. To the cultivation of sugar, therefore, in these islands, there seems to be no limits but from the want of labourers, or the want of a market; and before any market can cease to be profitable to the sugar cultivators of the Spanish Colonies, it must have become ruinous to the cultivators of sugar in every other tropical colony. The very great proportion also which the white and free coloured population (many of the latter, being proprietors, will necessarily take the side of the whites) of these Colonies bear to the slave population, will render property in these islands secure from any attempt at revolution or insubordination on the part of the slaves.

It is well known, and will by and by be adverted to at greater length, that the negroes liberated at Sierra Leone are again taken and sold in that colony. When at St Thomas's last year, the master of a French slave ship was there, who, amongst other slaves, had bought and brought seven of these liberated Africans to Porto Rico. After a little research, I found a young man who informed me that he was upon the estate "Carolina," to which these negroes, five grown-up people, one a boy twelve years, and one a girl eleven years old, were brought. On their arrival, they accosted him in English, which excited his surprise, and, upon enquiry, he learned from their own lips the facts which I have stated. The two youngest told him that they had been at school with one Mr Davies in Sierra Leone, and the whole said that they were "*caught on the streets of Freetown*," and sold as slaves. It is very curious, that upon looking into *Par. Pap.* No. 364, of last year, I find at page 22, in the evidence given by a slave trader of the name of Antony, that he had at one time purchased seven of these liberated Africans from Freetown, about the very time that those above alluded to had been brought from Africa!

A remarkable circumstance occurred at Porto Rico a few years ago. About 30 Africans, who had been slaves in Porto Rico, had by their industry purchased their freedom, and continuing their industrious habits, had consequently acquired considerable property, resolved to dis-

pose of that property, and with their wives and families to return to their native country in Africa. They accordingly sold their property, realized the proceeds, chartered a vessel, and proceeded to Africa. On making the land, they thought they might as well request the master of the vessel to stop for about a week, in order that they might see if they liked the country, informing him, that if they did not return within a week, he might proceed on his voyage homewards. They landed, went into the country, but were so disgusted with what they saw, that before the close of the week the whole returned on board the ship, and which proceeded back with them to Porto Rico, where they now are!

The population of the British tropical Colonies of all classes is about one million, and the property in them about one hundred and fifty millions sterling. The population of the two Spanish Colonies just mentioned is one million four hundred thousand, and the property in them at least one hundred and seventy millions sterling, with this difference, that the latter is secure, and increasing in value, while the former is without security, and almost of no value! The world in general, and the United States in particular, derive increased advantages from the increasing cultivation of these Spanish Colonies, while the melancholy fact stands open and obvious to all, that while the British Colonies decline under an internal taxation of about L.700,000 sterling, the Spanish Colonies flourish under a taxation of nearly five times the sum; and, moreover, that every advantage which the improvement of the latter gives is not only lost to England, but is thrown into the naval and commercial scale against her. Such are the results where statesmen listen to and obey the councils of folly and fanaticism!

The increased cultivation of the soil in exportable produce in the Spanish Colonies, gives wealth to the white colonists and capitalists, whose prosperity acts upon the free settlers in an increased demand for their provisions and labour, in those avocations wherein they do labour; and the united prosperity of both these

classes again acts on the welfare of the slave, in creating a large and remunerating demand for the provisions, poultry, &c. &c., which they raise, and which, while it gives a stimulus to their sobriety and industry, opens up to them a legitimate, safe, and honest path to liberty and independence, with minds so enlightened and improved as to enable them to enjoy these. Both slaves and free persons of colour in the Spanish Colonies are prosperous and contented. In the British Colonies, we find things just the reverse. A free population, poor and profligate, without industry, and who, being without the requisite means or qualifications to enable them to better their condition, or to rise in the social scale by peaceable and legitimate means, resort to the dangerous course of sowing discontent and disaffection amongst the slave population, and in which mischievous course they are eagerly abetted by more mischievous individuals in Great Britain.

Some years ago, and when the glory of the British arms left them no other topic to declaim on, his Majesty's *then* Opposition made their standing jest, the folly, as they described it, of the Ministers of this country claiming as an ally the King of Spain, who employed himself only in embroidering petticoats for the Virgin Mary. It would, indeed, have been fortunate, had Statesmen, who shall be nameless, confined their labours to such harmless work. Ferdinand and his counsellors, however, can now turn upon them the joke and the sarcasm with irresistible force; for, while these Statesmen have been employing their time, not in embroidering petticoats for the Virgin Mary, but in cutting petticoats and shaping bonnets for negro females, who certainly do not make virginity their boast—in making slaves free, and freemen slaves—Ferdinand and his counsellors have succeeded in bringing together and fixing in prosperity a population of a million and a half of souls, in two great Colonies, where a naval and commercial rival of Great Britain, the United States of America, finds profitable employment for more than 200,000 tons of shipping, while the tonnage which England employs in them scarcely deserves a name! American com-

merce is thus incalculably increased; and while it increases her commercial marine, and her resources for a future navy, it enables her to transport the produce of her forests and her fields to places in the Torrid Zone, emerging from wildernesses into wealth and splendour; and by doing so, to bring her own country from a wilderness to a densely-peopled land, daily advancing in wealth and splendour. Had British Statesmen been attentive, wise, just, and generous, all that America enjoys in the trade of Cuba and Porto Rico might have been enjoyed by Great Britain; and the forests of British America, the fish of Newfoundland, have been sent in her ships to the extent of three millions sterling per annum, to supply the two colonies mentioned, instead of these colonies receiving similar supplies to that extent from and in the ships of the United States.

The policy of Great Britain ought to have been not to crush, but to support Spain, in order to keep her a more effectual barrier against the ambition of France on her northern frontier. The reverse, however, has been the case. By a policy as unwise as it was unjust, Great Britain produced the dismemberment of the Spanish empire, thus rendering her no longer a barrier to French ambition in the south of Europe; and while engaged in effecting this, she cut off from her commercial circle the monopoly of a profitable trade, exceeding six millions sterling a-year; and she has sunk at the same time in loans, losses in goods, and mining speculations, perhaps sixty millions sterling, in countries beggared and depopulated by a bloody and ruinous revolution, the sad effects of which a century will not repair, making, at the same time, Spain either a secret enemy or a cold friend, ready to throw every benefit she has to give into any scale but that of Great Britain.

The next island that demands a moment's attention is Hayti. Its crops and trade stood at the under-mentioned periods as follows: 1826 being the latest period for which I can find correct returns, but since then it is well known that both the trade and produce have declined:

	In 1789.	In 1826.
Sugar (clayed), French lbs.	70,227,703	
Muscovado do. do.	93,177,512	
Coffee, do. do.	68,151,180	32,189,784
Cotton, do. do.	6,286,126	620,972
Indigo, do. do.	930,916	
Cocoa, do. do.	150,000	157,592
Tortoiseshell, do. do.	5,000	8,622
Campeachy wood, do. do.	1,500,000	5,307,745
Molasses, casks, . . .	29,502	
Tafia, puncheons, . . .	303	
Tanned hides, . . .	5,136	} lbs. 64,641
Untanned do. . . .	7,887	
Mahogany, sup. feet, . . .		2,136,981
Cigars,		179,500
Bullocks' horns, . . .		7,209
Tobacco, lbs. . . .		340,588
Yellow ware,		5,081

Such is the amount and the contrast which the produce of Hayti exhibits at the two periods mentioned ! But the returns for 1791, in the autumn of which year the rebellion broke out, exhibit a still greater display of industry and produce. I copy it as given in the *Edinburgh Gazetteer*, a work of great research and authority.

217,463 casks of Sugar.
5,636 do. Molasses.
380 do. Gums.
248 boxes Aloes.
27,312 barrels Syrup.
1,514 serroons Cochineal.
6,814 tons Logwood.
1,865 do. Mahogany.
4,167 lbs. Tortoiseshell.
1,316 boxes Sweetmeats.
1,478 serroons Jesuits' Bark.
84,617,328 lbs. (French) Coffee.
11,317,226 do. Cotton.
3,257,610 do. Indigo.
1,536,617 do. Cocoa.
4,618 bags Pepper.
2,426 do. Ginger.
6,948 Tanned Hides.
114,639 Hides in Hair.
2,617,650 Spanish Dollars.
57,213 oz. Gold in Grains, &c.

Such was the produce of St Domingo, and of the French part of it only, be it observed, in 1789 and 1791 ; and such was the produce of the *whole of it* in 1826, as stated by Mr M'Kenzie ; the value in 1791 being upwards of L.7,000,000 sterling, the value in 1826 not much exceeding (exclusive of export duties) L.1,000,000 ! In the former periods, also, the produce of every kind stood the first in the market in point of quality, and at the latter period it stood

the last and the worst. The taxes before the Revolution, in the French part of it, amongst a population much more numerous than at present, were 580,000 dollars, now they amount to 3,551,115 dollars. In 1789, the trade of St Domingo employed 1700 vessels, 287,802 tons ; and in 1822 only 947 vessels, 162,693 tons, of every description, from all nations, and two-thirds of which were from the United States. The population of the Spanish part of St Domingo was, by the census of 1785, 158,646 ; and the population of the French part of it was, in 1789, viz. 40,000 whites, 25,000 people of colour, and 501,000 slaves ; the latter class being increased about 30,000 in 1791, brings the population of St Domingo, at the fatal Revolution of 1791, to 754,000. According to Mr M'Kenzie, the population of the whole island was, in 1826, only (p. 22) 423,042 less by one-half than the government gives it out to be, and not greatly exceeding half the number at the Revolution !

Next let us turn our attention for a moment to the Spanish Main ; what it was before the Revolution and slave emancipation, and what it has now become since these took place. Before the rebellion, the five provinces of Venezuela contained, according to the ecclesiastical census, 900,000 souls, (100,000 slaves included,) inhabiting 445 towns and villages, two-thirds of which are now in ruins. In 1830, the population was reduced to 460,940, (including 45,000 slaves,) inhabiting 182 towns and villages. In 1810, these provinces contained 600 sugar plantations, instead of there then being

none as you had stated;* 800 coffee, and 600 cocoa ditto, &c. &c.; and in 1830, the one-half have been totally abandoned, while the remainder were "imperfectly cultivated by a few insubordinate negroes." A rich valley extends, westward from the Gulf of Paria, 250 miles to the southward of the city of Caraccas. Before the Revolution, this valley was cultivated like a garden, and thickly inhabited; now it is almost a wilderness, where the traveller may march fifty miles, and scarcely meet a human being or a human habitation! At the commencement of the Revo-

lution, there were 3,000,000 dollars in the public Treasury, and no debt. In 1832, not a sixpence was in the Treasury, while a heavy debt, both foreign and domestic, has been incurred. The total value of cattle, mules, indigo, sugar, cocoa, coffee, &c. &c., exported at the following periods, stand as under:

Before 1810, dollars,	12,785,000
In 1830, do.	5,003,750
1831, do.	1,216,233

From 1805 to 1809, the imports and exports at the undermentioned ports stood as follows:

Laguyra, . . .	17,632,962 dollars.
Porto Cabello, . . .	5,500,000
Cumana and Barcelona, . . .	3,000,000
Guyana, Maracaibo, . . .	8,868,000
Total, . . .	35,000,962 dollars.

The difference, you will observe, is great indeed; and the deplorable results of revolution, internal wars, and discords, in that fine portion of the world, is distressing to think on. The government of Caraccas have lately publicly acknowledged, that even the partial emancipation of the slaves has been attended with the most ruinous effects upon the cultivation of the country, and the most dangerous demoralization amongst the slaves themselves. The decline of the prosperity of this country is well known to every mercantile man who is, or who has been, connected with it during the last twenty years; and, if farther proof were wanting to shew the misery to which the population has been reduced, it may be every day witnessed at Trinidad, where the miserable Creoles of that country are seen coming up the Gulf of Paria in little cockle-shell boats, with their country provisions, eggs, and poultry, to a market, without any covering but a rag to cover their nakedness. The plantation slaves look upon them with pity and astonishment, and designate them new negroes!

The foreign Colonies next in importance are those belonging to France. Of late, the French government have paid considerable attention to their interest. So rigid has their system of colonial policy become, that they will not permit these Colonies to receive from any quarter any article that France and her dependencies can produce. By a heavy bounty upon salt fish, they have raised their fisheries in the Gulf of St Lawrence to a scale of great importance, while their West India Colonies are supplied with salt fish at the rate of two dollars per cwt. Of late, they have begun to receive abundant supplies of very fine Indian corn, and at a very cheap rate, from Algiers. France at present exports to her Colonies merchandise to the value of 64,489,604 francs, and she receives from them in sugar to the value of 110,880,000 francs, and in coffee 3,964,000 francs, &c. &c., giving a clear gain to her of about 50,000,000 francs annually. The population and produce of the French Colonies, and the value of property in them, stand as under:—

	Whites.	Free Coloured.	Slaves.	Total.
Guadeloupe, &c.,	18,000	15,000	112,000	145,000
Martinique,	13,000	11,000	90,000	113,000
Isle de Bourbon,	20,000	11,500	70,286	101,785
Cayenne,	2,000	2,000	19,261	23,261
	53,000	39,500	291,547	383,046

* See Postscript to this Letter.

The sugar crop of Guadaloupe and its dependencies, Mariegalante and St Martin's, is about 85,000 hhds., and Martinique 65,000 hhds. of 11 cwt. each; and the quantity of sugar exported by the Americans from the French Colonies amounts to about 255,000 cwt. The following is the quantity of sugar imported into France from all her Colonies, on an average of three years, at each of the following periods:—

1821.—43,372,386 kilogrammes.

1824.—56,882,087 —

1827.—59,373,255 —

1830.—78,675,558 —

1831.—89,975,000 —

or equal to 1,905,000 cwt. British. The crop of the Isle de Bourbon would last year increase the quantity by at least 10,000,000 French lbs.

VALUE OF PROPERTY.

	Sterling.
Guadaloupe, . . .	L. 19,500,000
Mariegalante, . . .	6,200,000
Martinique, . . .	17,550,000
Cayenne, . . .	2,212,000
Isle de Bourbon, agriculture, &c.. . .	11,000,000

Total,	L. 56,192,000
Buildings in towns, say	25,000,000

Grand total, L. 81,192,000
Exclusive of Goods, Furniture, &c.

The following statistical details for the Isle de Bourbon, for the year 1831, are curious, and worth attending to:—

45,000,000 lbs.	Sugar.
30,000,000 —	Maize.
700,000 —	Rice.
2,000,000 —	Other grains.
4,500,000 —	Coffee.
4,000,000 —	Wheat.
17,000,000 —	Fruits.
1,500,000 —	Cloves.

The whole valued at 32,000,000 francs. Madagascar furnishes the colony annually with 5,000,000 lbs. rice of a superior quality, and 35,000,000 lbs. more are annually imported from India. The value of property in 1831 stood as under:—

	Francs.
Land in cultivation, . . .	118,500,000
Slaves, . . .	79,200,000
Cattle, &c. . .	11,800,000
Ships, &c. . .	13,200,000

Total . . . 223,100,000
Exclusive of the Buildings, &c. in towns and villages.

The Danish Colonies come next in rotation for our consideration. As a sugar colony, the principal of these is *Santa Croix*. The population and the crop for 1832 stood as under:—

Whites, . . .	2,038
Free people of colour, . . .	4,307
Slaves, . . .	22,786
Total . . .	29,131

Average crop for the last ten years: sugar, 18,000 hhds.; rum, 12,000 puns. The value of all the property in the island, taken at the government estimate for taxation, is 21,260,000 pieces of eight. The island of St John's contains a population of 3000 free persons and slaves, and produces about 1600 hhds. sugar of 16 cwt. each yearly. The part of St Thomas in cultivation contains nearly the same number of persons, producing about 1400 hhds. sugar annually. St Thomas, however, possesses no other resources within itself, and is chiefly valuable for its good harbour, and from being a free port, for the very great trade which is there carried on with other West India islands, with the Spanish Main, with Colombia, and with Porto Rico. The trade with the latter is very extensive; but with Colombia it has greatly declined since the Revolution. Goods to the value of at least L. 100,000 sterling are annually brought from Great Britain to St Thomas, for the supply of the latter markets. The town contains about 14,000 inhabitants, and is a bustling and thriving place. Their butcher-meat, country provisions, and fruits, are principally imported from Porto Rico.

A short distance from St Thomas, and near the east end of Porto Rico, is situated the valuable island called CRAB ISLAND, much of the same size and form as Santa Croix. This island belongs to Great Britain, although I perceive, from the papers presented by command of his Majesty to the House of Commons last year, that it was offered to be given to Spain for her alleged rights to the island of Fernando Po. This island was granted by George II. to General Matthew, formerly Governor-General of the Leeward Islands; and his legal heir and representative at present in St Christopher's has the grant in his possession. This island has some

good harbours and bays; the land is in general level, and extremely rich; and the island, if cultivated, could produce above 20,000 hhds. of sugar annually. At present there are about 500 settlers upon it, and two or three small sugar estates. If this island had been attended to by Great Britain, it ought to have been, and would have been, the St Thomas of the West Indies. In the hands of Great Britain it would have been particularly valuable, as commanding, not only the trade with Porto Rico, but also the chief passage to the northward for vessels and fleets, more especially in time of war.

Eastward from St Thomas is the small and remarkable island of Saba, a conical hill, arising above the ocean to the height of nearly 3000 feet. About 900 inhabitants, all white, live on this island, at an elevation of from 1200 to 1500 feet above the level of the sea, producing by their labour very fine fruits and vegetables of all descriptions, and fresh butter, with which they supply St Thomas and the other islands. This island belongs to the Dutch, and has no harbour. Eastward of Saba, and within nine miles of St Christopher's, is situated the Dutch island of St Eustatia, about 35 years ago a greater emporium of trade for the West Indies than St Thomas now is. At that time, per-

haps 300 sail of square-rigged vessels might be seen riding in its roadstead, while, at the present day, a solitary vessel may visit it once in a month or six weeks. Its cultivation, never extensive, is now confined to three or four small sugar estates. Northward of this island about 40 miles, we find the island of St Martin's, belonging to the Dutch and the French. It contains about 5000 slaves, and produces about 3000 hhds. of sugar annually. A little to the eastward of this we find the island of St Bartholomew's. It is a small place, with a very thin soil, producing only fruits and vegetables for the use of the inhabitants, about 3000 in number, all whites. It has a fine harbour, and a neat well-built town, with about 1500 inhabitants. It belongs to Sweden; but, from the great decay of the American trade, of which during the non-intercourse laws it was an emporium, it does not now pay its expenses.

The numerous islands situated in the Charibbean archipelago, and belonging to Great Britain, next demand our attention. The statistical details regarding them, and her other slave Colonies, I shall confine to a compass as narrow as possible. The population stood, according to returns, at then ndermentioned dates, as follows:—

POPULATION AND CROPS OF BRITISH COLONIES. POPULATION.

The following is the population of the different classes of the British Tropical Colonies, as these stood at the date of the latest returns that have come into my hands.—(*Parl. Paper, No. 260 of 1831.*)

	Free.		Slaves.		Total.
	White.	Coloured.	Males.	Females.	
1828.—Antigua,	1,980	3,895	11,066	15,773	35,714
1829.—Barbadoes.	11,959	5,146	37,691	11,211	102,007
1828.—Bahamas,	4,210	2,991	1,608	4,668	16,507
1828.—Berbice,	552	1,151	11,281	10,035	23,022
1827.—Bermuda,	3,905	738	2,208	2,400	9,251
1829.—Demerara,	3,006	6,260	37,141	32,326	78,733
1826.—Dominica,	840	3,606	7,362	8,030	19,838
1828.—Grenada,	801	3,786	11,777	12,565	28,929
1826.—Jamaica,	30,000	25,000	162,726	168,393	386,119
1828.—Montserrat,	330	814	2,867	3,395	7,406
1828.—Nevis,	700	2,000	4,574	4,685	11,959
1827.—St Christopher's,	1,612	3,000	9,198	10,112	23,922
1828.—St Lucia,	972	3,718	6,280	7,381	18,351
1827.—St Vincent,	1,301	2,821	11,583	12,006	27,714
1828.—Tobago,	322	1,164	5,966	6,757	14,209
Carried forward,	65,520	66,093	329,331	342,737	803,681

	White.	Free, Coloured.	Males, Slaves.	Females, Slaves.	Total.
Brought forward,	65,520	66,093	329,331	342,737	803,681
1827.—Trinidad,	4,201	15,956	13,135	11,017	14,609
1828.—Virgin Islands,	447	1,296	2,505	2,931	7,179
1828.—Anguilla,	365	327	1,194	1,194	3,080
1831.—Barbuda,	—	—	250	250	500
1828.—Honduras,	250	2,266	—	2,127	4,613
1826.—Mauritius and Seychelles,	8,814	15,851	17,657	29,117	101,469
1825.—Cape of Good Hope, Anegada, Crab Island,	55,675 (uncertain)	37,852	21,210	14,299	129,036
	—	—	—	—	490
	135,302	139,611	115,382	103,672	1,094,197

The imports from these colonies to Great Britain and Ireland were in 1829 L.10,278,045 sterling, the exports L.6,482,186: the shipping outwards to them was 980 ships, 266,388 tons, and inwards from them, 1035 ships, 284,231 tons, manned by about 17,000 seamen.

CROP OF THE BRITISH TROPICAL COLONIES, 1832. (*Part. Paps. Nos. 319, 320, and 321, of 1833.*)

Colony.	Sugar, Hbls.	Rum, Galls.	Cocoa, Lbs.	Molasses, Galls.
Antigua,	133,172 3 11	29,173	33,280	
Barbadoes,	211,024 2 15	5,710	151,004	
Bahamas,	" " "	" "	31,036	
Berbice,	137,157 " 20	122,191	2,291,497	
Bermuda,	" 2 "	30	33	
Demerara,	681,362 " 11	1,293,255	1,157,903	
Dominica,	58,270 " 25	31,599	1,350,401	
Grenada,	188,231 1 11	10,365 4	8749	
Jamaica,	1,116,187 3 16	2,757,053	19,311,698	
Honduras,	" " "	" "	" "	
Montserrat,	20,855 2 20	11,501	161	
Nevis,	39,813 1 19	11,189	112	
St Christopher's,	80,602 " 20	29,951	1074	
St Lucia,	29,618 1 19	6544	68,267	
St Vincent,	186,812 1 15	29,732	"	
Tobago,	108,100 3 10	281,651	"	
Trinidad,	233,201 " 16	5556	91,381	
Virgin Islands,	11,999 " 21	108	5	
Mauritius,	527,231 " 22	"	26,616	
Anguilla,	" " "	"	"	
Cape of Good Hope,	8713 " 25	"	17,321	
Foreign Islands,	1118 " "	608,004	168,476	171,720
Brit. N. A. Colonies,	11,176 " "	1,766,010	333,536	976,229
	4,151,368 1 25	6,995,937	25,042,583	1447,949

SUGAR IMPORTED INTO GREAT BRITAIN FROM

	West India Colonies Cwts.	Mauritius, Cwts.
1826	3,905,538	111,285
1827	3,747,232	170,257
1828	4,037,450	241,794
1829	3,980,453	240,318
1830	4,145,733	435,010
	19,816,406	1,198,664

**PRODUCTION SUGAR—PRODUCED, BROUGHT TO EUROPE, AND CONSUMED
THERE OR WHERE PRODUCED.**

	Cwts. In 1791.	Muscovado, 1831.
British colon. and Brit. E. Ind. brought to G. Britain, &c.	2,600,000	4,650,000
Do. do. to all N. America.	110,000	150,000
Foreign Colonies and foreign E. Indies, <i>via</i> G. Britain,	36,000	200,000
Spanish insular Colonies.	1,100,000	2,200,000
Do. continent, Vera Cruz, &c. before 1800,	110,000	
French St Domingo.	2,940,000	
Do. other western Colonies,	1,200,000	1,987,000
Do. eastern do.	300,000	
Brazils, say	460,000	2,000,000
Dutch western Colonies,	370,000	450,000
Danish do.	300,000	300,000
United States, Louisiana.		870,000
Add for proportion clayed, Cuba, Brazils, &c.		1,503,000
Total Muscovado,	9,556,000	14,310,000
Produced and consumed before 1791		9,556,000
Increased production from 1791 to 1831,		4,754,000

RECAPITULATION.

Imported into Europe in 1830		
By Great Britain, British colonial,	1,030,000	
By do. for Colonies and East Indian,	316,000	
By Dutch and Danish western colonial,	750,000	
By France, colonial,	1,752,000	
By Spain and Portugal direct, say	350,000	
Into Russia (Petersburgh,) Cuba, and Brazil, aver. 2 years,	357,000	
Into Prussia, 1829,	415,000	
Into Austria, (1831,) Trieste,	110,000	
Into Hamburg and Antwerp, do.	1,082,000	
Into Amsterdam, Rotterdam, do. do.	253,000	
Into Bremen, do. do.	253,000	
Into France, the Mediterranean, do. do.	270,000	
Add proportion for clayed Cuba, Brazil, &c.	1,503,000	8,721,000
Imported into Europe from western world, 1791,	6,810,000	
Do. from Colonies, <i>via</i> Great Britain,	36,000	
Do. in a raw state from G. Britain and E. Indian,	160,000	7,006,000
Increased consumption, continent,		1,715,000
Sugar produced in western world, (chiefly,) 1831,		14,310,000
How disposed of.		
Continent of Europe,	8,721,000	
United States, home growth and foreign,	1,665,000	
Great Britain and Ireland, average 6 years,	3,774,000	
British North America, &c. direct,	150,000	14,310,000
Increased production, (chiefly west world,) since 1791,		4,754,000
How taken off.		
Increased consumption, continent of Europe,	1,715,000	
Do. do. of Great Britain,	1,098,000	
Do. do. of Ireland,	226,000	
Do. do. of British North America,	130,000	
Do. do. of United States,	1,585,000	4,754,000

* Louisiana in 1802 produced 15,000 casks (11 cwts. each) sugar, 80½ casks molasses, and 20,000 bales cotton.—(*Rep. Congress*, Jan. 12, 1803.)

The following is a short abstract of the sugar produced, and the capital invested, in the various countries where sugar and other articles of commerce are produced by the labour of slaves. The estimate for the Brazils is taken in proportion to the value in the colonies belonging to France, wherein the different species of cultivation is very nearly the same as in the Brazils. The estimate for the United States is taken upon the scale at which these states made the British government pay for the slaves which their naval officers carried away from these states, and who are now settled in Trinidad. The amount, you will also observe, is independent of the value of all the shipping engaged in the trade with these countries, and of that property which may be called transient mercantile property, which is placed in them. The population of the insular colonies amounts to 2,900,000 souls.

	Cwts. Sugar.	Capital.
British Slave Colonies	4,580,713	L. 150,000,000
French do.	1,945,000	81,492,000
Spanish do.	2,800,000	170,000,000
Dutch do.	450,000	8,500,000
Danish do.	310,000	9,000,000
United States do.	870,000	600,000,000
Brazils do.	2,000,000	163,000,000
Total	12,955,713	L. 1,181,992,000

The shipping employed in and dependent upon this trade must amount to 1,500,000 tons, and the value of which cannot be less than L. 20,000,000 sterling. The exports and imports to and from all these countries, and other quarters of the world, are probably not much short of L. 90,000,000 sterling per annum. The value of what may be called transient commercial property placed in them, admitting that only one year's supply is afloat and on hand, can hardly be less than L. 10,000,000 sterling, which, with the shipping and the fixed capital otherwise invested, will make the enormous sum of L. 1,240,000,000 sterling, which is at stake, independent of all the outstanding debts due to commercial men and others, amounting to perhaps L. 100,000,000 more, all of which will be disturbed and shaken, and by far the greater proportion of the

whole very probably destroyed and swept away.

Can you look at this unmoved? Can you, as a statesman, more especially as a British statesman, behold all this, and consider the vast interests, civil, commercial, and political, which are interwoven with it, and dependent upon it, and yet listen, without terror and alarm, to the raving declarations which you so frequently hear made in Great Britain, nay, even in her senate and in your hearing, that the whole will be reduced to the same state that the British Colonies will be reduced to by the terrific measures which you have decreed?

In the year 1789, as you will see upon reference to the report of the Committee of the House of Lords, appointed to examine into the African slave-trade, the value of property in the British West India Colonies stood as under:—

450,000 slaves, at L. 50 sterling	L. 22,500,000
Lands, buildings, stock, &c.	15,000,000
Ships, houses in towns, &c.	2,500,000
Total,	L. 70,000,000

Since that period, it is well known that the value of buildings, stock, and machinery, has been more than proportionally increased; so that

the value of the whole at the present day, including what may be called the temporary mercantile property invested in goods, is not over esti-

mated at L.150,000,000 sterling; and no one can forget how the present Anti-colonists sounded the note, that, when the African slave trade was abolished by Great Britain, the value of that property would be immensely increased. How has it been so? You have offered L.20,000,000 for the slaves now in the colonies, which is not one half their value, calculated at the same rate that they were valued in 1789.

A reference to this part of the subject naturally leads to the consideration of the results which have accrued to Africa, as regards the slave-trade, from the course which Great Britain has pursued. In principal and interest Great Britain has already paid for attempts to put down the African slave trade by foreigners, a sum certainly equal to, if not greater than that which you now propose, viz. *twenty millions*, to give for the value of British Colonial slaves. Great Britain has laid out this enormous sum, and yet she has not in Africa, as Sierra Leone can attest before an astonished world, accomplished one single object she had in view with regard to Africa. Not only has she not accomplished any thing, but she has quadrupled, if not quintupled, by her ineffectual and injudicious attempts to relieve her, the miseries and the sufferings of Africa. These facts stand undeniable and incontrovertible. In 1789, as you will see from the Report of the Committee of the House of Lords, above referred to, the number of slaves exported from Africa by all the European powers, was about 58,000. The war which afterwards ensued, and in which Great Britain acquired the command of the ocean, reduced the slave trade to that which was carried on by herself and the Brazils, probably not exceeding half the above number at the time she abolished the trade in 1808. How stands the matter now? From the papers presented to the House of Commons in 1831, by command of his Majesty, you will find that for 1829 there were *legally and openly* imported into five ports in the Brazils, 76,500 slaves, besides those that were smuggled in, of which no notice could be taken. In the same year, you will perceive, from the returns which I placed before you, that slaves, at the

rate of 90,000 per annum, for two years, had been imported into Cuba; and in the same year, at least 3000 were imported into Porto Rico, besides the number imported into the French colonies, and all those captured by the British cruisers, and condemned by the mixed commissions; which, with the mortality attending upon all these, will give, probably, 200,000 as the yearly export from Africa at the period mentioned!! When we look at this, and when we behold the improvement of foreign colonies and the deterioration of our own, we are compelled to exclaim in the bitterness of spirit, What has Africa, what has humanity, what have the commerce and the welfare of Great Britain gained by the proceedings of the last forty years, in every thing connected with the subjects adverted to?

In my former Letter I shortly alluded to the settlement of Sierra Leone, in proof that tropical agriculture had not advanced one step in the place, notwithstanding all that had been done to accomplish that object; and I now proceed to shew, as I there promised, that the Africans liberated there, instead of following the pursuits of agriculture, are, at this moment, *wholly and actively* engaged in seizing and selling each other as slaves to the foreign slave-ships which frequent that part of the coast! These appalling facts we learn from *Parl. Pap.* No. 364, of 1832, printed by order of the House of Commons. Judge *Jeffcott*, in a most powerful address to the Grand Jury, assembled at Freetown on the 2d June, 1830, most distinctly and unequivocally declares, that the slave trade was carried on there to a very great extent, and that it was, in fact, almost the only trade carried on in the place. To this system he very reasonably attributes the decrease of Africans liberated in the place, from 35,000, exclusive of the increase by births over the deaths, to "17,000 or 18,000," all that were then remaining in the place! He pointedly mentions, upwards of twenty criminals who were then under prosecution for the offence, and he at the same time points out the desolate condition of the place in the following emphatic words:—"It is really, gen-

plemen, a most painful reflection, that after the profuse and lavish waste of British capital, (*nearly* L.7,000,000,) and British life, in and upon the objects of this colony, so little appears to have been done, and that that which is in progress should be constantly retarded, on the one hand, by the paltry squabbles and undignified disputes of those who ought peculiarly to labour heart and hand in the common cause; and on the other, by the apathy and indolence of the great mass of the native inhabitants, who will not exert a *little* labour to prevent that property, which in many instances they hold upon the easy tenure of exerting a *little* labour, from becoming *nurseries of disease and death*, instead of being appropriated to their legitimate and destined use—the promotion of health, and the diffusion of happiness and comfort amidst an industrious and grateful population.”

Judge Jeffcott's charge was a thunderbolt to the Anti-colonial rookery in London. Instead of meeting the disclosures made, with the indignation which they ought to have called forth, Sir George Murray, or rather *that* gentleman who held the Colonial Office pen at the time, proceeded to shew and to state that the Judge must have exaggerated immeasurably in all he had said; but, at the same time, directing a Commission of Enquiry to be instituted to investigate the matter. The Commission was accordingly appointed; undertook and terminated the labour, the detail of which forms the principal part of the Parliamentary Paper referred to; and the result of which labour, Lord Goderich, in a letter dated 18th January, 1832, expresses his conviction thus:—“That the slave trade has been *extensively* carried on at Sierra Leone, is a fact which the evidence has unhappily placed beyond the reach of controversy.” That evidence, moreover, points out that the number of slaves actually liberated in Sierra Leone amounted to 37,446, of which, according to *Parl. Pap.* 362, of 1828, and 9th report of the African Institution, page 63, only 2954 men and women had been taken for the army and the navy. The Committee of Enquiry amongst other things state thus:—

“The committee have to express their

regret that some very recent instances have occurred in which persons of apparent respectability have been charged with aiding and abetting the slave trade, as will appear from the evidence annexed. The committee, in conclusion, feel it their duty to refer particularly to the clerk of the crown and police, from which it will appear that during the ten years preceding 1830, although numerous cases of persons charged with the offence of kidnapping had become the subject of investigation, only one person had been convicted of the offence, and that during the last ten months not less than thirteen convictions have taken place.” *Benjamin Campbell*, a witness, called, swears, “He is aware that the system of kidnapping has prevailed in this colony for the last five years, and latterly to a very great extent;”—“if he stated the annual export from the Rio Pongos during the last three years to have been 250 liberated Africans, the average would not be exaggerated. Deponent has reason to believe that *John Ormond* has a slave factory at Magbely, in the river Sierra Leone, out of the jurisdiction of the colony, and that a constant communication is kept up with canoes between the river Sierra Leone and Pongos. During the last rains, deponent met with the resident at the factory he alludes to, and taxed him with being Ormond's agent, and being there for the purpose of slave dealing, which he did not deny.”—“Deponent knows that the slave vessels are in the habit of bringing specie for the purpose of procuring goods.”—“Deponent knows one instance, *Mr Hilary Teage*, who resides at the American settlement of *Libertia*, at Cape Mesurado, near the Gallinas, and who trades between that place and the colony of Sierra Leone, when purchasing some goods from a Mr Lake, a merchant in the colony, produced a bag containing about 1000 dollars, on which was marked the name of the Spanish schooner ‘*Manzanara*.’ This vessel took in her cargo at the Gallinas, and was subsequently [in the month of May, 1830,] condemned in the courts of mixed commission.”—“The practice of kidnapping is principally carried on by the Mandingoes and by the liberated Africans themselves.” *Mr William Henry Savage* swears, “The persons engaged in this kidnapping trade are persons of the lowest character, principally liberated Africans themselves. A vast number of liberated Africans become Mahomedans, adopt the Mahomedan dress, and settle near Mahomedan villages. These men are made use of to entrap others. Deponent knows many of them.”—“Deponent is of opinion, that the imperfect education given

to the African by the missionaries, instead of being of use, makes them idle and proud, and that those who have received such education, sooner than work, would not scruple to commit any improper act to gain the means of ministering to their pride."—"Deponent has no doubt that a secret mission would be the means of recovering 400 or 500 liberated Africans, who had been kidnapped, at a very small expense." *Mr John MacCormack* swears, "Deponent believes the system of kidnapping has greatly increased in the colony of late years. One of the reasons, in his opinion, is the short period the liberated Africans are now subsisted by the government. They are, from this circumstance, compelled to wander about for subsistence, and thus easily become a prey to their countrymen and others."—"Many of the apprentices run away from their masters and mistresses in consequence of harsh treatment, and many rather walk than go back to them, and for fear would allow themselves to be carried to any place voluntarily, even to be made slaves of again."—*Mr Duncan Noble* swears; "Deponent believes the liberated Africans to be in the habit of selling each other. The evidence adduced during the last general Quarter Sessions of the Peace amply proves this."—*Mr Logan Hook*, the collector of customs, swears; "Deponent thinks the principal persons engaged in trade with the Gallinas are the better class of the coloured inhabitants, such as *Thomas Harrison Parker*, *John Hamilton Thorpe*, *John Seelham Morgan*," &c. &c.—*Mr Frederick Campbell* swears, "The slave trade is extensively carried on at the Sherbro' by Frenchmen. Deponent has seen no less than seven vessels at Seabar at one time. A few days ago, there were four slave vessels lying at the Plantains, within seventeen miles from the Bannanas, a port of the colony, about nine miles from Freetown."—*Mr William Cole* swears; "The government, in deponent's opinion, have done every thing in their power to stop this trade, but it is carried on so systematically as to defy any police. The liberated Africans are the thieves, the Mandingoes the receivers."—"The persons principally engaged in the kidnapping trade, are those who have had the advantage of Missionary education."—"There are no slaves on the coast so cheap as the liberated Africans. The water communication being so convenient, forty or fifty canoes generally leave the colony within the twenty-four hours."—*Mr William Benjamin Pratt* swears, "That he asked a man named Anthony, if *Suzee Gaboo* had sold any more slaves? Anthony laughed at the question. On

being further questioned, said he had himself purchased seven from him. When deponent expressed his surprise, Anthony said that was nothing, for every vessel that went out of the Rio Pongas carried liberated Africans. That a vessel had lately left the Rio Pongas with thirty liberated Africans. That they were sold cheaper than others, and that *John Ormond* had agents in almost every town in the Soombia country."—*Mr James Findlay* swears, "That *Brimah Noba* told him that *Suzee Gaboo* brought liberated Africans into the country by sixes and sevens at a time; and that a girl named *Hannah*, whom he had seized and got back, told him she had only been a month in slavery, and that she had been stolen by a Mandingo man from the market in Freetown, who had sold her."—*John William Jeffcott*, Esq. Chief Judge, swears, "That he believes, from his experience since his arrival in the colony, that this system has prevailed to a very great extent, and for a very considerable period previous to his arrival. Many cases have come before deponent in his judicial capacity within the last ten months, and he has had occasion to pass sentence on no less than thirteen individuals since the first sessions at which he presided in June, 1830. Deponent thinks that at least twenty-nine have been disposed of by acquittal for want of proof; the persons who have been proved to be principally engaged in this traffic are liberated Africans themselves; persons of this class are the original kidnappers, the Mandingoes from the opposite shore are generally the receivers." The Judge narrates the trial and condemnation of one *Thomas Edward Cowan*, a teacher belonging to the Church Missionary Society, for stealing and selling one of his scholars; and next relates how a liberated African, named *Billy Grant*, sold a little girl: "this man having met a little liberated African girl who had a sore foot, he took her home with him to his house, under pretence of curing it, and in the evening carried her to the water side, and disposed of her to a Mandingo man for L.3!!"—*Mr Magnus Smith*, Clerk of the Crown, swears, "Besides 14 convictions, cases in which 26 persons have been concerned have been before the police office; 11 of these persons were sent to trial; 45 persons have been brought up for the offence since the month of April, 1830, of whom eight have not yet been tried."—*Mr Michael Proctor* swears; "Deponent is sure that the quantity of gold brought by the natives of the interior to the rivers *Nunez* and *Pongas* during last year, (1830,) did not amount to one-fourth of the quantity brought down four or five

years ago. Whenever deponent has asked the gold traders the reason for this annually increasing diminution, the reply has been, that slaves are much more easy of acquisition, and much more profitable than gold as an article of traffic, and that they can now obtain for slaves what goods they want. Deponent is of opinion, that during the five months preceding the month of November, 1830, not less than *one thousand eight hundred slaves* have been shipped from the two rivers Nunez and Pongas !!"

Such is Sierra Leone, and such the state and the employment of the liberated Africans there, and more especially of those who have received "*the advantages of missionary education.*" It does not require the language of either prophecy or of "*lofty indignation*" to foretell and to point out that what Sierra Leone, after forty years' misdirected tuition and fanatical rule, has become, the at present finely cultivated islands, and population rapidly increasing in civilisation, of the British Tropical Colonies, will become, when subjected, as they are about to be subjected, to the direction and sway of the same councils and the same counsellors. With these facts before you, and others equally strong, will you still proceed to enforce the decrees you have promulgated?

It is as painful, as it is disgusting, to proceed in unravelling the mysteries of a profligate course of chicanery and error, in which there is not to be found one gleam of judgment and truth, to dispel the gloom which surrounds it; but the cause of truth and justice nevertheless requires that the work should be done. In no one instance has the schemes to procure industry, by African emancipation, succeeded. Next to Sierra Leone, Trinidad has been "*a farm of experiment*" for Anti-colonial error to work upon, and to deceive. In addition to the failures which have already there taken place, the following may also be adduced. Sir Ralph Woodford, shortly before he left the island, manumitted, by command, 15 slaves who had been escheated to the Crown. Almost the whole are now dead, and many of them died in actual starvation. About eighteen months ago, Sir Lewis Grant, by command of your predecessor Lord Goderich, liberated a gang of slaves

belonging to the Colony, designated the Colonial Gang; they were in number 105. Several of them have died, three within the last five months, of actual starvation, the coffins in which they were interred having been procured by subscription. They have excellent grounds given to them in one of the most seasonable parts of Trinidad, about two miles north-east from Port of Spain. The men betook themselves to idleness, and the young women went to town to become prostitutes. Only six of the number have at this time any thing like provisions on their grounds, and when they were sought for to labour in making roads, at the rate of half a dollar per day, *only four* out of the whole number could be found who would engage in the work! Sir George Hill has, I presume, lately sent you the report of the present condition of these people. Several of them actually returned, and begged to be restored to their former state. A woman of the first number, with four children, hired herself as a servant in a tavern; she stayed *one day*, and then left her service. Overwhelmed with sickness and distress, she returned, and applied to *Sir Charles Smith*, who kindly allowed her to be admitted into the hospital, where she remained until General Grant turned her away, after which two of her children died, and she cannot long survive!

In the House of Commons, June 3d, (see *Times*, June 4th,) *Mr O'Connell*, in the course of his speech, told the House a tale regarding 744 negroes who had been emancipated in Trinidad, and who had increased in seven years "to 933, and the account given of them was, that they had become peaceable, industrious, moral, and religious." The negroes here alluded to are the disbanded African soldiers of the 3d West India regiment, settled at *Manzanilla* and *Cuarc*; and when the truth is known, we shall have a very different picture presented to our view. The following short abstract of a statement of their condition, drawn up by *Dr Warden*, their superintendent, a very worthy man, and which was given to me through the medium of a friend in Trinidad, and subsequently published by the Doctor in the Government paper of that island, will enable

us to ascertain the truth concerning these people.

"The 3d West India Regiment, at its disbanding in 1825, mustered between 400 and 500 men, each of whom, upon his discharge, became entitled to a pension of 5d. sterling per day for life. About 100 men were so discharged, some of whom remain in the colony in the enjoyment of their pension to this day. The remainder, upwards of 370 men, never received their discharges, and were settled at Manzanilla, upon condition that they hold themselves in readiness to obey any call of the Government if their services are required. Instead of turning them adrift upon the community, in the receipt of their pension monthly at the Commissariat, (as their discharged comrades are,) the Government allowed to bachelors six and two-fifth acres, and to married men sixteen acres of land each, with the proviso in the case of the former, that their land, upon their dying unmarried, should revert to the Crown, and, if the latter, that it should descend to their children. To meet the expenses of the settlement, Government allowed double the pension, or 10d. per day per man for the first year; three quarters of the pension the second year; and for the third and every succeeding year *one half*, to be drawn in advance for the number of men alive on the first day of each year, and rations allowed until the people were able to maintain themselves, viz., full rations for the first twelve months, and half rations for the six succeeding months, besides medical attendance and medicines. The Cuare settlements are upon the same footing. The number of men sent from the 3d West India Regiment, in 1819, was 240: they are now reduced to 151. The medicines and medical attendance are continued, and at Manzanilla the men have the additional advantage of sending their crops to Port of Spain, free of freight, the expense of the vessel being defrayed from the settlement fund. Dr Carmichael and myself are the only retained officers, he receiving about 400 dollars per annum, as medical attendant at Cuare, and I, as superintendent of the whole, and medical attendant at Manzanilla, a salary of 1800 dollars. Our principal produce is rice and yams. The value of that part of the crop of 1831 which went to market was, I consider, about 3500 dollars; this year the quantity of rice returned is 1200 barrels of rough rice, of which about 150 barrels of clean rice have gone to Port of Spain, and a great part of that remains unsold. At last muster-day the strength of the settlements on paper stood thus:—

Manzanilla,	415 persons
Cuare,	352
Total,	767
Of that there are women and children,	290
Remainder,	477

Of the last number there are about 125 men *unsettled*, living all about the country, but chiefly in Port of Spain, where many of them have reputed wives and children. They occasionally resort to the settlement, and must ultimately become burdensome to the funds, as they are at present living from hand to mouth. There are comparatively few children."

This is the fairest side of the picture, and even this side presents the melancholy scene—*One-fourth* part of the male population unsettled, and wandering about, and in the extreme of poverty; and the labour of the whole 767, young and old, only producing 3500 dollars per annum, or 1300 dollars clear after paying salaries; and this, too, with supplies brought from, and produce carried to market, free of expense! The women they have picked up where they could, as the Colonial-Office, when General Farquharson applied to it for a supply, told him they had none to give. Some of them bought wives, and paid as high as 500 dollars for them, and, like all other Africans, they keep them under severe discipline, and frequently beat them. The decrease in the number of original settlers, you will perceive, exceeds in reality more than double the extent of the fictions which Mr Buxton gives of decrease amongst the slave population. They have neither church nor school in the settlement; and a Governor told your Office not long ago, that some of them were descending to make little African gods to worship as they were wont to do in their native country. There are despatches in your Office also which will inform you that Government refused to give them either schoolmaster or clergyman; and you will also find in your Office, despatches from Sir Charles Smith in 1831, then Governor of Trinidad, informing Government that these disbanded Africans "*are decidedly retrograding in morality and civilisation.*" It must here be observed, that these men are

in reality still soldiers, and under military control, and Dr Warden admitted to me that they would cease to work if left to themselves, that they only laboured a day or two days at a time, as they pleased, and that out of the whole number he might muster, one replacing another as they were inclined, seventy for daily work, but not more; while of the fruits of their present labour, rice is the only ex-

portable article, and the whole is unsaleable, because rice can be imported cheaper from America, and yams be raised cheaper by the slaves in the colony, or the half-starved peons on the Spanish Main. The following short table will bring to our view how the account would stand at this moment, should the British Treasury think it worth while to make it up:—

	Dr.	Cr.
Neat surplus produce, five years, . . .		L.1,300
Sloop, worth . . .		500
Regular pensions, if paid in full, . . .		32,000
Capital in land sunk, . . .	12,320	
Interest on do. . .	4,620	
Pensions advanced, . . .	32,866	
Seven years' interest on do. say . . .	6,282	
Charges, salaries, first two and a-half years, . . .	700	
Expenses, sloop and freights, say . . .	3,600	
Cost, do. . .	1,000	
Interest, do. . .	350	
	<hr/> L.61,738	<hr/> L.33,800

Or a dead loss to Government of nearly £28,000 sterling, for any profits that may have arisen from the Cuare settlement, will be more than absorbed by the rations which were issued to the people on both. At the rate of expense and production of the disbanded African soldiers' settlements, as thus shewn, the loss to Great Britain, if her Colonies were all placed in the same state, would be £28,000,000 sterling; the annual value of produce 3,500,000 dollars, the half of which being rice, the exportable article, might be carried in ten or a dozen good ships, in place of the nine hundred which are at present employed in carrying the produce of these possessions!

Mr O'Connell, at the same time, on the authority of Mr Jeremie, announced "the great improvement which had taken place in the condition of a number of negroes who had been emancipated, and sent from Martinique to St Lucia." The British Government ought by this time to be fully acquainted with the attention which is due to any statement which is made by Mr Jeremie. The fact is the reverse of what Mr O'Connell has stated. The negroes alluded to are slaves, many of them the greatest criminals, who have deserted from Martinique to St Lucia, where they become free. Out of upwards

of 1200 who attempted to escape, only about 400 survive, the rest being drowned on the passage! The survivors in St Lucia were, about eight months ago, in a state of the greatest distress, writing to their masters, imploring their forgiveness, and begging of them to come and take them back. I saw at Martinique, early in December last, one gentleman who had just returned *with seven* in the way mentioned, the proceedings regarding which restoration were all sent to your Office by Governor Farquharson. Many more were preparing to follow, when an order from Lord Goderich prohibited them from being restored, even when they wished it themselves! Near 150 slaves, who have lately been confiscated under Custom-house seizures in St Lucia, are there also in a state of the greatest misery and destitution; and about 400 liberated Africans, as General Blackwell informed Mr Horton five or six years ago, had nearly been exterminated in the same island, from indolence, want, and distress.

The slaves alluded to, and so praised by Mr O'Connell, are, in general, characters the most worthless, robbers and felons of every degree. In February last, one of them was hanged at St Lucia for committing a most atrocious rape; and next day a companion of his was flogged under

the gallows for having, on the previous day, stoned the executioner while engaged in performing his duty. The atrocious scenes by a gang of poisoners discovered in Martinique last year, point out, in appalling characters, what kind of people these are, most of whom had fled from justice. The gang mentioned, poisoned indiscriminately, and for the mere love of the thing, black and white, bond and free, young and old, man and beast. Some of the gang dug up the dead body of a slave who had died of dropsy, tapped it, drew off the water, and, while it lasted, mixed it every morning with the coffee to breakfast for their master and mistress! They poisoned a priest, dug up his body after interment, made it into *patties*, and sold them on the surrounding estates! They fed pigs with the flesh of the victims they had poisoned, and afterwards killed these pigs, cooked them, and served them up to dinner parties. One of them, a female, poisoned her master, and, with her associates, dug up and eat his remains. One female was hanged, one sentenced to galleys for life, two were poisoned by their accomplices in prison, to prevent disclosures, which would have involved fourteen others. The atrocities which these miscreants committed appalled the judicial authorities. A female, who, when apprehended, was found possessed of twenty joes in cash, a well-furnished house, and plenty of fine clothes, confessed that she had assisted in poisoning about *twenty white children*, the remains of whom she, with her associates, dug up, and cooked them with fricasseed dishes, to the dinners of their parents, in one case making the afflicted mother eat the brains of her own child, the second that had been thus cut off!! Whole white families had in this way been cut off before the cause was discovered. Such are the wretches whom Mr O'Connell praises, and the British Government protects! What would some of the gentlemen in your Office say to cooks and domestics like these?

When at Trinidad, I met with a respectable gentleman from Ireland, who informed me that he had, through friends, and a former acquaintance with Mr O'Connell in Ireland, lately remonstrated with him upon the vio-

lent part which he was taking in a question which he could not understand, and against an injured people who had done him no harm. The reply was, that he admitted the fact that he was ignorant of the merits of the West India question; but this he knew, that England ruled and oppressed Ireland,—that she would continue to do so while she had a navy,—and that she would continue to have a navy while she had Colonies; therefore, if by any means the destruction of her Colonies could be brought about, that destruction would ensure the downfall of her naval supremacy, and with that the liberation and independence of Ireland would follow! You may startle at the wickedness of this policy, and acknowledge that the man who avows it is more worthy to be banished to "*the desert*," than the West India proprietor, as Mr O'Connell, only the other day in the House of Commons, threatened he ought to be.

Trinidad, like Sierra Leone, has, since its capture, been the "*farm of experiment*" for Anti-colonists to work on; and the result is, that all their experiments have failed, industry has been crushed, cultivation repressed, the colony beggared, and sunk or sinking under the accumulating load of oppression and despair. Under the plea that the introduction of British Laws into a British colony would expose the slaves to severer treatment, the faction above alluded to have introduced and maintained, in that island, a system of the most arbitrary and coercive government ever witnessed among civilized men, and under which, in proportion to the control this party had, honour, truth, justice, industry, capital, credit, and security, hide, and must continue to hide, their heads. Since the promulgation of the famous Orders in Council, the rents of warehouses and houses in Port of Spain, even where the best can be rented, have fallen one-half,—from 120 to 60 or 50 dollars per month. The petitions which the free Mandingoes have presented to Government, state the reasons why they wish to be sent back to their own country; viz. because they can no longer obtain a remunerating price for the produce that they raise, and because their slaves are now become "*their mas-*

ters." The decline of the trade of Trinidad is best shewn, by bringing before you the imports for the last five years, premising that, at a previous period, these amounted to a still larger sum:—

1828, . . .	L. 117,000	sterling.
1829, . . .	431,000	—
1830, . . .	250,000	—
1831, . . .	300,000	—
1832, . . .	233,000	—

In examining the public treasury in January last, it was found deficient for the demands against it, to the extent of L.2000 sterling, and this after having expended from L.1000 to L.5000 sterling, lodged in the savings' bank; L.5000, the proceeds of a legacy-tax, imposed to build an hospital, not a stone of which had been laid; and about L.15,000 sterling, lodged for security in the public treasury, by order of the courts of justice! Since the day that Trinidad was captured, it is a melancholy fact that not a single heir or European legatee of any individual who had died possessed of property in that island, has ever received a shilling from the funds of their estates; and such is the system of law there established, that one of the judges lately declared it was impossible for a man to live without having a lawsuit, or to die without his estate and his heirs being subjected to one.

Under this system of government, framed, he it remarked, by the exclusive friends of liberty, Trinidad is ruled by a council of thirteen; seven of these (with a double vote to the Governor) are government servants and dependents, whose aggregate salaries amounted to upwards of L.14,000 sterling: thus—

Governor, . . .	L. 5000
Chief Judge, . . .	3500
Collector of Customs, . .	1500
Attorney-General, . . .	1200
Protector of Slaves, . . .	1300
Colonial Secretary, . . .	1000
Treasurer,	800

L. 14,300

Contrary to the most positive laws of Great Britain, which exclude, in every way, revenue officers from all interference with the executive government, the Collector of his Majesty's Customs is constituted a mem-

ber of council. Against this mercenary force, aided by as many more as Government can influence by the prospect or the promise of place, are opposed three planters, and three others, merchants and planters as may be, all unpaid. Each of the seven paid counsellors also, be it observed, receive a fee drawn from the British Treasury, when and as often as any one of the number catches and confiscates the private property of the colonial proprietor. Under such a system, it is plain that representation is a mockery, and legislation a delusion and a scourge. Consequently, the system is applauded and recommended by all those men who wish to fleece their fellow-subjects, and who, while they are fleecing them, make it their study to blind and mislead the government at home!

Amongst mankind, there is nothing so mischievous as false philanthropy and humanity run mad. The effects of this spirit have been sadly exemplified in Trinidad. When revolution desolated Colombia, the British Government had a noble opportunity for peopling Trinidad with industrious people and people of capital. To escape the torch and the dagger, many of the most respectable inhabitants of Colombia, accompanied by their slaves, took refuge in Trinidad. The stern commands of the British Government compelled Sir Ralph Woodford to drive these wretched refugees back to the country from whence they had escaped, where they were no sooner landed than they were butchered in cold blood, the mother perishing while endeavouring to save her infant from the dagger of the assassin; and, if they were enabled to prolong a miserable existence for a few days, they prolonged it, in several instances, by mothers devouring the flesh of their dead children!! The bloody tragedies enacted on the western shores of the Gulf of Paria stand, and will for ever stand, an indelible blot upon the British name, and in a particular manner upon the Office of which you are now the head.

For many years a regularly organized system of falsehood has prevailed in that, and, indeed, more or less in every other British colony, to deceive and mislead the Government and people of this country, in order

to accomplish the most wicked purposes, and, amongst other things, in conjunction with people in this country, to reduce West India property to a thing without a name and without security, in order that they might purchase it for the merest trifle, and make, as they imagine they will make, fortunes by it under a different *régime*! The results we are beginning to witness; and the nation will speedily feel, when these profligates and miscreants speculate, if they will speculate, upon desolated fields, and upon ashes and carcasses.

In course of the debates alluded to, Mr Ward, in proof, I presume, of the freedom that reigns in Hayti, tells us, that the black population were fixed to the soil; "and even women could not proceed from one district to another, without the permission of the magistrate." Happy country! But he might have gone further, and told us that no woman is permitted to marry in Hayti without permission of the superior authority, and without an assurance given by her at the time of her application, not only that she is in good health, but that she is enabled, from her health and her circumstances, to maintain a husband!! The same gentleman, on the same occasion, tells us, that "the cost of production of sugar in Mexico was considerably less than in the island of Cuba, where sugar cultivation, it was supposed, was well understood." To reply to, or argue with, such nonsense, would indeed be a waste of time. If what Mr Ward stated was true, then the sugar of Mexico would supplant all other sugar in every market of the world. Let him, if he can, name one where it does so.

I adverted, in my first letter, to the fact, that about 2000 slaves had been, in the different colonies, within the last three years, seized by the authorities, condemned in the Court of Vice-Admiralty, and liberated. The nature of these seizures, a few, and it is only a very few references which my limits permit me to give, will shew. These limits also put it out of my power to lay before you and the public at length the documents which I have in proof, regarding the extraordinary nature of these seizures, and the proceedings connected with them. Subsequent to

the year 1825, when the consolidated slave law was passed, which prevented slaves from being removed from one island to another, except in the capacity of domestics attending upon their owners as might be required, several hundreds were in that capacity carried from Barbadoes to Trinidad, with all the formalities and clearances that the law required, and registered, in the latter island, under all the restrictions which the law prescribed. Upwards of 500 of these have been seized by the orders of Government, within the last eighteen months, and libelled in the Court of Vice-Admiralty, under the pretence of illegal importation; the acting Attorney-General, *Wyllie*, (the man of whom Lord Goderich says he knew nothing, except that he followed General Grant from the Bahamas!) refused to single out a few cases and try these as a test for the rest, either for assent or for a future appeal, but libelled each separately, thereby fearfully increasing the expense to the persons accused on the condemnation of these slaves, and which, in every case, amounts to about L.60 or L.70 sterling. For each slave so seized, fees to the extent of about L.30 sterling are paid by the British Treasury to different Government authorities, independent of the expenses of condemnation. Owing to the bungling of indictments, for about 30 first seized, an expense to the British Treasury was incurred of L.1000 sterling; and a fresh expense for the same processes, when again renewed. Many of these slaves had gone into the hands of third parties by legal sale, and nearly all of them were in the hands of poor persons, and frequently belonged to widows and orphans, who were unable to find the security which the law requires of L.60 sterling to abide the result of the trial; and thus they are frequently condemned without defence. What rendered the proceedings still more flagrant and remarkable, was the fact that the same collector who now seizes them in Trinidad was the Custom-house officer who cleared them out with every necessary proof from Barbadoes. Some of these cases have been so exceedingly partial and oppressive, that a committee of the inhabitants has been appointed to watch over

the proceedings, and to remonstrate with Government against them. Contrary to the law, which states that slaves so seized shall abide with their owners until legally condemned, these people were at once taken from them, turned adrift on the world, wherein many of them, being bad characters, have become thieves and robbers, and others of them, unwilling to work, have literally died of starvation; while others have suffered that fate because they could not get work, and had no one to take care of them. I myself saw, in January last, one of these people, a female of superior appearance, with four young children, in the last stage of a decline, brought upon her by want and starvation. All these things were perfectly known to the Government authorities, who, while these things were going on before their eyes, were trumpeting forth to the world, and to the Government of this country, the happy state of these unfortunate people! A case of such seizure of a very flagrant nature took place with *Mrs Hodge*, a lady of that island. Going to visit her friends in St Vincent's, she took with her a favourite servant-maid, who had been brought up with her from her infancy, and who had one child then about three months old. The Collector cleared out the mother, with the necessary formalities, and *permitted* the child, who could not be separated from her, to accompany her. They landed in St Vincent's, were entered without remark, but about three months afterwards, when the lady was returning, the Collector of that island seized the child, under the plea of illegal importation, because it was not *attending* on its master or mistress! The lady declared, if they took the child, that they must take the mother also, because she could not think of separating them. This, however, was refused. It was put to the young woman whether she would stay with her child, or go with her mistress: she chose the latter, and left the child in the hands of the Custom-house officers. But this was not all. On the lady's return to Trinidad, the girl herself was seized by the Collector there, who had, only a few months before, cleared her for St Vincent's, under the plea that there was some informa-

lity on the part of the Custom-house officers in the clearance from St Vincent's; and a report having been sent home from the Custom-house of that island to the Board in London, they, in a letter dated 31st September, 1832, direct the Collector in Trinidad to prosecute to condemnation the slave mentioned, upon the ground of the "*specific occupation*" having been omitted to be indorsed upon the clearance from St Vincent;" and the proceedings were going on when I left Trinidad!!

In St Lucia, similar seizures, to the extent of nearly 150, have been made by the acting Collector of the Customs there. The following is a specimen of their oppressing and galling nature. In the year 1811, a Roman Catholic priest, named Madget, went from Martinique to St Lucia. He had at the time he came away a female servant named *Eliza Madget*, then so far advanced in a state of pregnancy that she could not come with him. She was accordingly left behind, and came over with her child after her delivery. In 1831, this woman, with her child, then become a mother, were seized and condemned in the Vice-Admiralty Court, on the plea of having been brought to St Lucia when she could not be in attendance on her master nor any part of his family, and the other for being illegally imported, not attending upon him! In the same year a slave named Thomas, and a female named Queen, and her child Betsy, legally brought from Barbadoes by a Mr Gordon, who had, at the request of the Rev. Mr Beaver of St Lucia, agreed to sell the female in question to him, in order that Mr Beaver might marry her to Thomas, with whom she had cohabited, were all seized by the acting Collector and condemned, the prosecutor declining to sue "for the penalties in each," because of "*no mala fides* appearing in the transaction on the part of any one." I might quote you a hundred cases of a similar nature, where slaves were so seized and condemned in the Vice-Admiralty Court by the Judge in that Court, who was also the registrar of slaves for the island, and who, as such, had again and again registered the slaves so seized as lawful property. The indignation of the inhabitants was aroused at such

proceedings; and a remark that this Judge had made, that the Collector who brought these cases before him was "*his best friend*," produced a remonstrance to the Governor, which brought forth a reply from the Judge, dated 26th November, 1832, the nature of which is so curious and remarkable, that I must lay it before you. "I am not prepared to admit that I ever stated Mr Chipchase to be my best friend in the Colony for bringing slave cases into Court, but I may have said the Admiralty Court was the *best thing going* with me at the moment, as it did enable me to *carry on* when I could *get no money* from the Colonial Chest." (Signed) *J. M. Stephens*. The inhabitants, however, did not stop here. They forwarded a strong remonstrance to the King, which was laid before Lord Goderich by Mr Marryat the agent for the island; and on the subject, and under the date of the 21st June, 1832, he thus writes his constituents: "I have reason to believe that my representatives have had the effect of showing his Lordship the true situation of affairs there. He assured me that the subject would engage his immediate attention, and that a communication (in answer to the address) should be forwarded by the present packet, which he trusted would have the effect of allaying the excitement existing in the Colony. I trust that his Lordship's intention will not be counteracted by any SINISTER INFLUENCE in the department of the Colonial-Office." As matters, however, grew worse

instead of better, it is very obvious that the "sinister influence" which Mr Marryat states existed "in the department of the Colonial-Office," prevailed over reason and justice.

In order to comprehend fully the galling nature of this system, I must bring before you the fees obtained, and expenses incurred, in the Vice-Admiralty Court of St Lucia, which are much the same in all the islands, and which, moreover, fall upon the individual stripped of his property. I take one case, the case of Madget, as a specimen, from the records of the Court in which Colonel Stephens presides, and which has been taxed by the Lords of the British Treasury. The account stands thus:—

ling,	.	.	.	L. 1	1	0
Advocate General,	.	.	.	6	6	0
Registrar,	.	.	.	5	5	0
Marshal,	.	.	.	3	3	0
Should no appeal be made,						
and the slave be condemned,						
ed, the Governor receives						
bounty.	.	.	.	5	0	0
Seizing Officer,	.	.	.	5	0	0
L.28 18 0						

When a claim is entered, the party making that claim is obliged to find security for L. 60 sterling, to abide costs, if a condemnation takes place, and which, as in the following case, one of the most moderate, stand as under. And should an appeal be made, the cost of obtaining a copy of the document is 12 dollars.

St Lucia, 2d August, 1832, in the case of a female slave named Eliza Madget.

	Judge.	Registrar.	Marshal.
Receiving petition, &c.	L. 1 10	0 0 0	L. 0 0 0
Seizing officer, affidavit,	1 0	0 0 0	0 0 0
Signing monition and copy, &c.	2 0	1 0 4	3 6 0
Attendance and administering interrogatories,	0 0	3 6 0	0 0 0
Oaths administered,	8 0	0 0 0	0 0 0
Claim and attestation,	2 0	2 0 0	0 0 0
Taking bail, &c.	4 0	3 0 8	0 0 0
Motion for condemnation,	3 0	0 0 0	0 0 0
Claimants moving for time, exclusive of trial,	9	4 11 0	4 11 0
Holding Court for trial,	7	3 15 10	3 6 0
Certificate condemnation,	3 15	3 0 8	0 0 0
Filing papers,	0 0	6 0 0	0 0 0
Totals, currency,	L. 41 19 8	L. 26 14 6	L. 11 3 0

Taxed and Received.
(Signed) J. M. STEPHENS,
Judge Surrogate.

Received.
(Signed) SALVIGNY,
Marshal.

Let us bring these sums together.

Judge Surrogate,	.	.	L.41	19	8	
Registrar (same person),	.	.	26	14	6	
			<hr/>			68 14 2
Marshal,	11 3 0
Advocate-General, fee 10 guineas,	25 4 0
Extract from Registrar of slaves,	1 3 1½
			<hr/>			

Colonial expenses, 1.106 4 3½

Exclusive of the sum of L.28 10s. sterling, drawn upon and paid by the British Treasury !!

In every island, and to the great extent above alluded to, have similar proceedings taken place, and similar expenses been incurred; and, in nine cases out of ten, the sufferers in every island have been the poor and needy, the widow, the orphan, and the most helpless! If such things, and, after all, they are trifling to the evils which the Colonists are otherwise made to endure, do not call forth in remonstrance and complaint "the language of lofty indignation," it is difficult to understand what can.

You told the House of Commons, that when "West India property" was now brought into "the money market," it was "at a *depreciation truly frightful*." Yet the House of Commons heard without a blush of shame, and without a frown of indignation, a Minister of the Crown make the declaration that a valuable portion of our empire had been ruined by the measures which Government had pursued, and had been compelled to pursue, for no one has been yet bold enough to state that the Colonists would depreciate, or had depreciated their property with their own hands. Yet, having occasioned this frightful depreciation, you take up that as an argument and a proof that this property should be immediately annihilated. The depreciation of West India property is indeed truly frightful. You need not wander far to ascertain that fact. One of your colleagues in office can tell you that he has property in the town of a Colony, yet one of the most flourishing, which, while it stood him nearly L.100,000 sterling, and at one time would have commanded very nearly the sum, has been offered for L.1000, and yet no purchaser can be found! The orders in Council swept away, in twelve months, above half the value of all the fixed property in houses in Port of Spain, Trinidad. I might fill pages with even more melancholy details. Only a very few years ago a mort-

gagee in England offered a proprietor in one of the best of the Colonies L.20,000, and a discharge for the debt he owed, nearly double the sum, for only one estate which he held. The offer was declined. Within the last twelve months the same mortgagee was obliged to take that estate and another for the debt which was due; and the proprietor, a man at the verge of life, has been, with his family, compelled to leave his native land, and seek an asylum in one of the rudest parts of British North America! In one of the oldest Colonies belonging to England, a friend of mine, not long ago, purchased several fine lots, with buildings and wharves on them, in the capital, for L.1000 sterling, which actually cost the former proprietor L.96,000 currency; and it has come under my knowledge that estates which were judicially valued only ten years ago at L.110,000 sterling, and were then well worth that sum, would, if sold a few months ago, not have brought a twelfth part of the sum, and for which, in fact, no purchaser could be found at any sum. Before you are long Colonial Minister for Great Britain, you will learn more cases like these; greater degradation, misery, and loss to innocent and industrious British subjects, brought on them by the delirious measures of the parent State, than you can imagine, or than I can describe.

In alluding to the alleged great decrease of the Slave population in the Colonies, you advert, and with a sneer, to the only number which stands to be deducted from the general apparent decrease, viz. 11,000, and these chiefly females, by manumission. The fact that the manumissions are chiefly of this sex, is one of the strongest proofs that can be adduced to shew why a decrease amongst the slave population must take place, because these females are always the best behaved, and have the most numerous progeny.

But even in this you have not stated the whole truth. The number you allude to as manumitted, forms the number only who have been manumitted in Jamaica from 1821 to 1830, and in the Leeward and Windward Islands from 1821 to 1825. The whole that have been manumitted in these islands from 1825 to 1830, and in Mauritius and Cape of Good Hope from 1821 to the latter period, have been suppressed; and with that dishonesty and disingenuity which has so long characterised the office of which you are now the head, I find in the Parliamentary return, No. 660 of last year, printed by order of the House of Commons, the manumissions in the Colonies, and for the latter period alluded to, uniformly marked "*not printed*." Is this honest and fair dealing? Instead of 11,000, the manumissions in all, for the period taken, must have been above 20,000.

The number of slaves, by the early

returns of 1815, 1817, and 1818, amounted to about 860,000, which was the number that Mr Buxton took, but in which there were so many errors. About 7000 were cut off by the cholera morbus in the Mauritius in 1819, which reduced the number in that colony to about 71,000 at the beginning of 1821. In 1822 about 6000 were cut off by measles in Jamaica; and when we contrast the following corrected returns which I have drawn up with great care from the various Parliamentary papers, the result will give a decrease in a period of about nine years of 21,149, greatly under one-half of what Mr Buxton has stated it to be. From that decrease also ought to be deducted a number of slaves escheated to the Crown, and set free; also the loss by insurrection in Jamaica in 1823, and the difference of exports and imports in all the Colonies where the dates do not correspond.

SLAVE POPULATION—BRITISH COLONIES.

	Year.	Number.	Year.	Number.
Antigua, .	1821.	31,064	1828.	29,839
Barbadoes, .	1820.	78,313	1829.	81,902
Bahamas, .	1821.	10,341	1831.	9,557
Berbice, .	1819.	23,768	1828.	21,319
Bermuda, .	1820.	5,176	1827.	1,608
Demerara, .	1820.	77,376	1829.	69,167
Dominica, .	1821.	15,466	1826.	15,392
Grenada, .	1820.	26,899	1829.	24,115
Jamaica, .	1820.	312,582	1829.	322,421
Honduras, .	1820.	2,563	1829.	2,127
Montserrat, .	1820.	6,505	1828.	6,262
Nevis, .	1822.	9,261	1828.	9,259
St Christopher's, .	1822.	19,819	1827.	19,310
St Lucia, .	1819.	15,039	1829.	13,661
St Vincent, .	1822.	21,317	1827.	23,589
Tobago, .	1822.	11,315	1829.	12,556
Trinidad, .	1821.	23,537	1829.	21,006
Tortola, &c. .	1821.	6,160	1829.	5,399
Barbuda, .	1821.	111	1830.	500
Anguilla, .	1821.	2,000	1828.	2,388
Crab Island, .			1832.	about 200
Mauritius, .	1826.	69,172	1830.	66,183
Seychelles, .	1826.	6,477	1830.	6,317
Cape of Good Hope, .	1825.	35,509	1831.	34,133
		846,530		804,640
Deduct manumissions, as under, .		20,741	Decrease, .	21,149
		825,789		825,789
Manumitted, Jamaica, 1818 to 1830, .			6,757	
Ditto other Colonies, 1821 to 1825, .			4,400	
Ditto ditto 1825 to 1830, say .			4,400	
Ditto Mauritius, 3 years, 1826 to 1829, .			1,164	
Ditto ditto 6 years, 1820 to 1826, say .			2,320	
Ditto Cape of Good Hope, 1820 to 1830, say .			1,700	

The decrease in nine years being 21,149 will give about 2,400 per annum, or being little above *one quarter* per cent!

Admiral Fleming's unjustifiable attack upon the whole Assembly of Jamaica, on account of the asserted poverty of its members, I must leave to be answered, as I know it can be answered and refuted by that body itself, merely remarking, that the charge and the snecr came ill from the lips of that now-British legislator, whose pockets, when he went to the Jamaicestation, were, I believe, as light as those of any Jamaica legislator are, or possibly can be. The part of the Admiral's speech, however, which I mean more particularly to notice, is that part of it where of the Members of this Assembly he declares, "upwards of thirty had no property in the island whatever. There were amongst them needy lawyers, bankrupt attorneys, and such like characters, who were constantly keeping their eyes directed to the Government-house, the source of patronage and promotion." It would have been strange, indeed, if there had not been some of these fry, and "*such like characters*," as the Admiral alludes to, in Jamaica, when such are to be found in every other colony. In fact, these and "*such like characters*" are, in Jamaica, and in every other colony, the despicable weapons employed by the Government, not to oppose or to thwart, but to accelerate and to carry into effect, their dangerous schemes and arbitrary legislation. For many years past, the policy of the British Government, counselled by Anti-colonial malevolence, has been to fill his Majesty's Council, in every island, with individuals who have not only no fixed property in the colony, but who are dependent upon Government; and into every Assembly, such men and the Government bring as many of their own dependents as they can. These, and such like characters, disunite, in obedience to command, all the Colonial councils and efforts, and transmit, with a full knowledge that it is wrong, to this country, such information alone as they know will please and bear out the Government in the dangerous path they have chosen. It is these, and such like characters, who, even more than the Anti-colonists in England, have tended to bring the Tropical Colonies to the

verge of the precipice where they now stand. A little experience in the office which you hold, if you only apply to honest sources and with a desire to know the truth, will disclose to your astonished view a scene and a system of baseness and profligacy in the quarters that I allude to, unparalleled in any country. In fact, the Colonial Office must be filled with correspondence to and from such like characters as the Admiral has brought forward; but which he, with Anti-colonial dishonesty, leaves to be supposed were employed for a different purpose.

I had some thoughts of laying bare the nests of these reptiles; and when truth on public questions, and about public men who interfere with them, ceases to become a libel in England, I may be induced to return to the subject. My time, and my limits, however, I perceive with regret, put it out of my power at present to drag before you in the manner that I could, and with the indignation that it deserves, the profligate correspondence of your office, where correspondents who teach treason in British Colonies, and boast that they do so, are applauded and rewarded—drag before you those authorities, and others, who, to please a faction in this country, and to gain, as they have done, preferment thereby, wilfully and deliberately suppress the truth, and mislead the Government by false information—drag before you the string, despicable as it is, which in every colony moves to lie, and falsely accuse, at the command of faction; and also that venal crew who keep their eyes fixed on every Government-house, and who, for a glass of champagne given in it, would sell a colony to the devil, if required so to do. These, and such like characters, I once thought to drag, and may yet drag, before the public; but I desist for the moment, considering, that the mischief being done, these profligate reptiles are consequently unworthy of notice, and that as you have incautiously and unguardedly taken all their sins and their iniquities on your own head, and made yourself the scapegoat for them all, you must accordingly bear the heavy penalty; while they are left to be tarred and feathered,

as I hope and trust some of them will be, by the individuals whom they have incited to mischief, and have dragged into the deepest gulf of poverty and ruin.

It has for several years past been the practice for Government authorities, even to the lowest grade, in the Colonies, to look with contempt upon the agricultural proprietor, and in every way to insult his feelings and to disturb his property, though it was from the produce of this property, and from the fruits of his industry, and from these alone, that these authorities were maintained in affluence and enabled to live. In fact, any Government authority, to live in harmony with a planter, was set down as an accomplice, and which, in more instances than one, cost the individual his situation. The whole efforts of the Government authorities also have been in general directed to disunite the free people of colour from the whites, in order that the whites, thus isolated, might be brought by fear to yield to the arbitrary schemes of Government. In no colony were the reprehensible system and conduct alluded to carried to a greater extent than in Trinidad. There the Government conclave actually established newspapers, and put these under the direction of men who had formerly bought and sold slaves to make gain of them, and who declared that they would write for whoever paid them best, and whose friends boasted that they were rewarded from secret service-money. The business and the labour of these journals was to insult and revile all the commercial and the agricultural interests of the island, and to accuse these of every species of cruelty and oppression, for which, if the statements had been true, every authority in Trinidad, from the highest to the lowest, ought not only to have been dismissed, but punished; for, in making the accusations, it was impudently acknowledged that no authority would interfere to check the alleged cruelties, or to suppress the alleged abuses. Governed in this way, and trampled upon and insulted in this manner, while living as fixed by the laws of their country, and merely protecting the rights of their property, it is no wonder that the Colonists complained; it is no wonder that in just remonstrance to the mother country,

when accused of immorality and injustice by men who were trampling upon all justice, and openly violating every moral principle and religious duty—it is no wonder that the Colonists should use the “*language of lofty indignation*.”

Thus governed, and under such a state of things, property in the Colonies was disturbed, capital shaken, security destroyed, credit cut off, loans rendered impracticable, sales impossible, and all improvements necessarily suspended. The results have been such as the most ordinary reflection might have anticipated. The European capitalist and proprietor beggared and impoverished, his industry paralyzed and suspended, or rendered unprofitable, have put it out of his power to give that employment which he formerly did to the free people of colour, artificers, and tradesmen of various descriptions, in which labour these people would alone engage; and consequently, this portion of the Colonial population have in general been reduced to a state of the greatest misery and distress; and, in many islands, numbers of them are actually reduced to a state of starvation. Through the impoverishment and misery of the two classes mentioned, the baneful consequences are beginning to operate upon the slave population, who can no longer find a profitable market for the provisions and the stock which they raise, while, in numerous cases, these people of colour, and even some of the very poorest class among the whites, have, in order to keep themselves from starvation, run deeply in debt to the slaves for provisions which they are unable to pay; and multitudes of the free population are living upon estates supported by slaves.

Such a state of things is deplorable, and daily producing deeper irritation and discontent, of which anti-slavery demagogues do not fail to take advantage, in order to kindle a more devouring flame. The evils here depicted are the necessary and inevitable results of that anticolonial policy which Great Britain has lately pursued; for, whatever you are told, and may think, experience will speedily teach you, and this country also, that it is upon European capital, European intelligence, European skill, energy, and industry, that the

prosperity of the Colonies, and of every individual in them, entirely depends; and that if these are deserted, insulted, and degraded, as they have been, and are threatened to be, inevitable ruin must be the lot of all. You may pull down, as I fear you have pulled down, the edifice which has been reared in the Tropical Colonies, but to rebuild another with the same materials once disjointed and scattered, you will, I am convinced, find to exceed your power. Most assuredly, you never will rear any social edifice or system of civil society, where ignorance, licentiousness, depravity, and poverty are exalted above, or even put on a level with industry, intelligence, honour, and wealth.

In making the statements which I have done, and in adducing the references which I have made, I have not made the one nor adduced the other, for the purpose of supporting and defending the system of personal bondage, or abuses of any kind; but I have made the one and adduced the other, to shew and to prove that the system which has been hitherto adopted, and the course which has hitherto been pursued, to terminate the African slave-trade, and to abolish slavery in the Tropical possessions of Great Britain, have not only failed, but, if persisted in, in the manner it has been, will continue to be unsuccessful, and tend to extend the latter, and to perpetuate the former.

Nothing can be more reprehensible or dangerous than the system which Great Britain has for years past pursued in the government of the Colonies. Every Government authority, of every description, is distinctly informed that he must only do what the Government commands him. He is not permitted to have any will of his own, and he dare not, in opposition to the views of Government utter a word in defence of the Colonial cultivator. All the actions of the latter, his words, and his ways, are watched by unprincipled anti-colonial menials, ready to accuse and to supplant him. The Colonist who dares to complain against the arbitrary proceedings of any Authority, is marked out as a certain victim. Severer persecution, more flagrant injustice, and deeper wrongs, are heaped upon

him. There is a spy in every company, a tale-bearer at every table. The British Government, even when the truth becomes known to it, dare not punish offenders. Nay, in the face of the most undeniable evidence, they have been not only compelled to acquit, but to reward the guilty! Every despatch that goes to acquit the Colonist of false accusations that have been brought against him are concealed and withheld, until publication, if ever they are suffered to be published, can render him no service; while every communication that can tend to do him an injury, even when these bear on their face the most palpable misrepresentation and falsehood, are eagerly published, and taken and commented upon as truth. Under such a state of things honour, truth, and justice, must either fly from or remain silent in the Colonies. Government never can know, and never will be told the truth, while they shew a disinclination to listen to it, or hold out a premium to falsehood. No character in the Colonies is safe under such sway, and no property can be protected. Open robbery is dignified by attention to the welfare of the slave population; and the life spent in the most shameless and barefaced vice and dissipation is shielded against the voice of an indignant public, by the ready plea and impudent declaration that the cry is raised because the obnoxious individual had endeavoured to protect the slave from the tyranny of the master!

In reply to your statement, that West India Colonists not only did not give, but actually sought to deprive the slave of religious instruction, I adduced the fact that there was at this moment an Episcopalian Church establishment in the Colonies, upwards from Tortola to Trinidad, with *eighty-seven* resident Clergymen, and a Bishop at their head. Lord Goderich, in a letter to Sir Lewis Grant, Trinidad, dated 27th May, 1821, informed him that, "in Demerara, within the last three or four years, *ten* parish churches have been erected within the rural districts;" and *Par. Pap.* No. 660 of 1832, which lay on your table, could have shewn you that there were at least sixty other religious pastors of dif-

ferent denominations, with adequate places of worship, in these colonies, exclusive of Roman Catholic teachers, and leaders to that considerable portion of the negro population that adhere to the Mahomedan faith. Archdeacon Parry, in the *Par. Pap.* just referred to, states that in Antigua, "on almost every estate, the children are instructed in the Church catechism, and are taught by some of the better informed negroes to read." Passing to the other islands, the same *Par. Pap.* could have informed you, that in the Bahamas, to a population of 16,500 souls, there were no fewer than fourteen ministers of religion, with adequate places of worship; and in Jamaica, that there were forty-five churches and chapels belonging to the Church of England. How then can it be said that the West Indian Colonists refuse to allow their slaves to receive religious instruction!

You are by no means fortunate in the references which you make. You mention with great applause, how certain slaves in Colombia, during the revolution there, had driven back and beaten the veteran troops of Spain. A similar thing took place in the British Colonies in 1795 and 1793, when the French *Godless of Reason* decreed the emancipation of the slaves, and sent her furious disciples to make those in several British islands free. Multitudes of the slaves stood by their masters to the last; and notwithstanding the manner in which their minds have been lately poisoned, I feel the most perfect conviction, that, if the West India Colonists had only the unanimity and the firmness to bring them again to the test, and to tell you that they could do so, more than half of the slaves would yet stand forward to defend their masters and their property against every assailant.

The legislation which you pursue is wrong, because it is founded on error and grounded on false information. It is also unjust, because it is partial; for while it leaves untouched the personal slavery which prevails in India and Ceylon, it legislates in the West Indies for the slaves only, without any reference to the just rights of the master, and to the great political rights and interests of the British Empire.

You have taken a bold step. At one stride you have strode over the Tropical Colonies of Great Britain, and levelled the edifice which this country had erected there, and supported for two hundred years at a vast expense. You have thrown away with a breath, Colonies for the possession of even a few of which Napoleon Bonaparte risked and lost the empire of the world. Previous to his unsheathing the sword against Russia in 1812, (*see Report of Ministers for Foreign Affairs to the Emperor: Paris, March 4, 1812.*) he announced to Europe, "In Germany we will reconquer the East and the West Indies." For this, says the Minister, he "stipulated that Dantzic, Glogaw, Custrin, and Stettin, should remain in your hands until peace was concluded with England. You wished that the restoration of these *important places* should be made an object of compensation in the negotiations, with England for our MARITIME POSSESSIONS." The future historian, in drawing the contrast, must write that a scion of the House of Derby threw away all that, a portion only of which Napoleon coveted as the greatest acquisition he could make!

The bold step you have taken will, in its results, deprive England of her sugar colonies, and this country of that great sugar trade which was the foundation of her naval and commercial power; and, unless the Southern States of the United States are revolutionized, the sugar trade of the world will be thrown into the hands of the Spanish Colonies and the United States. The latter is sufficiently quick-sighted to see the advantages which would accrue to her by the destruction of the British Colonies. Her dense free population pressing southward, and carrying on the lighter agricultural cultivation, would relieve and throw back two millions of slaves into Florida, Louisiana, and the territories adjacent, for the cultivation of sugar. Have you ever considered the matter in this light, and what effect the diminution of the cultivation of cotton in these states, by turning the slave-labour to the cultivation of sugar instead of that article, would have upon the manufactures of this country? To India the cultivation of

sugar cannot go from the West so long as Africa is situated between them; yet the inhabitants of the foreign colonies in the Western World generally believe, and the French Government are most artfully inculcating the belief, that Great Britain seeks by the system which she pursues, the destruction of her own colonies, that she may thereby secure the destruction of the colonies of every European power in the Western World, in order that she may enjoy the monopoly of the sugar trade, by means of her territories in Hindoostan. This belief has kindled a wide and deep-spread feeling of hatred against this country.

For several years past, the British tropical cultivator has been contending at a loss against the growing prosperity of foreign possessions. With capital extinguished, with credit blasted, and with security banished, how is he, under the new system, and a system essentially differing from theirs, to contend against them while his expenditure is undiminished, with only half the labour to be got, unless he pays for it at a high rate, admitting that he has the funds to enable him to do so? and should even a portion of the slaves refuse to work, as they certainly will do, his difficulties will all be enormously increased. Under such circumstances it is plain to any being capable of thought, that from this day forward the British colonial cultivator must, even if he had the means to do so, carry on cultivation at a very heavy loss, a loss which will in a few years absorb a much greater sum than the compensation which you have promised to give. Bankruptcy and ruin must be the result. No act of Parliament that you can frame and pass, can fix capital in a country where it is not secure, and cannot be profitably employed; nor can you fix down intelligence and industry where they have no field for exertion or reward. The consequences of this state of things will be that the white population must abandon the colonies, and the slaves, left without practical knowledge to guide them, or capital to supply their wants, must be plunged into poverty, and retrograde into a state of barbarism.

The emissaries and authorities which your predecessors sent out

and employed in the Colonies, have done their work. They have sown discord in every colony, and divided the ranks which ought to have been united to oppose the march of ignorance and the footsteps of injustice. This vile tribe, with all those individuals of influence whom they have deceived and misled, will speedily find the consequences of their labours to be such as will appal even them; while you will be left to bear the reproaches of a country awakened to reason, and made aware of her terrible loss, and to the bitter cries of poverty and misery, which will issue from the lips of the widow and the orphan, and of hundreds of thousands once independent, and who had a right to expect that they would continue to be so.

For months before you were appointed to the office which you hold, it was well known in the Colonies that that appointment was to take place. These possessions hailed the prospect with gladness, in expectation that the appointment would deliver them from the rod under which they had so long smarted. In proportion as their hopes were raised high, so bitter will their disappointment be when your first speech, as Colonial Secretary, reaches their shores. The consequences that may result from it I tremble to think on, and you will speedily learn.

The white population in the Colonies did not create nor establish personal slavery in these possessions. No! it was the people of Great Britain that created and established the system for them. All that the Colonists now require is to be paid back the money which, under the laws of Great Britain, they paid to the people of Great Britain for the slaves and the lands which they hold. Neither did the white population in the West Indies make the African the ignorant and degraded being that he was when he came from Africa. They received him such from the people of Great Britain, and under their protection and government the Colonists have made him and his progeny very different and more intelligent beings than they were, or ever could have been, in Africa. These are facts which cannot be denied.

The West India colonists are poor, therefore they are insulted—they

are weak, therefore they are trampled in the dust. While loading them with every reproach, and blasting their character to the utmost, you yet seek their concurrence and support to carry the plans you propose into effect. Is this wise? is this generous? is this just? The glory of England in her best days was to protect all her subjects, and above all, the weak against the strong; and the day has been when the British Minister, who, from ignorance, error, or misconduct, had lost but one of these colonies, would, for that loss, have been deprived of his place, and perhaps, his head.

Look around you and reflect in time. In principal and interest,

Great Britain has already expended *twenty millions* sterling to accomplish the object you have in view. She has, as has been fully shewn, wholly failed. You now offer to give away twenty millions more for the same object, and when it fails, and is lost, it will, by being so, bring round and ensure the loss of one hundred and fifty millions more—all the capital vested in the colonies, and all the commerce and navigation which that capital sustains! What will the nation say to you for this enormous loss?

I am, &c.,
JAMES McQUEEN.

Glasgow, 8th August, 1833.

P. S.—While the present letter was in type, and standing over for publication, I received, through the attention of a commercial friend in the West Indies, a copy in the original Spanish from the official report made by the Minister to the Congress of Venezuela for the present year, concerning the state and commerce of that republic. From this I select the exports of sugar, and the exports and imports of rum, from and into that country, from which you will perceive how grossly Admiral Fleming and the ex-president have deceived you and the British public. No rum, you will observe, is exported, except, as the quantity shews, for ships' stores, while a considerable quantity is imported; and I have the authority of a gentleman long resident in Columbia, and who is the principal sugar-planter in it, and just arrived from thence, that large quantities of rum are smuggled into Columbia from the British Colonies. The sugar exported, you will observe, is not Muscovado sugar, as we receive it, but an article chiefly consisting of sugar and molasses mixed together. The gentleman referred to also assures me, that the small sugar cultivation of Columbia is wholly carried on by slaves, and that the few negroes now remaining, who had borne arms during the war, and emancipated on that account, were the idlest and the greatest rogues in all Columbia, and scarcely any length of time out of some mischief or other. The imports into Columbia for 1832 were in value 3,357,955 dollars, 837,896 of which were from Great Britain. The exports were in value 2,857,052 dollars, of which 319,786 dollars were from Great Britain. The principal article of export is coffee, viz. 11,514,021 lbs., in value 1,063,115 dollars. Amongst the imports, I find about 1,600,000 lbs. tobacco in Havannah segars, and a strong recommendation to prohibit the introduction of these into Venezuela.

RUM EXPORTED 1832.		RUM IMPORTED 1832.		
In national ships, value	150 dollars	In national vessels,	Arrobas.	Value.
In foreign do.	48	Ir foreign do.	258	587
	198	Rum imported in bottles,	653	1715
			13	52
		Total,	924	2354
SUGAR (<i>y papillon</i>) EXPORTED 1832.		Value in Dollars.		
In national ships,	Lbs.	35,384	2190	
In Foreign do.	1,371,087	59,517		
Total,	1,406,471	61,737		

With regard to the increasing free population of all colours of the Spanish Colonies, and in answer to one of those "*dreaming*" Anti-colonists, who used to dictate to the Colonial Office, and who has been nibbling at the account, I may shortly state, that the great increase of late years has taken place by the influx of emigrants from Spain, from the Canary and Cape de Verd islands, from Columbia, and from the Spanish part of St Domingo. With this observation, I leave the quarter in question to dream over the subject, or at his pleasure to take his own argument as the guide, and thereby admit the additional increase of the African slave-trade to produce the result which he asserts.

FRANCE IN 1833.

NO. I. ITS POLITICAL STATE.

OBSERVATIONS made on the spot by one who has long regarded the political changes of France with interest, may possibly be of service, in conveying to the public on the other side of the Channel some idea of the present state and future prospects of a nation, avowedly followed as the leader by the liberal party all over the world in the great work of political regeneration. Such a sketch, drawn with no feeling of political or national animosity, but with every wish for the present and future happiness of the great people among whom it is composed, may possibly cool many visionary hopes, and extinguish some ardent anticipations; but it will at least demonstrate what is the result, in the circumstances where it has been most triumphant, of democratic ascendancy; and prepare the inhabitants of Great Britain for the fate, and the government which awaits them, if they continue to follow the footsteps of the French liberals in the career which has been recently brought, on this side of the channel, to so triumphant a conclusion.

Most of the educated inhabitants of Great Britain visited France, during the restoration; many of them at different times. Every one thought he had acquired some idea of the political state and prospects of the country, and was enabled to form some anticipations as to its future destiny. We are now enabled to say, that most of these views were partial or erroneous. They were so, not so much from defect in the observation of France, as ignorance of the political principles and passions which were at work amongst its inhabitants; from want of experience of the result of democratic convulsions; from judging of a country over which the wave of Revolution had passed, with the ideas drawn from one which had expelled its fury. We observed France accurately enough; but we did so with English eyes; we supposed its inhabitants to be actuated by the feelings and interests, and motives, which were then at work among ourselves; and could

form no conception of the new set of principles and desires which are stirred up during the agitation of a revolution. In this respect our powers of observation are now materially improved. We have had some experience during the last three years of democratic convulsion; we know the passion and desires which are developed by arraying the lower orders against the higher. We have acquired an acquaintance with the signs and marks of revolutionary terror. Standing thus on the confines of the two systems; at the extremity of English liberty, and the entrance of French democracy, we are now peculiarly qualified to form an accurate opinion of the tendency of these opposite principles of government; we know the landmarks of the civilisation which is receding from the view, and have gained some acquaintance with the perils of that which is approaching; and combining recent with former experience in our own and the neighbouring country, can form a tolerably accurate idea of the fate which awaits them and ourselves.

The leading circumstance in the present condition of France, which first strikes an English observer, and is the most important feature it exhibits in a political point of view, is the enormous and apparently irresistible power of the central government at Paris over all the rest of France. This must appear rather a singular result after forty years of ardent aspirations after freedom, but nevertheless nothing is more certain, and it constitutes the great and distinguishing result of the Revolution.

Such has been the centralization of power by the various democratic assemblies, who, at different times, have ruled the destinies of this great country, that there is hardly a vestige of power or influence now left to the provinces. All the situations of emolument of every description, from the highest to the lowest, in every department and line of life, are in the gift of government. No man, in a situation approaching to that of a gentleman, can rise either in the

civil or military career in any part of France, unless he is promoted by the central offices at Paris. These are general expressions which convey no definite idea. A few examples will render the state of the country in this particular more intelligible.

The Chamber of Peers, who now hold their situations only for life, are appointed by the Crown.

The whole army, now four hundred thousand strong, is at the disposal of Government. All the officers in that great body of course receive their appointment from the War-office at Paris.

The navy, no inconsiderable force, is also appointed by the same power.

The whole artificers and officers connected with the engineers and artillery, a most numerous body in a country so beset with fortifications and fortresses as France, derive their appointments from the central Government.

The Customhouse officers, an immense body, whose huts and stations are set down at short distances all round France, are all nominated by the central office at Paris.

The Post Office, in every department throughout the kingdom, is exclusively filled by the servants of Government.

The Police, an immense force, having not less than eighty thousand employes in constant occupation, and which extends its iron net over the whole country, are all appointed by the Minister at the head of that department.

The Clergy over the whole country receive their salaries from Government, and are appointed by the Crown.

The whole teachers of youth of every description, in all public or established seminaries, whether parochial or departmental, are appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction.

The management of the roads, bridges, and chaussées, throughout all the kingdom, is intrusted to persons appointed by the Crown. No man can break a stone, or mend a bridge, or repair a pavement, from Calais to Bayonne, unless he is in the service of Government; and all the labourers on the roads have an uniform hat, with the words "Cantonnier," or "Pontonnier," upon it, indicating that they are in the service of the state.

The Post-horses over all France are under the control of the Crown. Not only the post-masters, but every postilion from Brest to Marseilles, and Strasburg to Bourdeaux, are nominated by the Government. No additional hand can be added in the remotest relay of horses without the authority of the Parisian Bureaux. On all the great roads in the north of France there are too few postilions, and travellers are daily detained hours on the road, not because horses are wanting, but because it has not pleased the ministers of the interior to appoint a sufficient number of postilions for the different stations. In the south the case is the reverse; the postilions are too numerous, and can hardly live, from the division of their business among so many hands; but the mandate has gone forth from the Tuilleries, and obedience must be the order of the day.

The whole diligences, stage coaches, mails, and conveyances of every description which convey travellers by relays of horses in every part of France, must employ the post-horses and postilions appointed at the different stations by the Crown. No private individual or company can run a coach with relays with their own horses. They may establish as many coaches as they choose, but they must all be drawn by the royal horses and postilions, if they do not convey the travellers *en voiturier* with the same horses all the way. This great monopoly was established by an arret of the Directory, 9th Dec. 1798, which is in these terms; "Nul autre que les maitres de poste, munis d'une commission speciale, ne pourra etabliir de relais particuliers, relayer ou conduire à titre de louage des voyageurs d'un relais à un autre, à peine d'être contraint de payer par forme d'indemnité le prix de la course, au profit des maitres de poste et des postillons qui auront été frustrés."

The whole firemen throughout France are organized in battalions, and wear an uniform like soldiers, and are appointed by Government.

The whole Judges, superior and inferior, over the whole kingdom, as well as the Prefets, Sous Prefets, Procureurs du Roi, and in general all the legal offices of every description, are appointed by Government. The only exception are the Juges du-

Paix, a sort of arbiters and mediators in each canton, to settle the trifling disputes of the peasants, whom they are permitted to name for themselves.

The whole officers employed in the collection of the revenue, over the whole country, are appointed by the Government. They are an extremely numerous body, and add immensely to the influence of the central authority, from whom all their appointments emanate.

It would be tedious to carry this enumeration farther. Suffice it to say, that the Government of France has now drawn to itself the whole patronage in every department of business and line of life over the whole country. The Army, the Navy, the Law, the Church, the Professors and teachers of every description; the Revenue, the Post-office, the roads, bridges and canals, the post-horses, the postilions, the firemen, the police, the *gens-d'armes*, constitute so many different branches in which the whole patronage is vested in the central Government at Paris, and in which no step can be taken, or thing attempted, without the authority of the Minister for that department, or the deputy in the capital. In consequence of this prodigious concentration of power and patronage in the public offices of Paris, and the total stripping of every sort of influence from the Departments, the habit has become universal in every part of France, of looking to Paris, not only for the initiation in every measure and thought, but for the means of getting on in every line of life. Has a man a son to put into the army or navy, the law, the church, the police, or revenue? He finds that he has no chance of success unless he is taken by the hand by the Government. Is he anxious to make him a professor, a teacher, or a schoolmaster? He is obliged to look to the same quarter for the means of advancement. Is his ambition limited to the humbler situation of a postmaster, a bridge contractor, a courier or a postilion? He must pay his court to the *Prefet* of the Department, in order to obtain a recommendation to the Minister of the Interior, or the Director of Bridges and Roads. Is he even reduced to earn his bread by breaking stones upon the highways, or paving the

streets of the towns? He must receive the wages of Government, and must wear their livery for his twenty sous a-day. Thus in every department and line of life, Government patronage is indispensable, and the only way in which success is to be obtained is by paying court to some person in authority.

In a commercial and manufacturing country such as England, many and various means exist of rising to wealth and distinction, independent of Government; and in some the opposition line is the surer passport to eminence of the two. Under the old constitution of England, when political power was vested in the holders of great property, and the great body of the people watched their proceedings with distrust and jealousy, eminence was to be attained in any public profession, as the Bar or the Senate, chiefly by acquiring the suffrages of the greater number of the citizens; and hence the popular independent line was the one which in general led soonest to fame and eminence. Commerce and manufactures opened up a thousand channels of lucrative industry, independent altogether of government support; and many of the most important branches of patronage, great part of the Church, and the majority of all establishments for education, were in the hands of corporations or private individuals, often in opposition to, or unconnected with, Ministerial influence. But the reverse of all this obtains in France. There little commerce or manufactures are, comparatively speaking, to be found. With the exception of Paris, Lyons, Bourdeaux, Rouen, and Marseilles, no commercial cities exist, and the innumerable channels for private adventure which the colonial possessions and immense trade of Britain open up are unknown. All the private establishments or corporations vested with patronage in any line, as the Church, education, charity, or the like, were destroyed during the Revolution of 1793, and nothing left but the great and overwhelming power of Government, standing the more prominently forward, from the extinction of every rival authority which might compete with its influence.

From the same cause has arisen a degree of slavish submission, in all

the provinces of France, to the will or caprice of the Metropolis, which is almost incredible, and says but little for the independence of thought and character which has grown up in that country since the schoolmaster has been abroad. From the habit of looking to Paris for directions in every thing, from the making of a King to the repairing of a bridge, they have absolutely lost the power of judging for themselves, or taking the initiative in any thing either of the greatest or the smallest moment. This appears, in the most striking manner, in all the political changes which have taken place in the country for the last forty years. Ever since the bones of old France were broken by the Constituent Assembly: since the Parliaments, the Provinces, the Church, the Incorporations, were swept away by their gigantic acts of democratic despotism, the departments have sunk into absolute insignificance, and every thing has been determined by the will of the capital, and the acts of the Central Government at its head. When the Girondists, the illustrious representatives of the country districts, were proscribed, the most violent feelings of indignation spread through the South and West of France. Sixty-five, out of the eighty-four departments, rose in insurrection against the despotism of the capital; but the unwonted exertion surpassed their strength, and they soon yielded, without a struggle worth the notice of history, to its usurped authority. When Robespierre executed Danton and his adherents; when he himself sunk under the stroke of the Thermidorians; when Napoleon overthrew the National Guard of Paris in October, 1795; when the Directory were expelled by the bayonets of Augereau, on the 18th Fructidor, 1797; when Napoleon seized the reins of power in November, 1799; when he declared himself Emperor, and overturned all the principles of the Revolution in 1804; when he was vanquished by the Allies in 1814; when he resumed the helm in 1815; when he was finally dethroned after the battle of Waterloo; when the revolt of the Barricades established a revolutionary Government in the capital; when the suppression of the insurrection at the cloister of St

Merri defeated a similar attempt two years afterwards, the obedient departments were equally ready with their addresses of congratulation, and on every one of these various, contradictory, and inconsistent changes, France submitted at once to the dictatorial power of Paris; and thirty millions of men willingly took the law from the caprices or passions of a few hundred thousands. The subjection of Rome to the Prætorian Guards, or of Turkey to the Janizaries, was never more complete.

It was not thus in old France. The greatest and most glorious efforts of her people, in favour of freedom, were made when the capital was in the hands of foreign or domestic enemies. The English more than once wrested Paris from their grasp; but the forces of the South rallied behind the Loire, and at length expelled the cruel invaders from their shores. The forces of the League were long in possession of the capital; but Henry IV., at the head of the Militia of the Provinces, at length conquered its citizens, and Paris received a master from the roots of the Pyrenees. The Revolution of 1789 commenced with the provinces: it was their Parliaments, which, under Louis XV. and XVI., spread the spirit of resistance to arbitrary power through the country; and it was from their exertions, that the unanimous spirit, which compelled the Court to convoke the States General, arose. Now all is changed;—not a murmur, not a complaint against the acts of the capital, is to be heard from Calais to Bayonne; but the obedient departments are equally ready at the arrival of the mail, or the receipt of the telegraph, to hail with shouts a Republic or an Empire; a Dictator or a Consul; a Robespierre or a Napoleon; a Monarch, the heir of fourteen centuries; or a Hero, the child of an hundred victories.

All the great and useful undertakings, which in England, and all free countries, emanate from the capital or skill of individuals, or associated bodies, in France spring from the Government, and the Government alone. Their universities, schools, and colleges; academies of primary and secondary instruction; military

and polytechnic schools; hospitals, charitable institutions, libraries, museums, and public establishments of all sorts; their harbours, bridges, roads, canals—every thing, in short, originates with, and is directed by, the Government. Hence, individuals in France seldom attempt any thing for the public good: private advantage, or amusement, the rise of fortune, or the increase of power, constitute the general motives of action. Like the passengers in a ship, or the soldiers in an army, the French surrender themselves, without a struggle, to the guidance of those in possession of the helm; or if they rise in rebellion against them, it is not so much from any view to the public good, as from a desire to secure to themselves the advantages which the possession of political power confers.

This extraordinary concentration of every thing in the Central Government at Paris, always existed to a certain extent in France; but it has been increased, to a most extraordinary degree, under the democratic rule of the last forty years. It was the Constituent Assembly, borne forward on the gales of revolutionary fervour, which made the greatest additions to the power of Government—not merely by the concentration of patronage and direction of every kind in Ministers, but by the destruction of the Aristocracy, the Church, the Incorporations;—every thing, in short, which could withstand or counterbalance the influence of Government. The people, charmed with the installation of their representatives in supreme power, readily acquiesced in, or rather strenuously supported, all the additions made by the democratic Legislature to the powers of the Executive; fondly imagining that, by so doing, they were laying the surest foundation for the continuance of their own power. They little foresaw, what the event soon demonstrated, that they were incapable, in the long run, of preserving this power; that it would speedily fall into the hands of ambitious or designing men, who flattered their passions, in order to secure the possession of arbitrary authority for themselves; and that, in the end, the absolute despotism, which they had created for the purpose of perpetuating the rule of the

multitude, would terminate in imposing on them the most abject servitude. When Napoleon came to the throne, he found it unnecessary to make any great changes in the practical working of Government; he found a despotism ready made to his hand, and had only to seize the reins, so tightly bitten on the nation by his revolutionary predecessors.

The Revolution of July made no difference in this respect; or rather it tended to concentrate still farther in the metropolis the authority and power of Government. The able and indefatigable leaders, who during the fifteen years of the Restoration had laboured incessantly to subvert the authority of the Royalists, had no sooner succeeded, than they quietly took possession of all the powers which they enjoyed, and, supported with more talent, and a greater display of armed force, exercised them with far greater severity. No concessions to real freedom were made—no division of the powers of the Executive took place. All appointments in every line still flow from Paris: not a postilion can ride a post-horse, nor peasant break a stone on the highways, from the Channel to the Pyrenees, unless authorized by the central authority. The Legislature convoked by Louis Philippe has done much to abridge the authority of others, but nothing to diminish that which is most to be dreaded. They have destroyed the hereditary legislature, the last remnant of European civilisation which the convulsions of their predecessors had left, but done nothing to weaken the authority of the Executive. Louis Philippe enjoys, during the precarious tenure of his crown, at the will of the Praetorian Guards of Paris, more absolute authority than ever was held by the most despotic of the Bourbon race.

France being held in absolute subjection by Paris, all that is necessary to preserve this authority is to secure the mastery of the capital. Marshal Soult has taught the Citizen King how this is to be done. He keeps an immense military force, from 35,000 to 40,000 men, constantly in the capital; and an equal force is stationed within twelve miles round, ready to march at a signal from the telegraphon Montmartre, in a few hours, to crush

any attempt at insurrection. In addition to this, there are 50,000 National Guards in Paris, and 25,000 more in the Banlieue, or rural district round its walls, admirably equipped, well drilled, and, to appearance at least, quite equal to the regular soldiers. Of this great force, above 5000, half regulars and half National Guards, are every night on duty as sentinels, or patrols, in the capital. There is not a street where several sentinels, on foot or horseback, are not stationed, and within call of each a picquet or patrol, ready to render aid, if required, at a minute's notice. Paris, in a period of profound peace, without an enemy approaching the Rhine, resembles rather a city in hourly expectation of an assault from a beleaguering enemy, than the capital of a peaceful monarchy.

In addition to this prodigious display of military force, the Civil Employés, the Police, constitute a body nearly as formidable, and, to individuals at least, much more dangerous. Not only are the streets constantly traversed by this force in their appropriate dress, but more than half their number are always prowling about, disguised as workmen or tradesmen, to pick up information, mark individuals, and arrest discontented characters. They enter coffeehouses, mingle in groups, overhear conversations, join in discussions, and if they discover any thing seditious or dangerous, they either arrest the delinquent at once, and hand him over to the nearest guard, or denounce him to their superiors, and he is arrested at night by an armed force in his bed. Once incarcerated, his career, for a long time at least, is terminated: he is allowed to lie there till his projects evaporate, or his associates are dispersed, without either being discharged or brought to trial. There is not a night at this time that from fifteen to twenty persons are not arrested in this way by the police; and nothing is heard of their subsequent trial.

From the long continuance of these arrests by the police, the prisons of Paris, spacious as they are, and ample as they were found during the Reign of Terror, have become unable to contain their numerous inmates. Fresh and extraordinary places of confinement have become necessary.

A new jail, of great dimensions, guarded by an ample military force, has been constructed by the Citizen King, near the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where the overflowings of the other prisons in Paris are safely lodged. The more dangerous characters are conveyed to fortresses in the interior, or the Chateau of Mount St Michael, in Normandy. This great state-prison, capable of holding many hundred prisoners, is situated in the sea, on the coast of the Channel, and amply tenanted now by the most unruly part of the population of Paris, under a powerful military and naval garrison.

Above fifteen hundred persons were arrested after the great revolt at the Cloister of St Merri, in June, 1832; and, though a few have been brought to trial or discharged, the great majority still remain in prison, in the charge of the police, under warrants apparently of interminable duration. The nightly arrests and numerous domiciliary visits are constantly adding to this immense number, and gradually thinning that ardent body who effected the Revolution of July, and have proved so formidable to every Government of France, since the beginning of the revolutionary troubles in 1789. The fragment of this body, who fought at the Cloister of St Merri, evinced such heroic courage and invincible determination, that the Government have resolved on a *bellum ad internecionem* with such formidable antagonists, and, by the continued application of arrests and domiciliary visits, have now considerably weakened their numbers, as well as damped their hopes. Still it is against this democratic Rump that all the vigilance of the police is exerted. The Royalists are neglected or despised; but the Republicans, whom it is not so easy to daunt, are sought out with undercaying vigilance, and treated with uncommon severity.

Public meetings, or any of the other constitutional modes of giving vent to general opinion in Great Britain, are unknown in France. If twenty or thirty thousand men were collected together in that way, they would infallibly be assailed by the military force, and their dispersion, or the overthrow of the Government, would be the consequence.

The only relic of freedom, which has survived the Revolution of July, is the liberty of the Press. It is impossible to read the journals which are in every coffee-house every morning, without seeing that all the efforts of despotism have failed in coercing this mighty instrument. The measures of public men are canvassed with unsparing severity; and not only liberal, but revolutionary measures advocated with great earnestness, and no small share of ability. It is not, however, without the utmost efforts on the part of Government to suppress it that this licentiousness exists. Prosecutions against the press have been instituted with a degree of rigour and frequency, since the Revolution of July, unknown under the lenient and feeble government of the Restoration. The Tribune, which is the leading republican journal, has reached its *eighty-second* prosecution since the Three Glorious Days. More prosecutions have been instituted since the accession of the Citizen King, than during the whole fifteen that the elder branch of the Bourbons was on the throne. The Government, however, have not ventured on the decisive step of suppressing the seditious journals, or establishing a Censorship of the Press. The recollection of the Three Days, which commenced with the attempts to shut up the printing-offices of some newspapers, prevents this last act of despotism. The National Guard, in all probability, would resist such an attempt, and if not supported by them, it would endanger the crown of Louis Philippe. Government has apparently discovered that the retention of the power of abuse consoles the Parisians for the loss of all their other liberties. They read the newspapers and see the Ministry violently assailed, and imagine they are in full possession of freedom, though they cannot travel ten leagues from Paris without a passport, nor go to bed in the evening with any security that they will not be arrested during the night by the police, and consigned to prison, without any possibility of redress, for an indefinite period.

The present Government appears to be *universally* disliked in France. You may travel over the whole country without discovering one trace of

attachment to the reigning family. Their names are hardly ever mentioned; by common consent they appear to be consigned to oblivion by *all* classes. A large and ardent part of the people are attached to the memory of Napoleon, and seize every opportunity of testifying their admiration of that illustrious man. Another large and formidable body have openly espoused the principles of democracy, and are indefatigable in their endeavours to establish their favourite dream of a republic. The Royalists, few in number in Paris and the great commercial towns, abound in the South and West, and openly proclaim their determination, if Paris will take the lead, to restore the lawful race of sovereigns. But Louis Philippe has no partisans, but the numerous civil and military employes who wear his livery or eat his bread. Not a vestige of attachment to the Orleans dynasty is to be seen in France. His presence in Paris is known only by the appearance of a mounted patrol on each side of the arch in the Place Carrousel, who are stationed there only when the King is at the Tuileries. He enters the capital, and leaves it, without any one enquiring or knowing any thing about him. If he is seen in the street, not a head is uncovered, not a cry of *Vive le Roi* is heard. No where is a print or bust of any of the Royal family to be seen. Not a scrap of printing narrating any of their proceedings beyond the Government journals is to be met with. You may travel across the kingdom, or, what is of more consequence, traverse Paris in every direction, without being made aware, by any thing you see or hear, that a King exists in France. The Royalists detest him because he has established a revolutionary throne—the Republicans, because he has belied all his professions in favour of freedom, and reared a military despotism on the foundation of the Barricades.

The French, in consequence of these circumstances, are in a very peculiar state. They are discontented with *every thing*, and what is worse, they know not to what quarter to look for relief. They are tired of the Citizen King, whom they accuse of saving money, and preparing for America; of having given them

the weight of a despotism without its security, and the exhaustion of military preparation without either its glory or its advantages. They (excluding the Royalists) abhor the Bourbons, whom they regard as priest-ridden, and superstitious, weak and feeble, men unfit to govern the first nation in the world. They dread a Republic as likely to strip them of their sons and their fortunes; to induce an interminable war with the European Powers; to deprive them of their incomes, and possibly endanger the national independence. They are discontented with the present, fearful of the future, and find their only consolation in reverting to the days of Napoleon and the Grand Army, as a brilliant drama now lost for ever. They are in the situation of the victim of passion, or the slave of pleasure, worn out with enjoyment, *blasé* with satiety, who has no longer any enjoyment in life, but incessantly revolts with the prurient restlessness of premature age to the orgies and the excesses of his youth.

What then, it may be asked, upholds the reigning dynasty, if it is hated equally by both the great parties who divide France, and can number none but its own official dependants among its supporters? The answer is to be found in the immense extent of the pecuniary losses which the Revolution of July occasioned to all men of any property in the country, and the recollection of the Reign of Terror, which is still vividly present to the minds of the existing generation.

On the English side of the Channel, few are aware of the enormous pecuniary losses with which the triumph of democracy in July, 1830, was attended. In Paris, all parties are agreed that the depreciation of property of every description in consequence of that event was about a *third*: in other words, every man found himself a third poorer after the overthrow of Charles X. than he was before it. Over the remainder of France the losses sustained were nearly as great, in some places still heavier. For the two years which succeeded the Barricades, trade and commerce of every description was at a stand; the import of goods declined a fourth, and one half of the

shopkeepers in Paris and all the great towns became bankrupt. The distress among the labouring classes, and especially those who depended on the sale of articles of manufactured industry or luxury, was unprecedented. It is the recollection of this long period of national agony which upholds the throne of Louis Philippe. The National Guard of Paris, who are in truth the ruling power in France, know by bitter experience to what a revolution, even of the most bloodless kind, leads—decay of business, decline of credit, stoppage of sales, pressure of creditors. They recollect the innumerable bankruptcies of 1830 and 1831, and are resolved that their names shall not enter the list. They know that the next convulsion would establish a republic in unbridled sovereignty: they know the principles of these apostles of democracy; they recollect their actions; the Reign of Terror, the massacres in the prisons, float before their eyes. They have a vivid impression also of the external consequences of such an event: they know that their hot-headed youth would instantly press forward to regain the frontier of the Rhine; they foresee an European war, a cessation of the influx of foreign wealth into Paris, and possibly a third visit by the Cossacks to the Champs Elysées. These are the considerations which maintain the allegiance of the National Guard, and uphold the throne of Louis Philippe, when there is not one spark of real attachment to him in the whole kingdom. He is supported, not because his character is loved, his achievements admired, or his principles venerated, but because he is the last barrier between France and revolutionary suffering, and because the people have drunk too deep of that draught to tolerate a repetition of its bitterness.

Although, therefore, there is a large and energetic and most formidable party in France, who are ardently devoted to revolutionary principles, and long for a republic, as the commencement of every imaginable felicity; yet the body in whom power is at present really vested, is essentially conservative. The National Guard of Paris, composed of the most reputable of the citizens of that

great metropolis, equipped at their own expense, and receiving no pay from Government, consists of the very persons who have suffered most severely by the late convulsions. They form the ruling power in France; for to them, more than the garrison of the capital, the Government look for that support which is so necessary amidst the furious factions by whom they are assailed; and to their opinions the people attach a degree of weight which does not belong to any other body in France. The Chamber of Peers are disregarded, the Legislative Body despised; but the National Guard is the object of universal respect, because every one feels that they possess the power of making or unmaking kings. The Crown does not hesitate to act in opposition to a vote of both Chambers; but the disapprobation of a majority of the National Guard is sure to command attention. In vain the Chamber of Deputies refused a vote of supplies for the erection of detached forts round Paris; the ground was nevertheless purchased, and the sappers and miners, armed to the teeth, were busily employed from four in the morning till twelve at night, in their construction; but when several battalions of the National Guard, in defiling before the King, on the anniversary of the Three Days, exclaimed, "*A bas les forts détachés,*" the works were suspended, and are now going on only at Vincennes, and two other points. That which was refused to the collected wisdom of the Representatives of France is conceded at once to the cries of armed men: the ultimate decision is made by the bayonet; and the boasted improvements of modern civilisation, terminate in the same appeal to physical strength which characterised the days of Clovis.

This contempt into which the Legislature has fallen, is one of the great features of France, since the Revolution of July; but it is one which is least known or understood on the English side of the channel. The causes which produced it had been long in operation, but it was that event which brought them fully and prominently into view. The supreme power has now passed into other hands. It was neither the Peers

nor the Commons, but the *Populace* in the streets, the heroes of the barricades, who seated Louis Philippe on the throne. The same force, it is acknowledged, possesses the power to dethrone him; and hence the National Guard of the capital, as the organized concentration of this power, is looked to with respect. The departments, it is known, will hail with shouts whatever king, or whatever form of government the armed force in the capital choose to impose; the Deputies, it is felt, will hasten to make their submission to the leaders who have got possession of the Treasury, the Bank, the Telegraph, and the War-Office. Hence, the strife of faction is no longer carried on by debates in the Chambers, or efforts in the Legislature. The National Guard of Paris is the body to which all attention is directed; and if the departments are considered, it is not in order to influence their representatives, but to procure addresses or petitions from members of their National Guards, to forward the views of the great parties at work in the metropolis. Such petitions or addresses are daily to be seen in the public papers, and are referred to with undisguised satisfaction by the parties whose views they support. No regard is paid but to the men who have bayonets in their hands. Every thing directly, or indirectly, is referred to physical strength, and the dreams of modern equality are fast degenerating into the lasting empire of the sword.

The complete insignificance of the Chambers, however, is to be referred to other and more general causes than the successful revolt of the barricades. That event only tore aside the veil which concealed the weakness of the Legislature; and openly proclaimed what political wisdom had long feared, that the elements of an authoritative and paramount Legislature do not exist in France. When the National Assembly destroyed the nobility, the landed proprietors, the clergy, and the incorporations of the country, they rendered a respectable Legislature impossible. It is in vain to attempt to give authority or weight to ordinary individuals not gifted with peculiar talents, by merely electing them as members of Parlia-

ment. If they do not, from their birth, descent, fortune, or estates, already possess it, their mere translation in the Legislature will never have this effect. The House of Commons under the old English Constitution was so powerful, because it contained the representatives of all the great and lasting interests of the country, of its nobles, its landed proprietors, its merchants, manufacturers, burghers, tradesmen, and peasants. It commanded universal respect, because every man felt that his own interests were wound up with, and defended by, a portion of that body. But this is not and cannot be the case in France—the classes are destroyed from whom the representatives of such varied interests must be chosen: the interests in the nation do not exist whose intermixture is essential to a weighty legislature. Elected by persons possessed of one *uniform* qualification—the payment of direct taxes to the amount of two hundred francs, or eight pounds sterling a-year—the deputies are the representatives only of one class in society, the small proprietors. The other interests in the state, either do not exist or are not represented. The persons who are chosen, are seldom remarkable either for their fortune, family, talent, or character. They are, to use a homely expression, “neighbour-like;” individuals of a bustling character or ambitious views, who have taken to politics as the best and most lucrative profession they could choose, as opening the door most easily to the innumerable civil and military offices which are the object of universal ambition in France. Hence they are not looked up to with respect even by their own department, who can never get over the homeliness of their origin or moderation of their fortune, and by the rest of France are unknown or despised.

The chief complaint against the Legislature in France is, that it is swayed by corruption and interested motives. That complaint has greatly increased since the lowering of the freehold qualification from three hundred to two hundred francs of direct taxes, in consequence of the *Revolution of July*. This change has opened the door to a lower and more corruptible class of men; num-

bers of whom got into the Legislature by making the most vehement professions of liberal opinions to their constituents, which they instantly forgot when the seductions of office and emolument were displayed before their eyes. The majority of the Chamber, it is alleged, are gained by corruption; and the more that the qualification is lowered the worse has this evil become. This is founded on the principles of human nature, and is of universal application. The more that you descend in society, the more will you find men accessible to corruption and selfish considerations, because bribes are of greater value to those who possess little or nothing than those who possess a great deal. Many of the higher ranks are corrupt, but the power of resisting seduction exists to a greater degree among them than their inferiors. You often run the risk of insult if you offer a man or woman of elevated station a bribe, but seldom if it is insinuated into the hand of their valet or lady's maid; and when the ermine of the Bench is unspotted, so much can frequently not be said of the clerks or servants of those elevated functionaries. Where the Legislature is elected by persons of that inferior description, the influence of corruption will always be found to increase. It is for the people of England to judge whether the Reformed Parliament is or is not destined to afford another illustration of the rule.

To whatever cause it may be owing, the fact is certain, and cannot be denied by any person practically acquainted with France, that the Chamber of Deputies has fallen into the most complete contempt. Their debates have almost disappeared: they are hardly reported by the public press: seldom is any opposition to be seen amongst them. When Louis Philippe's crown was in jeopardy in June, 1832, it was to the National Guard, and not to either branch of the Legislature, that all parties looked with anxiety. A unanimous vote of the old English Parliament would probably have had great weight with an English body of insurgents, as it certainly disarmed the formidable mutineers at the *Nore*; but a unanimous vote of both Chambers at Paris would have had little

or no effect. A hearty cheer from three battalions of National Guards would have been worth a hundred votes of the Chambers; and an insurrection, which all the moral force of Parliament could not subdue, fell before the vigour of two regiments of National Guards from the Banlieue.

It is owing apparently to this prodigious ascendancy of the National Guard of Paris, that the freedom of discussion in the public journals has survived all the other liberties of France. These journals are, in truth, the pleaders before the Supreme Tribunals which govern the country, and they are flattered by the fearlessness of the language which is employed before them. They are as tenacious of the liberty of the press at Paris in consequence, as the Praetorian Guards or Janizaries were of their peculiar and ruinous privileges. The cries of the National Guard, the ruling power in France, are produced by the incessant efforts of the journals on the different sides, who have been labouring for months or years to sway their opinions. Thus the ultimate appeal in that country is to the editors of newspapers, and the holders of bayonets, perhaps the classes of all others who are most unfit to be intrusted with the guidance of public affairs; and certainly those the least qualified, in the end, to maintain their independence against the seductions or offers of a powerful Executive.

The Central Government at Paris is omnipotent in France; but it does by no means follow from that that this Central Government is itself placed on a stable foundation. The authority of the Seraglio is paramount over Turkey; but within its precincts the most dreadful contests are of perpetual recurrence. The National Assembly, by concentrating all the powers of Government in the capital, necessarily delivered over its inhabitants to an interminable future of discord and strife. When once it is discovered that the mainspring of all authority and influence is to be found in the Government offices of Paris, the efforts of the different parties who divide the State are incessant to make themselves masters of the talisman. This is to be done, not by any efforts in the departments,

any speeches in the Legislature, or any measures for the public good, but by incessant working at the armed force of the capital. By labouring in the public journals, in pamphlets, books, reviews, and magazines, for a certain number of years, the faction in opposition at length succeed in making an impression on the holders of bayonets in Paris, or on the ardent and penniless youth who frequent its coffee-houses; and when once this is done, by a well organized *emeute*, the whole is concluded. The people are roused; the National Guard hesitate, or join the insurgents; the troops of the line refuse to act against their fellow-citizens; the reigning dynasty is dethroned; a new flag is hoisted at the Tuileries; and the submissive departments hasten to declare their allegiance to the reigning power now in possession of the Treasury and the Telegraph, and disposing of four hundred thousand civil and military offices throughout France.

No sooner is this great consummation effected, than the fruits of the victory begin to be enjoyed by the successful party. Offices, honours, posts, and pensions, are showered down on the leaders, the officers, and pioneers in the great work of national regeneration. The editors of the journals whose side has proved victorious, instantly become Ministers: all their relations and connexions, far beyond any known or computable degree of consanguinity, are seated in lucrative or important offices. Regiments of cavalry, *préfetships*, *sous-préfetships*, *procureurships*, offices in the customs, excise, police, roads, bridges, church, universities, schools, or colleges, descend upon them thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa. Meanwhile the vanquished party are universally and rigidly excluded from office, their whole relations and connexions in every part of France find themselves suddenly reduced to a state of destitution, and their only resource is to begin to work upon the opinions of the armed force or restless population of the capital, in the hope that, after the lapse of a certain number of years, another Revolution may be effected, and the golden showers descend upon themselves.

In the Revolution of July, prepared

as it had been by the efforts of the liberal press for fifteen years in France, and organized as it was by the wealth of Lafitte, and a few of the great bankers in Paris, this system was successful. And accordingly, Thiers, Guizot, the Duke de Broglie, and the whole coterie of the Doctrinaires, have risen at once, from being editors of newspapers or lecturers to students, to the station of Ministers of State, and dispensers of several hundred thousand offices. They are now, in consequence, the object of universal obloquy and hatred with the remainder of the liberal party, who accuse them of having sacrificed all their former opinions, and embraced all the arbitrary tenets of the Royalist Faction, whom they were instrumental in subverting. Their conduct since they came into office, and especially since the accession of Casimir Perier's administration on the 13th March, 1831, has been firm and moderate, strongly inclined to conservative principles, and, in consequence, odious to the last degree to the anarchical faction by whose aid they rose to greatness.

The great effort of this excluded faction was made on the 5th and 6th June, 1832, on occasion of the funeral of Lamarque. In England it is not generally known how formidable that insurrection was, and how nearly it had subverted the newly erected throne of the Barricades. Above 80,000 persons, including a considerable portion of the National Guard from the Fauxbourg St Antoine, and other manufacturing districts of Paris, walked in regular military array, keeping the step in that procession: no one could see them without being astonished how the Government survived the crisis. In truth, their existence hung by a thread;—for several hours a feather would have cast the balance—established a republican government, and plunged Europe in an interminable war. Till six o'clock in the evening the insurgents were continually advancing; and, at that hour, they had made themselves masters of about one-half of Paris, including the whole district to the eastward of a line drawn from the Port St Martin through the Hotel de Ville to the Pantheon. At the first alarm the Government surrounded the Faux-

bourg St Antoine with troops, and would have perished, but for the fortunate cutting off of that great revolutionary quarter from the scene of active preparations. Though deprived of the expected co-operation in that district, however, the insurgents bravely maintained the combat: they intrenched themselves in the neighbourhood of the cloister of St Merri, and among the narrow streets of that densely peopled quarter, maintained a doubtful struggle. The Ministers, in alarm, sent for the King, with intelligence that his crown was at stake: above 60,000 men, with an immense train of artillery, were brought to the spot; but still the issue seemed suspended. The National Guard of the city, for the most part, hung back; the cries of others were openly in favour of the insurgents; if a single battalion, either of the line or the National Guard, at that crisis had openly joined the rebels, all was lost. In this extremity a singular circumstance changed the fortune of the day, and fixed his tottering crown on the head of Louis Philippe. The little farmers round Paris, who live by sending their milk and vegetables to the capital, found their business suspended by the contest, which was raging in the centre of the city, where the markets for their produce are held; their stalls and paniers were seized by the rebels, and run up into barricades. Enraged at this invasion of their property and stoppage of their business, these little dealers joined their respective banners, and hastened with the National Guard of the Banlieue to the scene of action: they were plentifully supplied with wine and spirits on the outside of the barrier; and before the excitation had subsided, were hurried over the barricades, and determined the conflict. In its last extremity the crown of Louis Philippe was saved, neither by his boasted guards, nor the civic force of the metropolis, but the anger of a body of hucksters, gardeners, and milk-dealers, roused by the suspension of their humble occupations.

It is this peculiarity in the situation of the French Government which renders it necessary to watch the state of parties in Paris with such intense anxiety, and renders the strife

in its streets the signal for peace or war all over the civilized world. The Government of France, despotic as it is over the remainder of the country, is entirely at the mercy of the metropolis. Having no root in the provinces, being based on no great interests in the State, it depends entirely on the armed force of the capital—a well-organized *emeute*, the defection of a single regiment of guards, a few seditious cries from the National Guard, the sight of a favourite banner, a fortunate allusion to heart-stirring recollections, may at any moment consign it to destruction. If the insurgents of the city of Paris can make themselves masters of the Hotel de Ville, France is more than half conquered; if their forces are advanced to the Marché des Innocens, the throne is in greater danger than if the Rhine had been crossed by two hundred thousand men: but if their flag is hoisted on the Tuilleries, the day is won, and France, with its eighty-four departments and thirty-two millions of inhabitants, is at the disposal of the victorious faction. If the rebels who sold their lives so dearly in the cloister of St Merri could have openly gained over to their side one regiment, and many only waited an example to join their colours, they would speedily have been in possession of the Treasury, and the Telegraph, and France was at their feet. No man knew this peculiarity in the political situation of the great nation better than Napoleon. He was little disquieted by the failure of the Russian campaign, till intelligence of the conspiracy of Mallet reached his ears; and that firmness which the loss of four hundred thousand men could not shake, was overturned by the news that the rebels in Paris had imprisoned the Minister of Police, and were within a hair's breadth of making themselves masters of the Telegraph.

It is not surprising that Paris should have acquired this unbridled sovereignty over the rest of the country. If the condition in which the provinces have been left by the Revolution is considered. You travel through one of the depart-

ments—not a gentleman's house or a chateau is to be seen. As far as the eye can reach, the country is covered with sheets of grain, or slopes covered with vines or vegetables, raised by the peasants who inhabit the villages, situated at the distance of a few miles from each other. Does this immense expanse belong to noblemen, gentlemen, or opulent proprietors capable of taking the lead in any common measures for the defence of the public liberties? On the contrary, it is partitioned out among an immense body of little proprietors, the great majority of whom are in a state of extreme poverty, and who are chained to the plough by the most imperious of all laws—that of absolute necessity. Morning, noon, and night, they are to be seen labouring in the fields, or returning weary and spent to their humble homes. Is it possible from such a class to expect any combined effort in favour of the emancipation of the provinces from the despotism of the capital? The thing is utterly impossible: as well might you look for an organized struggle for freedom among the Serfs of Russia or the Ryots of Hindostan.

A certain intermixture of peasant proprietors is essential to the well-being of society; and the want of such a class to a larger extent in England, is one of the circumstances most to be lamented in its social condition. But there is a medium in all things. As much as the total want of little landowners is a serious evil, so much is the total want of any other class to be deprecated. In the time of the Duke de Gaeta (1816), that able statesman calculated that there were *four millions* of landed proprietors in France, and 14,000,000 of souls constituting their families, independent of the wages of labour.* At present the number is computed at twenty-five millions. Generally speaking, they occupy the whole land in the country. Here and there an old chateau, still held by a remnant of the old noblesse, is to be seen; or a modern villa, inhabited in summer by an opulent banker from one of the great manufacturing towns. But their number is too inconsiderable,

* 1 Duc de Gaeta, ii. 334.

they are too far separated from each other, to have any weight in the political scale. France is, in fact, a country of peasants, interspersed with a few great manufacturing towns, and ruled by a luxurious and corrupted capital.

Even the great manufacturing towns are incapable of forming any counterpoise to the power of the capital. They are situated too far from each other, they depend too completely on orders from Paris, to be capable of opposing any resistance to its authority. If Rouen, Marseilles, Lyons, or Bourdeaux were to attempt the struggle, the central Government would quickly crush each singly, before it could be aided by the other confederates. They tried to resist, under the most favourable circumstances, in 1793, when the Convention were assailed by all the Powers of Europe, when two-thirds of France joined their league, and the West was torn by the Vendean war, and totally failed. Any repetition of the attempt is out of the question.

The Representative System, the boast of modern civilisation, has been found by experience to be incapable of affording any remedy for this universal prostration of the Provinces. That system is admirably adapted for a country which contains a gradation of classes in society from the prince to the peasant; but it must always fail where the intermediate classes are destroyed, and there exist only the Government and the peasantry. Where this is the case, the latter body will always be found incapable of resisting the influence of the central authority. Who, in every age, from the signing of Magna Charta, have taken the lead in the support of English freedom? The Barons, and great landed proprietors, who possessed at once the resolution, influence, and power of combination, which are indispensable to such an attempt. Even the Reform Bill, the last and greatest triumph of democratic ambition, was forced through the legislature, by the aid of a large and opulent portion of the aristocracy. If the Revolution of 1642 or 1688 had destroyed this intermediate body in the State, the Representative System would speedily have fallen into contempt. The humble, needy repre-

sentatives of humble and needy constituents would in the end have found themselves overshadowed by the splendour of the Court, the power of the metropolis, or the force of the army. In periods of agitation, when the public mind is in a ferment, and the chief powers of the State pulled in one direction, they would have been irresistible; but in times of tranquillity, when the voice of passion was silent, and that of interest constantly heard, they would have certainly given way. What is required in the representatives of the people, is a permanent resistance at *all times* to the various dangers which threaten the public freedom; in periods of democratic agitation a firm resistance to precipitate innovation; in times of pacific enjoyment a steady disregard of Government seduction. Human nature is weak, and we must not expect from any body of men, however constituted, a steady adherence to duty under such circumstances of varied trial and difficulty; but experience has proved, that it may be expected, with some probability, among an aristocratic body, because their interests are permanent, and equally endangered by each set of perils; but that it is utterly chimerical to look for it among the representatives of a body of peasants or little proprietors, unmingled with any considerable intermixture of the higher classes of society. But the Revolution has extinguished these classes in France, and therefore it has not left the elements out of which to frame a constitutional monarchy.

These circumstances explain a fact singularly illustrative of the present state of parties in France, and the power to whom the ultimate appeal is made, viz. the eminent and illustrious persons by whom the daily press is conducted. Every one knows by what class in society the daily press is conducted in England; it is in the hands of persons of great ability, but in general of inferior grade in society. If the leading political characters do occasionally contribute an article, it is done under the veil of secrecy, and is seldom admitted by the author, with whatever fame it may have been attended. But in France the case is quite the reverse. There the leading po-

litical characters, the highest of the nobles, the first men in the State, not only contribute regularly to the daily or periodical press, but avow and glory in their doing so. Not only the leading literary characters, as Chateaubriand, Guizot, Thiers, and others, regularly write for the daily press; but many of the Peers of France conduct, or contribute, to the public newspapers. The *Gazette de France* and *Quotidien* are supported by contributions from the Royalist nobility; the *Journal des Debats* is conducted by a Peer of France. So far from being considered as a discredit, or a thing to be concealed, these eminent men pride themselves on the influence they thus have on public opinion. The reason is obvious; they are the speakers before the real National Assembly of France, the National Guard and armed force of Paris. Consideration and dignity will ever attend the persons whose exertions directly lead to the possession of political power. When, in the progress of democratic changes, the Reformed Parliament of England has sunk as low in public estimation as the Chamber of Deputies in France, the Dukes and Earls of England, if such a class exist, will become the editors of newspapers, and pride themselves on the occupation.

The taxation of France is extremely heavy, and has been increased to a most extraordinary degree since the Revolution of July. In a Table below,* will be found a return of the Budgets of the last ten years, lately published in Paris by authority of Government. From this it appears that the expenditure of the last year of Charles X., was 950,000,000 francs, or about L. 39,000,000 sterling, while that of the first year of Louis

Philippe, was above 1500,000,000, francs, or L. 60,000,000. Thus, while the Three Glorious Days diminished every man's property by a *third*, it added to the national burdens by a *half*. Such are the blessings of democratic ascendancy.

The taxation of France has become an evil of the very greatest magnitude, and with every addition made to democratic power, it has become worse. The property-tax is *thirteen per cent* on the annual value; but by the arbitrary and unfair way in which valuations are taken, it frequently amounts to twenty, sometimes to thirty per cent, on what is really received by the proprietor. Professional persons, whose income is fluctuating, pay an income-tax on a graduated scale; and the indirect taxes bring in about 500,000,000 francs, or L. 20,000,000 sterling. The direct taxes amount to about 350,000,000 francs, or L. 14,000,000 sterling; a much heavier burden than the income-tax was on England, for the national income of England is much greater than that of France. As the result of their democratic efforts, the French have fixed on themselves national burdens, nearly three times as heavy as those which were so much complained of in the time of Louis XVI.;† and greatly more oppressive than those which the Revolutionary War has imposed on the English people.

Nor is this all. In addition to this enormous increase of taxation, the Revolution of July has occasioned the sale of a very large portion of the royal domains. In every part of France the crown lands and forests have been alienated to a very great extent; and the words which so often meet a traveller's eyes, "*Biens patrimoniaux de la Couronne à ven-*

* Budgets of France for the last ten years.

1824.	951,992,000	francs, or L. 38,100,000
1825.	916,098,000	do. 37,100,000
1826.	912,518,000	do. 37,500,000
1827.	986,527,000	do. 38,730,000
1828.	939,343,000	do. 37,330,000
1829.	975,703,000	do. 38,810,000
1830.	981,510,000	do. 38,930,000
1831.	1,511,500,000	do. 60,000,000
1832.	1,100,506,000	do. 44,000,000
1833.	1,120,394,000	do. 44,500,000

† They were then about L. 20,000,000 a-year.

dre," indicate too clearly how universally the ruthless hand of the spoiler has been laid on the remaining public estates of the realm.

The result of all this is, not only that no real freedom exists in France, but that the elements of constitutional liberty do not exist. Every thing depends on the will of the Capital: and its determination is so much swayed at present, at least by the public press, and armed force in the capital, that no reliance on the stability of any system of Government can be placed. The first Revolution concentrated all the powers of Government in the metropolis; the second vested them in the armed force of its garrison and citizens. Henceforth the strife of faction is likely to be a mere struggle for the possession of the public offices, and the immense patronage with which they are accompanied: but no measures for the extension of public freedom will, to all appearance, be attempted. If the republican party were to dethrone Louis Philippe, they would raise the most violent outcry about the triumph of freedom, and in the midst of it quietly take possession of the Police-office, the Telegraph, the Treasury, and begin to exercise the vast powers of Government for their own behoof in the most despotic manner. No other system of administration is practicable in France. After the state to which it has been reduced by its two Revolutions, a constitutional monarchy, such as existed in Great Britain prior to the Revolution of 1832—that is, a monarchy, in which the powers of sovereignty were really

shared by the Crown, the Nobles, and the People—could not stand in France for a week. The populace of Paris and their despotic leaders, or the Crown, with its civil and military employers, would swallow up supreme power in a moment.

Every Government, in the long run, must be founded on one of three bases: Either the representation and attachment of all the great interests of the State; or the force of a powerful and devoted soldiery; or the influence of power derived from the possession of all the patronage and appointments in the kingdom. Constitutional monarchies, the glory of European civilisation, are founded on the first; Asiatic despotisms on the last. By the destruction of all the intermediate classes between the throne and the peasant, the French have rendered the construction of a representative system and a limited throne impossible: they have now to choose only between the fetters of a military, or the corruption of an Oriental, despotism: between the government of the Prætorian guards, and the servility of the Byzantine empire. They are perpetually declaiming about the new era which their Revolution has opened in human affairs, and the interminable career of modern civilisation: let them fix their eyes on the Court of the Great Mogul and the Ryots of Hindostan, and beware lest their changes afford a new confirmation of the old adage, That there is nothing new under the sun; and the dreams of Republican enthusiasm terminate at last in the strife of eunuchs and the jealousy of courtesans.

MARSHAL NEY'S MEMOIRS.*

THE Memoirs connected with the French Revolution furnish an inexhaustible source of interesting discussion. We shall look in vain in any other period of history for the same splendid succession of events; for a phantasmagoria in which characters so illustrious are passed before the view; or for individuals whose passions or ambition have exercised an equally important influence on human affairs. When we enter upon the era of Napoleon, biography assumes the dignity of history; the virtues and vices of individuals become inseparably blended with public measures; and in the Memoirs of contemporary writers, we turn for the secret springs of those great events which have determined the fate of nations.

From the extraordinary interest, however, connected with this species of composition, has arisen an evil of no ordinary kind. Not France only, but Europe at large, being insatiable for works of this kind, an immense number have sprung up of spurious origin, or doubtful authority. Writing of memoirs has become a separate profession. A crowd of able young men devote themselves to this fascinating species of composition, which possesses the interest of history without its dryness, and culls from the book of Time only the most brilliant of its flowers. Booksellers engage in the wholesale manufacture, as a mercantile speculation; an attractive name, an interesting theme, is selected; the relations of the individuals whose Memoirs are professed to be given to the world, are besought to furnish a few original documents or authentic anecdotes, to give an air of veracity to the composition; and at length the Memoirs are ushered forth to the world as the work of one who never wrote one syllable of them himself. Of this description are the *soi-disant* Memoirs of Fouché, Robespierre, Une Femme de Qualité, Louis the Eighteenth, and many

others, which are now admitted to be the work of the manufacturers for the Parisian booksellers, but are nevertheless interspersed with many authentic and interesting anecdotes, derived from genuine sources, and contain in consequence much valuable matter for future history.

In considering the credit due to any set of Memoirs, one main point, of course, is, whether they are published by a *living* author of character and station in society. If they are, there is at least the safeguard against imposture, which arises from the facility with which they may be disavowed, and the certainty that no man of character would permit a spurious composition to be palmed upon the world as his writing. The Memoirs, therefore, of Bourrienne, Madame Junot, Savary, and many others, may be relied on as at least the admitted work of the persons whose names they bear, and as ushered into the world under the sanction and on the responsibility of living persons of rank or station in society.

There are other Memoirs, again, of such extraordinary ability as at once to bear the stamp of originality and veracity on their very face. Of this description are Napoleon's Memoirs, dictated to Montholon and Gourgaud; a work which bears in every page decisive marks of the clear conceptions, lucid ideas, and *tranchant* sagacity of the Conqueror of Austerlitz and Rivoli. Judging from internal evidence, we are disposed to rank these invaluable Memoirs much higher than the rambling and discursive, though interesting work of Las Casas. They are not nearly so impassioned or rancorous; facts are not so obviously distorted; party spirit is not so painfully conspicuous. With regret, we must add, that even these genuine Memoirs, dictated by Napoleon himself, as the groundwork for the history of his achievements, contain the marks of

* *Memoires du Maréchal Ney, publiés par sa famille.* Paris: Fournier. Londres: E. Bull. 1833.

the weaknesses as well as the greatness of his mind; an incessant jealousy of every rival who approached even to his glory; an insatiable passion for magnifying his own exploits; a disregard of truth so remarkable in a person gifted with such extraordinary natural sagacity, that it can be ascribed only to the poisonous moral atmosphere which a revolution produces. The *Memoirs* of Thibaudeau perhaps exhibit the most valuable and correct, as well as favourable picture of the Emperor's mind. In the discussions on the great public measures which were submitted to the Council of State at Paris, and, above all, in the clear and luminous speeches of Napoleon on every subject, whether of civil or military administration, that occurred during his Consulship, is to be found the clearest proof of the vast grasp and great capacity of his mind; and in their superiority to those of the other speakers, and, above all, of Thibaudeau himself, the best evidence of the fidelity of his reports.

Next in value to those of Napoleon and Thibaudeau, we are inclined to place those of Bourrienne and the Duchess of Abrantes. The first of these writers, in addition to considerable natural talents, enjoyed the inestimable advantage of having been the schoolfellow of Napoleon, and his private secretary during the most interesting period of his life; that which elapsed from the opening of his Italian Campaign, in 1796, to his accession to the throne in 1804. If Bourrienne could be entirely relied on, his *Memoirs*, with such sources of information, would be invaluable; but, unfortunately, it is evident that he labours under a feeling of irritation at his former schoolfellow, which renders it necessary to take his statements with some grains of allowance. Few men can forgive the extraordinary and unlooked-for elevation of their former equals; and, in addition to this common source of prejudice, it is evident that Bourrienne labours under another and a less excusable feeling. It is plain, even from his own admission, that he had been engaged in some money transactions of a doubtful character with M. Ouvrard, which rendered his continuing in the highly confidential situation of private secretary

to the Emperor improper; and his dismissal from it has evidently tinged his whole narrative with a certain feeling of acrimony, which, if it had not made him actually distort facts, has at least caused them to appear in his hands through a medium coloured to a certain degree.

The Duchess of Abrantes, like most of the other annalists of Napoleon, labours under prepossessions of a different kind. She was intimate with Napoleon from his childhood; her mother had the future Emperor on her knee from the day of his birth; and the intimacy between the two families continued so great, that when Napoleon arrived at the age of twenty-six, and felt, as he expresses it, the "besoin de se fixer," he actually proposed for the Duchess's mother, himself, who was a person of great natural attractions, while he wished at the same time to arrange a marriage between Joseph and the Duchess, and Pauline and her brother. It may readily be imagined that, though these proposals were all declined, they left no unfavourable impression on the Duchess's mind; and this, coupled with her subsequent marriage to Junot, and his rapid advancement by the Emperor, has filled her mind with an admiration of his character almost approaching to idolatry. She sees every thing, in consequence, in the Consular and Imperial Government, in the most favourable colours. Napoleon is worshipped with all a woman's fervour, and the days of triumph for the Grand Army, looked back to as a dream of glory, which has rendered all the remainder of life worthless and insipid.

The *Memoirs* of Marshal Ney appear under different auspices from any others which have yet appeared regarding this eventful era. They do not profess to have been written by himself; and, indeed, the warlike habits, and sudden and tragic death of the Marshal, preclude the possibility of their being ushered forth to the world under that character. But, on the other hand, they are unquestionably published by his family, from the documents and papers in their possession; and the anecdotes with which they are interspersed, have plainly been collected

with great pains from all the early friends of that illustrious warrior. If they are not published, therefore, under the sanction of personal, they are under that of family responsibility, and may be regarded, as we would say in England, as "the Ney Papers," connected together by an interesting Biography of the character to whom they refer.

In such a production, historical impartiality cannot be reasonably expected. To those of his family who still mourn the tragic end of the bravest of French heroes, his character must still be the object of veneration. Failings which would have been acknowledged, defects which would have been pointed out, if he had descended to an honoured tomb, are forgotten in his melancholy fate; and his family, with hearts ulcerated at the supposed injustice of his condemnation, are rather disposed to magnify his character into that of a martyr, than acknowledge its alliance with any of the weaknesses or faults of mortality. In such feelings, there is not only every thing that is natural, but much that is commendable; and the impartial foreigner, in reviewing the history of his achievements, will not forget the painful sense of duty under which the British Government acted at the close of his career, or the mournful feelings with which the axe of justice was permitted to descend on one of the bravest of the human race, under the feeling, whether right or not we shall hereafter enquire, of imperious state necessity.

Marshal Ney was born at Sarrelouis on the 10th January, 1769; consequently, he was twenty years old when the Revolution first broke out. His father was an old soldier, who had served with distinction at the battle of Rosbach; but after his discharge, he continued the profession of a cooper, to which he had been early educated. At school, his son, the young Ney, evinced the turbulent vigour of his disposition, and the future General was incessantly occupied in drilling and directing his comrades. Napoleon gave tokens of the same disposition at an equally early period: there is no turn of mind which so early evinces itself as a taste for military achievements. He was at first destined for a no-

tary's office; but in spite of the earnest entreaties of his parents, he resolved to change his profession. At the age of fifteen, our author gives the following interesting account of the circumstances which led to his embracing the profession of arms.

"At the age of fifteen Ney had a presentiment of his future destiny. His father, incapable alike of estimating his powers, or sharing his hopes, in vain endeavoured to restrain him. The mines of Assenwider at that period were in full activity; he sent his son there, to endeavour to give a new direction to his thoughts. It had quite an opposite effect. His imagination soon resumed its wonted courses. He dreamed only of fields of battle, combats and glory. The counsels of his father, the tears of his mother, were alike ineffectual; they lacerated without moving his heart. Two years passed away in this manner; but his taste for arms became every day more decided. The places where he dwelt, contributed to strengthen the natural bent of his genius. Almost all the towns on the Rhine are fortified; wherever he went he saw garrisons, uniforms, and artillery. Ney could withhold it no longer; he resigned his humble functions, and set out for Metz, where a regiment of hussars was stationed, with the intention of enlisting. The grief which he well knew that sudden determination would cause to his mother, the chagrin which it would occasion to his father, agitated his mind; he hesitated long what to do, but at length filial piety prevailed over fear, and he returned to Sarrelouis to embrace his parents, and bid them adieu.

"The interview was painful, his reception stormy; reproaches, tears, prayers, menaces, alternately tore his heart. At length he tore himself from their arms, and flying in haste, without either baggage, linen, or money, he regained the route of Metz, from which he had turned. He walked on foot; his feet were soon blistered, his shoes were stained with blood. Sid, harassed, and worn out with fatigue, he nevertheless continued his march without flinching; and in his very first debut, gave proof of that invincible determination which no subsequent obstacles were able to overcome.

"At an after period, when fortune had smiled on his path, he returned to Sarrelouis. The artillery sounded; the troops were under arms; all the citizens crowded to see their compatriot of whom they were so proud. Recognising then the road which thirteen years before he had

traversed on foot, the Marshal recounted with emotion his first fatigues to the officers who surrounded him."—I. 5, 6.

It has frequently been observed that those who rise from humble beginnings, are ashamed in subsequent life of their commencement, and degrade themselves by a puerile endeavour to trace their origin to a family of distinction. Ney, equally with Napoleon, was above that mean-ness.

"Never in subsequent life did the Marshal forget the point from which he had started. After he had arrived at the highest point of his fortune, he took a pleasure in recurring to his humble origin. When some persons were declaiming in his presence on their connexion with the noblesse, and what they had obtained from their rich families:—'You were more fortunate than I,' said he, interrupting them; 'I received nothing from my family, and deemed myself rich when, at Metz, I had two pieces of bread on the board.'

"After he was named a Marshal of the Empire, he held a splendid levee: every one offered his congratulations, and hastened to present his compliments. He interrupted the adulatory strain by addressing himself to an old officer who kept at a distance. 'Do you recollect, Captain, the time when you said to me, on occasion of my presenting my report, Well done, Ney; I am well pleased with you; go on as you have begun, you will make your fortune.' 'Perfectly, Marshal,' replied his old commander; 'I had the honour to command a man infinitely my superior. Such good fortune is not easily forgotten.'

"The satisfaction which he experienced at recurring to his origin, arose not merely from the noble pride of having been the sole architect of his fortune, but also from the warm affection which he ever felt for his family. He loved nothing so much as to recount the tenderness which he had experienced from his mother, and the good counsels which he had received from his father. Thus, when he was abandoning himself to all the dangers arising from an impetuous courage, he carefully concealed his perils from his parents and relations, to save them from useless anxiety. On one occasion, he commanded the advanced guard of General Colaud, and was engaged in a serious action. Overwhelmed with fatigue he returned and recounted to his comrades the events of the day. One of his friends blamed him for his imprudence. 'It is

very true,' replied Ney, 'I have had singular good fortune to-day: four different times I found myself alone in the midst of the Austrians. Nothing but the most extraordinary good fortune extricated me out of their hands.' 'You have been more fortunate than your brother.' 'What,' replied Ney impetuously, and fixing his eyes anxiously on his friend, 'is my brother dead? Ah! my poor mother!' At length he learned the mournful news, that in a serious affair in Italy, Pierre Ney, his elder brother, had been killed. He burst into tears, and exclaimed, 'What would have become of my mother and sister, if I too had fallen! Write to them, I pray you; but conceal the dangers to which I am exposed, that they may not fear also for my life.' The father of the Marshal died a few years ago, at the age of nearly an hundred years. He loved his son with tenderness mingled with respect, and although of a singularly robust habit of body, his family feared the effect of the shock which the sad events of 1815 might produce upon him. He was never informed of them: the mourning of his daughter, with whom he lived, and of his grandchildren, only made him aware that some dreadful calamity had befallen the family. He ventured to ask no questions, and ever since, sad and melancholy, pronouncing but rarely the name of his son, he lingered on till 1826, when he died without having learned his tragic fate."—I. 9, 10.

The great characteristic of Marshal Ney was his impetuous courage, which gained for him, even among the giants of the era of Napoleon, the surname of the Bravest of the Brave. This remarkable characteristic is thus described in these Memoirs:—

"It is well known with what power and energy he could rouse the masses of the soldiers, and precipitate them upon the enemy. Vehement and impetuous when heading a charge, he was glib with the most imperturbable sang froid when it became necessary to sustain its movements. Dazzled by the lustre of that brilliant valour, many persons have imagined that it was the only illustrious quality which the Marshal possessed; but those who were nearer his person, and better acquainted with his character, will concede to him greater qualities than the enthusiasm which captivates and subjugates the soldier. Calm in the midst of a storm of grape-shot—imperturbable amid a shower of balls and shells, Ney seemed to be ignorant of

danger; to have nothing to fear from death. This rashness, which twenty years of perils have not diminished, gave to his mind the liberty, the promptitude of judgment and execution, so necessary in the midst of the complicated movements of war. This quality astonished those who surrounded him, more even than the courage in action which is more or less felt by all who are habituated to the dangers of war. One of his officers, whose courage had repeatedly been put to the proof, asked him one day if he had never felt fear. Regaining instantly that profound indifference for danger, that forgetfulness of death, that elasticity of mind, which distinguished him on the field of battle, 'I have never had time,' replied the Marshal with simplicity.

"Nevertheless, this extraordinary coolness in danger did not prevent his perceiving those slight shades of weakness, from which it is so rarely that a soldier is to be found entirely exempted. On one occasion, an officer was giving an account of a mission on which he had been sent: while he spoke, a bullet passed so near him that he involuntarily lowered his head, but nevertheless continued his narrative without exhibiting emotion—'You have done extremely well,' said the Marshal, 'but next time do not bow quite so low.'

"The Marshal loved courage, and took the greatest pleasure in producing it in others. It he had witnessed it in a great degree in any one on the field of battle; if he had discovered vigour, capacity, or military genius, he never rested till he had obtained their promotion; and the army resounded for long with the efforts which he made for this purpose."—I. 21.

But it was not mere valour, or capacity on the field of battle, which distinguished the Marshal; he was attentive also to the minutest wants of his soldiers, and indefatigable in his endeavours to procure for them those accommodations, of which, from having risen from the humblest rank himself, he so well knew how to appreciate the value. Of his efforts in this respect we have the following interesting account:—

"Quick in repressing excesses, the Marshal omitted nothing to prevent them. A private soldier in early life, he had himself felt the sufferings endured by the private soldier, and when elevated to a higher station he did his utmost to assuage them in others. He knew that the soldier, naturally just and grateful to those who watched over his

interests, was difficult to manage when his complaints were neglected, and it was evident that his superiors had no sympathy for his fatigues or his privations. Ney was sincerely attached to those great masses, which, though composed of men of such different characters, were equally ready every day to meet dangers and death in the discharge of duty. At that period our troops, worn out with the fatigues of war, accustomed to make light of dangers, were much ruder in their manners, and haughty in their ideas, than those of these times, who lead a pacific life in great cities and garrisons. The Marshal was incessant in his endeavours to discover and correct the abuses which affected them. He ever endeavoured to prevent their wishes, and to convince the officers who commanded them, that by elevating the soldier in his own eyes, and treating him with the respect which he deserved, but without any diminution of the necessary firmness, it was alone possible to obtain that forgetfulness of himself, that abandonment of military discipline, which constitutes so large a portion of military force.

"Avoiding, therefore, in the most careful way, the imposition of unnecessary burdens upon the soldiers, he was equally careful to abstain from that vain ostentation of authority, that useless prodigality of escort, which Generals of inferior calibre are so fond of displaying. His constant object was to spare the troops engaged in that fatiguing service, and not to diminish, but from absolute necessity, by such detachments, the numerical strength of the regiments under his orders. That solicitude did not escape the soldiers; and among their many subjects of gratitude, they ranked in the foremost place, the continual care and perseverance with which their General secured for them the means of subsistence. The prodigies he effected in that particular will be found fully detailed in the campaign of Portugal, where he succeeded, in a country repeatedly devastated, in providing, by incredible exertions, not only provisions for his own corps, but the whole army, during the six months that it remained in Portugal. Constantly in motion on the Mondego, incessantly pushing columns in every direction, he contrived to procure bread, clothes, provisions, in fine, every thing which was required. The recollection of these things remained engraven on the minds of his soldiers, and when his division with Massena caused him to resign the command of his corps, the grief of the soldiers, the murmurs, the

first symptoms of an insurrection ready to break forth, and which a single word from their chief would have blown into a flame, were sufficient to prove that his cares had not been thrown away on ungrateful hearts, and that his multiplied attentions had won all their affections.

"But his careful attention to his soldiers did not prevent him from maintaining the most rigorous discipline, and punishing severely any considerable excess on the part of the troops under his command. An instance of this occurred in the country of Darmstadt. The Austrians had been defeated, and retired near to Swigernberg, where they were broken anew. The action was warmly contested, and our soldiers, irritated by so much resistance, broke open several houses and plundered them. The circumstances in which it occurred might excuse the transgression, but Ney resolved to make a signal example of reparation. While he proceeded with the utmost severity against the offenders, he published a proclamation, in which he directed that the damage should be estimated; and in order that it should not be fixed at an elusory sum, he charged the Landgrave himself with the valuation.

"When Governor of Galicia and Salamanca, these provinces, notwithstanding their hatred at the yoke of the stranger, cheerfully acknowledged the justice of his administration. One only object of spoil has been left by the Marshal to his family, a relic of St James of Compostella, which the monks of the convent of St Jago presented to him, in gratitude for the humanity with which he treated them. He did not limit his care to the protection of property from pillage; he knew that there are yet dearer interests to which honour is more nearly allied, and he never ceased to cause them to be respected. The English army will bear testimony to his solicitude in that particular. Obligated, after the battle of Corunna, to embark in haste, they were unable to embark all the women by whom they were followed, and, in consequence, fifty were left on the shore, where they were wandering about without protection, exposed to the insults of the soldiers. No sooner was Ney informed of their situation, than he hastened to come to their succour; he assembled them, assured them of his protection, and directed that they should be placed in a female convent. But the Superior refused to admit them; she positively refused to have any thing to do with heretics; no entreaties could persuade her to extend to these unfortunates the rites of hospitality.

"'Be it so,' replied the Marshal; 'I understand your scruples; and, therefore, instead of these Protestants, you shall furnish lodgings to two companies of Catholic grenadiers.' Necessity, at length, bent the hard-hearted Abbess; and these unhappy women, for the most part the wives or daughters of officers or non-commissioned officers, whose bravery we had experienced in the field, were received into the Convent, where they were protected from every species of injury."—I. 39—41.

We have no doubt of the truth of this last anecdote, and we may add that Ney not only respected the remains of Sir John Moore, interred in the ramparts of Corunna, but erected a monument to his memory. It is soothing to see the Freemasonry of generous feeling, which subsists between the really brave and elevated, under all the varieties of national rivalry or animosity, in every part of the world.

It is a pleasing task to record traits of generosity in an enemy; but war is not composed entirely of such actions; and, as a specimen of the mode in which the Republican troops, in the first years of their triumphs, oppressed the people whom they professed to deliver, we subjoin the following account of the mode in which they levied their requisitions, taken from the report of one of the Envoys of Government to the Convention.

"Cologne, 8th October, 1794.

"The agents sent to make requisitions, my dear colleagues, act in such a manner as to revolt all the world. The moment they arrive in a town, they lay a requisition on every thing; *literally every thing*. No one thereafter can either buy or sell. Thus we see commerce paralysed, and for how long? For an indefinite time; for there are many requisitions which have been laid on a month ago, and on which nothing has yet been demanded; and during that whole period the inhabitants were *unable to purchase any articles even of the first necessity*. If such measures are not calculated to produce a counter revolutionary reaction; if they are not likely to rouse against us the indignation of all mankind, I ask you what are?

"Safety and fraternity.—GELLIT."

I. 53.

Contrast this conduct on the part of the Friends of the People, as detailed by one of their own representatives to his democratic rulers,

with the conduct of the Duke of Wellington, paying high prices for every article required by the English army in the south of France, and we have the best proof of the difference between the actions of a Conservative and Revolutionary Government.

The life of a soldier who spent twenty years in camps, of course furnishes abundant materials for the description of military adventure. We select, almost at random, the following description of the passage of the Rhine, opposite Ehrenbreitzin, by the corps of Kleber, in 1795.

"The fort of Ehrenbreitzin commanded the mouth of the Moselle; the batteries of the right bank swept all the shores of the Rhine. The enemy were quite aware of our design; the moon shone bright; and his soldiers, with anxious eyes and listening ears, waited the moment when our boats might come within reach of his cannon. The danger was great; but that of hesitation was still greater; we abandoned ourselves to our fate, and pushed across towards Neuwied. Instantly the forts and the batteries thundered with unexampled violence; a shower of grape-shot fell in our boats. But there is something in great danger which elevates the mind. Our pontonniers made a sport of death, as of the batteries which were successively unmasked, and joining their efforts to the current which swept them along, at length reached the dikes on the opposite shore. Neuwied also opened its fire. That delicious town, embellished by all the arts of peace, now transformed into a warlike stronghold, overwhelmed us by the fire of its batteries. We replied with vigour, but for long felt a repugnance to direct our fire against that charming city. At length, however, necessity compelled us to make the attack, and in a few hours Neuwied was reduced to ashes.

"The difficulties of the enterprise nevertheless remained. It was necessary to overcome a series of redoubts, covered by chevaux-de-frize, palisades, and covered ways. We had at once to carry Dusseldorf and beat the Count d'Hirbuck, who awaited our approach at the head of 20,000 men. Kleber alone did not despair; the batteries on the left shore were ready, and the troops impatiently awaited the signal to land. The dispositions were soon made. Lefebvre attacked the left, Championnet the centre, Grenier the right. Such leaders could not but inspire confidence in the men. Soldiers and officers leapt

ashore. We braved the storm of grape-shot; and on the 5th September, at break of day, we were established on the German bank of the river."—I. 99—101.

These Memoirs abound with passages of this description; and if implicit faith is to be given to them, it appears certain that Ney from the very first was distinguished by a degree of personal gallantry, as well as military conduct, which has been rarely paralleled, and never exceeded. The description of his elevation to the rank of General of Brigade, and the action which preceded it, is singularly descriptive of the character of the French armies at that period.

"Meanwhile Mortier made himself master of Ebernstadt, Collaud advanced upon Forchters. His orders were to drive back every opponent whom he found in the plain, and disperse every force which attempted to cover the place. The task was difficult; the avenues leading to it, the heights around it, were equally guarded; and Wartensleben, in the midst of his soldiers, was exhorting them not to permit their impregnable position to be carried. It presented, in truth, every obstacle that could well be imagined; they were abrupt, covered with woods, surrounded by deep ravines. To these obstacles of nature were joined all the resources of art; on this height were placed masses of soldiers, that was crowned with artillery; infantry was stationed at the summit of the dikes, cavalry at their mouths; on every side the resistance promised to be of the most formidable description. Ney, however, was not to be deterred by such obstacles; he advanced at the head of a handful of heroes, and opened his fire. He had only two pieces of artillery; the enemy speedily unmasked fourteen. His troop was for a moment shaken by the violence of the fire; but it was accustomed to all the chances of war. It speedily re-formed, continued the attack, and succeeded, after an obstinate struggle, in throwing the enemy's ranks into disorder. Some reinforcements soon afterwards arrived; the night grew warmer; and at length the Austrians, overwhelmed and broken, evacuated the position, which they found themselves unable to defend.

"Kleber, charmed with that brilliant achievement, testified the warmest satisfaction with it to the young officer. He addressed to him, at the head of his troop, the most flattering expressions upon his activity, skill, and courage, and concluded

with these words, 'I will no longer hurt your modesty by continuing my praises! My line is taken; you are a General of Brigade.' The chasseurs clapped their hands, and the officers loudly testified their satisfaction. Ney alone remained pensive; he even seemed to hesitate whether he should accept the rank, and did not utter a single word. 'Well,' continued Kleber, in the kindest manner, 'you seem very confused; but the Austrians are those who will speedily make you forget your ennui; as for me, I will forthwith report your promotion to the Directory.' He did so in effect, and it was confirmed by return of post.—I. 186.

is still a question undecided, whether Napoleon intended seriously to invade England, or whether his great preparations in the Channel were a feint merely to give employment to his troops, and cover other designs. Bourrienne maintains that he never in reality intended to attempt the descent; and that, unknown to every one, he was organizing his expedition into the heart of Germany at the time when all around him imagined that he was studying only the banks of the Thames. Napoleon himself affirms the contrary. He asserts that he was quite serious in his intention of invading England; that he was fully aware of the risks with which the attempt would have been attended, but was willing to have braved them for so great an object; and that the defeat of the combined squadron by Sir Robert Calder, frustrated the best combined plan he had ever laid during his whole career. His plan, as detailed in the instructions given to Villeneuve, printed in the appendix to his Memoirs, was to have sent the combined fleet to the West Indies in order to draw after it Lord Nelson's squadron; and to have immediately brought it back, raised the blockade of Ferrol and Corunna, and proceeded with the combined fleet to join the squadrons of Rochelle and Brest, where twenty sail of the line were ready for sea, and brought the combined squadron into the Channel to cover the embarkation of the army. In this way, by a sudden concentration of all his naval force, he calculated upon having seventy sail of the line in the Channel; a much greater force than, in the ab-

sence of Lord Nelson, the British could have at once assembled to meet him. When we recollect that Lord Nelson fell into the snare, and actually pursued the combined fleets to the West Indies; that in pursuance of Napoleon's design, Villeneuve reached Ferrol, and that it was in consequence only of his unsuccessful action with Sir Robert Calder, that he was induced to fall back to Cadiz, and thereby cause the whole plan to miscarry; it is evident that the fate of Britain then hung upon a thread, and that if the English admiral had been defeated, and the combined fleet had proceeded up the Channel, the invasion might have been effected, and the fate of the civilized world been changed. It is a singular proof of the sagacity of Lord Collingwood, that at the very time when this well-combined plan was in progress on Napoleon's side, he divined the enemy's intentions, and in a memorial addressed to the Admiralty, and published in his Memoirs, pointed out the danger arising from the precise plan which his great antagonist was adopting; and it is a still more singular instance of the injustice and precipitance of public opinion, that the British Government were compelled to bring the Admiral to a court-martial, and dismiss him from the service, because, with fifteen ships of the line, he had maintained a glorious combat with twenty-seven, captured two of their line, and defeated the greatest and best combined project ever formed by the Emperor Napoleon.

As every thing relating to this critical period of the war is of the very highest interest in Great Britain, we shall translate the passages of Ney's Memoirs, which throw light upon the vast preparations then made on the other side of the Channel.

"Meanwhile time passed on, and England a little recovered from its consternation, but nevertheless the real place of attack always escaped its government. Four thousand gun-boats covered the coast; the construction of praams and rafts went on without intermission; every thing announced that the invasion was to be effected by main force, and by means of the flotilla which made so much noise. If the strife was doubtful, it at least had its chance of success; but while England was daily becoming more

confident of success in repelling that aggression, the preparations for the real attack were approaching to maturity. Napoleon never seriously intended to traverse the Channel under cover of a fog, by the aid of a favourable wind, or by the force of such frail vessels of war as gun-boats. His arrangements were better made; and all that splendid display of gun-boats was only intended to deceive the enemy. He wished to disperse the force which he could not combat when assembled together. In pursuance of this plan, his fleets were to assemble from Toulon, Rochefort, Cadix, Brest, and Ferrol, draw after them to the West Indies the British blockading squadrons, and return rapidly on their steps, and present themselves in the Channel before the English were well aware that they had crossed the Line. Master in this way of a preponderating force, riding irresistibly in the Channel, he would have embarked on board his flotilla the troops with which he would have made himself master of London, and revolutionized England, before that immense marine, which he could never have faced when assembled together, could have collected for its defence. These different expeditions, long retained in their different harbours, had at length set sail; the troops had received orders to be ready to put themselves instantly on board; the instructions to the General had foreseen every thing, provided for every emergency; the vessels assigned to each troop, the order in which they were to fall out of the harbour, were all fixed. Arms, horses, artillery, combatants, camp-followers, all had received their place, all were arranged according to their orders.

“ Marshal Ney had nothing to do but follow out literally his instructions; they were so luminous and precise as to provide for every contingency. He distributed the powder, the tools, the projectiles, which were to accompany his corps on board the transports provided for that purpose. He divided that portion of the flotilla assigned to him into subdivisions; every regiment, every battalion, every company, received the praams destined for their use; every one, down to the very last man, was ready to embark at the first signal. He did more; rapidity of movement requires combined exertions, and he resolved to habituate the troops to embarkation. The divisions were successively brought down to the quay, and embarked in the finest order; but it was possible that when assembled

hurriedly together, they might be less calm and orderly. The Marshal resolved to put it to the proof.

“ Infantry, cavalry, artillery, were at once put under arms, and ranged opposite to the vessels on which they were to embark. The whole were formed in platoons for embarkation, at small distances from each other. A cannon was discharged; the field-officers and staff-officers immediately dismounted, and placed themselves each at the head of the troop he was destined to command. The drums had ceased to beat; the soldiers had unfixed their bayonets; a second discharge louder than the first was heard; the generals of divisions pass the order to the colonels. ‘ Make ready to embark.’ Instantly a calm succeeds to the tumult; every one listens attentively, eagerly watching for the next order, on which so much depended. A third cannon is heard, and the command ‘ Colonels, forward,’ is heard with indescribable anxiety along the line. In fine a last discharge resounds, and is instantly followed by the order, ‘ March!’—Universal acclamations instantly broke forth; the soldiers hurried on board; in *ten minutes and a half* twenty-five thousand men were embarked. The soldiers never entertained a doubt that they were about to set sail. They arranged themselves, and each took quarters for himself; when the cannon again sounded, the drums beat to arms, they formed ready for action on the decks. A last gun is discharged; every one believed it was the signal to weigh anchor, and shouts of *Vive l’Empereur* rent the air, but it was the signal for debarkation, which was effected silently and with deep regret. It was completed, however, as rapidly as the embarkation, and in thirteen minutes from the time when the soldiers were on board, they were arranged in battle array on the shore.

“ Meanwhile the English had completely fallen into the snare. The fleet which cruised before Rochefort had no sooner seen Admiral Missiessy running down before the wind, than it set sail in pursuit. Villeneuve, who started from Toulon in the middle of a violent tempest, was obliged to return to the harbour; but such was Nelson’s anxiety to meet him, that he set sail first for Egypt, then for the West Indies. The Mediterranean was speedily cleared of English vessels; their fleets wandered through the Atlantic, without knowing where to find the enemy; the moment to strike a decisive stroke had arrived.

"The unlooked for return of Missiessy frustrated all these calculations. He had sailed like an arrow to Martinique, and returned still more rapidly: but the English now retained at home the squadrons which they had originally intended to have sent for the defence of Jamaica. Our situation in consequence was less favourable than we had expected; but, nevertheless, there was nothing to excite uneasiness. We had fifteen ships of the line at Ferrol, six at Cadiz, five at Rochfort, twenty-one at Brest. Villeneuve was destined to rally them, join them to the twenty which he had under his orders, and advancing at the head of an overwhelming force, make himself master of the Channel. He left Toulon on the 30th March, and on the 23d June he was at the Azores, on his return to Europe, leaving Nelson still in the West Indies. But at the very moment when every one flattered himself that our vessels would speedily arrive to protect the embarkation of the army, we learnt that, deterred by a cannonade of a few hours, and the loss of two ships, (Sir R. Calder's Battle,) he had taken refuge in Ferrol. A mournful feeling took possession of our minds; every one complained that a man should be so immeasurably beneath his destiny.

"All hope, however, was not lost: the Emperor still retained it. He continued his dispositions, and incessantly urged the advance of the marine. Every one flattered himself that Villeneuve, penetrated with the greatness of his mission, would at length put to sea, join Ganteaume, disperse the fleet of Cornwallis, and at length make his appearance in the Channel. But an unhappy fatality drew him on. He only left Ferrol to throw himself into Cadiz. It was no longer possible to count on the support of his squadron. The Emperor in vain attempted other expedients, and made repeated attempts to embark. Nothing could succeed for want of the covering squadron; and soon the Battle of Trafalgar and the Austrian War postponed the conquest of England to another age."—II. 259—262.

This passage, as well as all the others in Napoleon's Memoirs which are of a similar import, are calculated, in our opinion, to excite the most singular feelings. They demonstrate, beyond a doubt, of what incalculable importance Sir Robert Calder's action was; and that, more than even the triumph of Trafalgar, it fixed the destinies of Britain. The great victory of Nel-

son did not occur till the 21st October, and months before that the armies of Napoleon had been transported from the shores of Boulogne to the heart of Germany, and were irrevocably engaged in a contest with Austria and Russia. It was Sir Robert Calder's action which broke the course of Napoleon's designs, and chained his armies to the shore, at the very time when they were ready to have passed over, with a second Caesar, to the shores of Britain. It is melancholy to think of the fate of the gallant officer, under the dictation of that impartial judge, the popular voice, whose skill and bravery achieved these great results.

It is a curious speculation, now that the event is over, what would have been the fate of England, if Napoleon, with one hundred and fifty thousand men, had, in consequence of the success of these combinations, landed on the shores of Sussex. We are now compelled, with shame and sorrow, to abandon the doctrine which, till the last three years, we held on this subject. We are decidedly of opinion, that he would have achieved the overthrow of the British Empire. Not that the mere force of Napoleon's army, great as it was, could have in the end subjugated the descendants of the conquerors of Cressy and Azincour. The examples of Vimiera, Maida, Alexandria, Corunna, and Waterloo, where English troops who had never seen a shot fired in anger, at once defeated the veterans of France, even when commanded by the ablest officers, is sufficient to prove the reverse. England was invincible, if she remained faithful to herself. But would she have remained faithful to herself? That is the question. The events of the last three years have awakened us to the mournful conviction that she would not. It is now proved by sad experience, that we possess within ourselves a numerous, powerful, and energetic faction, insatiable in ambition, unextinguishable in resources, deaf to every call of patriotism, dead to every feeling of hereditary glory. To them national triumph is an object of regret, because it was achieved under the banners of their opponents; national humiliation an object of indifference,

provided they are elevated by it to the reins of power. With burning hearts and longing eyes they watched the career of the French Revolution, ever eulogizing its principles, palliating its excesses, vituperating its adversaries. Mr Fox pronounced in Parliament the Constitution framed by the Constituent Assembly, to be "the most astonishing fabric of wisdom and virtue which patriotism had reared in any age or country, on the ruins of ignorance and superstition." And when this astonishing fabric produced Danton and Robespierre, and hatched the Reign of Terror, he shewed no disposition to retract the opinion. Two hundred and fifty thousand Irishmen, we are told by Wolfe Tone, were united, drilled, regimented and organized, to effect the separation of Ireland from Great Britain; and if we may believe Mr Moore, in his *Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, Mr Fox was no stranger to their treasonable intentions at the very time when he earnestly supported their demand for Parliamentary Reform. During the last three years we have seen this party systematically undo every thing which their predecessors had effected during half a century of unexampled glory, abandon, one by one, all the objects of our continental policy, the Dutch barrier, the protection of Portugal, the independence of Holland, the integrity of Turkey; unite the leopard and the tricolor in an inglorious crusade against the independence of the surrounding states; beat down Holland by open force, and subvert Portugal by feigned neutrality and real hostility; force the despots of Northern Europe into a dangerous defensive combination, and unite the arms of constitutional freedom with those of democratic ambition in the South; and to gain a deceitful popularity for a few years, sacrifice the Constitution which had for two hundred years conferred unexampled prosperity on their country. The men who could do these things, were not the men who could have been relied on in a contest with Napoleon. They were proof against his warlike hostility, but not against his specious professions and treacherous promises, and, least of all, against their own selfish ambition.

Napoleon has told us, in his *Memoirs*, how he proposed to have subjugated England: He would have overcome it as he overcame Switzerland, Venice, and all the States which did not meet him with uncompromising hostility. He would instantly, on landing, have published a proclamation, in which he declared that he came to deliver the English from the Oligarchy under which they had groaned for three centuries; and for this end he would have promised annual parliaments, universal suffrage, vote by ballot, the confiscation of the Church property, the abolition of the Corn-Laws, and all the objects of Whig or Radical ambition. By these offers he would have thrown the apple of eternal discord and division into Great Britain. The Republican transports which broke out with such vehemence on the announcement of the Reform Bill in 1831, would have been instantly heard on the landing of the tricolor-flag on the throne of England: and the divisions now so irrecoverably established amongst us, would have at once arisen in presence of a gigantic and enterprising enemy. There can be little doubt, we fear, what a large portion of the Movement party in England, and the whole of it in Ireland, would have done. They would, leant and hand, have joined the enemy of their country, established a Republic in close alliance with France, and directed the whole resources of England to support the cause of democracy all over the world. Meanwhile, Napoleon, little solicitous about their political dogmas, would have steadily fixed his iron grasp on the great warlike establishments of the country; Portsmouth, Plymouth, Woolwich, Chatham, Sheerness, Deptford, and Carron, would have fallen into his hands; the army would have been exiled or disbanded; and if his new democratic allies proved at all troublesome in the House of Commons, he would have dispersed them with as little ceremony, by a file of grenadiers, as he did the Council of Five Hundred in the Orangery of St Cloud.

It is with pain and humiliation that we make this confession. Five years ago we should have held any man a foul libeller on the English character who should have declared such conduct as probable in any part of

the English Opposition; and we should have relied with as much confidence on the whole Liberal party to resist the aggressions of France, as we should on the warmest adherents of Government. It is their own conduct since they came into power which has undeceived us, and opened our eyes to the immensity of the danger to which the country was exposed, when her firm patriots at the helm nailed her colours to the mast. But regarding as we do, with perfect sincerity, the Reform Bill as the parent of a much greater change in our national institutions than a conquest by France would have been, and the passing of that measure as a far more perilous, because more irremediable, leap in the dark, than if we had thrown ourselves into the arms of Napoleon, we cannot but consider the subsequent events as singularly illustrative of the prior dangers, and regard the expulsion of the Whigs from the Ministry by the firmness of George III. in 1807, as a delivery from greater danger than the country had known since the Saxon arms were overthrown by William on the field of Hastings.

One of the most brilliant acts of Napoleon was his astonishing march from Boulogne to Swabia in 1805, and the admirable skill with which he accumulated his forces, converging from so many different points round the unfortunate Mack, who lay bewildered at Ulm. In this able undertaking, as well as in the combat at Elchingen, which contributed in so essential a manner to its success, and from which his title of Duke was taken, Ney bore a conspicuous part. The previous situation of the contending powers is thus described by our author:—

“The troops which the Emperor had under his command did not exceed 180,000 men. This was little enough for the strife which was about to commence, for the coalition did not now merely oppose to us the troops which they had in the first line. The Allied Sovereigns already addressed themselves to the multitude, and loudly called on them to take up arms in defence of liberty: they turned against us the principles which they professed their desire to destroy. They roused in Germany national antipathies: flattered in Italy the spirit of independence, scattered every where the seeds of

insurrection. The masses of the people were slow to swallow the bait. They appreciated our institutions, and did not behold without distrust this sudden burst of enthusiasm in sovereigns in favour of the popular cause: but they readily took fire at the recital of the sacrifices which we had imposed on them, the promised advantages which we had not permitted them to enjoy. The Coalition prepared to attack us on all the vast line which we occupied. Russians, English, Swedes, Hanoverians, hastened to take a part in the strife. The approach of such a mass of enemies might have occasioned dangerous results; a single reverse might have involved us in a strife with warlike and impatient nations; but the Austrians had imprudently spread themselves through Bavaria, at a time when the Russians had hardly as yet passed Poland. The Emperor did not despair of anticipating the one and overwhelming the other, and thus dissipating that formidable league of sovereigns before they were in a situation to deploy their forces on the field of battle. The blow, according to these calculations, was to be struck in Swabia. But from that country to Boulogne, where our troops were stationed, the distance was nearly the same as to Podolia, where the Russians had arrived. He sought to steal a march upon them, to conceal for some days the great manœuvre which he meditated. For this purpose, Marmont, whose troops were on the coast when he set out for Germany, received orders to give out that he was about to take merely other quarters; and Bernadotte, who was stationed in Hanover, to encourage the opinion that he was about to spend the winter in that country. Meanwhile all had orders to hasten their march; all advanced with the same celerity; and when our enemies still believed us on the shores of the Channel, we were far advanced towards the Rhine. The first and second corps had reached Mayence; the third was grouped around Mannheim; the fourth had halted in the environs of Spire; the fifth was established at Strasbourg, and the sixth, which had started from Montreuil on the 28th August, had reached Lauterbourg on the 24th September. In that short interval, it had traversed three hundred leagues, being at the rate of above ten leagues a day. History has nothing to shew comparable to such celerity.”—II. 268—270.

From a soldier of such ability and experience much may be expected of value on the science of war. In the “Reflections” of the Marshal, at

the end of the second volume, the reader will find much interesting matter of that description. We select one example:—

“The defensive system accords ill with the disposition of the French soldier, at least if it is not to be maintained by successive diversions and excursions;—in a word, if you are not constantly occupied in that little warfare, inactivity destroys the force of troops who rest constantly on the defensive. They are obliged to be constantly on the alert night and day; while, on the other hand, offensive expeditions, wisely combined, raise the spirit of the soldier, and prevent him from having time to ponder on the real cause of his dangerous situation.

“It is in the offensive that you find in the French soldier inexhaustible resources. His active disposition, and valour in assaults, double his power. A general should never hesitate to march with the bayonet against the enemy, if the ground is favourable for the use of that weapon. It is in the attack, in fine, that you accustom the French soldier to every species of warfare,—like to brave the enemy's fire, which is generally little harmful, and to leave the field open to the development of his intelligence and courage.

“One of the greatest difficulties in war is to accustom the soldier to the fatigues of marching. The other powers of Europe will attain with difficulty in this respect the degree of perfection which the French soldier possesses. His sobriety and physical constitution are the real causes of the marked superiority he has acquired over the Austrians in that particular.

“Rapidity of march, or rather an able combination of marches, almost invariably determine the fate of war. Colonels of infantry, therefore, should be indefatigable in their endeavours to train their soldiers progressively to ordinary and forced marches. To attain that object, so essential in war, it is indispensable to oblige the soldier to carry his knapsack on his back from the outset of the campaign, in order to accustom him to the fatigues which in the course of it he must

undergo. The health of the soldier depends on this being habitual; the men are economised by it; the continual loss by partial and frequently useless combats is avoided, as well as the considerable expenses of hospitals to Government.”—II. 410, 411.

We have room for no more extracts: those which have been already given will convey a clear idea of the character of this work. It possesses the merits, and exhibits the defects, of all the Memoirs by the leaders of the ambitious or war party in France, regarding that period. Abounding in anecdote, full of patriotic spirit and military adventure, it at the same time presents all the prejudices and errors of that party,—a profound and unreasonable hatred of this country—an impassioned enthusiasm for the glory of France—a deliberate and apparently sincere belief, that whatever opposes its elevation is to be looked upon with instinctive and unconquerable aversion. In this respect, the opinions of this party in France are utterly extravagant, and not a little amusing. They make no allowances for the differences of national feeling—yield nothing to national rivalry—never transport themselves into the breasts of their antagonists in the strife, or of the people they are oppressing, but take for granted, as a matter concerning which there can be no dispute, that whatever resists the glory of France is an enemy of the human race. There are many writers of intelligence and ability in whom we cannot pardon this weakness; but, recollecting the tragic fate of Marshal Ney, and pitying the ulcerated hearts of his relations, we find more excuse for it in his biographer, and look forward with interest to the concluding volumes of this work, which will contain still more interesting matter—the Peninsular campaigns, the Russian retreat, the rout of Waterloo.

X

THOUGHTS UPON BEARDS.

THOUGHTS upon beards! What a dry, absurd, uninteresting, unprofitable subject! Shall the mighty Maga stoop to such trifling? Shall Christopher North's pages be defiled with the lather, or the beautiful *Noctes* be contaminated by the proximity of a barber's block? And yet the sublimest authorities have at times relaxed, and varied the severity of their vein. Homer could descend from Olympus, to sing of frogs and mice; and two great geniuses, Virgil and the Rev. Sidney Smith, have celebrated the praises of a salad. Why should not amusement as well be derived from a stubbly chin, and as important a moral lurk under the curls of a mustache? The *Spectator* itself did not consider such a theme unworthy of its philosophical mood, but dedicated the 331st paper, and, if we remember right, some others also, to Sir Roger de Coverley's ideas on the subject. The field is wide, and unexhausted. We see the press deluged with treatises "on the art of preserving the hair," printed on comely octavos, and eagerly read by the ~~young~~ *young* of the present day. Is, then, the maxilla less dignified than the cranium, or David's beard less venerable than Absalom's tresses? Moreover, we maintain the topic to be neither uninteresting nor unprofitable. Can that be uninteresting which is important to every man, from the strippling of sixteen to the patriarch that totters on the verge of the grave—which is impressed, painfully impressed, on our recollection with the return of every dawn? Have not whole nations been named from the fashion of their beards? Was not the fate of Rome decided by an insult offered to this venerable appendage? Have not barbers been the terror of tyrants, and wielded the destruction of empires?

Nor, again, let it be thought that this discussion is unprofitable. So far from it, we can prove it to be not undeserving the attention even of statesmen and legislators. It is not yet two years last March, since two of his Majesty's Ministers committed themselves unaccountably, through their ignorance, on this very important topic. Not content

with providing for the West Indian slaves meal which they could not eat, and shoes which they would not wear, the tender mercies of Lords Goderich and Howick extended even to the thick lips of their protégés—and in their famous Orders in Council they directed an allowance of two razors per annum for renovating the ebony chins of each negro. How must the noble ex-secretaries' eyebrows have arched, and cheeks coloured, when intelligence of the physical fact was sent back to them across the Atlantic, that negroes have no beards! Well we remember the laughable exposé;—nor has the most remarkable feature in the debates on the subject escaped us—the recorded declaration of Mr Hume, surpassing all that gentleman's other schemes of economy in wonder and extent—that, for the last dozen years of his life, he had used but one razor, which he purchased of a Jew-boy on the road-side for a shilling.—Alas for the trade, if every razor were as keen, or every epidermis as invulnerable, as those of the honourable member for Middlesex!

We are not going to write a chronological history of beards, or we might here state our reasons for believing that they were coeval with the Creation of Man; for, Adam being brought into existence in the very prime of middle life, it is probable that he had a luxuriant black beard from the moment of his birth. Although this is a disputed point—it being maintained by Martinus Scriblerus and others, that Adam had no beard until after the fall, and that the pain of shaving was thereupon inflicted, as an hereditary penalty on his posterity, which, in the course of a man's life, should make up, by daily instalments, the same aggregate quantity of suffering which women undergo in childbirth. The same opinion is advocated by the author of *Don Juan*, who remarks—

That ever since the fall, man for his sin
Has had a beard entail'd upon his chin.

We shall not even pause in this place to enquire whether the barbarous custom of curtailing the fair propor-

tions of the beard, "top and top," pollarding the chin, was adopted by the Patriarchs or not. In the Homeric ages, shaving must not only have been commonly practised, but rather a dignified operation, as the old bard, in the sublimest parts of the Iliad, borrows his metaphors from the art, and describing the uncertainty of the fate of Troy, declares it to be *on the edge of a razor*. Aaron's beard is spoken of in the Psalms, and the golden beard of Æsculapius is universally celebrated—so that it is not impossible, that in those days it might have been a professional distinction for the priest and the physician to keep themselves unshorn; and hence might have sprung the connexion of the idea of superior wisdom with that of a long beard. The gods themselves, with the exception of the "imberbis Apollo," were universally represented with beards as big as dewlaps. Jupiter wore a most patriarchal shagbilly on his chin, and Thetis, in the first book of the Iliad, wishing to assume the most insinuating posture, took hold of his knees with her left hand, and his beard with her right. The custom, however, of shaving, or not shaving, appears in all countries to have varied a good deal according to the arbitrary caprice of fashion, abrasion being more generally adopted, strange to say, as civilisation advanced. "We are told by Cicero, that for 400 years there was no such artificer as a barber at Rome. "*Facile est barbato imponere regi,*" says Juvenal, in allusion to the simplicity of the kings of the early Roman history, which expression, by the way, reminds us of good old George the Third, when his beard had been unshorn for many years, and a certain divine, who nearly convulsed the congregation in Windsor Chapel with laughter by an unfortunate impediment in his speech which made him appear to say in the Litany, "O Lord, *share* the King!" We have all pictured to ourselves in our schooldays the august appearance of the Roman Senate, sitting adorned in their robes like victims for the sacrifice, and the audacity of the Gaul who approached, and stroked the hoary beard of one of the veterans. The venerable man could not brook this insult to his cherished

ornament, and felled the miscreant to the earth with his ivory sceptre, the signal, alas! for the massacre of the aged, and the shedding of the blood of defenceless innocence. Verily, if the grey head is a crown of glory, the snow-white beard ought to be regarded as a charmed mantle, precious, sacred, and inviolable! In after years, however, the tonsor's art made rapid inroads on the cheeks of the degenerate citizens of the Commonwealth; and in the Augustan age, to wear a beard became the exception instead of the rule. The barber became an object of terror to the emperors of half a hemisphere; and we are told that Domitian would not admit one into his presence, through dread of an attempt on his cruel and abandoned life. There it was, also, that "*pascere barbam*" meant to be a philosopher, and, as we now say, the wisdom lies in the wig, it might have been formerly rather said to reside in the beard. Whether it was as severely true in the one case as in the other, we cannot determine. We have been forcibly reminded of our own proverb lately in looking into the King's Bench, and we suspect there was not less pretension in the outward insignia of an ancient philosopher than a modern Chief-Justice, or even a Chancellor.

We come down to later times, and find that the beard still continued to be considered not only an important feature, but that heroes, and even nations, have been named from the fashion and the colour of their maxillary appendages. What gave their appellation to the Lombards, or *Longo bardi*, but the ferocious prolixity of their beards? Who, in weeping over the sorrows of Fatima, has not felt that the very name of Bluebeard added an indescribable degree of terror and pity to the tale? The beards of the Hepharchy are celebrated. The first Dane who invaded Britain was Sueno, surnamed Forked-beard. We will not dispute whether William Rufus owed his cognomen to the production of his scalp or his chin. But we have not forgotten the Emperor who was drowned in the Cydnus in the crusades—Frederick Enobarbus, or Brazen-beard; or that greater hero of the east, Haired din Pasha, the Nelson of the Turks, the rival of Andrew Doria, who was known in

Europe principally by the appalling title of Barbarossa, or Red-beard. We know not whether all these varieties of colour were, or were not, natural; with the exception of Blue-beard, they perhaps might have been, but it seems by no means improbable that it was occasionally a practice to dye the beard, either as a piece of dandyism, or for disguise, or to give an appearance of ferocity in battle, or in the theatre for stage effect. Thus Bottom the weaver, alluding to the part of Pyramus, which he was going to take, says, "I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French crown-coloured beard—your perfect yellow." *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 1, Sc. 2. And of Hudibras's beard, we are told that

"The upper part thereof was whey,
The nether, crange mix'd with grey."

It is curious to remark, that the fashion of wearing the beard long, which had been banished by the fastidious Normans, partially came into vogue again about the reigns of the Tudors, as may be seen in the pictures of that time. Sir Thomas More's care of his curly treasure is truly delightful, who, when the executioner was already lifting high the axe, bade him "wait till he had put aside his beard, for that had committed no treason." There is another story told also, either of Sir Walter Raleigh, or some other victim of the tyranny of those times, that when the barber came to him in the Tower to dress and shape his beard, he declined his assistance, observing, "There is a lawsuit, friend, at present pending about this head, between me and the King, and I don't wish to lay out any capital upon it till the cause is tried." Some of the peaked beards in Vandyke's portraits are highly picturesque, and make us half regret that so tasteful a mode should have ever been superseded. But fashion is capricious, and it was reserved for France then, as now, to be the arbitress of taste for Europe. It happened that Louis the Thirteenth and Louis the Fourteenth both came to the throne as minors, and by a piece of fulsome flattery, which makes the story of the crooked necks of Alexander's suite not incredible, the whole court of France

unanimously shaved their chins smooth, in compliment to the young princes. Thence the passion spread over Europe—until nowadays, no one but a Turk, or a Jew, is to be seen so heretical a contemner of fashion as to dare to prefer nature to art.

Nay, even in Constantinople itself, where the long beard was cherished as a part of the Osmanley's religion, an attribute of his faith, even there the imperial decree has gone forth, and swept away the bristly pride of the descendants of the Solymans. What unheard-of profanity! What disgraceful concession to the customs and observances of the Christian dogs! Even now, there is a state ceremony, which the reforming Mahmoud himself has not dared to discontinue, performed every year in the religious part of the month Ramazan, in which some hairs of the great Prophet's beard are publicly exhibited for the admiration of the faithful—and his descendants, forsooth!—the followers of his faith, are to be denied the privilege of rivaling in their own persons the length, the comeliness of those precious relics! No measure of Mahmoud, not the overthrow of the janizaries, not the expulsion of the Armenians, has caused so great discontent among the Mussulmans as this wanton combination of tyranny and irreverence. Time was, when a Mahomedan would have considered his head less inseparable from his body, than his beard from his chin. A Turk is even said to have borrowed a large sum of money in Constantinople on the security of his whiskers. Nor is the value set upon them incredible. We ourselves remember to have seen a celebrated fashionable, in his Club, complacently stroking the arches of his upper lip with his little finger at the glass, while he observed to his companion, "Jack, my dear fellow, I wouldn't part with this for L.1000 a-year."

But why talk of modern mustaches, or magnify the dwindled importance of the province of a modern barber? The pride and glory of their art is perished from the earth; and, looking back upon the stream of time, we can scarcely believe the degree of consequence that once attached to those knights of the razor. And yet many of their names will live long on the page of history. Who is there

whose heart does not beat joyously to the very sound of the Barber of Seville?—the commemorated of Rossini—the immortalized of Mozart—happy in being represented by a De Begnis—happier in having bequeathed his name to posterity, as having reached the very pinnacle and perfection of his *métier*. Every publican is a Boniface, every bridegroom a Benedict—every watchman a Dogberry—every spark a Lothario—every doctor a Sangrado—but exalted above them all as a generic term for the followers of his craft, the name of Figaro is stamped on the brow of the barber. Nor ought we to pass by unmentioned him whose life and death are chronicled in the annals of Persia; but Mr Morier, in his beautiful tale of Zohrab the Hostage, has anticipated us, even to the graphic description of the shaving of the Shah—most delicate of tasks—for on his chin the hairs might easily be counted, but the pustules were innumerable; and the problem to be solved was, how to cut off the one without touching the other, a casualty which would have been instantly atoned by the sacrifice of the operator's head. But, perhaps, the most renowned of all the artificers, ancient or modern, was he who entered so deeply into the intrigues and cabals of the French court in the fifteenth century. “*Maitre Olivier—ce Figaro terrible, que la Providence, cette grande taiseuse des diamans, a melé si artistement a la longue et sanglante comédie de Louis XI.*” We refer the reader to Victor Hugo's most exquisite novel, *Notre Dame de Paris*, where in the third volume he will find some amusing scenes between him and the King. “*Que dirais tu,*” the Monarch says to him, “*si j'étais un roi, comme le roi Chilpéric, qui avait pour geste de tenir sa barbe d'une main?*” The ambitious barber fell at last a sacrifice to the hatred of the people, and the jealousy of the court—“*à la cour on l'appelait poliment Olivier-le-dain, parmi le peuple Olivier-le-diable.*” His place will not be easily supplied from among the barbers of later date.

And yet it is not so very long that the eclipse has overshadowed the pride of the profession, even in our own country. It is not farther back than the year 1745, that the surgeons were separated from the barbers, by

an act of Parliament, entitled, “*An act for making the Surgeons and Barbers of London two distinct and separate corporations.*” At the Universities of Oxford, and, we believe, Cambridge, it is a custom still observed, for the “*matriculated barbers*” to dine once in every year with the proctors. Glorious triumph of the art! to conquer even the unbending dignity of the velvet sleeve! to be seated in the afternoon at the right hand of him, whose head they have combed and curled in the morning! to be solicited to take a glass of wine by the very voice which has made them tremble behind the counter. Beautiful amalgamation! Logic and lather, pomatum and ethics, curling-irons and the Canons of Dawes! No wonder that, as the dinner goes on, the proctors have no appetite; while, on the contrary, the barbers, like the sexton in the Taming of the Shrew, feel their “*beards grow hungrily.*” Perhaps it is in the vicinity of the Temple and Lincoln's Inn that the primitive character of the barber has undergone less change, and is to be seen, more than anywhere else, in its original mixture of charlatantry and obsequiousness. But we will not wander into the labyrinth of counsels' wigs—we will confine ourselves to the narrower province of the beard.

For ourselves, we lament, deeply lament, the curtailment of the venerable feature. We remember in our boyish days the respect and awe with which we used to contemplate the long grey beard of some bald-headed beggar, flowing over his chest like an avalanche,—which, so far from putting in execution the threat of Horace, “*vellent tibi barbam lascivi pueri,*” our last penny was often transferred in its destination from the gingerbread stall to the pocket of the poor old man. We remember, too, the delight with which, at the Christmas pantomime, we annually surveyed the prolix appendage of Pantaloon, “*streaming like a meteor,*” &c., and the laughter which burst from us at seeing it kicked off by the Clown. And even in this current year, at Easter, had we been as young as in those days, we might well have indulged a similar feeling of mirth at the expense of Mr H. Phillips's beard, in the part of Moses in the Israelites in Egypt, and possibly

might have been profanely tempted to wish that the vengeance of the Clown might be equally wreaked on so pantomimic an exhibition. And then as our years advanced—the ambition to be possessed of a razor—the sense of importance at school, as we scientifically scraped our downy upper lip,—

“Postquam candidior tondenti barba cadebat.”

The days—the feelings of those days are gone, never to return. Shaving is not the only thing which was then a source of pleasure, and has been changed into one of sorrow and of pain.

Oh! Truefit, unrivalled in perukes! Oh Hendrie, immortalized by bears-grease! Oh! Price and Gosnell, potent in perfumes! Oh! Rowland, sung of by the muse of Macassar oil, (which we are warned in the advertisements not to touch on the palm of the hand, for fear the hair should grow there) why will you lavish your mighty talents on the scalp alone, disdaining to regard the vast human pain and suffering which you might avert or alleviate by transferring your attention to discoveries in the art of shaving? We have been operated on by women in Italy. We have excoriated our chillblained faces with a notched instrument in Northern latitudes, where hone and strop are unheard of. We have even been lathered with pitch, and shaved with an iron hoop, according to custom, in crossing the line; but we never experienced tortures so great as have been inflicted on us by the hands of English barbers. We heard lately of an old parson, whose ideas and knee-buckles had been resting for the last forty years in the neighbourhood of the Lakes, and who, in a journey on business, had to pass through London. In the morning, not thinking it worth the trouble of unpacking the razor he had used ever since his incumbency, he walked into a fashionable hairdresser's at the west end, and placed himself in a chair. “Cut and dressed, sir?” “Yes,” was the reply. The scissors were instantly at work—“That will do, sir,” said the artist ere five minutes had elapsed.—“But I want to be shaved,” said the parson. “Sir, we don't shave,” said the cutter of hair. “What am I to pay then?” inquired

the Dr Primrose of Cumberland. “Half-a-crown, sir, if you please.”

There is still, however, “a lingering halo hovering round decay,” in a few instances of the trade, and a new shaving paste, even adorned with a classical quotation, will at times revive our hopes. We lately saw advertised, “Spiers's esse quam videri razors.”—And who is there that has not heard of the celebrated Eukeirogeneion? Greek was made fashionable a few years ago by the Phil-Hellenists—araphostic sandals were worn by every body—a portable kitchen was designated, and the word was, scholarlike, divided by a hyphen—thus, Panther-manticon; but all are thrown into the shade by the effort of genius—the Eukeirogeneion, which is warranted to make the operation of shaving so far from disagreeable, as to be actually a source of pleasure and delight. A short time before Sir Humphry Davy's death, one of those officious disagreeable persons, who try to shew off their learning by asking ignorant questions, gravely enquired of the great chemist, “What was the reason that it is so much better to strop one's razor immediately after using it?”—“Because you know how much it wants,” was the reply of the philosopher. Whatever the reason may be, however, we strongly recommend the gentle reader to adopt the plan, as the mode most likely to ensure a tolerably comfortable abrasion. After all, Turkey is, we believe, the place to experience the true luxury of shaving. You walk into a cafench in Constantinople, and sit down till it is your turn to be served. In England a coffee-house means a place where you go to eat beefsteaks and drink porter. In Turkey a cafench is the shop where you go to be shaved. Coffee and chibougues are, however, handed round whilst you are waiting, and the skill of the performer is so great, and his manipulation so dexterous, that you almost regret the operation is over so soon, and are inclined to wish that, like Gargantua in Rabelais, you had almost ten chins. The razor seems as sharp as that with which Tarquin of old divided the whetstone, which razor by the way, we would humbly submit to the critics, was in all probability neither more nor less

than a knife, taking into consideration the statement made above of the inviolability of the beards of the early Romans. The Constantinopolitan charges, moreover, both for the coffee and the shaving, are so moderate, that the proprietor might almost put the old inscription over his door:—

"My name is Tom Diddums, and what do you think,
I'll shave you for nothing, and give you to drink."

Only that the English shaver, after alluring the shavée into his shop, by the supposed promises on his board, bade him read it over again after he had operated on him, putting a note of interrogation at the end, which made the meaning directly the reverse.

In Constantinople, moreover, where newspapers are unknown, the barber's shop is the everlasting resort and solace of the numquids of the turban, as it used to be in days of yore in Greece and Rome. The same division of labour, which in a pin factory allots the cutting of the wire to one—the putting the heads on to another, &c., also collects now-a-days a miscellaneous mass of intelligence, and brings it to your door in the form of a newspaper. Otherwise in former times every one had to be his own reporter, and the barbers' shops were the nearest approach to the Morning Post or the Times. At Athens, we read it was in a barber's shop that the news was first announced of the overthrow of the Sicilian expedition, which had sailed in such pomp and pride, and the death of the good Nicias, and the doom of their noblest citizens to the mines. At Rome this was the regular lounge, and if you wanted an idle friend, you were sure to find him

"Vacuum tonsoris ad umbram,
Cultello proprio purgantem leniter unguis."

Even in our own time, the barber, though *quantum mutatus ab illo*, &c., is invariably a gossip, and a news-monger. He endeavours to beguile your thoughts from the pain he is inflicting by his awkwardness, by some piquant scandal, or some political lie. In the country, and the remoter suburbs of London, there is generally the Whig and the Tory

barber, and a clique of green-grocers, costermongers, and sausage-makers, who meet and settle the affairs of the nation, while he rasps their chins. Not many weeks ago, returning from a walk on business to the Minories and the Tower, I was overtaken by a shower of rain, and seeing the striped pole, which, though disdained by the barbers of Bond Street, still asserts its pristine reign in that "clime of the East," I entered the shop for shelter. In the centre of the room stood the knight of the razor himself, deliberately stropping his unseemly instrument on his horny hand, as if enjoying the protracted apprehension of the agonies he was about to inflict on his victim. The latter, a lean, lantern-jawed wretch, sat on the operating chair, eyeing the preparations for scarifying him with evident fear and trembling, already covered up to his eyes with the lather, whose snowy hue contrasted ludicrously with the dingy once-white cloth with which his shoulders were mantled. The apartment was full of customers; some, fresh bleeding from the blade, stood greedily perusing an unctuous sheet of Bell's Life in London, and a similarly well-thumbed Age,—others, with a week's harvest bristling on their chin, seemed to be arguing some knotty point—

"Well, Master Quickset," said one; "I suppose you will shave us all for nothing now—Lord Althorpe here has reduced the tax upon soap."

"Why, for the matter of that," said the barber, "I think his Lordship's budget is like my lather—it makes a great shew, but it's all nothing but froth—three farthings a pound off, or some such humbug—he ought to be ashamed of himself—it's all my eye and Betty Martin!"

"Ay," said a greasy-looking little pork-butcher, "they'd better by half take off the window-tax—blow me if Sir John Key ain't the man for that—he spoke a good'un the other night, and all the Ministers couldn't say nothink agin' him."

"Ministers! nice ministers they are—they'll never do no good—they won't. I wish to God the old Tories was in again—there's no making a silk purse out of a sow's ear; there's that Stanley, by jingo—he's Irish Secretary one day, and bullies the poor murphy devils out of their six-

teen senses; and then the next he goes to the colonies, and turns the whole house out o' windows there."

"Blast me!" said an old tar, turning his quid, and holding a pint of stout in his hand, "don't talk of the colonies. What haven't they been and done for old Holland? There was I myself engaged to go with a cargo to Amsterdam, and might have been there and back again three or four times before this, only for this d—d embargo. Lord Palmerston, and his bloody what-do-they-call-'em, may go to the devil—there's the goods rotting in the ship's bottoms in the river, and not a man can get any wages—they'll never do no good."

"No, no—Peel's the fellow after all, and the Duke—there's no question about that," rejoined the other; "we shall have a revolution, if we go on in this way long with the House of Lords. We shall have the guillotine in—the *national razor*, as they used to call it,—eh, Master Quickset?"

Suddenly in came a deplorable figure, with his head broken and covered with patches, looking miserably ill, and bearing evident marks of having been engaged in some deadly conflict, in which the punishment must have been all on one side.

"I don't get any better," said he, coughing, "the poor may go to America now, or to gaol, which they like; or else go to a public meeting, to talk over their grievances, and have Lord Melbourne, and his bloody police, come and beat every bone in their skin to a jelly—just look at me—I'm black and blue—I never saw such a shindy—I didn't—I'm all for the Tories to come in again."

"Ay, ay—we are all for that now—damme—we are every one of us Tories here now—every body with two grains of sense in his head is a Tory now," said the sailor,—"and here's the health of the Duke of Wellington, long life to him!" cried he, emptying his pint, "and damnation to all the ———."

Up jumped the spindle-shanked little man in the shaving-chair, with one side of his face still lathered, and the other not—he had been sitting on a seat of thorns, without being able to open his mouth—"Stop—

stop—gentlemen," he muttered, "I'm not a Tory gentleman—I'm a Whi"—the unfinished syllable died away on his lips—plump went the shaving-brush into his mouth—the malicious barber bowed, and apologized, and bowed again—every one roared—*solvitur risu tabule*—the rain had nearly subsided—I put up my umbrella, and walked on.

But we are making a digression as long as one of the beards we see on Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in old pieces of tapestry, hanging down below their girdles. We must, therefore, apologize to the gentle reader, who probably has been long wondering how we can treat so trivial a subject in so heroic a strain, and fancies, perhaps, that, like Don Quixote of old, we have mistaken a barber's bason for Mambrino's helmet. More especially, to the softer sex are our excuses due—for few—we would that we could say none of them—can take a personal interest in our remarks. Even with the exceptions among them, we are willing to believe the mustache is more common than the beard, and the radical extraction with the tweezer, than the mowing down with the temporary expedient of the razor. We are sorry we cannot recommend them Atkinson's Depilatory from our own experience, as our own hispid horrors are far too stubborn to yield to any thing but the daily attacks of the sheer steel, and even then they seem to rise again like the men of Cadmus from the dragon's teeth, "from every fall more strong, from every blow more great." For our own part, we never say our prayers with a clear conscience till we have shaved. In conclusion, it is to the aristocratic cavalier that we affectionately address and dedicate our labours—to the hisute horseman—who "bearded like the pard," gallops by us in all the majesty of mustaches and imperials in the Park. We have at this moment a Noble Duke and a gallant Count in our eye, who will, we are sure, take especial interest in our essay, and we hope will derive from it both pleasure and profit. If not, the best thing they can do is to bid their valet tear it up, and reserve it to wipe their razor on the next time they shave.

ENGLISH CATHEDRAL ESTABLISHMENTS.

THE man who sets himself about reforming any great National Establishment, is pledged, by the first word he utters, to shew the world that he has studied its whole history; that he knows well its origin and its ends; that he is familiar with all the good and evil wrought by it during all the ages of its existence; that he has discovered, and is able to reveal the causes of its rise and decline, and if it be so, of its imminent fall; that he is provided with a cure, or at least a palliative for the disease, which, perhaps, like the dry rot in timber, may be eating into its heart; that should some parts be unsound and unsafe, but others entire and trustworthy, he has skill and science to abscind so as to restore; that, if down must go the whole edifice, he is prepared to point out how the services it imperfectly rendered, may, by other means, be more efficiently performed, so that a new order of things, to the great good of the country, will take place of the old; or say rather, that there will be a revival of the "ancient spirit not yet dead," and about to be awakened to pursue a higher, or loftier career, under auspices that cannot betray, and a blessing that must prosper, because they are from Heaven. Such a man must *be* shew reasonable cause to the world for believing him to be, who in times like these 'steps forth before the King,' to counsel him and his counsellors, in the character of a patriotic, loyal and religious reformer of the Church of ENGLAND.

Is Lord Henley such a man? He himself does not think he is; but leaving the Church with which he is in communion, he is like a dutiful son anxious for a mother's well-being, and fears that more than

"A few spots are on her flowing robes
Of stateliest beauty."

It grieves him, too, to the very core of his filial heart, to hear her so reviled on account of such spots, not by the heathen alone, who wage war against her, but by many spiritual Christians, who weep for her sake. "Fain would he see her again shining

unstained, the Queen of Religion on Earth, and worthy, in the eyes of all worshippers, to reign over unpolluted altars."

Some altars, however, she reigns over, round which he would desire to hear other music. Nothing, he feels, "can be less satisfactory to those who worship God in spirit and in truth, than the coldness and formality of Cathedral service." "One of the most desirable of the Reforms" he contemplates, "would be in the present system of Church music." He devoutly wishes away all such "relics of Popery as chanting, and all anthems, solos, duets, and volunaries;" and hopes for the introduction "of a psalmody simple, easy, and, above all, universal and congregational," a practice to be adopted and encouraged, wherever, "in the beautiful language of Mr Montague,—'there is a Church on earth training up candidates for the Church in heaven.'"

Time was, when with truth he might have said that "pompous ceremonial" prevailed in Cathedrals. For pass it may even yet sometimes be—assuredly it is very solemn—many think sublime. A man of fine genius and true piety, whose duty it is to take part in such "ceremonial," the reverend William Lisle Bowles, asks Lord Henley "in what is the 'pomp' displayed? Is it in the plain white surplices of the children? Is it in the square cap and academical hood over the surplice of the canons and vicars? Or is it in the superstitious appearance of a veiger, with a plain wand, surmounted with a small eagle, with which he precedes the canons as they walk up the aisle, and through the people, to the communion table? If the appearance of such vestments, not unsuited to the majestic pile, and not out of harmony with its hallowed altars, be liable to such censure as that all worship of God, in such places, should be called 'cold and formal,' where the plain drapery harmonizes with the ancient and solemn shines, what would any person with reasoning and feelings like your Lordship as to the 'pompous ceremonials,'

think of the entrance and procession, from the unfolded western door, of the Judges, in their full costume, their scarlet robes, with their huge depending wigs? If the plain ecclesiastical ceremonies are so 'pom-pous,' what must a 'Master in Chancery' think of the *legal* ceremonies on an Assize Sunday? I will say nothing of the Javelin-men, of the Mayor and Aldermen, pacing the aisle, with the gilded mace borne slowly before them—of the Recorder, all silk and gold; but when our plain Cathedral ceremonies, divested of all the pomp and parade of the Popish ritual, are fairly estimated, he who objects to all outward ceremonies, and particularly to those few retained in our Cathedrals, can only be classed with those who called Bishops 'Popish Prelatists,' and idolaters of Babylon."

Mr Bowles cannot think—nor can we—nor, we are sure, can Mr Montgomery—that "beautiful melodies and sublime harmonies," set to the literal words of the psalms—with such simplicity and truth of accent and expression—such thrilling "concord of sweet sounds," as affect the inmost soul, and raise the thought above "this pinfold here" to the everlasting joys of heaven "are Popish;" no—they are "of the uncorrupted primitive Church." The inspired writer of the Psalms was not a Papist. The Psalms in the Bible were sung or chanted originally, not read; and they, almost all, have come down to us as addressed to the "Chief Musician." In England, adds Mr Bowles, there are now ten thousand country parishes, and in them the anthem is perhaps as much out of place, as metrical psalms to simplest strains might be felt in a Cathedral choir. Nay, the Canon of Salisbury, though a mild man, does not scruple to say, "that to desecrate such sublime harmonies as are peculiar to English Cathedrals, and which in general are so impressively and so beautifully performed,

'When through the long-drawn aisles
and fretted vaults,
The pealing anthem swells the note of
praise,'

argues such prejudice, that he could not believe its existence among those who had any genuine Christian feelings, or cultivated understandings."

The truth is that Lord Henley has no ear, and we should not like to hear him sing. He wishes psalmody to be "easy;" but the simplest tune is difficult to a Church Reformer with no ear. Mr Montgomery, author of the Pelican Island, is a Fine-Ear; and while we feel the force of his beautiful words above quoted, we shall part with his presentation-copy of that delightful Poem, which we would not do for a thousand pounds, the moment he informs us he thinks that sublime passage from the funeral anthem of Purcell, "Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts," when heard in Westminster Abbey, part of "a pompous and Popish ceremonial, and breathing the icy coldness and formality of Cathedral service." Not to him, but to Lord Henley, does his brother bard thus address himself: "Yet—I even wish, most earnestly, that you might, once only, if ever you have been moved with sweet sounds, hear those children, over whom I am appointed guardian, in our Cathedral—guardian to take care that the estate left for their maintenance be so employed—oh! I would wish you might hear their voice, and see them, when the chant is finished, each with his Bible on his knees, following the reading of the lessons with the deepest attention—and sure am I, my Lord, you would think the service less 'cold and formal' than you deem it at present; and as for 'pom-pous ceremonials,' let your Lordship compare the simplicity of our worship with those gaudy rites and ceremonies imposed by the Popish ritual; and after this, look again at those poor boys, so decorously dressed, swelling the chantor anthem, and remember they are educated, supported, clothed by the Establishment, as they have been for eight hundred years. See them in after-life apprenticed to various trades, or still retaining the places of singing men, and let me add, that seldom has it been found that their after-life has ever disgraced the care taken of them in their early years. I know many examples of them rising to comfortable independence as fathers of families; some to affluence, and none—no, not one—on whom the patronage has been bestowed in vain."

The English Church reformer who

turns worse than a deaf, a timber ear, in which finest harmonies seem all to have a congenial and kindred sound, *wooden*, to such sacred music, must be looked on with suspicion when he speaks of Cathedrals. It is clear at once, that he must be for abolishing the whole Cathedral service as idolatrous and Papistical; and what does he propose to do with the endowments, the Establishments themselves, and their various orders of servants that minister at their altars?

The Cathedral Establishments Lord Henley would, in effect, overturn, that the Church of England may be strengthened to withstand the assaults of all her enemies. He does not propose pulling down the Cathedrals, though that be a sure consequence of his plan; and is willing that they should still be places of worship. At present, "the most important offering to God's glory and service, is a formal attendance on a cold and pompous ceremonial;" in future, "due provision" will be made for the proper "celebration of Cathedral service," and for that purpose the chapters of all the Cathedrals are to be entirely remodelled. A Dean and two Chaplains are to perform the daily service in each Cathedral, and the stalls are either to be annexed to livings situated within the city, or, where that cannot be effected, to be suppressed altogether. The sum of money which will remain, after paying these ceremonial functionaries, is to be applied to the augmentation and improvement of the smaller benefices.

The residence of the Deans will be for nine months of the year, and they will have to perform the same quantity of public duty as the incumbents of the great London livings. But as there will be no occasional duty, no registers to be kept, no vestries to attend, no visiting of the poor and sick, "*their labours will be extremely slight*," Such are his Lordship's words. The provision to be made for them, however, cannot be deemed "meagre or niggardly," for its amount is to vary from L.1000 to L.1800 per annum, according to population and expense of living, so that there will be thirty-two pieces of "splendid," and sixty-four of comfortable preferment. Why there

should be so many, all radical reformers will wonder, and Lord Henley, on his own principles, will find it hard to tell; for he has spoken with unsparing scorn of the notion that there should be sinecures as the rewards of merit, or the means of supporting it for the advancement of theological literature. But his Lordship is a trimmer, and, like all trimmers, falls into self-contradiction at every step in his plan. These Deaneries (the Chaplains will have enough to do for their money—*two hundred a-year!*) are to be considered "as the reward or support of those classes of learned men *already alluded to*, whom it may be found more proper to advance in this mode, than by either Episcopal or Parochial Preferment." These learned men *already alluded to*, constitute, he says, "that very small portion of the theological world, which consists of retired students, fitted neither for Episcopal nor Parochial duties." They will be, indeed, an odd set of Deans. It must be satisfactory to him to be able to say that "the list is so minute, that it would hardly have been necessary in a new system to have provided for them at all." The existence of sinecures, in his opinion, can only be defended as a maintenance for such unfortunate persons, men of talents, learning, genius, and virtue, as are "fitted neither for Episcopal nor Parochial duties."

This is what we should call *narrowing the question*. But Lord Henley cannot keep to it even thus narrowed; and without seeming to know what is doing, unceremoniously turns many of these "retired students" out of their Deaneries, or rather shuts in their faces the doors of all the Cathedrals. With cruel gravity he says, "An arrangement has since been suggested, at once more *efficacious, economical, and beneficial*, by which in all cases, where residence and other circumstances would permit, *the Bishop himself should be the principal officiating minister in his own Cathedral*. Where this could be effected, *the office of Dean might be dispensed with*; where it could not, *the Dean should be converted into a Bishop*." How many Deans "might be dispensed with," we are not told; but we are told that eight new Bi-

shoprics might be endowed in consequence of such dispensations. Now, as the average of a Dean's income is stated at L.1500 per annum, and the maximum of a Bishop's at L.5000, to provide for eight Bishops, his Lordship must dispense with twenty-seven Deans; in which case, he had better take the remaining five Deans into the bargain; and as the whole sum formerly set apart by his Lordship for Deans was L.52,000, instead of talking, as he afterwards does, of L.42,000 being an ample provision for them, he should put a bold face on the matter at once, and giving dispensation to all the Deans, appoint ten new Bishops, who with such of the old as may be able to be "the principal officiating ministers in their own Cathedrals," will discharge the duties of all Deaneries, more "to God's glory," and to the eternal extinction of all "cold and pompous ceremonial."

His Lordship, however, may perhaps say, "Have I not told you that *Deans are to be converted into Bishops?*" He has told us so, and that too immediately after having told us that none were to be appointed Deans but "retired students, *fitted neither for Episcopal nor parochial duties!*" He finds fault, on one occasion, with Dr Burton's logic. An Aristotle come to judgment.

His Lordship is equally logical in his ideas on Archdeacons. In his first printed plan, he assigned, we believe, to the fifty-three persons, to whom he proposed to commit that office, the annual sum of L.11,600; and such, indeed, is the high importance of the office, and so necessary to the effectual influence of Episcopal superintendence, that those enlightened men, Professors Burton and Pusey, are of opinion that it would have been well, probably, had it been permanently provided for, by being united with Cathedral preferment. It is in itself so poorly supported, that scarcely one of all the Archdeaconries pays its own expenses; and two-fifths of the whole number of Archdeacons do now actually hold Cathedral stalls. The abolition of these stalls would preclude the Archdeacon from the prospect of any such office, as might enable him to bear his expenses; and if his duties were extended to

such minute extension as Lord Henley's plan proposes, a large parochial cure would be incompatible with the office. It is proposed that "every Bishop shall once in every year hold a visitation in his diocese, and that every Archdeacon shall once in every year visit every parish in his Archdeaconry, and make an annual report of the state of the charters, chancels, and residences, and of all other matters within his jurisdiction." Lord Henley, we have said, in his first printed plan, assigned to 53 Archdeacons L.11,600; but in his Scheme that was, on advice no doubt, withdrawn, and in lieu of it, it was there proposed that the Archdeacons' travelling expenses should be paid them, which have been calculated at L.11,377. But Dr Burton having run his Lordship rather hard, both in his arithmetic and his logic, shewing that he is no more a Cocker than an Aristotle, he very coolly says, these allowances, "may with propriety be postponed." "In a wealthier church," he admits, "it might be highly expedient to adopt them, and *even in our own hereafter!* but in the meantime, the immediate want of religious instruction is immeasurably beyond every other earthly consideration." The 53 Archdeacons, therefore, whom he at first thought deserving of L.11,600 annually among them, and on more mature reflection, of only L.11,377, he finally leaves without any provision at all!

Here his Lordship shows his hatred of all sinecures, by imposing important duties, expensive in the performance, on the best men in the Church, without any remuneration! He will not even allow them their travelling expenses, when travelling on account of that Church which he loves and venerates. There is an outcry against its idle sinecurists, therefore let its noblest servants work without receiving from the State their daily bread. Were the Church wealthy, such labourers, as they are worthy of the hire, would receive it; but it is not wealthy, therefore, they may be paid *hereafter!* *When it is richer, we presume.* "Even in our own Church hereafter!" as if Lord Henley could for a moment believe in that "hereafter," or that Church-reformers would arise to vindicate those right-

ful claims which he had set aside, and respect that justice of which he had been the first to propose, contrary to his own convictions too, the most bare-faced violation.

This is indeed sorry work. But let us—with Burton and Miller for our guides—follow his Lordship through his explanation of the means by which he proposes to make the extinction (we must not be suffered to use any other word) of Cathedral Establishments contribute to the spread of Christianity, in a land which they have so long darkened with their unhallowed shadow. He estimates the property of Deans and chapters, and of collegiate churches, at £300,000 per annum. Out of this sum, he proposes to apply £2,000 to the stipends of the Deans and Chaplains. We have fully exposed all his follies in that part of his plan, and left him without a leg to stand upon, self-contradicted by every word as it came out of his mouth. He assigns £100,000 per annum to the maintenance of those stalls which are still to be retained; but enters into no explanation, deserving the name, of this part of his plan, being, in the midst even of intended details, very fond of generalities; and the remainder, in round numbers £150,000, is to be devoted to the augmentation of small livings. "It," says Dr Burton, "Lord Henley could readily produce the sum of £150,000, which would annually be available for such a purpose, I would say nothing of his purchasing the benefit by the sacrifice of so many ancient establishments." That is an inadvertent slip of the Professor of Divinity, for we feel assured that for no such sum, nor for any sum of money, would he consent to make such a sacrifice; but he made the admission for a moment, in the certainty of being able to prove that Lord Henley was all along speaking nonsense about £150,000, and that no such augmentation of small livings could be gained by "the sacrifice of so many ancient establishments."

For, observe, there are to be eight commissioners who receive pay, an accountant general, and a quota of clerks. Say nothing of the "expenses of carrying the act into execution," and, for these officials, set down £5000. The Cathedrals are to

be kept in repair, and the churches, of which the property is vested in the corporation. The incomes of the Deans—supposing there are any—and the few remaining Prebendaries, being reduced to a settled stipend, it could not be expected that they would come forward as before, and take the burden on themselves—nor could they do so; and such repairs cannot be set down under £32,000 per annum. Then there will be the repair of at least one hundred churches belonging to the livings in Cathedral towns, of which the property is vested in the corporation, which at £25 a church, amounts to £2500. There are now twenty-five Cathedrals, in which there is daily choral service, to be continued "in the manner as heretofore," and in Lord Henley's establishment there will be thirty-two, of which the costs will be cheaply served, for £10,000 per annum. We do not very distinctly understand, in the midst of so much confusion, how in any Episcopal houses or palaces there will be under the Board of Commissioners. His scheme seems to comprehend twenty-eight Bishops, yet we hear of eight new ones; but suppose twenty-eight, and the annual repair of their residences, £5000. To that must be added £7000 for the annual repair of the houses of thirty-two Deans (in the clouds), sixty-four Chaplains (on the earth), and about a hundred Canons and Prebendaries, with duties different from those they discharged before, but with loaves over their heads kept impervious to rain. All old Archbishops and Bishops are to be pensioned off, at £5000 per annum, except the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is to have £4000; and though their retirement at the age of seventy seems to be optional, the rule, most certainly, ought either to be invariable or not exist at all. For it would be intolerable that it should depend on the judgment of the Commissioners. There are at present, at least seven persons on the Episcopal Bench, who have reached the age of seventy; their retiring pensions would amount to £24,000. The pensions to superannuated incumbents, according to Lord Henley's plan, may be safely calculated at £24,000. In cases

where Chapter preferment is now attached to Professorships, or Heads of Houses, upon the death or removal of the present possessor, "the future holder shall receive an annual payment from the corporation, equal to the average of the last three years"—a payment which will amount, probably, to about L.3000. We have not put down the L.11,000 or L.12,000 for Archdeacons and Bishops, for they "may be postponed;" but we now put them down, and with a few more items needless to mention, Dr Burton gets L.123,718 to be deducted from the L.147,400, the fund intended for the augmentation of small livings. That fund will thus amount to L.23,682; and to get hold of it, we are to extinguish the Cathedral Establishments of England!

His Lordship makes a desperate effort to break through the net the Professor has flung round him, and "a College Incumbent" comes to his relief with a pair of small blunt scissors, which he handles so missy-mantua and milliner-like—so unlike a man, we mean a master tailor—that he cannot cut through a single mesh, and the lion would give his coronet for a mouse. "You have taken your deductions," cries the prisoner, "from the residue of L.150,000, but you should have taken them from L.250,000." That will never do. It is really too bad. His lordship, in as plain figures as he could shape, out of the L.300,000, (round sums,) the whole chapter property given to the corporation, allowed L.50,000 for his Deans, &c., and L.100,000 to be applied in a specific manner to the augmentation of chapter livings. He devoted the rest, L.150,000, "towards the augmentation of country livings, the building of residences, and the building and endowment of new churches and chapels in poor and populous districts."

"But you make the expense," he cries again, "of repairing cathedrals, and churches, and choirs, equal to L.44,500,—why, they have always existed, and must always exist, under any system of administration of Cathedral service." True. But the question is, who *now* is to pay them? Will he ask the Deans and their Chaplains to pay them—to pay

L.44,500 per annum out of their stipends, amounting to L.52,600? He cannot have the face. Will he that the corporation pay them out of the L.100,000 "to be specifically applied to the augmentation of Chapter Livings?" Had he been asked, when writing the words "specifically" and "augmentation," he would have "risen to reprobate the idea." If then they are to be paid at all, whence, but from the surplus of L.150,000, for sake of which chiefly were the Cathedral establishments to be "new-modelled" or in plainer terms, overthrown?

His Lordship, like a true reformer, caught in a net, then gets rid of "the items standing fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth," on the Professor's list, by "retracting his proposal of making these payments out of the surplus of Cathedral property!" He had formerly argued very strongly in support of them, but the surplus won't bear them, and he and the "College Incumbent" now say they are not necessary! Their amount might be variously stated, for they relate to Bishops as well as Archdeacons; but all fair and honest men will agree with Prof. or Pusey, "that it would be desirable that Lord Henley hereafter should distinguish *in the plan itself*, any ulterior and contingent advantages which are to take place at some indefinite period, from those which it is hoped will be its immediate, and it is to be feared, will be its only results. For if these and other benefits, for realizing which it has been calculated that L.58,85 per annum would be required, and which now are put off to some distant day, are actually put forth as a part of the advantages of the present plan, (See Nos. XV. XXIV. XXV.) Lord Henley will scarcely escape the imputation of holding out delusive expectations."

Mr Miller, (Vicar of Pitlington, Durham,) a man who is an honour to the Church, in a somewhat different manner, equally demolishes Lord Henley's plan. With Dr Cove, he supposes the amount of the revenues to be L.270,000. We have, then, in the first place, L.52,000 per annum, allowed by Lord Henley's plan, for the salaries of a Dean and two Chaplains to each Cathedral, leaving L.218,000; and next we

have L.100,000 (which, for the sake of patronage, would unquestionably be applied) in order to enable persons to remain as Prebendaries, with livings annexed, who are to enjoy salaries from L.800 to L.1200, and from L.300 to L.500, according to the population of the new parishes. The average of L.800 and L.1200 is L.1000, and of L.300 and L.500 is L.400; and the average again of these two averages is L.700 for each office so united to a benefice; and, consequently, the L.100,000 will only augment 142 livings. We have now remaining L.118,000, and from this sum must be taken the expense of carrying the proposed act into effect, the salaries of eight paid Commissioners (for this being a new source of patronage, the number will to a certainty be filled up), the salaries of the accountant-general, and his host of clerks, the repairs of Cathedrals, Churches, and Palaces, provided for by sec. 15, the charges attending choirs, the retiring salaries provided by sec. 25 for the superannuated Bishops and Clergy, and the fruits of "a power to borrow," given by sec. 17, in order that an act, *which cannot come into full operation for twenty or thirty years*, may produce an immediate effect! For the Corporation, by Lord Henley's plan, is at first empowered to pay stipends to the amount of L.100,000 per annum, and an annual issue of Exchequer bills being made by Government to the Corporation, this will create a debt at the end of thirty years due from the Corporation of three millions.

"Now I would ask," says Mr Miller, "any practical man to shew me where there is the shadow of a chance, that, by this plan, one-twentieth part of the good will be done for the next century, in the way of general augmentation, which is done at present by Queen Anne's Bounty? And for all this, which amounts only to the improvement of 142 livings, we are to have our establishment broken up and remodelled, and the Ministers of Religion degraded into the dependants of the nominees of the servants, for the time being, of the Crown."

In conclusion of this part of the subject, let us remark, that Lord Henley, following Mr Rose, but for a very different end (for the Church of Eng-

land has not a more faithful and efficient son and servant than he,) estimates the revenues in question at L.300,000, while he is constantly telling us that he does not believe they are so much; in one place, he tells us, that they are greatly over-rated. Mr Bowles says, "that he does not believe they amount to L.200,000; and Mr Miller, speaking of Dr Cove's estimate of L.270,000, calls it "extravagantly at variance with our knowledge of the present value of property." Dr Cove, who wrote a good many years ago, in arriving at that gross sum, was guided by the war prices of land and its produce; and all those who have written or spoken upon the subject of clerical incomes, have absurdly and ignorantly added to it, in respect of improvements, although no one, who reflects a moment, can fail to know that such incomes must have generally decreased by at least one-third. Look at the landlords. What if the whole do not amount to L.200,000? Lord Henley, who is necessarily not without vague and fleeting suspicions that such may be the truth, tries to comfort himself by the assertion, "that it is unnecessary to ascertain its precise amount, as his plan is to appropriate the whole of the surplus revenue!" "But here," says Mr Miller, mildly, "I conceive his Lordship is mistaken; because upon the amount of the revenue will depend the greatness of the surplus; and upon the extent of the surplus, the title of his plan to receive a moment's consideration." The plan looks rather foolish; but its parent proceeds to defend the necessity of his offspring.

He gravely says, "it may *seem* a strong measure to diminish a chapter to one superior and two assistant ministers." It may seem a strong, but it is worse than a weak one, and in his hands it is no measure at all, for he is afterwards for doing away, as we have seen, with even his own Deans and his own Chaplains. But should any one object to the measure on the score of wrong done to some principle of right, "let us ask," says he, "for what end these establishments were instituted, and these endowments given? Doubtless for the religious instruction of the people. But if experience

convinces us that these gorgeous edifices and their numerous train of ministers have effected, and indeed, from their nature, can by possibility effect, but little for the winning of souls, and the cause of virtue and practical Christianity is it not an act of duty to turn the fund into that channel, where it may substantially advance the intentions of the pious and munificent donors?" This is all no doubt very fine, and so is this—"when the highest interests of the community, and the strong call of religion, unite with the clear will of the donor, in pointing out the necessity of an alteration in the specific mode of effecting his intentions, there should be no longer any doubt of the justice or of the propriety of varying any existing mode of distribution as to all subsequent objects of his bounty."

Now, the direct "religious instruction of the people" was not "the clear will," nor the "intentions," of the pious and munificent donors, "but the formation of Establishments wherein ministers might be trained to their duties, and Christian studies encouraged." Bishop Stillingfleet, who knew more of these matters than Lord Henley, informs us that Ethelbert, after his conversion, took care to establish two things, *Episcopalia* and *Monasteria*—Cathedral Churches and nurseries of religion and learning, to fit men for the service of the Church. To this distinct statement of Stillingfleet, and others of a similar kind, Professor Pusey says nothing need be added with regard to the older times, except that even in those establishments, which, as the Professor more directly or indirectly characterizes, provision was made for study. The duties of a resident, besides the attendance on divine service, are said to be "to undertake any public duties, burdens, and labour, for the common benefit of the Church; in his leisure to give good heed to study; to seek wisdom, and to feed the brethren and the clergy of the Church with the word of God." These foundations, then, were originally given for the promotion of pious learning, and they were its preservers in the worst of times. Nor was their object altered at the Reformation. The only change then

made in such as were retained, was their transference from the regular to the secular clergy. Even those which were now for the first time established by Henry on Cathedral foundations, were only a renovation of the monasteries which he had iniquitously dissolved. What does Crammer, whom Lord Henley chooses to quote when he thinks it may serve his purpose, say in the "Reformation of the Ecclesiastical Laws?" Among other things, establishing Mr Pusey's account of these Establishments, "The Deans should be learned men, distinguished for sound judgment, and they should aid the Bishop within the Cathedral Church, as should the Archdeacons without, as his two most useful and necessary members." The Prebendaries were to provide that the Holy Scriptures should be explained in their choir three times in the week, "by a learned man, and well-skilled theologian," from which lecture no resident member of a Cathedral was to absent himself; and those who enjoyed ecclesiastical benefices, "had been wont to have a dispensation from all direct and positive duties." We have not room to follow Professor Pusey through all his instructive details, but he shows that the Cathedral institutions were intended in a double way to be seminaries of theological learning, both in that the Prebendaries themselves were to be engaged in such studies, and to be learned men, and in that they were either to communicate, or care to be communicated, such knowledge to others. He shews that neither at their original institution nor at the time of the Reformation was it intended that the Cathedral Clergy should be what they have now mostly become, a *parochia*, or, as they are called, a "working clergy;" as if, says Mr Pusey well, "the labours of a literary clergy were less continuous, or less exhausting, or as if the annals of our Church did not present as many cases of those who had fallen martyrs to her service in this way as in her more direct ministrations. The reform, in truth, which is needed to restore these institutions, "according to the will of the donor," is exactly the contrary to what is now on different sides proposed. The mere

prebend, or the sinecurist, such as he is held up by the unprincipled journalists, to delude or to incite the feelings of the laity, exists only in the imaginations of these persons; the fact is, that the members of our chapters have too little of the leisure which it was intended they should have; they have mostly important, some very extensive and ill-endowed cures; their residence at the Cathedrals generally falls much below the period of absence which it is even now proposed to allow *all* clergy, and even then they mostly preach on the Sundays. They have, in fact, no more repose than what is allowed to every civil officer; they have none, for such works as our ancestors produced. When those who have no religion in themselves are so eager, under a pretence of furthering religion, to destroy these bulwarks, it may to us, if we will not blind ourselves, be an evidence of their value. Under whatever plea, then, it may be attempted to apply the property of any ecclesiastical corporation for the purpose of providing a parochial ministry, and divert it from those to which its donors destined it, it must be on some other ground than that of the "clear will of the donor."

Professor Pusey does not, nor shall we, take the trouble of paying much attention, at present, to Lord Henley's haughty dictum, that "no one now maintains the inviolability of corporate rights, when a clear case of public necessity or expediency demands this sacrifice." Necessity has no law. It is the "tyrant's plea" with which he has ever "excused his devilish deeds." But expediency has its laws, and Lord Henley must be laughed at with scorn, on applying them to such a plan as his, by which would be destroyed the most *useful and serviceable* establishments that ever guarded religion. In his blindness, people who have the use of their eyes will not suffer him to legislate for them; they will look to such men as Professor Pusey and other "burning and shining lights," (a favourite expression of his Lordship,) and listen with perfect conviction of the truth of all they say when they declare, "that such establishments are devoted to promote the highest interests of the public, while a larger

proportion of their income flows back to the public than from any other species of property; that they are open to the public; that there is no one to whom, so soon as he qualifies himself for them, every office in the Church is not open. And those who speak so much of the Church, as distinct from the people, would be amazed, if they examined the lives of our divines and dignitaries, and saw how many of these eminent and excellent men were the sons of tradesmen, farmers, and mechanics." These institutions alone are, as Dr Hacket said, in his triumphant speech before another tribunal in another time, "the common possession of the realm, lying open to all that will qualify themselves to get a part in them. *They are not enclosed in private men's estates, but they are the commons of the kingdom.*"

Lord Henley has told us that these establishments "have effected, and, indeed, from their nature can by possibility effect, but little for the winning of souls, and the cause of vital and practical Christianity." But a far wiser than he has said, "these institutions were the nurseries of most of our chief Divines who were the glory of the English name; in them these great men consolidated the strength which has been so beneficial to the Church; to them, and to our Universities, are our Church and nation indebted for the mightiest works which have established her faith, or edified her piety." It is shameful to his Lordship to need to be told truths which elevate every Christian heart that beats with love for its country, and glories in all that has made her, with all her faults, good as well as great. It may be dry, says Mr Pusey, to "review a catalogue of names;" no, not dry, for there is a magic in every name; the meanest among them all is mighty; and we should like to see his Lordship's list of "burning and shining lights" set alongside of this illustrious line—of men who have done as much as they did, living and dying, "for vital and practical Christianity."

"On opening then Willis' History of the Cathedrals, there occurs before the year 1728, when the account closes, the names of Hammond, Sanderson, Gastrell, South, Smalridge,

Samuel and *John Fell*, Aldrich, Archbishop Wake, Archbishop *Poiter*, *Allestree*, Owen, *Pococke*, and Hyde; among the Deans of Peterborough again, are *Jackson* [on the Creed], *Cosins* [Scholastical History of the Canon], *Simon Patrick*, and Kidder; among the Canons, Lively (one who was most depended upon in the present translation of the Bible), and Thomas Greaves, an eminent Professor of Arabic in this place. In Ely, further, we find *Bentley*, among the Archdeacons; among the Prebendaries, Archbishop *Parker*, Bishop *Pearson*, *Spencer*, *Lightfoot*, *Whitgift*. Among the Prebendaries of Canterbury, again, we find Ridley, Alexander Nowell, Samuel Parker, Archbishop Tenison, Tillotson, Stillington, Castell [Polyglot Bible and Lexicon], Beveridge, Mil[Gr. Text, &c.]; (besides that it gave refuge to Isaac Vossius, the Casaubons, Saravia, Ochinus, and Du Moulin, as Windsor did to De Dominis, and the Cathedral of Oxford to a much brighter name, Peter Martyr.) Nor have we, as yet, even among names so valuable, included many of the most revered of our Divines; besides these, were members of Cathedrals, (I mention such names as occur, many I have omitted,) *Bell*, *Waterland*, *Cudworth*, Archbishop *Lauch*, Bishop *Andrews*, P. Heylin, Dean Barlow, Bishop *Bilson*, *Hales* (of Eton), Bishop Gibson, and in a corresponding situation in the Irish Church, Archbishop *Usher*, as in later times Dean Graves and Archbishop Magee; B. *Walton* [Polyglot Bible], Fox [Acts and Monuments], Atterbury, Allix, H. Priccaux, Shuckford, Bishop Hall, Bishop Conybeare, Bishop Newton, William Lloyd (Bishop of Asaph), Bishop and Dean Chandler, the Sherlocks, the Lowths, Bishop Hare, Dean Comber, Bishop Wilkins, Cave, Outram, Mangrey, Jenkin, Derham, Biscoe, Chapman [Eusebius], Bulguy, Whitby, Bullock, Warburton, Zachary Pearce, Bishops Fleetwood, Horsley, Hoibery, Kennicott, Randolph, Holmes [LXX], Dean Miller, &c.—so that with the exception of Bingham, who reckons it not the least part of his happiness, that ‘Providence having removed me from the University where the best supplies of learning are to be had,

placed me in such a station as gives me opportunity to make use of so good a library (Winchester), though not so perfect as I should wish;—with this, and the exception of those who were Heads of Colleges, as Barrow, or constantly resided at them, as Mede or Hody, it would be difficult to name many authors of elaborate or learned works, who were not members of Chapters.”

That Lord Henley, a man of birth, worth, education, and talent, should have always been ignorant of that array is impossible; he has lost his memory on one great department of knowledge, and some strange sponge has wiped away all such impressions from the surface of his brain. How he must wonder at the following fine passage from Bowles:—

If Dissenters from the Church could furnish such a host, from age to age, of virtuous, pious, and learned men as have issued in defence of Christianity from this arena of our cathedrals alone—men who have merited so well of their country—men who headed the Reformation, and were burnt at the stake for so doing—men who translated the Bible—had caused it to be set up in

church—men who, in imprisonment, stood in front of the Revolution of 1688 to which religious toleration is so much indebted—men who have enriched this country with science and general knowledge, Chamberlands, Wards, Derhams, Paleys, &c.; nay, taking one, our humble chapter alone, if from all their ranks they can produce other Jewels, like Bishop Jewel; other Hookers, like Richard the prebendary; other Chillingworths, like Chancellor Chillingworth, of Sarum; other Nath Wards, Sherlocks, Hoadleys, Burnets, Douglasses, not omitting the living most pious, charitable, and learned Bishop Burgess—and a Dean as accomplished and truly Christian as Pearson;—if any religious community, like ours, had kept in repair and pristine beauty these ancient and majestic structures for six hundred years—if any religious community had produced works of learning and piety, such as will last as long as the language in which they are written will last, and such as will be read, if virtue and learning remain, when the majestic and so-

lemon towers under whose shades they were composed, may be a wreck;—if they had scattered over their country as many works of piety, learning, and charity as those prelates, and deans, and chapters, have done, for myself, and, I hope, there would be but *one voice* from all these hallowed structures, I would say, with far different feelings from those of Mr Hume, three hundred thousand! yes, ten times three hundred thousand, if there ‘be ANY VIRTUE, if there be ANY PRAISE,’ in an enlightened, opulent, cultivated, and generous Protestant Christian land.”

But the question may be tried in many other ways; and Professor Pusey has wisely instructed us to ask—who were the persons selected for great and important undertakings but the members of endowed foundations? Of the forty-seven persons “who were intrusted with the remoulding of our English version, and produced that beautiful and classic work, which of all translations most breathes the spirit of the divine original,” six only were Parochial Ministers. The rest, as far as we know, were Members of Cathedrals, or Professors, Heads, or Fellows of Colleges. Who were the nine who assisted the Bishops in the Hampton-Court conference? Six had, before their expulsion, Cathedral preferment, and were mostly Deans; Jewell and Guest were Fellows of College. Of one only the station is not known. When the bill for abolishing Deans and Chapters was brought into the Long Parliament, Dr Hackett, whom we have already quoted, maintained their cause, and spoke before those who had been able to refute him, had he spoken what was not the truth. The question was concerning “the continuing such lands to *their ancient*, or directing them to other, but neither for alienating them from public and pious employment.” Such weight had his speech, that had the alienating of such lands been then put—(See Fuller’s Church History, where he gives an epitome of the speech)—it was thought it would “have been carried in the negative by more than six score suffrages.” Let Lord Henley read that epitome in Fuller, or the report of it in Nalson and

Rushworth, or its substance contained in the petition of the University of Oxford, which was printed at the same time; and let him refute one argument in it, and he shall, on the first vacancy, be made Master of the Rolls. “Its statements,” says Mr Townsend, “were considered as unanswerable then, and they remain so to the present hour.” Yet a short Parliament, worse than the Long, may whiff them away like withered leaves.

But how small a portion of the eminent men who were fostered by those establishments are those whose works have been transmitted to us, and form the main part of our present theology! Hundreds died after having, in the beautiful language of Professor Pusey, fulfilled “their allotted portion in transmitting to other hands the sacred torch of divine knowledge which shall beam from the one end of the Christian course to the other; and though their own lamp be extinguished, still it is in part to them that we are indebted for the light with which we are now surrounded.”

Not less beautifully does Mr Bowles, after speaking of the “imperishable monuments of piety and various learning” raised by the Chapter-clergy, say “it is not from any feelings of invidious distinctions that I say this, for I believe, taking the history of the Church from the Reformation, it can be proved, and warmly do I appreciate the invaluable services of that body of pious and most exemplary men, whose reward for their labour is often only the consciousness of doing their duties, the approval of God, and the tears which unknown and unnoticed they have wiped away.—and personally I know many in their silent retirements as amiable as Tillotson, as learned as Hooker, as eloquent as Sherlock—fit to adorn the highest stations, the possessors of humble vicarages;—but I speak of facts when I speak of the services rendered to a Christian country by those of Cathedral-Chapters alone.” The name of Bowles himself, Canon of Salisbury, will live for ever on the noble catalogue; and Lord Henley might hang down his head on being asked by that voice, “Shall national parsimony, in front of twenty Cathedrals,

drals, silent, majestic, and grey with years—standing amidst the stir and noise and smoke of opulent commerce, *hacker* about the remuneration, when the palaces of the metropolitan blacking-men are more splendid than those of the Bishop of London, when there are ten thousand golden merchants to one golden Prebendary?" And what property, he eloquently asks, "supports these *drones*? The '*earnings*,' as it has been audaciously said, of the poor? No: their own ancient property in land, with titles more ancient, and in every respect as good and legal as those of any lord of the land. They are supported by lands, some possessed long before the Conquest; which lands, the tyrant and conqueror of the kingdom, though he transferred the ownership, did not dare to touch; which lands continued uninjured through the reign of the rapacious Henry VIII.; which were alienated for a short time by the solemn robbers of the 17th century; which were restored in 1660; and which yet remain to encourage learning and piety."

Let any one read a few pages of Lord Henley's Plan, so halting in the hesitation, we had almost said, of conscious guilt, and then the following flowing and glowing pages of Mr Bowles speaking in the sacred cause of his Sion, and he will feel the difference in power between an English clergyman glorying in the shadow of that Cathedral of which he delights to perform the services, from his lips "no cold ceremonial," and an English nobleman instigated by some dull demon, to shear the beams of the Fabric, famous of old, and still illustrious in the dedicated spirits that minister at its altars.

"According to the Plan before us," says Mr Bowles, "the residentiaries are to be dismissed—their freeholds, which all the tyrants in the kingdom, except the *covenanting saints* and *Cromwell*, spared—to be diverted. The *Dean*, with a new and more '*scriptural name*,' to superintend the whole duty of the cathedral, having two assistants, he and they to be *NINE MONTHS* resident, attending the cathedral service as at present, I suppose—*twice every day, without intermission*! He for his nine months to have ~~from~~ a thousand to twelve hundred

a-year stipend, and they, *two hundred each*! And this is the spirit of your Lordship's deeply considered plan of Cathedral Reform!—of 'robbing Peter to pay Paul.' The stipendiary Dean, with a more *spiritual* appellation, and his two ecclesiastical aides-de-camp, to be paid out of a 'commissioner's' *bag*, and all the present establishments to be as the '*baseless fabric of a vision*!'

"I contend for no abuses; but let us calmly compare the original intention of the pious founders. According to the statutes of most Cathedrals in England, there is an endowment in land, to keep up the fabric—to support the Bishop, Dean, Prebendaries or Canons, superintending, *twice daily*, the Cathedral services—to maintain the clerical readers, singing men, and choristers—and to educate, clothe, and apprentice the last.

"The form of Cathedral service has been the same from the time of the Reformation to this day. The mass, and all rites deemed superstitious, have been abolished; *the Bible is open*; the most ancient decent habits are retained, which were used long *before* what can be called *Papery*; the praises of God, in the Psalms, are *chanted*—as by their *inspired author they were 'sung,' and not said*; and the anthems sung, are from the *sublime and affecting words* of the same *divine* author, not mere miserable *metrical* travesties! Such has been the service in our Cathedral since Bishop Jewel—save only at that period spoken of, when all chapter lands were sold, and the choirs silent. The venerable Establishment has survived that fanatic storm, and we might say,

'*Merses profundo, pulerior evenit.*'

"So stands our Sion, graceful, venerable, beautiful, and majestic, in the open light of Heaven, through the sunshine or storm of centuries, appealing to the eyes BIBLE and the most ancient and primitive Liturgies, for the simplicity, and yet impressiveness, of her public worship. So stands our beautiful Cathedral, resounding daily with its sublime, not 'cold and formal,' services, as it has done for upwards of six hundred years."

It must always be difficult—often

impossible for a parochial minister to find leisure, and opportunity, and books, for any elaborate work." How many books are required for a compilation in divinity! What reading must have gone to that most useful work by Hartwell Horne! The period of residence at the Universities has been much diminished; and the vast increase of our population has made onerous and exhausting parochial duties. In no portion, indeed, of the Christian Church, says Professor Pusey, are the parochial ministers, however well instructed, the literary clergy—not even in Germany, where, more than in any other country, they do engage in literary pursuits. The main portion of written theology is the production of Professors. 'Tis the same in Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, and Scotland. "And are these the times," he asks, "in which we may content ourselves with one avenue only of introducing Christianity to the minds of the people, the direct ministrations of the clergy, and omit that other great instrument, which is now exerting so fearful a power, the Press? Or shall we, again, be satisfied with such works as men can send forth in the midst of occupations which exhaust their whole strength, and think that we can therewith withstand the torrent of Naturalism, Rationalism, Socinianism, and indifference, which will, if God avert not, be poured upon our land." Lord Henley can see no other way of promoting "vital Christianity" but by "a working clergy." He alludes, indeed, to some of the great divines of the Church; but his longest list is of eminent Dissenters. He may pretend to speak reverently of mighty theologians, but his heart is not with them; and he sees but empty or crowded churches; no visions has he of the still, lamp-lit study of the learned recluse, devoting his life to the elucidating of the Scriptures. The provision made for them, to support, to encourage, in our sense, to create them, he would curtail; for the "nation" is growing noisy against such useless waste, the thoughtful, instructed, wise, and religious nation, and grudges not only the more splendid rewards (they are not many) which may, as

things now are, brighten the once obscure lot of a few fortunate scholars, whose labours were truly labours of love in the sanctuary of the closet, but grudges even the competence, the pittance, which, in the establishments he seeks to ruin, is found by many only very late in life. He seems to have no affectionate feelings of a personal kind for the men themselves—to be insensible to the inappreciable good they are thus enabled to do, which had else remained undone for ever. "The only remaining provision for what every portion of the Church of Christ has thought necessary for its well-being, a learned and studious clergy, is our Cathedral Institutions. And shall we," asks Professor Pusey, "in such times destroy these?"

Almost all our Defences of the Faith have been, as he has already shewn, the produce of the Cathedral Institutions; almost every work which has enriched English theology. Look at the living. He names Bishops Van Mildert, Marsh, Sumner, Philpotts, Archbishop Laurence, Mr Davison, and Benson, Deans Ireland, Chandler, Wodehouse, Archdeacons Goddard and Wingham, Dr Nott and Barton, Professor Lee, Mr Vaux, Townsend, Slade, Bishop Gray, Dr Spry, Professor Fausset; and among heads of Colleges, Dr Routh, Bishop Coplestone, Archbishop Whately, Bishop Gray, Dr Wordworth, Dr French, and Mr Rogers, Canon of Exeter. But why extend the list—Lord Henley—for he is obstinate—will still stick to his libel. "They have effected, and indeed, from their nature, can by possibility effect but little for the winning of souls, and the cause of vital and practical Christianity!"

Lord Henley ought, even at the eleventh hour, to look into the history of the Establishments which, with a solemn air of ignorant rashness, he has been doing all in his power to destroy. Because other Protestant Churches have no Cathedral endowments, have they no corresponding institutions for the maintenance and supply of a learned Clergy? Professor Pusey will instruct him that they have; and will shew him that were these endowments destroyed, Eng-

land would have cause to be ashamed of herself before even foreign principalities, that are petty in comparison with her magnificent provinces.

Then, with what a sleek look—it is not even sly—does his Lordship slur over the word sinecure—on which, nevertheless, his whole argument depends. We have shewn that he knows nothing of the origin of Cathedral Establishments. But he enumerates, plausibly to people as ignorant as himself, *duties* which their members, he says, do not perform, and having done so, seems half to believe that he has shewn their offices to be sinecures. “If,” says Professor Pusey, “there be real labour bestowed, and real service performed, it matters not in what way the person so labouring be supported.” He certainly is no sinecurist. The truth is, as all well-informed persons know, and as Mr Bowles has stated with great animation, that many of the members of these establishments do perform, and most conscientiously, many of those very duties which Lord Henley says they do not; and he also states, with equal animation, what all well-informed persons know, that many of the members of these establishments are likewise among the best of the Parochial Clergy, at the same time that they are learned Theologians. This may be a departure, perhaps, from the purposes of the Foundation; but it surely is not one Lord Henley will condemn. And he likewise states, what all well-informed persons know, that the “splendid rewards” of two-thirds of these “six hundred dignitaries,” (we should like to see the six hundred) are inadequate to keep the “dignitaries” in cassocks and shovel-hats and a one-horse chaise. But we shall speak more on details another time; and conclude our refutation of Lord Henley’s great Argument of the Juxtaposition, with a sentence from that other admirable pamphlet (Pusey’s) we have so often quoted, which all should read who wish to see the question treated in all its bearings. “On the one hand, they set forth the neglected state of our large towns, or our mining districts, or our scattered agricultural population; on the other, insulated, or at all events incidental, abuses in the appointments

to our large Cathedral Establishments. And without further enquiry into the expediency or justice of the case, it is thought that a double benefit would be conferred upon the Church, *by providing for the one through the extinction of the other!*”

It might seem invidious to mention the names of the living, but it would be delightful to do so, who, under “the shade and shelter of the noble strength” of those Fabrics, are dedicating their lives to divine studies, as did of old the pious and learned Fathers of the Foundations, or who are (inconsistent sinecurists!) dispensing from their lips vital soul-instruction, and from their hands vital body-sustenance, to the poor. Among them, now as of old, are seen, conspicuous among the most eminent in erudition, all-accomplished scholars, in whose presence sciolists would grow pale; preachers powerful in persuasive or convincing eloquence, which they have studied, not in the schools alone of Greece and of Rome, though familiar with those noble languages to them living, and to most of their contemners dead,—but in a school as high and far holier, that of the illustrious Divines of England, with the immortal Jeremy at its head,—and in a school far surpassing them all, that of St Paul,—and in a school which many modern teachers do now despise, humble, indeed, but Heavenly, raised by Him who uttered for all generations the Sermon on the Mount, and for them all, because of their sinfulness, who died upon the Cross.

Were we to make a pleasant pilgrimage through England, and pass a summer’s day under the shadow of each old Cathedral, thinking on the men who “in long procession calm and beautiful,” have ministered at their altars; and as the living passed before us, doing no more than mere justice to their virtues, nor seeking to hide from ourselves their faults or frailties, we should, unless our self-esteem were overweening indeed, feel that we were in the ideal presence of many before whom it was fitting we should veil our eyes in reverence, in the real presence of not a few, whom to equal would be great glory, to fall short

of their deservings no shame, to imitate and emulate their example our desire and delight.

Mr Bowles, "a fond adorer of departed fame," and a lover of all living excellence, takes a look with such feelings at Durham, at St Paul's, at Bristol, and exults in many a time-honoured name. But with peculiar pride and more especial affection he thinks of his own Salisbury; and we must grace our pages with its list of worthies, which he gives in answer to some nonsense in the Edinburgh Review.

"I will, therefore, take the Chapter of Sarum, as the one with which I am most acquainted, saying nothing of Jewell, Chillingworth, Hooker—bishop, chancellor, and prebendary. The period demanded also excludes Burnet. Enter, then, from the chapter of Salisbury—

"1. Prebendary Martin Benson, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, author of many eminent theological works.

"2. Bishop Hoadly, of whom I need not say a word.

"3. Bishop Sherlock, ditto.

"4. Bishop Douglas. A Scotchman, who might have been, but for our universities and cathedrals, an unknown minister of an obscure kirk.

"5. Bishop Burgess. Founded a college, as well as being an eminent scholar and divine.

"6. Dean Pearson. Author of the most interesting Life of Claudius Buchanan, and now engaged in writing the Life of that humble man of God, Swartz, with whose name India and Christian Europe resounds.

"7. Archdeacon Stebbing. Various learned theological works.

"8. Archdeacon Daubeny. *Built a church!* as well as wrote a 'Guide' to it—the work of a profound Protestant theologian.

"9. Archdeacon Coxe, who has thrown much new and interesting light on the historical periods on which he has treated.

"10. Prebendary Gilpin. Sermons, Essays, and Life of Gilpin, of Durham.

"11. Prebendary and Archdeacon Dodwell. Various learned and distinguished works, particularly on the Athanasian creed.

"12. Canon Bampton. If not a writer himself—*qui facit per alium facit per se*, he was the munificent founder of that Lecture in Oxford, which has produced a White, a living Bishop Mant, eminent as a divine—eminent as a pious poet—eminent in learning and virtues—and a successive host, many most distinguished and learned, as Lawrence, Archbishop, &c.

"13. Prebendary Gloucester Ridley. Author of Life of Ridley, his great ancestor, school-fellow, at Winchester, with Bishop Lowth, author of Dissertation on the Syriac Language, and various works of learning and imagination.

"14. Robert Holmes, collated prebendary, 1790. Oxford Poetry Professor, and Editor of the Septuagint—a work of the greatest labour, learning, and importance.

"15. John Clarke, Dean. The friend of Sir Isaac Newton and Dr Samuel Clarke, translator of Grotius, author of Enquiry into the Cause and Origin of Moral Evil, &c.—a work of deep research and great knowledge.

"16. Robert Charles Blayne, prebendary, collated 1797. The learned Hebraist, author of Commentaries on Daniel, &c.

"17. French Lawrence, prebendary of the prebend possessed by Camden. Lawrence, brother to Archbishop Lawrence, it is well known, was the intimate friend of Edmund Burke, whom he assisted in all his great works, author of some of the happiest effusions of humour in verse, but author of a far more valuable religious work, published after his death by the Archbishop.

"18. Shute Barrington. Excellent and eloquent Sermons, &c. but more distinguished as having dispensed, in munificent charities, *one hundred thousand pounds*.

"19. Prebendary Faber. Mythologist, of various learning, and eminent theologian.

"20. Bevens, Archdeacon. Author of several excellent works relating to the Church.

"21. I may be indulged in adding the name of my friend. Canon Macdonald, the nephew of Bishop Douglas, and author of his Life.

"22. Canon Clarke—my coadjutor

in defence of Winchester College, and author of many eloquent Sermons and Charges.

"23. Having extended the number so far beyond the Critic's, including his *one poet*, now behold a name with which he must be familiar—ALISON, prebendary of Sarum.

"24. Lastly, though 'the list might be extended,' let me conclude with mentioning that accomplished young man, (Rennell,) of the highest learning, piety, and promise, cut off, as he was about to shine among the foremost ranks of his profession,—the accomplished son of a most accomplished scholar, my friend, the present Dean of Winchester.

"Here are, then, from *one Chapter alone*, and *within* the prescribed period, twenty-four scholars and theologians, many of whom will rank with any the Critic has produced. Jewell, and Chillingworth, and Hooker (prebendary), are cut off, as I have said; and Seth Ward, one of the founders of the Royal Society; and Bishop Burnet, who, if he had not been of the English Church, might have lived in an obscure manse, and Edward Pocock, second only to his father in knowledge of the Arabic and Hebrew languages."

Yet is the Chapter of Sarum in no ways distinguished above other Chapters; Archdeacon Wraughton could "shew cause" for honouring the foundation of which he is one of the brightest ornaments, as triumphantly as Canon Bowles in behalf of that which his genius adorns; and Prebendary Townsend has, in reproof of Lord Henley's sneer, not feared to speak of his brethren, and to name those whom it pleased Lord King (now dead—while his coadjutor in brutal abuse of all clergymen, Lord Teynham, is worse than dead—to call "Monks and Friars."

"If I look to the present Members of the Church of Durham, I am no less presented with arguments of a similar description. It may provoke a smile, or it may seem invidious to mention some of them; but how shall I pass by such men as Gisborne, who in his youth was reckoned among the worthies of England—or Gray, the Bishop of Bristol, who, as a young man, published the most useful book in the language on the Old Testament; and lately,

in his mature age, with the meekness we demand of the Bishop, and with the firmness we admire in a martyr, preached in his Cathedral at Bristol, while the service was interrupted, and his congregation disturbed, by assassins, threatening his life with danger, and his palace with burning? Why should I not mention Sumner, the Bishop of Chester, distinguished alike by scholarship, usefulness, and by unpretending piety. Why should I omit Gilly, the Traveller among the Waldenses, who has gained by his labours, the honour of riveting the attention of Europe to the Mountains of Piedmont; and who has pointed out, to the astonished world, that the Papal corruption had not contaminated the Churches of the Alps? I could name Thorp, who was pronounced both by his Diocesan, and by the Prime Minister of England, when addressing the first assembly in the world, to be worthy of the purest times of our Church. I could mention others also of our society, who, though not so publicly known, are no less distinguished as excellent scholars, as good parochial clergymen, and as blameless and irreproachable men."

And who, pray, it may be asked, is Mr Townsend? Lord Henley, perhaps, never heard his name. We shall let Mr Townsend tell us who he is in his own words.

"Twenty years have now elapsed since the writer of this letter was ordained to acuracy of sixty pounds a-year, in the Fens of Ely. He was at that time without hope, or prospect, or influential friend. No one of the unbeneficed working clergy could have had less reason to anticipate the higher preferments of the Church, than the Curate in the Fens. But the study of theology was that which he deemed to be alone exclusively worthy of attention; and he devoted himself to that study with a perseverance which enabled him eventually to accomplish a work, (the Arrangement of the Old and New Testament, in Chronological and Historical Order, &c. &c. &c.) which from its unpretending usefulness, was received with favour by Churchmen, Methodists, and Dissenters. God had made it to prosper. Shute Barrington, the late Bishop of Durham, a name never to

be pronounced without honour, by all who value piety, benevolence, and every quality which can adorn a Christian Bishop, rewarded the author, by appointing him to that station which he now holds in the Church. The poor Curate, without interest, or patronage, or corrupt influence of any kind, is elevated from obscurity to distinction, from small resources to more ample revenue, solely on account of his persevering and unwearied labours in the cause of his Divine Master; and he has learned to consider, from this, and from many other instances of a similar nature, that thousands of the beneficed and unbeneficed working Clergy, (to use a strange and modern phrase,) by the continuance of these appointments, which are open to all, whether from the peasantry or the peerage, would be encouraged to labour, to perseverance, and to hope. I am certainly desirous that future Bishops of Durham should be able to reward other unpretending and humble labourers in the vineyard; and that other successors should follow me in the stall at Durham. I cannot believe that any of the proposed 'splendid prizes' which your Lordship is willing to substitute in the place of these appointments, after you have abolished the Deans and Chapters, will be either more attractive, or more acceptable to the Clergy, or be less exposed to attack and censure from the people, than those higher offices, which the Church, as at present constituted, is able to command."

And who pray, it may be asked, is one Lee? Lord Henley perhaps never heard of him, but Mr Bowles shall tell us—"the obscure and humble Lee, who, beginning life a common carpenter, is now the pious and learned residentiary of Bristol. The history of this amiable and accomplished character is most extraordinary. He was a country carpenter—struggling with difficulties—teaching himself Greek, Latin, Hebrew, &c.—an humble example of virtue and piety, as well as of extraordinary learning—now, by the patronage of the Lord Chancellor Brougham, (and who would pluck such honours from such men?) a Prebendary of Bristol! As to Deans, in the present day, the Dean of Bristol is distin-

guished for learning, and his character so excellent, that the ruffians, on the days of terror, passed him uninjured; whilst the Bishop, as learned and good, with noble intrepidity, did his public duty in the face of the flames. Many other *Deans* are equally distinguished by their learning and character: let me be indulged in mentioning the Dean of Winchester, Dr Rennell, with every prayer that he may be preserved many years; Dr Copleston, Dean of St Paul's; Dr Ireland, Dean of Westminster; my friend, Dr Pearson, Dean of Salisbury, &c. As one translation of the Bible is called the *Bishops'*, the other, which is that now in use, so simple, yet so beautiful, might be called the *Deans'* Bible, as so many were engaged in it!"

And who was Nicol? A poor and humble Scotch lad, from somewhere about Aberdeen, who had the good fortune to be an exhibitor at Balliol, without powerful friend or patron, for though illustrious he thought himself obscure, but who on the fame of his wondrous acquirements in Oriental lore, found himself one morning, to his astonishment and incredulity, appointed Regius Professor of Hebrew and Canon of Christchurch—in his career of honour and usefulness, alas! too soon cut off, but succeeded, on the same grounds, by one perhaps his equal, Edward Bouverie Pusey, to whom Heaven grant a longer life!

And this brings us to say a few words on a paragraph in Lord Henley's "Church Reform" regarding Patronage. "Parliamentary Interest, Family connexions, or party gratitude, have in general filled up all vacancies as they have arisen, with the sons, the brothers, and the tutors of Ministers and of their adherents." Not so—we have shewn it has not been so; but pity 'tis and shame that such a charge against our Governments may be, in too many cases, urged with truth, as it was urged in a letter written by one of the best of men, inserted in this Magazine (September 1832), and quoted by Lord Henley, though it powerfully supports principles which his Lordship cannot set aside—above all Good Faith with the church in all plans touching her endowments. Would it not, then, asks Dr Burton,

be "more reasonable in him to write upon State Reform than upon Church Reform? It now appears that the Church is the suffering and not the offending party. She has all these evils inflicted on her by ambitious or irreligious statesmen; and yet she is abused, as if she were herself the cause of all the evil. Lord Henley mentions the case of the Earl of Bridgewater, who 'drew the magnificent income of one of the golden stalls of Durham while living at Paris.' I merely ask who gave him a dispensation from residing at Durham? The Crown. In the same way we might go through almost every case of abuse, which is mentioned by Lord Henley and other Church Reformers. I have no wish to say that the Church is free from blame. In a body of 15,000 persons, there must be many, I fear, who are forgetful of their clerical character, and traitors to the Master whom they pretend to serve. Most earnestly do I wish that the Government and the Legislature would make it more and more difficult for a clergyman to neglect his duty. *At quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* The Government may at this moment, without any Act of Parliament, prevent nearly all the abuses which are mentioned by Lord Henley. And yet these abuses exist. Surely, then, Church Reform means more than is generally intended by that expression?"

We like to hear the accredited champions of the Church speaking, to see them "standing up for their own order," for they use better words than ours, and not one of them all has spoken more temperately, firmly, truly, and wisely, than Professor Pusey. If offices consecrated for the advancement of Christianity have been abused, "is that a reason that we should cast them aside, as if, having once been desecrated, they were unfit for farther use? Were it not far better to dedicate them anew to the service to which they were first appointed? Nay, even, which were a far worse case, supposing that in those times when the system had been thus forced upon the Church, and it had become an almost acknowledged principle, that in the disposal of Church Patronage, preference was to be given to friendship or relationship, some of those who

had been thus appointed to its higher offices, themselves exercised their patronage in the like manner,—still this would naturally cease with the introduction of a better system, and *it has already in a great measure ceased.* At all events, it might furnish ground for protesting, in God's name, against such abuse, but could not *alone* be a sufficient reason for abolishing offices which will render essential service to God's Church, as soon as they shall be rightly bestowed. This, indeed, as well as every other evil, will be found on closer inspection to have been exaggerated; distance and indistinctness magnify objects. In our own Cathedral, not one-half have been appointed upon any interest whatever, and others, I doubt not, are similarly situated. At the worst, no one would argue on any other case, that the abuse of any institution, or of any gift of God, was an argument against its use; how then, when the Church has not wilfully been thus degraded, when against its own protest its offices have been thus profaned?"

The evil done to the Church by bold, bad, and ambitious Ministers of State has been great — far greater than ever they in their wickedness could foresee; "let us not by continuing their sin, entitle ourselves to the heritage of their punishment, or, because they have mutilated and maimed one of the fairest edifices ever erected to the service of God, ourselves wantonly destroy it, instead of restoring it to its original beauty and strength."

But will Lord Henley, if blind to such high yet plain truths as these, deny, that for years past, appointments to those places in the Church which were originally erected for the rewards of learning, have generally been given to men of worth? He must know that there never was a time when virtue, talent, genius, erudition, were more certain of promotion in the Church than *now*. Let him but look at the Bench. But he need not look so high to see that elevating truth. All the meritorious cannot get advancement equal to their merit. That happens in no profession. But a mitre need be the object of hopeless ambition to no man who is worthy to wear it, however humble his birth. And the brows of many

who have worn it are "illustrious, not by courtesy," but in the brightness of moral worth and intellectual power, and in the halo of Piety and Faith.

Lord Henley, speaking of the spirit of the age, says "that the voice of the nation is demanding in every public functionary a higher degree of zeal, and purity, and virtue; that abuses are no longer deemed sacred because they are venerable, nor improvements rejected as rash because they are extensive." There is much matter for doubt, perhaps dissent, in that short sentence; but we hope that the first clause contains the truth. If it be true that the nation "demands in every public functionary a higher degree of zeal and purity and public virtue," will not that demand operate as powerfully and beneficially on the clergy as on the laity—on ministers of religion as on ministers of State? Let the present race of incumbents in the English Cathedral Establishments, of whom his Lordship thinks so meanly, die out; and he is willing to allow them to do so by natural deaths, and not of starvation—being horrified at the notion of intermeddling with the undeserved incomes of the living, and a legislator but for the unborn—and England will see a race of Bishops, Deans, Archdeacons, Canons, and Prebendaries, worthy of her Church. All "public functionaries having higher degrees of zeal, and purity, and public virtue," all Crown appointments will be made in wisdom. There will be no want of men worthy to make up the "six hundred dignitaries;" candidates there will be none for any holy office—but an enlightened King, advised by enlightened Ministers, will only have to lay his hand on the humble and unsuspecting heads of the best, and be indeed the undisturbed Defender of the Faith. No longer will the character of the clergy be deficient even in that virtue which Lord Henley now denies them—courage. Nobody doubts the courage of our King—any more than that of his father. The sole great and excellent quality now desiderated in the priesthood, "Your Majesty," says his loyal Lordship, "seconded by the wise and religious portion of the nation, is eminently calculated to inspire." The time, then, is close at hand, when

every parson will be as courageous as a tar, a Bishop as fearless in fire as an Admiral, and Howley divide the nation's admiration of valour with Nelson.

Having now elucidated a few points which Lord Henley has left rather in the dark, we are entitled to say that he has put most unfairly—most absurdly—his whole argument. He takes up, that is, lays down a position, from which he thinks no human reasoning can drive him, whereas he occupies it as a shadow does the surface of a quagmire. Place a man there, and he sinks in a moment, over head and ears, into sludge.

Here, quoth he, are thousands in populous cities growing up from infancy to manhood who never hear the word of God. Here are mothers that never attend public worship in the Establishment. Here is a diocese, where, out of 160,000 persons, only 4000 attend the "Lord's Table." The jails are crowded; the deepest ignorance and irreligion prevail. We are still in effect an unchristianized land.

A more than sombre picture of England. Look on that picture—and then on this—"a revenue estimated at £300,000 per annum, devoted almost entirely to sinecures." These two statements, says he, placed in juxtaposition sufficiently shew the "immense misapplication of these large but still inadequate funds." Therefore let us extinguish—as proposed—the Cathedral Establishments of England.

Sottly. They are not sinecures. The revenue estimated at £300,000, he himself admits, does not nearly reach that amount. It is known not to be £200,000; and the deductions to be made from it according to his own plan have been proved to be necessarily such as would leave for the great purpose he proposes—nothing.

But grant his plan would give £1,100,000 per annum for augmenting small country livings. What effect would that have on the godless millions of so many immense towns and cities, all nearly as wicked as the enormous metropolis?

"A population has risen up in our manufacturing districts which our churches cannot hold, and neither our Ministers nor the indefatigable ex-

ertions of Dissenters can adequately instruct. A mass of ignorance, heathenism, and crime, is thus fostered, which threatens the country with the most alarming consequences. Much indeed has been done during the last ten years in building new churches. But the misfortune is, they are most wanted in those very places where the people are either unable or *unwilling* to pay for the endowment of them."

All true. Too many are unwilling to pay a stiver for the endowment of new churches. But a good Government would continue to make them pay, nor could it endure to see a vast "population rising up in manufacturing districts," which the commerce and trade of the country whose destinies it guides has warmed into an existence too soon sadly chilled, without providing some sustenance for their souls, even more starved and shivering than their bodies, and as miserably clothed in rags. A good Government would die and dissolve rather than not do so; but a good Government would not divert, even for the relief of such sufferers as these, the revenues of the Church, which were given for other purposes during many ages nobly fulfilled—for purposes that must continue to exist, till England floats like a dead whale on the sea, and which never at any other era of her life were more needed than now, or in hands, and about to be put into hands, more potent to perform their work, under the blessing of Heaven, whose face is not all frowns, but sheds sunshine still, before all eyes that look, with no oblique or distorted vision, on its consecrated altars.

We sympathize with Lord Henley's "astonishment that this great and understanding nation should permit such a continual violation of the spirit and letter of Christianity to exist in its bosom—that so many thousands are annually raised by voluntary subscription to send forth missionaries into the remotest corners of the world." But God forbid we should join with him in his justification of such forgetfulness, or worse than forgetfulness, of the wants of our own population at home. As long as the

revenues of the Church of England are "unequally distributed," Christian charity, forsooth, will not flow for our own poor heathen! Nor ought it, he thinks, to flow; it would be unreasonable to expect it from individuals; and while the State suffers such injustice, it has no right to tax for religion! Because things are bad, it is our duty to let them get worse. Millions may go to barbarous continents and savage isles; but till we have endeavoured to equalize the incomes of our "working clergy" by means of some money taken from those who will not work, but merely read, and write, and cultivate and encourage the useless study of theology, and the defunct languages so foreign to all the concerns of "vital and practical Christianity," we must let our heathen brethren at home do without churches, and continue to build them for our heathen brethren abroad in Otaheite and Japan!

But pass from that, not insist upon it, for let good be done, however small, even to a people in a hopeless condition. Can the State do nothing?—will the State do nothing?—ought the State to do nothing for its mighty multitudes of miserable children, as long as there can be found a considerable number of persons like Lord Henley to point out faults in the distribution of the revenues of the Church? He not only says so, "but on that reck he will build his church." A gloomy growth of ignorance, and crime, and sin has darkened the whole land. In places where there used to be a few happy hundreds, there are now many wretched thousands—in places where there used to be a few happy thousands, you hear the hum of maddened myriads—and myriads have become millions. Has all this world of evils been created by the Church? Yes—all, or almost all—for look—look at those Cathedrals! The "Nation" dooms the Church to make retribution. As long as any portion of her revenues is mal-administered, let the people perish in their sins. Let the State stand aloof. But we must not let the people perish—so, led on by Lord Henley, let us "destroy the rookeries"—let us rout and root out the "monks and friars," and then let us humbly veil our faces as we say so—then the

poor will have access to "the table of our Lord."

We believe his Lordship. He is indeed no Statesman—he is indeed no Philosopher—he is indeed no Divine. Nay, we fear, though a Master in Chancery, that he is no Lawyer, and we revoke his prospective appointment to the Rolls.

He beseeches us to take warning from our past experience. What does he mean? "It is impossible," he says, "to regard the temper of the nation, and of the times, without being convinced that as soon as the subject which now engrosses its attention (Parliamentary Reform) has been *satisfactorily adjusted*, [does he think it has been satisfactorily adjusted?] one of the first questions agitated in the Reformed Parliament will be the extent and nature and application of the revenues of the Church." He calls, therefore, "on all sincere friends of our venerable Establishment to *prepare for that conflict* which most assuredly awaits her." Conflict with whom? Not surely "with the friends of our venerable Establishment." With whom then? With its enemies. And where are they? In "a Reformed Parliament." But has not "that subject been satisfactorily adjusted?" Satisfactorily adjusted! so as to bring into a Reformed Parliament a host of fierce enemies, with whom all sincere friends of our venerable Establishment, are told by his Lordship himself, who says so, "to prepare for conflict!"

Let us hope, he says, that the recollection of the mistakes which we have committed, in "so long resisting the desires of a nation thirsting for improvement and reformation, [a strange nation, to his Lordship's sorrow at the same time '*sunk in the deepest ignorance and irreligion, still in effect unchristianized!*']"; may make those who ride upon the high places of the earth more humble and tolerant, more attentive to the *just demands* [were those other demands just, the granting of which has brought into a Reformed Parliament a host of enemies to our 'venerable establishment,' with whom we are 'to prepare for conflict?'] of the governed, more observant of those claims, which the *varying condition of society* is daily advancing." We fear those

who are "now riding on the high places of the earth" will soon lose their seat on the saddle; but we have no hopes of their being humble. To what "just demands of the governed" he alludes, we do not distinctly know. One of them, we presume, is that which his Lordship "humbly proposes;" but he has not altogether succeeded in shewing that it is just. "Those claims which the varying condition of society is daily advancing" is as mystical as it is oracular; a society "sunk in the deepest ignorance and irreligion, and still in effect unchristianized," notwithstanding "the indefatigable exertions of three million of Dissenters to instruct them," must be "daily advancing" very extraordinary "claims;" and the chief claim it is "daily advancing," with grimmer growlings and rougher roars, is its claim to destroy the Established Church. It makes no secret of its hatred and rage; and yet Lord Henley is far from being a Church Reformer to its liking, for he is merely for excluding Bishops from the House of Lords, it is for sending Bishops to the right-about; he is for emptying Cathedrals of Deans and Prebendaries and "cold pompous" ceremonies—it is for converting them into cotton-mills, in which, for choirs of men and boys singing anthems to organs in idolatrous worship of the Almighty, will be substituted gangs of men and boys, undoing twist, in the religious service of Mammon, to the tune of the Billy-Roller.

"How obvious was it," says his Lordship, "to all temperate and impartial spectators, that as soon as Parliament had recovered from the agitation of the Catholic Question, the first subject that would occupy its attention would be that of Parliamentary Reform! How moderate were then the demands of its most ardent advocates; how slight the concessions which would have satisfied the just expectations of the nation! And yet with what pertinacity were the most temperate alterations resisted, and how wide and extensive, and in the judgment of many how hazardous, is the measure which this pertinacity has produced!"

In what place, at that time, were all those "temperate and impartial spectators?" And why were they all dumb? If the "demands of its most

ardent advocates were "how moderate!" then were they the basest of traitors to that cause for which they soon afterwards swore they were willing to shed their blood. "Moderation" was the word they withered with all their scorn. Your half and half—bit-by-bit Reformers—they blasted as the worst enemies of their country; and not to mince matters, they smiled in your face when you said, "this is not Reform—it is Revolution," and in their glee they cried "Both!" For Lord John Russell was tardy in making that admission—on being so accused in the House he was "fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell;" but seeing all made snug about Tavistock, he plucked up courage to mouth aloud the word he had before but ventured to mumble, and looking as strong as Sampson, and as wise as Solomon, said, "Why! yes! I agree with the honourable and learned gentleman—our Reform was certainly Revolution."

"Slight concessions," we are told, "would have satisfied the *just* expectations of the nation." Would they indeed! Then, we cannot help saying that the "nation" shewed itself very unreasonable in flying into such a fury at the thought of its expectations, however just, being unsatisfied, seeing the concessions it expected were so "slight." A "nation" should not go mad about trifles. But Lord Henley is fond of using sensible-looking words, to which are attached no ideas. "Slight" "concessions," "just" "expectations," "nation," are all of that sort. "The just expectations of the nation of slight concessions," are equivalent or identical with the "moderate demands of the most ardent advocates of Reform." They were all at one—and must have been a pleasant sight in their anity to the "temperate and impartial spectators." But the Duke of Wellington having said that he, as a Prime Minister, was not prepared with any Plan of Reform—and he said nothing less or more at that time on the subject—Whew! exploded like a powder magazine, to which many trains had been fired, the whole apparently placid congregation of ardent advocates, and just expectants, and blew into the air the battlements, not without a serious

shock to the foundations, of the citadel!

This is Lord Henley's theory of the phenomena of Reform and Revolution. Ours is somewhat different, and we have explained it ere now in some thirty papers. The Revolutionists had been long lying in ambush. The time had come, they saw, to make a sally, "before Parliament had recovered from the agitation of the Catholic Question." The pickets of the Conservatives, consisting, unfortunately, of "temperate and impartial spectators," fled, and the advanced guard, falling back, in the alarm, on the main-body, some confusion was caused, which, so far from being irremediable, might have been instantly quieted, and irresistible order restored, had not the army discovered that its Great Leader had resigned the command in disgust, and had retired with his staff, to an eminence in the rear. The Destructives offered battle, but there was no general engagement—only a few brushes, and many affairs of posts. Discipline became relaxed in the Conservative army, whole regiments disbanded themselves, and, oh! shame! some officers deserted to the enemy, carrying with them battalions that thenceforth shewed but their backs, and were treated as traitors ever are, by those whom they had feared to fight, and who now employed the renegade regiments to guard the baggage, which they were not suffered to touch, being placed on half-rations, and made to mount guard to the Rogue's march.

The campaign was "lost and won," it may be truly said, without a pitched battle. The Conservative power, unshaken and undismayed, but in the midst of many betrayals having committed not a few great errors, fell back on its lines, the old broad and high ways of Constitution-hill, and with their famous Captain again at their head, they are again shewing the heads of columns, and will yet be led to victory. Lord Henley has mounted his Majesty's uniform, and seems inclined to apply for a command; but he must be contented to let his "head remain in Chancery;" and now that the King, God bless him, has "instilled courage into the clergy," we would not give a single section of black dragoons for a whole

squadron of such dismounted cavalry as his Lordship and his counselors, who will never be missed in a charge from the Cathedrals.

His Lordship *foresees* some objections to placing so large a fund as what had been once the property of the Chapters, in the hands of one corporation. "It may tempt the cupidity of a needy and unprincipled Administration to seize the whole for the exigencies of the State." That danger to our eyes is far from having the look of a bugbear, and if any thing Lord Henley says could surprise us, we should be surprised at hearing him declare it a bugbear, and at his reasons for believing it that seemingly hairy but in fact airy animal. The argument, he allows, "carries with it a formidable sound;" but the "more closely it is examined, the less terror will it inspire." Even when closely examined, then, it still inspires some terror, and persists in looking not unlike a real black bear—small perhaps—but savage, and an ugly customer at a hug. This rather terrible argument supposes, he says, "one of two conjunctures. The first is, that so total a spirit of atheism and irreligion will exist in the nation as that, like revolutionary France, it will abolish the service of God, and declare that no clergy shall be supported at all." What says he of that conjuncture? Is it likely or unlikely to happen? What are the chances? Not one word does he venture to utter on the probability or improbability of the first of his two conjunctures. All he says in his wisdom is, "to this it may be answered, that if ever so atrocious a spirit shall have become widely prevalent in the country, it would confiscate the emoluments now scattered in all the various corporations of the church, with the same ease it would despoil one corporation."

Stop. Already, we shall suppose, has it despoiled, perhaps on Lord Henley's proposal, one corporation. For the good of the people, it has, at the humble but earnest beseeching of his Lordship, and other persons "whose outward life evinces the pure and peaceful wisdom that comes from above," taken from the Chapters one half of their endowments in land settled on them by laws through

a long succession of ages. We shall not suppose that "the needy and unprincipled government" in question is, as yet, pervaded by a "total spirit of atheism and irreligion." But it has no great admiration or love for Bishops and Deans. Here are two dozen of fat Bishops—for however lean they may be, they will all be called fat—worth £163,000 per annum; and here are three dozen of fatish Deans, and double the number of rather stout Chaplains, worth £52,000; "the tottle of the whole" being £215,000, if not according to Hume, according to Cocker. "Varying society is daily advancing new claims;" the "nation" has not the reverence that might have been expected for the reformed Church; and Lord Henley's son—or if that be personal—his grandson, Lumbly proposes, in a pamphlet constructed on the principles of his grandfather's plan of Church Reform, that Deans shall be done away with altogether, but that a few Bishops may be allowed to live on, and "die in the odour of sanctity." We are supposing the future Lord Henley to be more facetious than the present; and not so spiritual. The Deans are dead as dust—and a Bishop's See not worth three years' purchase. The "needy and unprincipled Administration," affecting considerable respect for the Church, and ever as it lays its forefinger on its own nose, and sticks its own tongue in its cheek, winking at the same time "to the temperate and impartial spectators," declares the time has come for applying part or whole of a large unproductive "to the exigencies of the State." The "Nation" cries hurra!—bonfires blaze—and boys keep pulling away at the ropes of Cathedral bells, till the whole island is tolling with sacred music—Great Tom of Christchurch calling on Great Tom of Lincoln, while the tutelary Saint of that town is elected Bishop by general acclamation, and takes possession of his See in full canonicals.

We have not put this probability in so grave a tone as his Lordship assumes on speaking of futurities; but through our jocularity, if you will allow us to call it so, may be seen the aspect of something serious; and not only do we say that such con-

duct in "a needy and unprincipled administration" is very probable, but that if such plans as Lord Henley's are adopted, the event is as sure to happen, and that, too, long before his grandson may be expected to write such another pamphlet, as that the sun will rise to-morrow.

Effects follow causes in the moral as in the natural world, though we do not often speak of them as equally "certain." Within these few months—though Lord Henley may not have heard of it—it was proposed by thousands who think themselves as good Christians as he is; and, as far as we could trust to our ears for a true report of the sound of the syllabing of words, and to our minds for the understanding of their import, it was resolved by an Administration which we shall not call "needy and unprincipled"—though they have been called nothing else since the passing of the Reform Bill by those who placed them in power—to seize some millions (imaginary ones, it afterwards appeared) belonging to the Church of England in Ireland, and declare the whole a fund to be drawn upon at will "for the exigencies of the State." And when an Administration, which we do not call "needy and unprincipled," denied that they ever had had such intention,—though all the inhabitants of this country believed they had heard them declare it,—and "rose to reprobate the idea" with tongues as loud as their faces were discoloured—when, thanks to the fervid indignation of a small band of religious patriots, a blow—may it be a death one—was dealt to all such villainous hopes—the goddess, which they thought were then on the very eve of realization, even in a very vote of that Reformed Parliament where the "friends of our venerable Establishment" have been warned by Lord Henley to "prepare for conflict" with its most inveterate enemies,—when that danger was averted, and that evil at least delayed, what curses, long, and loud, and hoarse, and deep, did not ring through all the dark nooks and corners of "this unchristianized land" on the heads of the deliverers, who cared no more for all those denunciations of vengeance, than do the towers of our yet steadfast temples for the storms

that are broken against their pinnales!

The second conjuncture supposed by the argument is—that "a needy and unprincipled Administration," though professing and intending to support the clergy of the Establishment, would, nevertheless, seize and sell their lands, and make them stipendiaries, dependent on the supplies annually voted in the House of Commons. His Lordship's simplicity, in speaking of such a conjuncture, far surpasses that of Parson Adams. In the first place, the Administration, he says, "would hardly be a gainer by the crime, *unless it intended to provide such inconsiderable revenues as almost to extinguish religion.*" What? Does he admit, that by that time the revenues of the Church have become so very small, that "a needy and unprincipled Administration" can take nothing from them, without starving all the clergymen to death? It is true you cannot take the breeches off a Highlander, for he has none; but you can take a very shabby pair off a Lowlander, and so far make him a son of the mist; or you may leave them on him yet take from him all darning and patching funds. In the second place, his Lordship says, "that the facilities for executing such a project would be very small. The fund being in land, the alienation of it would be something very different from the simple process of wiping away a given portion of a national debt. The forms and delay of a sale must be gone through; nor would purchasers be readily found to become accomplices in this irreligious spoliation, who must be conscious that a succeeding Parliament would undo what its predecessor had decreed. Nor is it extremely probable, that, whatever might be the dishonesty of such an Administration, it would be so blind to its own interests, as thus to violate all the best feelings of our nature, and alienate from it every wise, and good, and religious man in the country." To such a series of simplicities as these, no serious answer can be made, nor, indeed, any jocular one either; they stand before you, just to be looked at with an uncertain smile. Yet his Lordship must surely have heard the

homely adage, "Where there is a will, there is a way." "A needy and unprincipled Administration" finds "facilities" for any mischief. To alienate land may be "something different" from "wiping away a given portion of a national debt;" but the process may be made simple enough; and, even were it a little complicated, lawyers would be found to do the job. "The forms and delay of a sale" are tiresome enough, and apt to be protracted; so is a marriage settlement very trying to a young pair eager for the honeymoon. Accomplices "in sacrilegious spoliation" will be found in thousands and tens of thousands, every day in the year, in "an unchristianized country;" and were all the church lands to be put up for sale to-morrow, by Mr Robins, it would not require his poetry to rouse the imagination of bidders. Lot after lot would be knocked down; and as the purchasers would take good care of "a succeeding Parliament," they would be in no fears of its "undoing what its predecessor had decreed." They would "go the whole hog." "A needy and greedy Administration," set on alienating the Church lands, and on making the clergy stipendiaries dependent on the supplies annually voted by the House of Commons, would not care much about "violating all the best feelings of our nature," and might easily enough be supposed so blind to their own interests as to run the risk of "alienating from it every wise, and good, and religious man in the country." Nay, bad as such conduct would be, and hateful to our minds every plan of Church reform that remotely resembles it, we cannot in conscience agree with Lord Henley in thinking that it would necessarily alienate from the Government that so acted, "every wise, and good, and religious man in the country." No—we cannot go so far as that—nor ought they to go so far whose "pure and peaceful wisdom comes from above." There are—we fear—many, many—by far too many men who we shall not say are not wise, and good, and religious men, alive at this moment, who would rather see the clergy stipendiaries dependent on the supplies annually voted by the House of Commons, than supported,

as they now are, on the property of the Church. They are, we think, in grievous error; but the error, though practical, is also speculative—and knowing, as we all must do, to what opposite conclusions different minds come, or are brought, by secret influences, on all subjects lying within the blended worlds of action and of thought—we shall never deny that wisdom, and goodness, and religion may belong to the character of men who are opposed to all State Church-Establishments. Such men would not like a "needy and unprincipled Administration," whatever it might do; they would know *why* it dealt so with the Church, and despise its hypocritical rapacity; but they would accept even from such hands what they believed a great benefit; though not grateful, they would be glad; nay, they would be grateful to Heaven, for none of them are Atheists; and strange as it may seem to Lord Henley, many of them are Christians.

But no more about such simplicities—such sillinesses as these—say at once such drivel. We have said nothing about what Lord Henley seems to think an incredible supposition—that as total a spirit of atheism and irreligion may, some time or other, exist in revolutionary England as once did—and some think does still—in Revolutionary France. We cannot reconcile with ourselves his opinions respecting the spirit of the age. It is an improving age—it is an age thirsting for knowledge and reformation, and sternly demanding public purity in public men, which implies a like stern demand for private purity in private men, and a high tone of moral feeling in domestic life. Yet is the land in which this spirit dwells, "sunk in deep darkness and irreligion, and still in effect unchristianized." Yet shews it, too, "symptoms of a great national revival of religion!" Our own belief is that the spirit of the age is not religious; that it is in much irreligious; and that generally, in as far as it is hostile to the Church Establishment, it is Anti-Christian. We speak not of conscientious Dissenters, who are many; but of the outcry of the Beast. If the friends of the Established Church become lukewarm, and employ themselves in forming

plans of Reform to soothe or disarm its enemies, or by way of "preparing for a conflict," and if one silly set after another keep yielding and conceding and conciliating, they will before very long find that they have given up inland position after position, which have all been taken possession of by those who desire to drive them into the sea—and who will drive them into it—for there will be no materials to build fortifications on the shore. Timidity is blind—or rather it sees dangers that do not exist, and does not see those that have a most formidable existence. Oh! let us all be liberal—let us not be bigots—let us, as we love our Church, make her lovely even in the eyes of enlightened Dissenters, and so shall they become, though not the children of such gracious mothers, friends who will delight to see her enjoying venerable peace. Meanwhile, they whom we thus strive to conciliate, by sacrifices our conscience condemns, suffer none of us to intermeddle with them, nor would they change an iota either of their own forms or their own doctrines to save the Establishment, change it as you will, to win their favour, from tumbling into ruins. And changed it at last you have, by sudden mutation or long decay, till it is but the shadow—the ghost of an Establishment, compared with the substance once solid as the living rock. And now it is gone! Not like a temple before men's affrighted eyes settling down into the bosom of an earthquake, but dilapidated, and as it were dissolved away in a perplexing dream, during which—for the dream will have seemed to be far longer than many nights—sometimes it appeared steadfast in all its still grandeur—sometimes crumbling as if worn away by the attrition of some invisible touch—sometimes restored from that decay as if by a transient hand of healing—then all at once seen tottering from turret to foundation-stone, as if undermined by subterranean floods—and finally falling with the noise of thunder.

There is no resemblance, it is asserted by many, between revolutionary England and revolutionary France. Not a few who say so believe the contrary; while some of the most

eminent men of the Movement fear the parallel does not run straight, and sorrow to be forced to think the country must long continue to be curst with a King. They would go great lengths to destroy the monarchy, and establish a republic. Even humane men, combating for what they think the right in its simplest and most majestic form, against what they think the wrong in its most serpent-like convolutions and "mazy error," do not faint either at the imagination or the sight of blood. Naturally brave, if need be, they shun not to shed their own; and unrelenting in purposes sanctioned by conscience, they rejoice to see that of oppressors spouting from headless trunks, and care not about picking their steps nicely along streets running with ruddy streams that will soon be disembugued in the common sewers. Of the "rabble," the "mob," the "swinish multitude," the "rascal" many,

"The black, infernal, cold Tartarean
dregs
Adverse to life,"

France never held a more savage set than England does at this hour—and you may see their tongues and lips parched with thirst of murder. The moral and intellectual men of the Movement would not stand on trifles in the use of such associates; and looking to an ultimate end in their eyes good, they would, without much compunction, in pursuit of its attainment, go trampling across a Bridge of Sighs hung over a River of Blood.

It was pitiable to see and hear our Ministers truckling and huckstering about Constitutional Reform, with all the mobs in the island, whose banners were almost all inscribed with mottoes grimly and ungrammatically denouncing destruction to the Established Church, and all hereditary rank, inclusive of the Crown. Pitiable to see and hear "Dukes and Lords, and mighty Earls," hand and glove with Scum. Saw they not the deadly scowl through the smug smirk on the mug of the mechanics, who despised them for their condescension as sincerely as they hated them for their pride? Spiritual Lords they do not half so abhor as Temporal; Bishops are comparative-

ly few, and but seldom seen; the others are met with often on the high-roads at noonday, in their splendid equipages, or gaudily rattling along the streets. Their palaces are not so embowered among coeval trees as not to be visible from hovels, far off as the haughty, intolerant of the humble, may shove them in among suburbs. The French nobility were most profligate—ours are not so; but they were, in much more true to their order, though false to the spirit of honour and virtue, that ought to imbue, and alone can support it, in the moral heart of a people, as reverence of antiquity, and admiration of splendour, support it in their natural imagination. Away were they swept. Our highest Aristocracy have not been consistent, and inconsistency turns strength into weakness; nor can any order, which exists by opinion, be permanent, that timidly or rashly disturbs opinion which, then, instead of flowing peacefully round high and old abodes, and “honouring the holy bounds of property,” is first dammed up, it may be said, in wilful self-obstruction, and then bursting all a-tumble and a-foam, makes no bones of common impediments, all of which, in its course, it swallows, till it sweeps away the mighty and their mansions. That done, it ebbs, and spreads out into a lake soon shallowing into a marsh, which ere long exhales its vapours to the sun, and becomes good dry ground—green pasture, or yellow corn-land—where cows rub their hides on stones that once were pillars of porticoes, and on them cowherds are plaiting rush-caps, or crowned therewithal, as proud and far happier than kings.

Our ungrateful Ministers now do not patronise mobs. Nay, they look askance “with jealous leer malign” on Political Unions. It matters little what they now say or do; they can be turned out at any time. But it is miserable to know that they gave a power to the populace, (not the people,) if not fatal, dangerous, in all time to come, to good government. That power palsied the House of Lords—having first palsied the King—and it would fain palsy the Church. England is now in all things like—and in many the same as France was then; all respect for hereditary

monarchy is fast going among the lower classes; for all other hereditary rank it is nearly gone—and not among the lower classes alone, for there are some Radicals of great, and many of considerable intellectual power, who will never desist till they die, and hope then for an insurrection of their dry bones, from attacks in strong antipathy on the most sacred Establishments of Church and State. Mr Bowles sees things as we do, and in a truer light than Lord Henley.

“The ‘operatives’ in that regenerated kingdom (France), under the bloody dominion of Jacobins, confiscated at once all the immense property of the Gallican Church—ten times exceeding the property of the Protestant English Church,—and took into their own hands, by the right of “the *sovereign people*,” the ancient lands of the bishops and abbots, of a very different description from the hierarchy of England; and, by the same law, abolished all tithes, in possession of the rural clergy, &c. But, lo! just as universal gratulation points to the regenerated kingdom of France, and proves, by facts, the advantage of abolishing tithes and titles, church-lands and lords’ lands, and for dividing them among *operatives*—in the plenitude of *national* felicity, when neither church-lands nor *primogeniture* lands remain, a cry echoes through Europe to the shores of America, that the distress of the working classes is more *frightful than ever*! God forbid that I should suppose your Lordship has such ideas: I know your benevolent motive is to preserve, and not to destroy. And God forbid that I should seek to extenuate the evils arising from the secular hierarchy or the libertine aristocracy of that kingdom, but its later history tells tales of instruction as well as of blood. The poor exclaimed, ‘There is national misery! It is owing to the Church! Hang up all the prelates *à la lanterne*!’ and the whole body of the clergy, including those who in remote villages devoted their time to the sick and the poor, were proscribed, hunted, transported, or drowned!

“‘There is misery,’ was the cry still heard. ‘It is owing to the aristocracy!’ and lands were sold, and

the proud and libertine race of the Orleans and the Condés were scattered or beheaded, and all their vast possessious alienated and divided.

"*It is owing to the Queen! it is owing to the King!*"—the best and most humane of all the Kings of France! 'Let their heads roll in the dust!' And their heads rolled in the dust!"

Lord Henley so frequently alludes to the purity of his motives, that we begin to suspect them; just as in a slow coach you would not the more readily believe a fair passenger to be one of the Vestal Virgins, from her repeated and uncalled for asseverations that she was shocked by the bare idea of sex, though had she taken her chance for your good opinion, you would have felt no desire to deny that she was a Diana. We do not so well know, in our elderly Lordship's case, as in that of her young ladyship's, what it is expected we should understand by purity of motives. To be concise—is he a Puritan? The Puritans were remarkable for celestial motives, as they shewed by turning up, on all occasions, the whites of their eyes to heaven. His Lordship may be in the habit of doing the same; and we hope he is, for otherwise his looks cannot be in accordance with his speech. As to purity of motives, we believe him to be pretty much on a par with other men; but we know, that be they crystalline as the motives of a seraph, they have not saved him from writing like a Sumph. We have shewn that he has proposed a plan of Church Reform, in which he has calumniated the characters of hundreds of the dead and living, whose tapers he is not worthy of lighting, were we to suppose them taking up their bedroom candles, wearied of his inane yet injurious discourse; and we have likewise shewn that he has been guilty of a gross aggression on their rights, for which the only excuse that can be offered, seems to be an unaccountable ignorance; unaccountable in him, for it is absolutely the natural ignorance of a Teynham.

In presenting the Pamphlet containing his plan of Church Reform to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, he says, "I am humbly endeavouring to perform what I believe

to be a religious duty." How so? Because "changes silently take place in national opinions, which his Ministers may be too much occupied to perceive, or too indolent to provide for." And besides "those who are admitted to familiar and irresponsible intercourse with him, have rarely the adequate information, and still more rarely the faithfulness and moral courage, to undertake the irksome task of pointing out imperfections in existing establishments."

Changes have not of late been taking place *silently* in national opinions, but noisily; and Ministers must have perceived the noise, for it has been made by their own mobs. As to the opinions being "national," Heaven forbid we should so prostitute the august term; but this King's counsellor over and over again tells his King that the outcry against the Church is the voice of the "nation." We are sorry to be told that there is nobody among his Majesty's familiars who "have adequate information;" and still sorer to think that Lord Henley should have undertaken to supply it; and as for the "moral courage" required "to point out imperfections in existing establishments," we are not disposed to rate it very high among the virtues, seeing with how strong and steady a lustre it burns in the bosom of Sir John Key.

With the priesthood of England, in his Lordship's opinion, "no nation in the world can offer any parallel." "Its ranks are teeming with zeal, piety, self-denial, prudence, temper, moderation, talent, erudition, with all the great and excellent qualities which befit men for high and noble achievements." The Clergy are much indebted to his Lordship for giving them such a character to the King. We have not heard that they had applied for it; perhaps they will insist on having it recalled, seeing that all Members of Chapters, (so his Lordship says,) are excluded from the Certificate. Unfortunately, this accumulation of accomplishments and virtues is all rendered useless by one deplorable want—the want of COURAGE. The clergy are cowards. "They want," says the brave Lord Henley, "that courage which produces energy and decision, so necessary in new times and difficult emer-

gencies." The army is well disciplined, well-manned, and well-officered; the position strong, something impregnable to an attack on front, though the left flank may be turned; but *they won't fight*. Is that what he means? No. He means they won't leave their lines. Neither did Wellington leave his at Torres Vedras, till he saw the time was come, and then the bugles bade Massena beat a retreat from Santarem with Ney and his fighting rear division, nor could the "Bravest of the Brave" drive back the bayonets that then gored his flight.

Mr Bowles is a man of peace; but he will not sit silent under this charge brought against his brethren, by a bold master in Chancery, with a Saracen's head, "seeking the bauble reputation even in the CANON'S mouth." "It does not appear to me," says the well-charged and well-pointed Canon, "that the quality you so much desiderate, called 'courage,' is much wanted, when you yourself, my Lord, call upon the 'Defender of the Faith,' the Head of the English Church, to assent to a plan, which, at one stroke, takes from the Church all the landed endowments which ancient piety bequeathed, to vest them in other hands, and to re-model Cathedral Chapters, that for the future, they who belong to them shall become *Stipendiaries*, at the capricious arbitration of accountants, to apply and divide, as they think best, its ancient revenues. And the King is exhorted to place himself in front of this army of new administrators of the revenues of the Church, which that King solemnly, in the face of God, upon the altar of that Church, before his assembled people, has sworn to preserve inviolate."

Neither can Mr Townsend, Prebendary of Durham, stomach this charge of moral cowardice. Lord Henley says, "the King has the Priesthood AT HIS COMMAND"—a slavish expression, unworthy the lips of a freeman.

"I fear, my Lord, you are not well acquainted with the body of whom you thus unadvisedly speak; or this passage would not have found a place in the sixth edition of your pamphlet. The courage of the Clergy consists in this, that they do their duty, and then prepare to suf-

fer. Their strength is to be still—to endure with patience the calumnies of their enemies, and to submit with silent fortitude to the privations to which so many are subjected, and to the daily scandalous misrepresentations of their conduct and their order. But your Lordship is indeed mistaken, if you imagine that their silence proceeds from indifference, or their patience from cowardice. They reason wisely, that they ought neither to be found in the public meetings, clamouring for political alterations under the name of reform; nor desiring needless, useless, changes in the doctrine and the discipline of their Church—and are they for this, to be stigmatized as deficient in moral courage? 'He who cannot reason,' says one of our modern writers, 'is a fool—he who will not, is a bigot—he who dares not, is a slave.' The Clergy of the Church of England are neither fools, nor slaves, nor bigots. They *can* reason, but they can also endure. With respect also to the affirmation, that his Majesty *has a Priesthood at his command*, I for one, at least, have courage to tell his Majesty, that the Priesthood are not at his command. No King of England, nor the Parliament, nor the people of England, can dictate the terms of our faith, nor the line of our religious conduct. While we are ready to pay homage to all to whom it may be due, while we fear God and honour the King—we are not to be persuaded, nor influenced, by either King or people, beyond that point of duty which our religion, our conscience, and our principles teach us to maintain. The members of the Church of Rome have submitted neither to the dictates of King nor people. The Dissenters have asserted their opinions, under the frowns of the Stuarths, and the alternate approbation or disapprobation of the people. Do you really believe, my Lord, that the Episcopal clergy have less courage than these; and that they dare not resist any alterations in their Liturgy, or creeds, or discipline, under the specious name of reform, that the King of England, or his Parliament, may please to adopt? Are we to confess ourselves to be more slaves than our separating brethren, whether of Rome, or of Geneva? You do

not know us, my Lord. We are ready 'to submit ourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake, whether it be to the King, as supreme, or to governors.' We are willing to take into our most respectful consideration whatever his Majesty may be pleased to place before us for our approbation—but we *have the courage to demand that the ordinances of man be consistent with the laws of God*; and if the plans proposed by his Majesty should not be deemed consistent with these holy guides, the King of England will find that *he has not a Priesthood at his command*. If the Clergy of the Church of England are required, for the sake of pleasing those who are of another creed, to change their own mode of worship, or the essentials of their faith, they will be ready, rather than do so, to submit to the fate of their predecessors. Eight thousand clergymen, in the reign of Charles the First, consented to be expelled from their preferments, not choosing to be subjected to the domination of those Dissenters, who, your Lordship exultingly tells us, are now 'three millions.' They neither, with few exceptions, betrayed their episcopacy, their Liturgy, nor their Creed. They evinced their moral courage by patient suffering: until the nation returned to its senses, and received, with affectionate acclamations, that Priesthood whom the triumphant Dissenters had in vain taught them to despise."

Lord Henley, gifted though he be with courage, far beyond the clergy, is even still more their superior in humility; and self-praise for that christian endowment murmurs, like flies about his mouth. "I am humbly endeavouring to perform a religious duty." "I considered that such duty, if performed in humility," &c. "Humbly hoping," &c. "Therefore, do I most humbly submit to your Majesty," &c. "It is my humble, earnest, dutiful, and if I may presume to add, affectionate prayer." Why, this is not humility, but humiliation. Let his Lordship keep his back straight, and be a man. Burton, Bowles, Townsend, Pusey, Miller, are all as humble as he; but from their knees before the altar they rise up and walk in God's gracious sunshine with the men of men, and re-

spect, without worshipping, the shadow of an earthly King.

Meekness may become offensive in a man who is no Moses. Why keep perpetually apologizing, like Paul Pry, with his "I hope I don't intrude?" His Lordship tells us repeatedly that he can do nothing without aid from on high—not even write such a pamphlet. His pamphlet, he says, "will be accepted according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not."

Perhaps it may in heaven, but certainly not on earth. It hath not any "adequate information" for his Majesty on Cathedral establishments, and we hope it will not be "accepted," humble an offering as it is, at the earthly footstool before which he bows his head. He says he knows "that God often places the treasures of Heavenly wisdom in earthen vessels." Yet a man may be an earthen vessel filled to the brim with something very different from heavenly treasures. It is equally true, as he says, that "to moderate the confidence of intellectual power, God often employs inconsiderable instruments to effect great dispensations of his Providence;" yet he may not be one of the chosen inconsiderable instruments, nor the destruction of establishments which the good and great have for so many ages upheld and honoured, a dispensation of God's Providence, except in the same awful sense as a plague or an earthquake.

"I have not approached it in my own strength." "He who is enabled to go forth in this spirit needs not to be dismayed;" and "I entreat your Majesty to observe, that though writing on Church Reform, I have not had the *presumption* to intermeddle with any theological point." "My heart's desire, therefore, and prayer to God for Israel is that," &c. and "that it be considered in the spirit of prayer." The question ought to be tried by the test "of the will of God, either expressly declared or necessarily implied in his revealed word." "All reliance on human wisdom, foresight, or learning, will only lead us into error, imperfection, and mistake." We must not "trust to our arm of flesh." Such are a few, and but a few, of the tid-bits of pious ejaculations sprinkled over the pam-

phlet. This frequently becomes displeasing, perhaps disgusting; very disgusting, indeed, at those times, when his Lordship exposes his ignorance of holy things and of holy men, with whom he ought to have been devoutly conversant before he ventured to open his lips on religious reform.

He says, with his usual humility, "that, had the task which he has undertaken appeared to demand the arguments of the statesman or of the philosopher, he would have shrunk from it with the deepest conviction of his incapacity for it." It demands all the acquirements of the statesman and the philosopher. Ought there to be an alliance of Church and State? Ought public expediency to prevail over old rights? How best may old institutions be moulded to suit the spirit of the times? What is the spirit of the times? What is the perfection of a national religious establishment? Supposing that of England degenerate, how may it be restored to its original excellence? What are likely to be the consequences, immediate and remote, of demolishing the greater part and changing the rest of the Cathedral establishments of England, at present comprehending "six hundred dignitaries?" Ought there to be spiritual Peers in Parliament? These are questions that to us do appear to demand the acquirements of the statesman and the philosopher; but if they do not, will Lord Henley tell us what questions do? And on what questions of greater importance have the statesmen and philosophers of England been employing themselves since the dawn of the Reformation to that of his Lordship's pamphlet?

He disclaims, too, the presumption "of interfering with the peculiar province of the divine, by intermeddling with the principles and doctrines of the Church, with her creed, her articles, or her liturgy." He, humble man, is neither a statesman, nor a philosopher, nor a divine; he is but a poor Master-in-Chancery. But has he not said that the question is to be tried by the test of the "revealed Word of God?" Has he not said that an "unscriptural defence of the Establishment will accelerate the downfall of its fair and noble bul-

works?" Are, then, "the revealed Word of God," and "the principles and doctrines" of the Church, not the same? Are her creeds, articles, and liturgy "unscriptural," that he may not study them without accelerating the Church's downfall?

He is a divine. He tells us what he could not know were he not a divine, "that in the lower ranks of the clergy, and most especially in the rising generation, there is much purity and holiness of life and morale, *so sincere a setting forth of Evangelical truth*, so strenuous a desire to perform the works of a laborious and watchful Ministry, as to JUSTIFY US IN ANTICIPATING A GREAT NATIONAL REVIVAL IN RELIGION." And this anticipation is uttered in the same breath with these words, "the deepest ignorance and irreligion prevail, we still are an *unchristianized land!*" He is a deep and a dark Divine—nay, one of the Greater Prophets.

Yet, gifted as he is with prophetic vision, he is not indifferent to the praise of man, and tells the world that he "can safely affirm that no one whose outward life and conversation evince that pure and peaceful wisdom which comes from above, has ever expressed any disapprobation of the extent to which his plan is carried." Far be it from us to say "that our outward life and conversation evince that pure and peaceful wisdom which comes from above;" for the Public can never forget the Noctes Ambrosianæ. Yet, in spite of these confessed follies of our old age, and an unconfessed few of our youth, we believe that we are now, and have always been, just as moral and religious men as Lord Henley. Our "outward life" is harmless, and little obtruded on the Public, for Solitude and Silence, two fine marble Idealities by Chantrey, lie looking at each other, like Lamias, from their beds, on the pillars that guard the porch of Buchanan Lodge.

But is Lord Henley's "outward life and conversation," or those of his pious and evangelical friends, with whom he takes sweet counsel, "more pure and peaceful" than those of the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, Canon of Salisbury, and Rector of Bremhill? Or of the Rev. Edward Burton, Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, Canon of Christ

Church, and Rector of Ewelme? Or of the Rev. Edward Bouverie Pusey, Regius Professor of Hebrew, and Canon of Christchurch? Or of the Rev. George Townsend, Prebendary of Durham, and Vicar of Northalton? Or of the Rev. J. Miller, Vicar of Pitlington, Durham? Or of the "mighty train ensuing," of which there are but five forward champions "clad in celestial arms," and shining in the van of battle? "Were I," says Bowles, "in turn to lay down the same rule of judgment, as peremptorily as yourself, and not fearing any appeal to my outward life and conversation, I should tell you, that whoever so pronounces, even if he belonged to the 'infallible' Roman Church, whatever may be his outward life and conversation, has no particular reason to boast of 'that pure Christian spirit' which comes from above. For, my Lord, a voice more powerful than yours, or that of any human being, has said, 'Judge not, and ye shall not be judged.'"—"This is strange language, my Lord," says Townsend, meekly, "and it seems intended to convey the impression, that those who cannot approve your plans are neither pure in their lives nor scriptural in their views. It seems intended to convey the impression, that if we do not advocate the abolition of the institutions of the Church, we are neither Christians in heart, nor the friends of God and man."

His Lordship speaks of "stumbling-blocks which now keep so large a body of our countrymen out of the pale of the Church;" and hopes that they will be "deeply, impartially, and patiently considered by the fit and proper tribunal, in the spirit of prayer, and in the spirit of Christian love, of peace, of charity, and of conciliation." He is all unfit himself, he says, to be one of that tribunal, yet he speaks as if he were qualified to be the Lord-Chief Justice of the Uncommon Pleas. For he decides the question before it has come into Court. "After such a consideration and revision [such as—what?] and without making *one unrighteous or unscriptural concession!* the Church will no longer number as opponents, or as strangers, men like Howe, Owen, Baxter, Calamy, Doddridge, Watts, Henry, Hall. Such

men are the salt of the earth. No system can be entirely wise or safe which excludes them from its bosom." No system under the sun is "entirely wise." But even if it were, dissent there will be to the end, not merely of the Dean and Chapter, but of that Chapter of the Book of Revelation called Human Life. From the bosom even of a Universal Church, will there be conscientious, and it may be, bright spirits self-excluded; and Lord Henley must indeed be a visionary, not a Prophet, in looking forward to the time when by "consideration and revision," the Church of England may be made omnipotent in persuasion over all men to enter within her gates. Yet such consideration and revision there may wisely be again, as there has been, and in its good time Heaven speed the work. But he ought to read the history of men's lives, and to understand their characters, before he mentions their names in any such argument. The eminent men he slumps together so, did not all belong to one communion. Had any four of them met together to settle the grounds of a communion, they would have disagreed about what was scriptural or unscriptural; nor, had they severally sacrificed their scruples, would the other four have sworn before God to accept their sacred scheme, and die, if need were, in defence of its doctrines. They were all eight good, and some of them great men. But they had all their frailties, and some of them faults worse than frailties, which would have stood in the way of their joining any Church vitally the same as the Established Church of England. They were "the salt of the earth." Part of that salt; and such salt is a moral antiseptic without as within the pale of the Church. But no Church can have all the salt, and must make the best and the most of her own portion. And the Church of England, for these eight good and faithful servants, who served their Master, not within the doors of her temples, but in the land which they illumined, has eighty equal to them to shew, who, within the doors of her temples, worshipped God "in the spirit of Christian love, of peace, and of charity," and without them, and far around them, walked in the

same spirit, even like angels of light, among his creatures, and set them the example of holy living and dying that brightened both sides of the grave.

We know well the histories of all these eight men who were the salt of the earth. And it is our intention to give before long their Biographies, and those of many other labourers in the vineyard, men even of a higher order. Meanwhile, without perfectly agreeing with all his sentiments regarding them, we quote a passage from Mr Townsend, in which there is enough of pure truth to expose the ignorance of Lord Henley:—

“The names which your Lordship mentions are these—Howe—Owen Baxter—Calamy—Doddridge—Law—Watts—Henry—Lardner—Hall. You call them the salt of the earth—and declare ‘that no system can be entirely wise or safe, which excluded these from its bosom.’ I entreat your Lordship to review the biography of these celebrated men. You will see that it would have been impossible, unless the whole of the discipline, doctrine, and Liturgy of the Church had been given up, to have included them all—and that no religious establishment could be founded upon principles at present known to us, which could have received all these men, however excellent, into its communion. Howe was an anti-Episcopalian from principle. Ought the ancient, and apostolic practice, of Episcopal Ordination, to have been set aside on account of his personal piety? Owen, great and eminent as he was, had passed over from Episcopacy to Presbyterianism, and from that, to Independency. He vacillated in their moments of depression, when his motives for so doing would be most subject to suspicion. It is painful to appear to think disrespectfully of this illustrious man, for he was the protector of Pococke, the tolerator of the Episcopalians, when the public law punished the use of the Liturgy, and the answerer of the *Fiat Lux*. How deeply is it to be regretted that he did not once more return to his ‘first love,’ and unite himself again to the Church of England! Baxter was also a man of personal piety, but he was weak in judgment, and of intolerable arrogance. He objected

to every thing that was proposed by others; and refused to become a member of the Church, because his own schemes of government, and his own Liturgy, were not adopted. Calamy was the chief author of *Smectymnus*. How could the Church receive him? Doddridge was the enemy of Episcopacy. Watts was the same. Both have been of essential service to the Church of Christ; both, however, were in error, as they were opposed to that form of Church government, which is deducible from scripture, which was practised by the Apostles, and which was universally established throughout the Christian world; till Calvin apologized for the necessity of establishing that very Presbyterianism, which was defended in the following age, as of divine right, and scriptural origin. Law was a nonjuror. Henry had no objection to the Church of England, but he refused to be re-ordained. Lardner was a Unitarian. Hall a Baptist. This completes the list, and I have proceeded through the whole, that I might shew your Lordship, that the circumstance of such men not belonging to the Church is a crime not to be imputed to the establishment; but to their own infirmities. The separation of great numbers must ever be the result of differences of opinion. It is impossible to frame any form of ecclesiastical polity sufficiently comprehensive, tolerant, or enlarged, which will include all the personal piety of Christians. There will always be found good men, who cast out devils, but follow not the apostles: yet the apostles ought to be followed as the more especial ministers of Christ, and the appointed rulers of his Church.”

His Lordship is all for “*conciliation*.” So are we; though we hate the word, knowing how of late years it has been befouled by fools and knaves, apostates and traitors. “It is estimated, Sir, that in England and Wales there are at least THREE MILLIONS of Dissenters.” The causes of this frightful and growing defection, he says, “are well deserving of the most serious enquiry.” But he shuns it, as above his powers; and “directs his observations exclusively to the relation which our ‘Dissenting brethren’ bear to the Anglican

Church." Not one observation does he make on that relation, except what we have quoted about the salt of the earth. He admits that these strangers to the National Communion are "at best indifferent to the welfare of the Establishment, and that most of them are decidedly, *and on principle, hostile to its very existence.*" As an aggregate they are daily increasing "in numbers, in wealth, in talent, in intelligence, and in power." And yet, hostile as most of them are, he declares, on principle to the very existence of the Establishment, he believes that it may be no difficult matter to bring them within its pale! How? By a new adjustment of the Standard of Faith, and a new wording of the national ritual! Have the Dissenters ever given the least reason to believe in the possibility of such a junction? Holds the island enough of oil to calm that multitudinous sea? Are they so desirous of getting admission into the Establishment, that they would jump at the offer on easy terms, and not quarrel with any little disagreeables inscribed on the ticket to be presented at the gate? If they would, then are they three millions of hypocrites. If they would not, then are they, conscientious or unconscientious, enemies of the Church; and none but the weakest of men would join the wickedest in making any, even the least, change in the constitution of that Church, for sake of "our dissenting brethren." Let them dissent till Doomsday.

Lord Henley is a man of a few confused ideas. He would rather die "than compromise the essence and life of Christianity." Notwithstanding "the numbers, wealth, talent, intelligence, and power" of the Unitarians, he will have nothing to do with them; he will have "no spiritual fellowship with Romanists." But he makes "assenting" brethren of all who happen to differ merely "on those points which are not essential to salvation." That sounds simple. But what are those points? That's the rub. Will mankind ever agree upon them? They never have yet; therefore, dissenters. He says, "all practical believers in Jesus Christ—all real, vital, experimental Christians, are united in the fundamental verities of their common

faith." Ay—all who are united are united; but he hides from himself all clear meaning under a hubbub of undefined words. "Let all such," he says, "submit to the guidance of true Christian love, and *they will have no difficulty in agreeing in such confessional and rituals as shall by a clear and uncompromising assertion of heavenly truths, at once exclude pernicious heresies and banish all grounds for doubtful disputations.*" And he says this who thinks it impossible that the Cathedral Establishments of England, for which many of the greatest English divines have lived, and toiled, and died, can be defended by any man "whose outward life and conversation evince that pure and peaceable wisdom which comes from above," and who has "spiritual and scriptural views" of the Christian religion!

"Fear," says he, "is indeed felt by many that the Church of England is in danger; fear that the spirit of innovation and of change, the spirit of insubordination, the contempt of ancient institutions, the machinations of powerful enemies, and the lukewarmness of *weak friends*, are bringing down ruin upon her." Yes—such fear is felt by many—by *all* who are not stone-blind to the signs of the times. He must know—or perhaps he is one of those who read but one newspaper, and if so we wonder what newspaper it is—not the rough reception, for that is too smooth a word—but the savage howl of derision with which his plan of Church Reform has been *hailed* by the Radical Church Reformers. They all look on him as swollen with a plethora of Church-of-Englandism. His disease, they say, is chronic corruption. "A concession, indeed! A boon!" They bid him open his hand, that they may see the propitiatory offering, and with scorn order him to go his ways, and pray. And they act right. For he comes to them with his drivel about Deans, to *them* who have uttered proclamation at every market-cross, to the sound of trumpet, that there *must and shall* be a separation of Church and State. Nor have the separatists kept the country in the dark as to their resolutions towards the Church, when they shall have once seen it standing alone, by itself,

aloof from the State. They have not sworn to give it support till it have learned to steady itself; and truly they would be pretty props! They wish to see how it would look in falling; the dust it would make; to what distance the noise of the ruining could be heard; and in their triumph would scorn to calculate the value of the old materials. No poetry have they in their souls; yet they have imagination for such an overthrow; and they triumph in fancy's ear to hear their own yells.

His Lordship mistakes the matter entirely, in supposing they are beggars. They are robbers. They do not put a pistol to his head, for it, too, might be not loaded; but they subject him to the "*peine forte et dure*," and squeeze him, till he confess, in the Press. And confess he will. For he has already eaten in—and not "on compulsion"—many of his own words—fraught though he thought they were with proposals salutary to Church and State; and by and by he will bolt in or out, whatever they may mercilessly command him to swallow or eject. And he will try ruefully to comfort himself with the self-assurance that he is saved from martyrdom by moral "*courage*"—"that courage which produces the energy and decision so necessary in new times and difficult emergencies."

Meanwhile he sees his own situation, and that of all the other true friends of the Church, in quite another light. "These dangers will be viewed by the eye of *wisdom and piety*, as warnings of *approaching chastisements*, which a *timely repentance* and salutary reformation may avert." The nation must repent, in sackcloth and ashes, "take up a weeping on the mountains wild," for her long sin of reverence for Cathedrals. She must sing a new song, prophetic of their fall—between an anathema and an anthem—and finally, bid all their organs 'gin blow a funeral dirge—to be silenced by the crash of roofs no more

By their own weight immovable and steadfast."

"It is true," says he, solemnly, if not impressively, "that many fair and flourishing Churches have

been removed, and their light has been quenched; and the same desolating judgments may, perhaps, be awaiting our own. But he who walks in the midst of them, as he has used these and similar instruments of wrath for their downfall, so may he in mercy use them for *our* trial and sanctification. Only let us not place our trust in any arm of flesh; but crying to the strong for strength, apply in this our appointed way for that help, which will never be refused to those who seek it in simplicity and truth."

We know not well how to deal with such words as these, and in one sense they are all that is good. But we must not be deterred by words, however awful, from shivering to pieces a pious sophism. A human arm is composed of flesh, bone, skin, blood, nerve, sinew, muscle, and marrow. It is one of the glorious works of God. On the hand alone, Sir Charles Bell has written an admirable Bridgewater-Treatise. But they were given man for highest uses—and he has been told to trust to them by the voice of God and of nature. With his arm to be a deliverer—and with his hand to hold fast his integrity. Let us all then trust to our arms of flesh, and go forth to combat for the right with the heathen and the infidel. They have bared their arms to the shoulders; they have tucked up their shirt-sleeves—some like madmen, and others like hangmen—and rather than let down the coarse linen, baffled of their purpose, the blasphemers would bathe them in blood. *They have told us so over and over a thousand times.* All Radical Reformers are not so savagely bared for bloodshed; but many who, when the day of execution came, would drop their hands in ruth, or hold them up in supplication to stay the bloody work, have yet been inhumanly howling the butchers on, and the Press has cried for the block. "Infuriated fools! are ye deaf to all denunciations?" Such has been the voice—the warning voice—of thousands whom we are told to propitiate—if Lord Henley object to the word, let us use his own—to "*conciliate*"—*ere it be too late*—for the doom of the Church and of all Churchmen will be sealed by much longer re-

luctance to obey the "Nation's" Will.

Is it possible that Lord Henley can doubt the existence of a superintending Providence? What do we mean by asking that question? We mean that he has been guilty of accusing, by implication, of that doubt, or as bad, of utter forgetfulness of Providence, millions of his brethren, who are impiously or atheistically putting their trust in an arm of flesh. Surely the Friends of the Church are not so irreligious, nor need to be beseeched by Lord Henley to remember their Almighty Maker. He has, by his own sign manual, elected himself one of the New Bishops. But public prayers in a pamphlet are as bad as at the corners of streets. The Church must truly stand in need of very substantial reform, if the nation have to be called to repentance by a Layman—and if it be indeed the sacred duty of a Master in Chancery to preach a Visitation Sermon.

"It is true, that many fair and flourishing Churches have been removed, and their light has been quenched, and the same desolating judgments may perhaps be awaiting our own." Dark and dreadful indeed have been the ways of Providence. The Deluge! Were the earth again submerged in the waters, and the best man suffered to survive, he would know that he had not been saved because he had no sin; and to the Voice from a Cloud, if commanded to speak, his awe would whisper, "We all deserved to die, and yet am I saved!"

But "Wisdom and Piety," humble as they ever are, will not now think that "the warnings of approaching chastisement" that may come to their ears through the still night, are given because of the sins of the National Church. They have been many; but of omission, perhaps, more than of commission, and to human eyes the list is not very black. Other sins than hers may have kindled Divine vengeance. If she have done much evil, she has done great good. Her ministers have "cried to the strong for strength," and have "sought help" in "simplicity and truth;" and Hope, Faith, and Charity—his Lordship knows which of the Three is the greatest—if they have

not had their dwelling with them, where else and with whom have dwelt the heavenly visitants?

"All reliance on human wisdom, foresight, or learning, will only lead us into error, imperfection, and mistake." All *undue* reliance will; and is that great truth so unremembered, that a single Lay Lord must remind us of it, in words that, if understood as he utters them, announce a great falsehood? We are to "exert all lawful and righteous means in the strenuous defence of our '*renovated*' Establishment." And are we not to exert all our lawful and righteous means in the strenuous defence of our *present* Establishment? We say—yes. None have sworn that it shall not be renovated; it has been undergoing renovation of which he seems not to know; and much is doing for it, *at this hour*, though in praise of the hands busy in the holy work he is silent.

Is this like a true friend? He weeps and wails over pluralities, and sinecures, and neglect of duties, and illustrates his long list of lamentations with an array of figures, most arithmetically lugubrious, and calculatingly lacrymose;—but that many of the pluralities thus dismally deplored are, as England now is, not only innocent but inevitable, and many of them, till some better arrangement be made, which nobody dreams of opposing, and which the Church itself has long been seeking to make, most serviceable to religion;—that many of the sinecures, which lying lips have sworn yielded splendid sums, would not keep a parish pauper in life, many of them, yielding but a hundred or two, held by men who but for them could not maintain their place in that middle-station which they adorn and instruct, labouring for its best interests like slaves, many the rewards of men eminent for learning and genius, who, in the boat built for them on the river of life, do not lie idle on their oars;—that the neglect of duties charged against churchmen can be justly charged against but a few scores, out of a body consisting perhaps of sixteen thousand members, while the proportion of delinquents is twenty times greater in every other profession, especially in those that have shewn the most deadly ran-

cour to that order, which they hypocritically and selfishly seek, forsooth, to reform, and greatest perhaps of all in that of the Law;—mute as a mouse is his Lordship on all these facts, which, plain as they are, it was his bounden duty, as a Church reformer, to declare before the people of England.

We shall suppose his pamphlet put into the hands of a Scotch Presbyterian, who, loving his own simple Church and its creed Calvinistic, and understanding well the constitution of the one, and as well the articles of the other as earnest Piety ever can the mysteries of Faith, has yet no hatred of the Church of England, of whose constitution and creed he indeed knows nothing but that they are in much different from those for which his own forefathers died. We shall suppose it put into his hand as a Manual of Instruction on the condition of that Church. He believes it to contain the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He holds up his hands in horror; and for the glory of God, and the good of his Church in England, so miserably misused, he too, in his cottage near the mause, will be a Reformer. The spirit of John Knox burns within him—death to all Bishops, and destruction to all Cathedrals.

We shall take another opportunity of examining Lord Henley's proposal to exclude from Parliament the Spiritual Peers. Their "kingdom is not of this world." So he says. And does "this world" signify simply the "Upper House?" The sublime words he uses, as they flowed from divine lips, were meant for the whole human race. They are an epitome of the Christian Religion. He does not understand their celestial sense, and speaks like a worldling, while he is condemning worldlings. He has some obscure dream of the poor fishermen of Galilee; and yet fears to say that poor ought to be the servants of an apostolical Church. If they, according to Scripture, should have nothing to do with the affairs of this world, why seek to secure for dignitaries—and why dignitaries at all—revenues which would have fed all the followers of Christ during the year he died and rose from the dead? He still leaves

them, "whose kingdom is not of this world," wherewithal to procure many of its enjoyments—and we should wish to know from him what enjoyments are innocent according to his creed? What in the sight of God is sinful in a Bishop, that is blameless in a Master in Chancery? Does he work as hard for his thousands a-year as they do for theirs? Has he a tythe of the talent and the learning, or a twentieth part of the toil, of many a country clergyman, who is making no complaint of the Church, and who is charitable to his parishioners, who bless him, though bringing up a large family on a few hundreds a-year? Sincicurists indeed! True it is the man is a Prebendary; but he has just sent his eldest son to Oxford,—and that small sinecure—in which he does duty, by the by, more than half as many days in the year as Lord Henley sits administering law, equity, and justice—will not suffice to send his young Jewell there with a plain wardrobe, and such a library as the lad needs who intends forthwith to set about reading for a First-class degree!

But words are wanting to express our indignant astonishment on beholding an English nobleman, of such acknowledged worth, employing, as an argument against the Spiritual Peers being suffered any longer to sit as senators, the pious opposition they made to a measure which he himself acknowledges is regarded by the wisest with fear, and introduced into the Great Legislative Assembly of the Commons a host of enemies to "our venerable Establishment," with whom it behoves all its friends "to prepare for conflict." Is it for *that sin*, above all others, that the "eye of Wisdom and Piety" beholds warnings of approaching chastisements? that the Church of England, "like many other fair and flourishing Churches," is to be "removed, and have its light quenched?"

We cannot go along with Dr Arnold's Principles of Church Reform. But Lord Henley would do well to study his classification of Church-Reformers. "The Government," he says, "would do well to consider with what motives Reform is called for; to see, first, whether they who

call loudest are the persons who ought to be satisfied; and, secondly, what it is that truth and wisdom demands; for their call ought certainly to be listened to, though it is generally preferred in a voice so gentle, that they who care not for it may easily avoid hearing it at all." He then observes to this effect, "that many men who are neither Dissenters, nor Churchmen, and appear to have very little value for Christianity personally, may still desire the well-being of their countrymen, and think they see much to amend in the Church. They may make some good or some bad suggestions, as it may happen; nor need a government despise even their advice. But it will not put upon it much value. But there are men—very many men—who neither value the social nor the religious benefits of an establishment—which those mentioned to a considerable degree do—and "these cannot be rightly said to desire its reform; they merely wish to see it destroyed; and destruction is so very different from reform, that it is a gross fraud to call ourselves friends of the one, when what we really desire is the other." These are not Church-Reformers, but Church-Destroyers. Many others, again, there are, who seek neither to reform nor

to destroy it; but who desire very earnestly to see its revenues diminished, by being made in part available to public purposes, from a regard to their own pockets. The public burdens being lightened, their purses will, they expect, be so much the heavier, as there will be a relief from taxation. Them Dr Arnot calls Self-Seekers. Then come Lord Henley's three millions of respectable, wealthy, intelligent, and indefatigable Dissenters. "They can hardly care," says Dr Arnold, calmly, "about the reform of an institution from which they have altogether separated themselves." He has heard no language from them which could entitle them justly to the name of Church-Reformers; and they belong either to the class of Church-Destroyers, or of Self-Seekers—or both. No Church-Reform would satisfy Church-Destroyers, Self-Seekers, and Dissenters. Nor have they any imaginable right to express any opinion to the government about Church Reform. Where, then, is the *universal wish* for Church-Reform? The wish must be with them who love, not hate it—and of them *what is the wish* of the majority, or of any great part? Is it for Lord Henley's plan? Certainly not.

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NOVEMBER, 1833.

VOL. XXXIV.

Contents.

THE HINDU DRAMA, BY PROFESSOR H. H. WILSON. No. I.	715
EDMUND BURKE. PART VI.	739
THE SKETCHER. No. V.	762
THE FIRST SESSION OF THE REFORMED PARLIAMENT—IRELAND—WEST INDIES—EAST INDIES—DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN POLICY OF MINIS- TERS,	776
THE SPANISH SUCCESSION,	804
LINES SUGGESTED BY DAVID'S PICTURE OF NAPOLEON ASLEEP IN HIS STUDY,	813
A FATHER'S CURSE. BY THOMAS AIRD, AUTHOR OF "RELIGIOUS CHA- RACTERISTICS," "CAPTIVE OF FEZ," ETC.	814
'TWAS NIGHT. BY THE HONOURABLE AUGUSTA NORTON,	819
FAMILY POETRY. No. IV. THE COUNTRY SEAT,	820
THE CONVENT OF CHAILLOT,	822
SPENSER. No. I.	824

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THE HINDU DRAMA.*

No. I.

THE Hindus believe that the world is incalculably old. In their chronology, a few million years make a sorry figure; their science, their superstition, their poetry, deal with Time as if it were itself Eternity; and Heaven, in their imagination, hangs but over the East.

In some moods of mind there seems to us something sublime in such a creed. As we gaze on their brightness, sun, moon, and stars look all young—in the golden prime of life. They are felt to be immortals. Was there ever a time when they were not? Before the music of the spheres was there the reign of silence? Insects as we are, is the secret known to us of the era of the solar system's birth? Can we record on a bit of paper the age of the universe?

Unwilling to destroy by dates the dream of the Illimitable, we take refuge, in such moods, in the Obscure. The idea of time, as it overshadows a few generations of ephemerals, is all too narrow and circumscribed; and we wish it to be lost in dim confusion, stretching back far beyond the reaches of our souls even on the wings of fancy. But

we cannot get rid of the impressions of sense, out of which our most spiritual conceptions seem mysteriously to arise; and therefore do all we can to give them magnitude and magnificence. If we must speak of epochs in the history of heaven, let there be intervals between, in which our flight may be lost. Let the seas be ancient as the stars, whose lustre they embosom; and the stillness of the sky, that may be believed to have been for ever, impart a character of coeval duration to this our globe, hanging from it by a golden chain, like a lamp from a dome, and fed by eternal light, an emanation from the Creator.

But dreams like these are foolish to "Discourse of Reason." To that faculty, the Lord of All, there is but one object—Truth. God-given, it knows God; and constructing its sciences, it learns to comprehend his works. From thoughts springing up within it in time, it sees the attributes of Him who inhabiteth eternity. His voice has revealed to man that 'twas but as yesterday when first our orb arose out of the unapparent deep; and all the discoveries man has made of the processes of nature

* Select Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindus. By Horace Hayman Wilson, Professor of Sanscrit, Oxford.

are not only reconcilable with, but corroborative of, that revelation.

The superstition, the science, the poetry of the Orientals, are all a Dream. But it is a dream evolved from reality—and in the gloom or glitter of fiction is visible, as if through a dark or a bright veil, the form and the face of Truth. European science has dissolved all those Asiatic dreams which once bore the name of science; their superstition, prevalent still, has been broken up by the Bible, and is seen floating like the many-coloured clouds of earth's often beautiful vapours; and in their poetry, the finest not much older than the Christian era, is seen that superstition in its least offensive, in its fairest forms; for the imagination that gives birth to poetry, still seeks delight, and out of a system even of pollution and cruelty can frame visionary creations of purity and peace.

Of that Poetry—and of its highest department—the Drama—we are enabled to present the public with some account and specimens—from a work—little known in Britain—by one of our most accomplished Oriental scholars. Perhaps no man living is so deeply read in all that regards the Hindu Drama as he who was lately Secretary to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, and is now Professor of Sanscrit in the University of Oxford. To that new Professorship he was elected, not merely on the strength of his fame, but of his achievements, and in preference to a most distinguished competitor—merit being now the chief—nay, we do not fear to say, the sole road—and it is a royal one—to elevation to places of high honour and trust in that illustrious seat of all the Muses.

It was not till Sir William Jones published a translation into prose of Kalidasa's beautiful *Sakuntala*, that the western world were aware that the Hindus had a National Drama. We gave a full analysis of it, and many long specimens, about a dozen years ago. But here we have translations into verse of several dramas; expositions of many more; and notices of the whole Hindu Theatre. The *Prabodha Chandrodaya*, or *Rise of the Moon of Intellect*, translated by the late Dr Taylor of Bombay,

throws more light on the metaphysics than the drama of the Hindus; and the account given of the *Mālati Mādhava*, in the *Asiatic Researches*, by Mr Colebrooke, was subordinate to the object of his Essay on Sanscrit and *Prākṛit Prosody*. Neither of the dramas hitherto published can be considered to convey an accurate notion of the Hindu Theatre. The one belongs to the metaphysical, the other to the mythopastoral class of Sanscrit plays; but there is a wide range between; and we are conducted through it all under the learned guidance of Professor Horace Wilson. His Essay on "The Dramatic System of the Hindus" is a masterpiece of philosophical criticism, many of his notes are in themselves poems; and his Prefaces to the Plays are full of the rarest and most interesting historical erudition, often throwing great light on the manners and customs of ancient India. The whole work, which ought to be reprinted—for the Calcutta edition, we should suppose, from the difficulty we found in procuring a copy, must be nearly exhausted—is delightful from its novelty; but its true praise is that it unfolds before us the whole of the finest part of a national literature, and thereby illustrates a highly interesting national character.

The most illustrious Hindu Dramatic Poets are Kalidasa and Bhavabhūti. Bhavabhūti was named Srikantha, or he in whose throat eloquence resides; and was a native of the South of India, a Brahman of Berar or Beder, and a member of the tribe of Brahmans who pretend to trace their descent from the Sagi Kasyapa. The site of his birth-place is corroborated by his power of describing nature in her magnificence—not common in Hindu Bards, who delight rather in tracing her minuter beauties—loving the lily and the lotus. That power his genius derived—or rather thereon it fed—from the eternal mountains and forests of Gondwana. But it appears that the place of his birth was not the scene of his literary triumphs, and that these were attained under the patronage of the Princes of Hindostan. His Three Dramas are *Mālati* and *Mādhava*, containing their Loves; *Vṛttara Rama Cheritra*, con-

taining a continuation of the History of Rama, the celebrated Prince of Ayohkya, spoken of at large by Jones, Wilford, Maurice, Ford, and Faber, as well as in the Hindu Pantheon of Moor, and of whose history, the Rámáyana, the first two books have been translated by Carey and Marshman of Serampore, and Vira Cheritra, a story, too, of heroism and love. But we are going now to give an account of another play of his great rival Kalidasa, as beautiful, perhaps, even as the "Sakuntala," "Vkrama and Urvasi," while of Kalidasa himself we shall tell the little that is known or conjectured at another time. But we must first give some account of the Hindu drama in general, availing ourselves of the admirable Essay of Professor Wilson.

The Hindus ascribe the invention of dramatic entertainments to a Muni or inspired Sage, named Bharata. But such ascription is unsatisfactory to some writers, who declare their origin to have been divine. The art, they say, was gathered from the Vedas by the god Brahma, who revealed it to his servant. The Greek drama was not of celestial birth—nor ours; Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides received the art from the hands of Thespis, and as if by the power of magic, the Cart became a Cirque; and bald babble rich-robed speech; while, with us, the mysteries and moralities that almost shamed the cloisters whence they sprang, were succeeded almost as wonderfully by the perfect creations of Shakspeare. Reason achieves her triumphs by slow progression, and ages intervene between dawn and meridian. But imagination comes like a sunburst. So was it with Homer—with Dante—and with him just named—the brightest of the Sons of the Morning.

It probably was so in Hindostan. The drama rose, and admiration attributed its birth to heaven. Professor Wilson thinks it impossible that the Hindus should have borrowed their dramatic compositions from the people either of ancient or modern times. The nations of Europe possessed no dramatic compositions before the 14th or 15th century; at which period the Hindu drama had passed into its decline. Mohammedan literature has ever been a stranger to theatrical wri-

tings, and the Mussulman Conquerors of India could not have communicated what they never possessed. There is no record that theatrical entertainment were ever naturalized amongst the ancient Persians, Arabs, or Egyptians; and the Hindus, if they learned the art from others, can have been obliged alone to the Greeks or to the Chinese. But a perusal of the Hindu Plays will show how little likely it is that they are indebted to either, as, with the exception of a few features in common, which could not fail to occur, they present characteristic varieties of conduct and construction, which strongly evidence both original design and national development.

The Hindu Theatre is distinguished from every other by a most remarkable peculiarity; it is not in the vernacular tongue! The greater part of every play—and almost all the finest—is written in Sanscrit; but Sanscrit, though once a spoken tongue in some parts of India, was never the language of the whole country, and had ceased to be a living dialect at a period of which we have no knowledge. The plays, therefore, were unintelligible to a great—perhaps the greater—part of the audience. This must, we think, have somewhat impaired or impeded the pleasure of the audience, or rather the spectators. There could have been few noisy manifestations of applause. The explanation of this peculiarity is to be found in the constitution of Hindu society—not only the highest offices of the state, but the highest branches of literature, being reserved for the privileged tribes, or Brahmans. There were no galleries for the gods. No critic row—because no pit. The Brahmans in the boxes had it all to themselves; and some even of them may have had no great share of Sanscrit. Even among them, Mr Wilson says, but a small portion could have followed the expressions of the actors so as to have felt their full force, and the plays of the Hindus must therefore have been exceedingly deficient in theatrical effect. They must indeed.

Yet there were circumstances attending these representations that, in some measure compensated the

evil of their being unintelligible; most of the stories on which the plays were founded, were popular; there was a sanctity in Sanscrit, and, indeed, in the whole performance, that "substituted an adventitious interest for ordinary excitement." People went prepared to be interested, and with a religious temper of awe, and reverence; the spectacle before their eyes must have awakened their imaginations; and there is no setting bounds to the effect that may be produced on feelings willing and ready to be roused by the power of good acting and of stirring scenery, especially if it represent objects and events consecrated by superstition. These dramas, too, were not every-day entertainments. Like those of the Athenians, they were written with a view but to one specific representation; and were acted only on solemn or public occasions—such as lunar holidays, a royal coronation, assemblages of people at fairs and religious festivals, marriages, the meeting of friends, taking first possession of a house, or a town, and the birth of a son. The most ordinary occasion, however, of a performance, was the season peculiarly sacred to some divinity. When all these things are taken into account, the peculiarity no longer seems a mystery; and we can easily enough imagine how, with the sympathy of the Sanscrit scholars who understood and felt all that was uttered, may have blended that of the many who knew but their vernacular, till the whole congregation was moved; for the sounds, of which the ignorant part of the audience knew not the precise significance, would operate upon their feelings like those of natural language—so that we seem to have brought ourselves to the admission of an important truth, that the unintelligible may be extremely affecting or exciting, and a play most delightful, of which not one word in ten is understood, except from the tones and gesticulations of the actors.

And this leads us to say, that in the Hindu Drama, as in the Greek, there is an intimate connexion between dancing and representation. The dances of the Greek chorus were no less important than their songs. The dramatic representations

first invented, say the Hindu writers, consisted of three kinds, *Nāṭya*, *Nrītya*, and *Nrīta*, which were exhibited before the gods by the *Gandherbas* and *Asparasas*, the spirits and nymphs of *Indra's* heaven, who were trained to the exhibition by *Bharata*, the *Muni* or Sage, to whom *Brahma* himself, as we have seen, revealed the divine art, as gathered from the *Vedas*. Of these different modes of representation, the *Nāṭya* only is properly the dramatic, and defined to be—Gesticulation with Language. The *Nrītya* is Gesticulation without Language, or Pantomime. And the *Nrīta* is simple Dancing. But *Siva*, it is said, added two other styles, the *Tāṇḍara* and *Lāsya*, which are merely styles of Dancing, and grafts on the original system. They took their name from the females to whom they were first taught—*Tāṇḍu*, a pupil of *Siva's* self—and the Princess *Usha*, pupil of *Parvati*—by whom they were communicated to the females of all the various regions of *Hindustan*.

The general term for all dramatic compositions is *Rūpaka*, from *Rūpa*, form; it being their chief object to embody characters and feelings, and to exhibit the natural indications of Passion. A play is also defined a Poem that is to be seen, or a Poem that is to be seen and heard. Besides the *Rūpakas*, properly so called, there are the *Upaupakas*, of a minor or inferior order; and of the first there are ten, of the second eighteen species, on all of which Professor H. Wilson learnedly dissects by the book, and the distinctions are curious. It is impossible for us to follow him through the Twenty-eight species—but we quote his interesting account of the *Nāṭaka*, or the Play *par excellence*.

"It is declared to be the most perfect kind of dramatic composition. The subject should always be celebrated and important. According to the *Sāhitya Darpana*, the story should be selected from mythological or historical record alone, but the *Dasa Rūpaka* asserts, that it may be also fictitious or mixed, or partly resting on tradition, and partly the creation of the author. The practice of the early writers seems to have sanctioned the latter rule, and although they adopted their plots from Sacred Poems, or *Purānas*, they considered themselves

at liberty to vary the incidents as they pleased. Modern bards have been more scrupulous. The restriction imposed upon the selection of the subject, is the same as that to which the French theatre so long submitted, from whose Tragic code all newly invented topics were excluded, in supposed imitation of the Greek theatre, in which, however, the *Flower of Agathon*, founded altogether upon fiction, was an early and popular production.

"Like the Greek Tragedy, however, the *Nátaka* is to represent worthy or exalted personages only, and the hero must be a monarch as *Duhyanta*, a demigod as *Ráma*, or a divinity as *Krishna*. The action, or more properly the passion, should be but one, as love, or heroism. The plot should be simple, the incidents consistent, the business should spring direct from the story as a plant from its seed, and should be free from episodic and prolix interruptions. The time should not be protracted, and the duration of an act, according to the elder authority, should not exceed one day, but the *Sáhitya Darpana* extends it to a few days, or even to one year. When the action cannot be comprised within these limits, the less important events may be thrown into narrative, or may be supposed to pass between the acts, or they may be communicated to the audience by one of the actors, who holds the character of an interpreter, and explains to the persons of the assembly whatever they may require to know, or what is not conveyed to them by the representation; a rather awkward contrivance to supply the deficiencies of the piece, but one that would sometimes be useful to insinuate the plot into the audiences of more polished communities. The diction of a *Nátaka* should be perspicuous and polished. The piece should consist of not fewer than five acts, and not more than ten.

"In many of these characteristics, the *Nátaka* presents an obvious analogy to the tragedy of the Greeks, which was, 'the imitation of a solemn and perfect action, of adequate importance, told in pleasing language, exhibiting the several elements of dramatic composition in its different parts, represented through the instrumentality of agents, not by narration, and purifying the affections of human nature by the influence of pity and terror.' In the expansion of this definition in the 'Poetics,' there are many points of affinity, and particularly in the selection of persons and subjects, but there are also differences, some of which merit to be noticed.

"With regard to the unities, we have that of action fully recognised, and a simplicity of business is enjoined quite in the spirit of the Greek drama. The unity of place is not noticed, as might have been expected from the probable absence of all scenic embellishment. It was impossible to transport the substantial decorations of the Grecian stage from place to place, and therefore the scene was the same throughout, but where every thing was left to the imagination, one site was as easily conceivable as another, and the scene might be fancied, one while a garden, and another while a palace, as well as it could be imagined to be either. The unity of time is curiously modified, conformably to a principle which may satisfy the most fastidious, and 'the time required for the fable elapses invariably between the acts.' In practice there is generally less latitude than the rule indicates, and the duration of an act is very commonly that of the representation, or at most 'one course of the sun;' the night elapsing in the interval. In one piece, the *Útara Ráma Cheritra*, indeed, we have a more extensive period, and twelve years are supposed to pass between the first and second acts. This was the unavoidable consequence of the subject of the play, and affords an analogy to the license of the romantic drama.

"Another important difference from the Classical Drama, and from that of most countries, is the total absence of the distinction between tragedy and comedy. The Hindu plays confine themselves neither to the 'crimes nor to the absurdities of mankind,' neither 'to the momentous changes, nor lighter vicissitudes of life,' neither 'to the terrors of distress, nor the gaieties of prosperity.' In this respect they may be classed with much of the Spanish and English drama, to which, as Schlegel observes, 'the terms tragedy and comedy are wholly inapplicable in the sense in which they were employed by the Ancients.' They are invariably of a mingled web, and blend 'seriousness and sorrow, with levity and laughter.' They never offer, however, a calamitous conclusion, which, as Johnson remarks, was enough to constitute a tragedy in Shakspeare's days, and although they propose to excite all the emotions of the human breast. Terror and Pity included, they never effect this object by leaving a painful impression upon the mind of the spectator. The Hindus, in fact, have no tragedy, a defect that subverts the theory that tragedy necessarily preceded comedy, because, in the infancy of society, the

stronger passions predominated, and it was not till social intercourse was complicated and refined that the follies and frivolities of mankind afforded material for satire. The theory is evidently more ingenious than just, for a considerable advance in refinement must have been made, before plays were written at all, and the days of Æschylus were not those of the fierce and fiery emotions he delineates. In truth, however, the individual and social organization of the native of India, is unfavourable to the development of towering passion; and whatever poets or philosophers may have insinuated to the contrary, there is no doubt that the regions of physical equability, have ever been, and still are, those of moral extremes.

"The absence of tragic catastrophe in the Hindu dramas is not merely an unconscious omission. Such catastrophe is prohibited by a positive rule, and the death of either the hero or the heroine is never to be announced. With that regard, indeed, for decorum, which even Voltaire thought might be sometimes dispensed with, it is not allowed in any manner, '*ensanglanter la scène*,' and death must invariably be inflicted out of the view of the spectators. Attention to *bi-néance* is carried even to a further extent, and a number of interdictions are peculiar to the system of the Hindus. The excepted topics of a serious nature, are, hostile defiance, solemn imprecations, exile, degradation, and national calamity; whilst those of a less grave, or comic character, are biting, scratching, kissing, eating, sleeping, the bath, inunction, and the marriage ceremony. Dramatic writers, especially those of a modern date, have sometimes violated these precepts; but, in general, the conduct of what may be termed the Classical Drama of the Hindus is exemplary and dignified. Nor is its moral purport neglected; and one of their writers declares, in an illustration familiar to ancient and modern poetry, that the chief end of the theatre is to disguise, by the invidious sweet, the unpalatable, but salutary, bitter of the cup.

"The extent of the Hindu plays is another peculiarity in which they differ from the dramatic writings of other nations, and even the '*Robbers*,' or '*Don Carlos*,' will suffer in the comparison of length. The *Mṛichchakati* would make at least three of the plays of Æschylus. In actual representation, however, a Hindu play constituted a less unreasonable demand upon the patience of an audience, than an Athenian performance, consisting at one sitting of three tragedies

and a farce. If the Hindu stage exhibited a long play, it exhibited that alone."

The extreme length of the Hindu plays is to be accounted for by the infrequency of the representation. They were acted, as we have seen, perhaps but once—and never had a run like Mother Goose or the Mountaineers. Our philosophic critic says, too, that the same circumstance accounts for their being so few. Sir William Jones supposed that the Indian Theatre would fill as many volumes as that of any nation in ancient or modern Europe. But the Professor doubts whether all the plays that are to be found, and those of which mention is made by writers on the Drama, but now lost, would amount to many more than sixty. No more than three plays are attributed to each of the great Masters of the Art, Bhavabhūti and Kālidāsa. This is not easily explained; for the occasions on which dramas were represented among the Hindus seem, by Mr Wilson's own shewing, to have been more numerous than among the Athenians; and had not so many tragedies of their Three Great Masters of the Art with them been lost, what a Greek Theatre we should have had, to say nothing of the productions of inferior but still great genius. Besides, it seems incredible that the Rūpaka and the Uparūpaka should have been separated by critics into twenty-eight species, unless there had been a very great number indeed of compositions comprehended in the two chief classes. Mr Wilson did not overlook that difficulty; but he thinks he has removed it by observing that the dramatic pieces which have come down to us are those of the highest order, defended by their intrinsic purity from the corrosion of time. Those of an inferior description were probably numerous, and being but poor, have perished. Some of them, he says, existed apparently in the vernacular dialects, and traces of them are still observable in the dramatized stories of professional buffoons; and he believes that the inferior pieces were the more popular. Strange then that they should have disappeared; nor can we think that from such pieces, if they were indeed so very inferior, could have been drawn a

comprehensive and complicated system of criticism, and on them founded a legislation of the Drama.

Every piece opens with a Prelude, or induction, analogous to the prologue of ancient and modern times. In as far as it is spoken in character, it accords with the prologues of Euripides and Plautus. Being in dialogue, it is, more correctly, the induction of the old English Comedy. In the Hindu Theatre, the actors of the prelude were never more than two, the manager and one of his company, either an actor or actress, and it differs from the similar preliminary performances of every other people, by leading immediately into the business of the drama. In it the audience are made acquainted with the author, his work, the actors, and such part of the prior events as it is necessary for the spectators to know. We wish it were so with all plays. For one half of the performance is generally over, before we, so slow are we of apprehension, know what all the bustle is about; and by the time we have discovered the drift of the whole concern, and would fain hark back on the dialogue, not a word can we recollect of all that has been ranted, perhaps for a couple of hours, and the commencement has lost all connexion with the catastrophe.

The prelude—which includes a prayer—being over—and 'tis never long—the piece is carried on, as in the theatres of Europe, by division of scenes and acts. The Scene is marked by the entrance of one character and the exit of another; and, in general, the stage is never left empty in the course of the act. But this rule is not very rigidly observed; and to fill up the seeming chasms, which such an interruption as a total change of scene requires, and to avoid the solecism of the entrance of a character whose approach is unannounced, there are two personages—the Interpreter and Introducer—members of the theatrical company—who may be supposed to sit by, and upon any interruption in the regular course of the piece, kindly explain to the audience its cause and object.

An Act or Anka, as in the French theatre, is said to be marked by the exit of all the personages. In num-

ber they vary from one to ten; and one queer concern, half play half poem, has fourteen. The first act, or ankamukha, corresponds to the exposition, prologue, or prosthesis of the ancient theatre, and furnishes a clue to the subject of the whole story. The ensuing acts carry on the business of the story to its final development in the last; and we agree with Mr Wilson, when he says, that the Hindu writers are in general successful in maintaining the character of their exode—the business being rarely completed before the concluding act. The piece closes as it began, with a characteristic benediction, or prayer, which is always repeated by the principal personage, and expresses his wishes for general plenty and happiness.

Every description of composition has its appropriate hero and heroine, and in the ample range of the Hindu drama, every class of society contributes its members. The hero may be a god or demigod, or a mortal, in the higher kinds of composition—and be drawn from mythology, or history, or fable, or the author's fancy, and he must have all the attributes that fit mortal or immortal for love. *The character of a Hero includes forty-eight species! and by considering them as diversified by mortal, semi-divine, or celestial origin, these are multiplied to a hundred and forty-four kinds.* The heroines are the nymphs of heaven, the brides of demigods, the wives of saints, female saints themselves. (which, we presume from the distinction, saints' wives are not,) and deified woods and rivers. In plays of pure fiction, they are princesses and courtezans—and in pieces of intrigue, the different inmates of the Haram.

The Nayika, or Heroine, must possess twenty Alankāras, or ornaments and graces of women. Besides brilliancy, beauty, youth, sweetness of disposition, and steady attachment, which we Europeans too expect in a Nayika, but seldom see on the stage, she must possess Bhāva—a slight personal indication of natural emotion; Hāsa—its stronger expression, as change of colour (no painting permitted); Hēla—the decided manifestation of feeling; Lāsa—mimicry of a lover's manner, language, dress, &c., for his diversion, or that

of female companions; Vilāsa—the expression of desire evinced in look, act, or speech; Vichitti—neglect of dress and ornaments through mental agitation; Vibhrama—wrong application of personal embellishments occasioned by hurry and anxiety; Kilakinchitam—mixed sensation, as the conflict between joy and grief, tenderness and resentment; Mottāyitan—the silent expression of returned affection; Kutamitam—the affected repulse of a lover's endearments; Vikrita—the suppression of the sentiments of the heart through bashfulness; and Lolitam—the conviction of triumphant charms, and the sentiment of gratified love, as expressed by elegance of attire and complacency of deportment.

The Hero must have a friend or confidant, and a counterpart or antagonist; and each of these may have his courtiers, ministers, officers, companions, and dependents. The Heroine has always her companion and confidant, and the most appropriate personage to fill this capacity is a foster-sister—where queens are the heroines, a favourite damsel—female devotees play a leading part in several dramas—and sometimes are painted in very unfavourable colours, sometimes as ladies of profound learning and sound morals, the teachers and friends of men holding the highest offices of State, and the instrument selected by them to secure the happiness of their children. Such is the old Priestess, or rather Ascetic, in the *Mālati* and *Mādhava*, an exceedingly interesting drama, of which we shall give an account in a future number.

The Object of dramatic representation is very truly said to be—to convey instruction through the means of amusement. To effect that object, the dramatist must have command over the Bhavas and the Rasas. The Bhavas are certain conditions of the mind or body, which are followed by a corresponding impression on those who feel, or are supposed to feel them, and a corresponding impression (the Rasas) on those who behold them. When these conditions are of a permanent or perdurable description, and produce a lasting and general impression, which is not disturbed by the influence of collateral or contrary excitement,

they are, in fact, the same with the impressions, and Bhava and Rasa are one. The Bhavas are divided into *Schayi*, lasting, and *Vyabhi-chari*, transitory; and the first are of nine, the second of thirty-three kinds. Of the thirty-three we shall mention a few in English:—Self-disparagement—debility—sorrow—excess in pleasure—hunger and thirst—intolerance of another's superiority—intoxication—indistinctness of utterance—perspiration—pregnancy—not knowing what is to be done, or left undone—concentration of mind—shame—flurry—incapacity for every kind of business—drowsiness—demoniac influence—cruelty—sickness—fear—death. We perceive we have made a mistake in the enumeration; for some of these are not strictly *Vyabhi-chari* Bhavas, but, in fact, *Vibhavas*, or *Anubhavas*, or *Satwika* Bhavas, which are all modifications, or rather preliminary or accompanying conditions, of *Vyabhi-chari* Bhavas. But we trust the error is not of much practical importance.

The Rasas are so termed from the analogy, that seems to be acknowledged or expressed, in all the languages of men—between mental and physical impressions—tastes. They reside in the composition, but are made sensible in their action on the reader or spectator, and are eight or nine—Love, Mirth, Tenderness, Fury, Heroism, Terror, Disgust, Wonder, Tranquillity—a list, as Professor Wilson observes, more comprehensive than the Greek Tragic Rasas of Terror or Pity. We are pleased to see it said of one of them—Disgust—which is defined “the feeling inspired by filthy objects or by fetid odours, or by low and virulent abuse,” that it is not the subject of any entire drama. But in many dramas scenes of that description occur—as, for example, in the *Veni Sauhāra*, the dialogue of two demons which inspires strong tragic Disgust. Conformably to the genius of Mythological classification, the Rasas are personified of different hues, and subject to the influence of different divinities. Love is black, and subject to Vishnu; Mirth white, to Rama; Tenderness red, to Rudra; Fury red, to Sakra; Heroism grey, to Varuna; Terror black, to Yama; Disgust blue,

to Mahakala; Wonder yellow, to Brahma; the hue and divinity of Tranquillity are not given, but we shall dress her in drab, and she will make a very pretty quakeress, as Agatha Brown. And here, it is pleasant to see how Genius works in one spirit in all countries, however wide apart, for the three plays of Bhavabhūti, the greatest Hindu dramatist, except Kalidāsa, and his equal, are severally appropriated, like Miss Baillie's Plays on the Passions, to distinct Emotions—Mālati and Mādhava to the Śringāra Rasa or Love, the Vira Cheritra to the Vira Rasa or Heroism, and the Uttara Rāma Cheritra to the Karuṇā Rasa or Tenderness.

The diction of the Hindu drama is rich and elaborate; in no department of Hindu literature are the powers of the Sanscrit language more lavishly developed. The original aphorism of Bharata has not been forgotten. "The poet is to employ choice and harmonious terms, and an elevated and polished style, embellished with the ornaments of rhetoric and rhythm." The ordinary business is in prose, but reflections or descriptions, and the poetical flights, are in verse. As to metre, every one of the many kinds of Sanscrit metre is employed, from the verse of four lines of eight syllables each, to that which contains any number of syllables from twenty-seven to one hundred and ninety-nine.

None of the poets confine themselves to any particular metre, but vary it as often as they choose, perhaps ten times in thirty stanzas; "and it is impossible," says our author, with enthusiasm, "to conceive language so beautifully musical, or so magnificently grand, as that of many of the verses of Bhavabhūti and Kalidāsa."

The Hero, and all the principal personages, speak Sanscrit; but women, and the inferior characters, use various modifications of that language, which are comprehended under the term Prakrit. "Prakrit," says Sir William Jones, "is little more than the language of the Brahmans melted down, by a delicate articulation, to the softness of Italian;" and Mr Wilson says he is correct, as far as the Prakrit spoken by the Heroine and principal female personages is con-

cerned; but that Mr Colebrookemore correctly intimates, that the term Prakrit is of a more comprehensive nature, and is properly applicable to all the written and cultivated dialects of India. The Heroine speaks one dialect—Attendants on Royal Persons another—and Servants, Rajputs, and Traders, and the various other characters, each their own, according to technical authorities. And thus, if these deviations were implicitly followed, a Hindu play would be a polyglot, intelligible throughout to very few individuals indeed; but in practice, there are barely more than three varieties—Sanskrit, and a Prakrit more or less refined.

But there are two individuals, termed specifically the Vita and the Vidushaka, that are peculiar in some degree to the Theatre of the Hindus. The Vita is accomplished in the lighter arts, particularly poetry, music, and singing; he is the companion either of a man or a woman; on familiar and easy but dependent terms with his associates; and evinces something of the character of the Parasite of the Greek Comedy. The Vidushaka is the Buffoon of the Hindu Theatre—a sort of Sancho Panza—and, strange to say, always a Brahman. In the drama of Intrigue he is not absolutely a Pandarus, but a Mercury. Yet his morality is on the whole sound, and his devotion to his friend entire. He is lively, facetious, nay, witty in a small way; excites mirth by being ridiculous in person, age, or attire, and his ruling passion is in his stomach. In stately scenes, and in the midst of elevated sentiments, he snuffs and eulogizes culinary smells, and studies Ude and Dr Kitchiner.

The Hindus never had any building appropriated to public entertainments. In the palaces of kings, there used to be a chamber, or hall, known as the Sanjita Sālā, the Music Saloon, in which dancing and singing were practised, and sometimes exhibited; but for such purposes there never was any separate edifice. But in such a climate, the spacious open courts of the dwellings of persons of consequence were equally well adapted to the purposes of dramatic representation, and the convenience of the spectators. The properties of the Hindu stage were no doubt

as limited as the scenery; but seats, thrones, weapons, and cars with live cattle, were used. Costume was always observed; and females were in general represented by females. In all such points, the Hindu stage was probably neither better nor worse off than the early stage in Europe, except that it had the advantage in attention to costume, and in female personation. Our own wooden O.'s were insignificant ciphers even in the time of Shakspeare; and Ophelia, Desdemona, and, worst of all, perhaps, Rosalind, were boys or men. But genius can do any thing with free and warm sensibilities; and even a powdered wig, if worn by Garrick in Macbeth, would have been a formidable and fearful "fell of hair."

We have now followed, faithfully we hope, though into many of his curious expositions we have been unable to enter, the ingenious and learned Professor all through his Disquisition on the Dramatic System of the Hindus. It was not so much, he tells us, to illustrate the plays themselves, that he sketched a picture of the system founded on them, as to afford a view of the theatrical criticism of the Hindus, and a notion of their mode of theorising. As dramatic poetry declined, it is observable that dramatic criticism arose, in India as in Greece. There was no Hindu Aristotle; yet the writers with whom he shews himself to be so well acquainted, had their own theory; and though they exhibited no powers of generalization, taste and judgment are shewn in many of the details, and from even our imperfect analysis of the philosophical Essay in which they are all so clearly and orderly arranged, we cannot help thinking our readers will proceed with advantage to the perusal of the specimens of the dramas themselves—and first of the Vikrama and Urvasi, or the Hero and the Nymph, which belongs to the Trotaka, or second class of Uparúpakas, which are themselves, we have seen, of the second order, the Nátaka being the "bright consummate flower" of Rúpakas, *par excellence* A PLAY.

The loves of Purúravas and Urvasi are related in various Purávas, and in a work entitled the Vrihat Katha; but by far the most interesting Ro-

mance is that of the play. Purúravas, is the King of Pratishthána, and Urvasi, an Apsaras or Nymph of Indra's Heaven. The scene in the first act is the Peaks of the Himálaya; in the second and third, the palace of Purúravas at Pratishthána; in the fourth, the Forest of Akalusha; and in the fifth, again at the palace. During the Prelude, shrieks are heard in the air.

"Help, help, if in the middle sky
A friend be found—to aid us fly!"

In the first scene enter in the air a troop of Apsarasas, still shrieking for help, and then Purúravas, in a heavenly car, driven by his charioteer. He is a king of high descent, being sprung by his mother Ila from the sun, and by his father Budha from the moon.

"Pur. Suspend your cries; in me behold
a friend,

Purúravas, returning from the sphere
Of the wide glancing sun; command my aid,
And tell me what you dread.

Rembhá (a nymph.) A demon's violence.

Pur. What violence presumes the fiend
to offer?

Menaká. Great king! it thus has chanced;
we measured back

Our steps from an assembly of the Gods
Held in Kuvera's hall—before us stepped
The graceful Urvasi, the nymph whose
charms

Defeated Indra's stratagems, and shamed
The loveliness of Sri—the brightest ornament

Of heaven; when on our path the haughty
Dánava,

Kéi, the monarch of the Golden City,
Sprang fierce and tore the struggling nymph
away."

Purúravas orders his charioteer to drive him up the mountains and through the clouds, in pursuit of the ravisher, while the nymphs await his return with the rescued Urvasi, on the Golden or Snowy Peak. In a few moments—for his speed has been as of the lightning—the King re-enters in his car slowly; Urvasi fainting near his side, supported by her friend Chitrakléhá.

"Pur. Why cherish this alarm
When its just cause is o'er? Unclose those
lids—

The lotus opens when the night retires.

Chitr. Alas! her sighs alone declare her
conscious!

Pur. Soft as the flower, the timid heart
not soon

Forgoes its fears—the scarf that veils her
bosom

Hides not its flutterings, and the panting
breast

Seems as it felt the wreath of heavenly blos-
soms

Weigh too oppressively.

Chitr. Revive, my friend!

This weakness ill becomes a Nymph of
Heaven!

Awake, dear friend! the enemies of Heaven
Are baffled in despair.

Urv. (*Receiving.*) By Indra's prowess.

Chitr. By prowess not inferior to Ma-
hendra's.

By this most holy Prince, Purúravas.

Urv. (*Looking at Purúravas; then
apart.*)

What thanks I owe the Dánava!"

Both are smitten. The King is particularly poetical—and the Nymph says apart that his delightful words fall like drops of nectar. He tells her that her attendants are watching anxiously on the Golden Peak to mark her coming safe from the Demon's grasp, "Like the bright moon emerging from eclipse."

"*Rembhá.* Attended by each brilliant star,
Like Chandra in his radiant car,
The king appears, and with him borne,
Behold our sister nymphs return.

Menaká. For both the boons our thanks
be poured;

The Prince returned, and friends restored.

Chorus. Joy to the Prince who mighty
rose

To quell the pride of Demon Foes.

Pur. To yonder lofty mountain guide the
car.

(*Apart.*) Not vain our journey hitherward;
'tis much,

In the unsteady rolling of the chariot,

But for a moment to have touched the
form

Of this celestial nymph—the blissful contact
Shoots ecstasy through every fibre. Here

(*about*)

Arrest our course—the maid's companion
choir

Press on to her embrace, like flowery vines
That bend to catch the beauty of the
spring "

In the midst of their congratulations, the sound of mighty chariots is heard—a blaze plays on the towering precipices, and enters Chitraratha, the King of the Gandharbas, the male attendants and choristers in the Courts of Siva, Indra, and Kuvera. He had been sent by Indra to rescue

Urvasi from the Demon, but having been too late, had returned to the Court, and now bears Indra's thanks, and his wish to see the victorious prince in Heaven. All this has happened in shorter time than we have taken to write it—and we call this your only proper Unity of Time. After some pretty slow reluctant amorous delay—for she has entangled her garland in a straggling vine, and suffers her Chitrakléhá leisurely to disengage it—Urvasi at last ascends after the upward flight of Gandharbas and Apsarasas, while Purúravas, gazing after her, and exclaiming "what idle dreams does frantic love suggest!" mounts his car and disappears. So ends the first act—and very beautiful it is—and might even be exhibited, we think, on a wide cloudy stage—a majestic spectacle.

In Act II. the scene is in the garden of the Palace of Purúravas at Prayaga, at the confluence of the Yamuna and the Ganges. Enter Manava, the Vidúshaka, or Buffoon and Brahman.

"*Man.* It is mighty inconvenient this, for a Brahman like myself, one so much sought after, and subject to much invitation, to be burthened with the king's secret—going so much into company as I do, I shall never be able to set a guard on my tongue. I must be prudent, and will stay here by myself in this retired temple, until my royal friend comes forth from the council chamber. (*Sits down, and covers his face with his hands.*)"

Nipuniká, an attendant on the Queen, steals upon him, soliloquizing about the King, who, she says, is quite an altered man since he returned from the regions of the Sun, and she wonders what can be the reason. She is not long in fishing it out of the Vidúshaka, is delighted to find there is a nymph in the case, and runs off to comfort the Queen with the welcome intelligence. Her place is supplied by no less a personage than Purúravas himself, and a very amusing dialogue ensues between him and the Vidúshaka about Urvasi. The King is so lost in his passion, as to be apparently insensible to the buffoonery of the privileged Brahman, and preserves a most solemn aspect, which contrasts funnily with the mock majesty of the jester.

Man. The bower of jasmynes yonder is studded thick with blossoms, and the bees crowd about them in heaps; it invites your Majesty to repose. [*They enter the arbour.*]

Pur. As you please.

Man. Now, seated in this shade, you may dissipate your cares, by contemplating the elegant plants around us.

Pur. How should I learn composure?

As my eye

Rests on the towering trees, and from their tops

Sees the lithe creeper wave, I call to mind
The graces that surpass its pendulous elegance.

Come, rouse your wit, and friendship may inspire

Some capable expedient to secure me

The object of my wishes.

Man. With all my heart. The thunder-bolt was Indra's friend, when he was in love with Ahalyā, and I am your adviser, now you are enamoured of Urvāsi. We are both of us sapient counsellors.

Pur. Genuine affection ever counsels wisely.

Man. Well—I will turn the matter over in my mind, but you must not disturb my cogitations by your sighs.

Pur. (*Feeling his eyes twinkle.*)

The Moon-faced Maid is far beyond my reach!

Then why should love inspire such flattering tokens!

They teach my mind to feel as if enjoyed

The present bliss, hope scarcely dares imagine.

As he ceases speaking, Urvāsi and Chitrālekṣhā hover over him in the air. Their colloquy is all of love, and her attendant encourages the Nymph to believe that her charms must be victorious. They descend, but conceal themselves in veiling mist—that, lurking unseen, they may overhear what thoughts the King utters in the solitude of the arbour. Being visible to the audience, and invisible to individuals on the stage, Mr. Wilson remarks is a contrivance familiar to the plays of various peoples, especially our own, as the Ghost of Hamlet, and of Banquo, Ariel in the Tempest, and Angelo in the Virgin Martyr, who repeatedly enters invisible. The wardrobe of some of our old comedians comprised “a robe to walk invisible,” which Gifford supposes was a dress of light gauzy texture—and something of the kind is used here apparently, as the stage directions are, “covered with a veil,” and “throwing aside

the veil.” The gentlemen in the arbour know not who is so near; and Mānava asks his Majesty if he heard him observe that he had devised an expedient for securing an interview with his heavenly charmer? Purūravas replies, “Say on—what is it?” And the Vidūshaka, looking very wise, continues—“This it is—let your Majesty cherish a comfortable nap, your union will then be effected by your dreams; or delineate a portrait of the lady Urvāsi, and recreate your imagination by gazing on her picture.” Urvāsi is delighted to find Purūravas so enamoured of her, and pulling a Bhurja leaf, (a kind of birch, the leaf of which is used as paper in some parts of Upper India, as that of the palm is in the Peninsula,) she writes upon it, and lets it fall—herself still invisible—near the Vidūshaka, who picks it up, and intuitively knowing that it could come from nobody but Urvāsi, hands it to the King, who exclaims—“Hope dawns upon my passion! Your guess was right.” He then reads aloud—

“Not undeserved, although unknown, the flame

That glows with equal fires in either frame.
The breeze that softly floats through heavenly bowers,

Reclined upon my couch of coral flowers,
Sheds not on me its cool reviving breath,
But blows the hot and scorching gale of death.

O'er all my form the feverish venom flies,
And each bright bud beneath me droops and dies.”

Urvāsi now bids Chitrālekṣhā reveal herself, not having yet summoned up courage to do so herself; and that nymph finding the King in transports, calls upon his paramour, and she appears before him in all her charms.

“*Urv.* Triumph to the king.

Pur. The wish is victory,

When from the Sovereign of the Gods transferred

By lips celestial to a mortal monarch.

(*Takes her hand and leads her to a seat.*)

Man. Fair lady! I am a Brahman of the King, and his friend, and so may claim some notice. (*Urvāsi bows to him, smiling.*)

Prosperity attend you.

(*A Messenger of the Gods in the air.*)

Mess. Ho! Chitrālekṣhā—Urvāsi, repair
Swift to the palace of the Lord of Air;
There your appointed duties to fulfil,
And give expression to the wondrous skill

Of Bharata your master—to the dome
Divine the world's protecting rulers come,
Eager to view the scene that genius fires,
That Passion animates, and Truth inspires."

A drama by Bharata, the Muni, is about to be acted in the palace of the Lord of the Air, and Urvasi is to appear in the principal female part—to star it in the private theatre of the god. The nymphs obey the maudate, and Purúravas exclaims "She disappears!" The Vidushaka meanwhile has been so fascinated, that he has unconsciously let the leaf with the billet upon it slip out of his hands, and the pair look for it in vain all round the arbour.

"*Pur.* The sighs that heaved
Her panting bosom, as she hence departed,
Exhaled her heart, and lodged it in my
bosom ;

Free to dispose of it, although her person
Be forced to wait upon a master's will."

They retire, and enter on the foreground Ausinári the Queen, with Nipuniká and attendants. The Queen suspects that something had been going on not quite right, and as bad luck would have it, she sees the leaf! Nipuniká picks it up, and the cat is let out of the bag. The Queen merely says, "We shall confound our nymph-enamoured swain."—They go round the arbour, and as if playing at hide-and-seek—at present rather an unpleasant game for both parties—the King and Manava advance—his enamoured Majesty exclaiming

"Breeze of the south! the friend of Love
and Spring,

Though from the flower you steal the fragrant down

To scatter perfume—yet why plunder me
Of those dear characters her own fair hand,
In proof of her affection, traced? Thou knowest

The lonely lover that in absence pines
Lives on such fond memorials— it is not
Thy wont to disregard a lover's suit.

(*Ausinári and her train advance.*)

Ausi. Nay, my good lord,
I pray you be consoled, if, as I deem,
The loss of this occasions your distress.

(*Offering the leaf.*)"

Purúravas has not a word to say for himself, and the Vidushaka makes bad worse, by saying to the Queen,

"Your Grace had better order dinner—that will be the most effectual remedy for his Majesty's bile.

Pur. Peace, blockhead, you but heighten
my offence."

He then flings himself at Ausinári's feet, and hopes to carry her pardon by a *comp-de-main*; but it won't do.

"*Ausi.* Think me not
So mere a child—that this assumed respect
Beguiles me of my wrath—Away with it—
'Tis gross—ord. id but ill upon
you.

I treat such hypocrisie
As it deserves. *Sp. hin, and exit.*)

Man. Her Majesty has
like a river in the rains—You may rise.
(*To the King, who has continued prostrate.*)

Pur. *Rising.* I might have spared myself the pains.

A woman is clear-sighted, and mere words
Touch not her heart."

Act III. Scene I. is in the Hermitage of Bharata the Muni, the Inventor of the Drama. From the conversation of two of his disciples, we find that Urvasi had fallen through her part in the play in Makendra's palace. Never was there such a failure. The play was Lakshmi's Choice of a Lord—and Urvasi enacted Lakshmi. In the Hindu society of former times, it was common for princesses and women of rank to select a husband for themselves. The candidates for the hand of the lady were invited to her father's house, and after previous festivities for some days, were collected in a hall, round which the damsel passed, and chose her future lord, by throwing a garland round his neck. In the play Menaka was Varuni, and on saying

"Lakshmi!—the mighty Powers that
rule the sphere"

Are all assembled; at their head appears
The blooming Kesava! Confess—to whom
Inclines your heart—"

her reply should have been—to Puru-shotama—but instead of that, she stammered, PURU-RAVAS!! The Sage, incensed, immediately pronounced a curse, "that as she had forgotten her part, so should she be forgotten in heaven." But Indra, seeing her ashamed and disconsolate, and remembering the effectual aid Purúravas had lent him in conflict with the enemies of the gods, changed the curse into a blessing. The anger of the Seer had banished her from heaven, but she might spend her term of exile with the

Monarch,—the period of her banishment to expire when the King shall behold the offspring she shall bear him!

Scene II. is part of the Gardens of the Palace, and enter Purúravas and Vidúshaka, with female attendants bearing torches. The King can think but of Urvasi. He sees not the steps of crystal—he hears not the Brahman praise the amazing beauty of the Pavilion of Gems. The moon is about to rise, and Purúravas to be most musical, most melancholy, on her orb; but the Vidúshaka takes the words out of the Monarch's mouth, or rather cuts him short, by describing the ascent of the Planet in his own way.

Man. Ho! here he comes, the King of the Brahmans, as beautiful as a ball of almonds and sugar.

Pur. O base similitude!

Man. Enough, sir; your grandfather, without whose consent we Brahmans can do nothing, bids you sit, that he may repose himself.

Pur. The splendour of the moon is light enough—

Remove the torches, and command my train Retire to rest."

Love is all the theme in the imperial moonlight gardens; when, lo! but to them invisible, Urvasi and Chitrakha in their car, hanging over the mirror of the Ganges. Urvasi is in a purple dress, with pearl ornaments—"the garb of a woman who goes to meet her lover." After some tender talk, they descend, leave the car, and proceed towards the Pavilion of Gems. Urvasi overhears Purúravas giving vent to his passion in poetry, and, hastily advancing, she says,

"I need no more concealment. Wo is me He deigns not to regard me!

Chitr. In your haste, You have forgotten to put off the veil That screens you from his sight.

(*Behind.*) This way—this way, your Grace.

(*All listen.* Urvasi throws herself into the arms of Chitrakha.)

Man. The Queen is here—we had better be mute.

Pur. Assume the semblance of indiffer-

Urv. (*to Chitr.*) What shall we do?

Chitr. Remain invisible."

The Queen appears with attendants bearing offerings, herself dressed all in white—flowers her only

other ornament. A change has come over the spirit of her dream. She is all meekness, and, gazing on the moon, exclaims—

"This union with the Constellation yields New brilliance to the Lord of Rohini."

Purúravas' self is softened, and seems as if his ancient flame were revived for the gentle Ausinari. Urvasi, in her invisibility, is touched, murmuring—

"She merits to be called divine! The Bride Of Heaven's Great King boasts not surpassing dignity."

The Queen humbly tells his Majesty that she has come to observe the Conciliation of Regard, and that she has made a vow to forego her ornaments, and to hold a rigid fast—including abstinence from conjugal endearments—until the moon enters a certain asterism. Purúravas is so charmed, that Urvasi in her turn is jealous—"smiling scornfully," "He pays her mighty deference!" Ausinari goes through the usual form of presenting the arghya, or oblation of fruits, perfumes, and flowers; and then asking leave to pay her homage, bows, and falls at the feet of her Lord the King. She then rises, and breathes a benediction.

"Resplendent Pair! who o'er the night preside,

Lord of the Deer-borne banneret, and thou His favourite, Rohini—hear and attest

The sacred promise that I make my husband. Whatever nymph attract my Lord's regard, And share with him the mutual bonds of love,

I henceforth treat with kindness and complacency.

Urv. Oh! my dear friend, how much these words assuage

The apprehensions of my heart!

Chitr. She is a lady Of an exalted spirit, and a wife Of duty most exemplary—you now May rest assured, nothing will more impede Your union with your love."

Purúravas, wholly overcome by such proofs of affection, tries to persuade Ausinari that she has made him miserable by her vow, and beseeches her to revoke it.

"If you please, retain me as your slave."

She answers—

"Be what you list, My vow is plighted—nor in vain the rite.

You must excuse me—I may not forego
The duties I have solemnly incurred."

The forgiving and indulgent Queen goes her ways, and Purúravas begins again to dream in the moonlight of the Nymph of Heaven. He dreams that she steals behind him, and spreads a tender veil before his eyes! The utterance of the dream brings its accomplishment. Urvashi advances behind the King, and covers his eyes with her hands.

"*Pur.* It must be Urvashi!

No other hand could shoot such ecstasy
Through this emaciate frame; the solar
ray
Wakes not the night's fair blossom—that

Expands when conscious of the Moon's dear
presence.

Urv. (*appearing.*) Joy to the King!

Pur. All hail, bright Nymph of Heaven!
Leads her to a seat.

Chitr. (*advancing.*) Be the King blest.

Pur. I feel I am already.

Urv. Hear me, my friend. (*To Chitra-*
lekha.) By virtue of the gift

Made of his royal person by the Queen,
I boldly claim the King. Do you declare
If I am reprehensible."

All is rapture—all is bliss. His grandfather the Moon smiles on Purúravas, and consecrates the espousals. Urvashi tenderly laments she "had caused her lord to suffer pain so long"—he tenderly whispers, "sweet the joy that follows grief." The Vidúshaka is delighted.

"*Man.* Fate is propitious, and crowns
your Majesty's desires.

Pur. 'Tis true, I reach the height of my
ambition.

The haughty canopy that spreads its shade
Of universal empire o'er the world;
The footstool of dominion set with gems,
Torn from the glittering brows of prostrate
kings,

Are in my mind less glorious than to lie
At Urvashi's fair feet, and do her bidding."

The fourth act is perhaps the most singular, extraordinary, and beautiful Oriental *Lyrical Poem* in the world. Would we could read it in the original! But though the late Queen Elizabeth of London, we believe, and the late Dr Erskine of Edinburgh, mastered High Dutch after their grand climacteric, Christopher North is too grievously perplexed at present with German to tackle to Prákrit. Yet Prákrit must

be easier than Sanscrit, and Sanscrit he hopes to study ere he die. The act is one strain—much of it sung—and the rest we suppose in recitative—by Purúravas in delirium. But there is method in his madness; and the prevailing link of association and suggestion is a fine and fair one—Urvashi, the Apsaras, the Nymph of Heaven. Chitralekhá tells her sister Sahajanya that while Purúravas and Urvashi were wandering in their bliss along the brink of the Mandakini, a nymph of air who was gamboling in the crystal wave, attracted the momentary glance of the monarch, and aroused the jealous wrath of Urvashi. She disdainfully repelled her lord, and her mind becoming darkened by the curse of the seer, she heedlessly forgot the law that debars all female access to the hateful groves of Karlakeya, and entered the forbidden gloom. Instantly was she transformed to a slender vine, and there she pines till Fate shall set her free! Frantic with sorrow, the King is searching the woods for his lost bride; but never, says Chitralekhá, can she be restored to his arms till Purúravas find

the sacred gem that owes its ruby glow
To the bright tint of Gauri's sacred feet"—

the Ruby of Reunion.

Purúravas is seen rushing through a lonesome part of the Forest of Akalusha on the skirts of the Gandhamadana, one of the four boundary mountains enclosing the central region of the world called Havritta, in which is situated the Golden Mountain of the gods, or Meru. He is looking up to heaven—his dress disordered—and his general appearance indicative of insanity. His mind is in the past. He believes himself still in pursuit of the demon who is carrying off Urvashi; but no demon it is—only a cloud. He sees a lonely cygnet in the flood, and feels that for his sake, drooping is the fair creature's snowy plumage and tears suffusing its eyes! He implores the skies to pity him—yet he does "not tax the elements with unkindness." All at once he remembers that he is a king. The peacock in its pride is the herald of his honours—the torrents flashing down the rocks praise him from tributary realms—but again he cries—

"My sole sad business here
To thread the woods in search of my be-
loved!"

The bright pendulous flowers, sur-
charged with dew, remind him of
her eyes. The soil softened by
showers may retain the delicate im-

pression of her feet! Yon proud bird,
perched on the jutting crag, with
neck outstretched and spreading tail,
to express his raptures to the clouds,
may haply give him intelligence of
his Urvashi.

AIR.

The royal elephant, the dread
Of all his rival foes,
With downcast eye and tardy tread
Through tangled thickets goes;
To solitary grief a prey,
His loved companion far away.

AIR.

I will speak to this peacock—oh tell
If free on the wing as you soar,
In forest, or meadow, or dell,
You have seen the loved nymph I deplore—
You will know her, the fairest of damsels fair,
By her large soft eye, and her graceful air.

[Advancing to the bird and bowing.

Bird of the dark blue throat and eye of jet,
Oh tell me, have you seen the lovely face
Of my fair bride—lost in this dreary wilderness:
Her charms deserve your gaze—how—no reply?—
He answers not, but beats a measure—how—
What means this merry mood—Oh, yes I know
The cause—he now may boast his plumage
Without a peer, nor shame to shew his glories
Before the floating tresses of my Urvashi.
I leave him, nor will waste a thought on one
Who feels no pity for another's woes.

[Proceeds—Music.

Yonder amidst the thick and shady branches
Of the broad *Jambu*, cowers the *Koël*—faint
Her flame of passion in the hotter breath
Of noon; she of the birds is wisest fard—
I will address her.

AIR.

Majestic as sails the mighty cloud
Along the dusky air,
The elephant cometh hither to shroud
In the thickets his despair.
From his heart all hope of delight is given
And his eyes with tears overflow,
As he roams the shades, where the sons of heaven
Descend to sport below.

AIR.

Say, nursling of a stranger nest,
Say, hast thou chanced a nymph to see,
Amidst these gardens of the blest,
Wandering at liberty;
Or warbling with a voice divine
Melodious strains more sweet than thine?

[Approaches and kneels.

Sweet bird—whom lovers deem love's messenger,
Skilled to direct the God's envenomed shafts,

And tame the proudest heart; oh, hidlier guide
My lovely fugitive, or lead my steps
To where she strays. [Turns to his left, and as if replying,
Why did she leave

One so devoted to her will? In wrath
She left me, but the cause of anger lives not
In my imagination—the fond tyranny
That women exercise o'er those who love them
Brooks not the slightest shew of disregard.
How now! the bird has flown—'tis ever thus—
All coldly listen to another's sorrows,
Unheeding my affliction, lo, she speeds,
Intent on joy expected, to yon tree,
To banquet on the luscious juice the *Jambû*
From its now ripe and roseate fruit exsiles.
Like my beloved, the bird of tuneful song
Deserts me; let her go.—I can forgive her.

[Proceeds—Music.

Ha—on my right—amidst the wood I hear
A tinkling melody—'tis the sweet tone
My fair one's anklets echo to her footsteps.

AIR.

Through the woods the stately elephant strays,
And his glances despair express;
On his limbs the emebong maid pines,
And his steps are slow with distress;
In his eyes the starting tear-drop swells,
As his thought on his lost companion dwells.
Alas, the gathering of the clouds deceives
The swan, who hails rejoicingly the time
For periodic flight to *Ménis*.

I hear his song of gladness, not the sound
Of tinkling anklets—ere yet the troop begins
Its distant march I will address the chief.
Ho—Moorch of the tribes that breast the stream,
Forbear awhile your course to ege to yonder
Of lotus stems, not needed yet, and bear
My suit—redeem me from despair—grant
Some tidings of my love—his vouthier far
To render kindly offices to others
Than meanly labour for a seafish god—
He hears me not, but stuns on *Ménis*
Intent, collects his store—and now I note him
More closely, I suspect some mystery.
Why seek to veil the truth?—It my belief
Was never seen by thee as graceful straying
Along the flowery borders of the lake,
Then whence this elegant gait? 'Tis hers—and thou
Hast stolen it from her—in whose every step
Love sports—thy walk betrays thee; own thy crime.
And lead me quickly to her. (*Laughs.*) Nay, he fears
Our Royal power—the plunderer flies the king.

[Proceeds—Music.

Yonder I see the *Chakwa* with his mate;
Of him I will enquire.

AIR.

In groves of tall trees with bright blossoms blooming,
And vocal with many sweet murmured tones,
The Lord of the herd, whom grief is consuming,
Distracted, the loss of his mate bemoans.

AIR. *After a pause.*

Ah no, he replies, I taste on the wing,
The joys of the cool returning spring,
And as each feather thrills with delight,
I mark not the fair that meet thy sight.

Yet tell me—hast thou seen her—know'st thou not
Who asks thy answer? The great king of day
And monarch of the night are my progenitors:
Their grandson I, and by their own free choice,
The Lord of *Uvasi* and of the Earth.

How—silent? Thou might'st measure my affliction
By what thou feelest; all the air resounds
With thy incessant plaints, if but a moment
Thy fair companion nestling hides in sport
Amongst the lotus leaves, and dies thy view.
Alas—to one whom fate has cursed like me
Nought is propitious—I will ask no more.

[*Proceeds—Music.*

How beautiful the lotus—it arrests
My path and bids me gaze on it—the bees
Murmur amidst its petals—like the lip
Of my beloved it glows, when that has been
Somewhat too rudely sipped by mine, and lo!
Retains the amorous impress—I will woo
This honey rider to become my friend.

[*Advances.*

AIR.

Unheeding the cygnet at first,
His beak in the nectar of passion dips;
But fiercer and fiercer his thirst—
As deeper he sips.
Say, plunderer of the hoarded dew—hast thou
Beheld the nymph whose large and languid eye
Voluminous rolls as if it swam with wine?
And yet he thinks 'tis idle to enquire,
For not he tasted her delicious breath
He now would scorn the lotus—I will hence.

[*Proceeds—Music.*

Beneath the shade of yon *Kadamba* tree
The royal elephant reclines, and with him
His tender mate—I will approach—yet hold,
From his Companion he accepts the bough
Her trunk has snapped from the balm-breathing tree
Now rich with teeming shoots and juicy fragrance.

[*Advances, then Pauses.*

He crushes it—I may proceed.

AIR.

King of the forest, whose sports have felled
The stateliest trees, the thicket's pride;
Oh, say, in these shades hast thou beheld,
More bright than the Moon, my wandering bride?

[*Advancing a few paces.*

Chief of the mighty herd—say, hast thou seen
My love? Like the young moon her delicate frame,
And with eternal youth her beauties glow;
Her voice is music—her long tresses wear
The jasmine's golden hue; hadst thou afar
Beheld her charms, they must have fix'd thy gaze.
Ha! he replies, that kind assenting roar
Conveys some intimation; oh, repeat
The sound, consider that we should befriend
Each other, bound by various common ties.

Thou art the sovereign of the forest—the
 They term the king of men. Thy beauty shads
 Thy frontal fragrance on the air, my wealth
 On all is showered profuse. Amongst the bands
 Of lovely nymphs obedient to my will,
 One only, Urvashi, commands my love,
 As thou hast chosen this, thy favourite,
 From all the herd. Thus far our fates accord,
 And never be the pangs of separation,
 Such as distract my bosom, known to thee;
 Propitious be thy fortunes. Friend, farewell.

[*Proceeds.*]

What have we here? deep in the mountain's breast
 A yawning chasm appears: such shades are ever
 Haunts of the nymphs of air and earth. Perchance
 My Urvashi now licks within the grotto
 In cool seclusion. I will enter—all
 Is utter darkness. Would the lightning's flash
 Now blaze to guide me—no, the cloud disarms,
 Such is my fate perverse, to shun for me
 Its many-chamber'd radiance—be it so,
 I will return—but first the rock ascend.

AIR.

With horny hoofs and a resolute breast
 The boar through the thicket stalks;
 He ploughs up the ground, as he pines his quest
 In the forest's gloomiest walks.

Say, mountain, whose expansive slope confines
 The forest verge, oh, tell me, hast thou seen
 A fair nymph, straining up thy steep ascent,
 Or wearied resting in thy crowning woods,
 That Love delights to make his shady dwelling?—
 How—no reply—then o'er he hears me not—
 I will approach him nearer.

AIR.

From thy crystal summits the gushing springs
 Rush down the flowery sides—
 And the spirit of heaven delightedly plays
 As among thy peaks he rides.
 Say, mountain so favoured, have the feet
 Of my fair one pressed this calm retreat?

Now, by my hopes he answer—he has seen her—
 Where is she?—say, alas! again deceived—
 Alone I hear the echo of my words,
 As round the cavern's hollow mouth they roll,
 And multiplied return.—Ah, Urvashi!

[*Faints.*][*Re-enters, and sits as exhausted.*]

Fatigue has overcome me—I will rest
 Upon the borders of this mountain torrent,
 And gather vigour from the breeze that cleans
 Refreshing coolness from its gold waves.
 Whilst gazing on the stream, whose new-sworn waters
 Yet turbid flow, what strange imaginings
 Possess my soul and fill it with delight.
 The rippling wave is like her arching brow,
 The fluttering line of strokes her timid tongue,
 The foamy spray her white loose floating vest,
 And this meandering course the current tracks
 Her undulating gait; all these recall
 My soon-offended love.—I must appease her,

AIR.

Be not relentless, dearest,
Nor wroth with me for ever.
I mark where thou appearest
A fair and mountain river.

Like *Ganja* proud thou shewest,
From heavenly regions springing;
Around thee as thou flowest
The birds their course are winging.

The timid deer confiding
Thy flowery borders throng;
And bees, their store providing,
Pour forth enraptured song.

AIR.

In the lowering East the king of the deep
Expects his coming bride;
His limbs are the clouds that darkly sweep
The skirts of the heaving tide;
And his tossing arms are the tumbling waves,
Where the gale o'er the heaving billow raves.

With rapture he dances, the Lord of the main,
And proud in his state appears:
His steps are pursued by the monster train
The deep Sea darkness rears;
And the curlew, the swan, and glistening shell,
And the lotus, the monarch's glory swell.

The bellowing surges his fame re-echo,
And dash at the pines of leaves,
The sea with the sky they threat to confound,
But back with shame are driven;
For now the young Runes are armed for their right,
And their prowess arrests old Ocean's might.

Approaches and bows.

Oh, nymph adored, what crime have I committed,
That thus you fly from one so wofully yours,
Who now implores your pity, and with terror
Anticipates your loss—relent—return—
This is not *Ureasi*. She would not quit me
Even for the Ocean King.—What's to be done? —
Fortune crowns those who yield not to despair—
I'll back to where my love first disappeared.
Yonder the black Deer couchant lies; of him
I will enquire.—Ho, Antelope—hold
The royal elephant *Airāvata*,
Scorched by the pangs of solitude, explores,
In search of his lost mate, the groves of *Nandana*,
Whose close embowering walks are resonant
With the glad *Kols* song, as pleased he sips
The juicy nectar of the clustering blossoms.
How—he averts his gaze—as he disdained
To hear my suit—ah, no—he anxious marks
His doe approach him—hardly she comes,
Her frolic fawn impending her advance.

AIR.

A nymph of Heaven has left her sphere
To make a heavenly region here,
And treads this sacred ground.
Her slender waist, her swelling hips,
Her languid eye, her ruby lips,

With youth unfading crowned.

Oh, tell me, through the tangled maze,

If wandering she has met thy gaze,

Deer of the soft black eye—

Ere yet beneath the yawning brink

Of sorrow's gulf immersed, I sink,

Befriend me, or I die—

[Advances.

Lord of the bounding herds, say, hast thou seen

My fair, whose large and languid eye resembles

That of thy tender mate?—He heeds me not—

But springs to meet his doe. Be happy both,

Though late and adverse frown on my desires.”

Is not all that very very imaginative and very impassioned—*Poetry?*

A stream of ruddy radiance now breaks through the cleft rock. Is it fire? No flame could have survived the descending torrent. “Is it some sanguine fragment of the Lion’s feast?” No—’tis a gem! A gem more roseate than the blush of the asoka blossom, and fain would the sun grasp it with his beams. A voice in the air breathes, “Take up the gem—my son! The feet of Nema’s holy daughter shed on it a wondrous virtue. Take up the gem—my son! and

The bride will be restored
To bless her sorrowing and lamented lord.”

He obeys the voice.

“*Pur.*—What means this strange emotion as I gaze

Upon this vine—no blossoms deck its boughs;

Nipped by the falling rains, like briny tears,

The buds have perished, and the mournful shrub

All unadorned appears to pine in absence;

No bees regale her with their songs—but silent

And sad, she lonely seems, just like the image
Of my repentant love, who now laments
Her causeless indignation—I will press
The melancholy likeness to my heart.”

He embraces the vine, which is transformed to Urvasi!

“*Urv.*—GLORY TO THE KING!

Let me implore

Forgiveness, that my causeless wrath has wrought

So sad a change in you!”

Pururavas is now in full possession of all his soul and all his senses, and overwhelms her with his love.

“*Urv.*—The king delights to flatter me;
but now

Let us return to Pratishtana;

The city mourns its absent lord, and I,

The cause of his departure, shall incur

The angry censure of the people: come—

How will it please you travel?

Pur.—Yonder cloud

Shall be our downy car, to waft us swift
And lightly on our way—the lightnings
wave

Its glittering banners, and the bow of Indra
flashes its over-arching canopy
Of variegated and radiant hues.

The arid landscape now recovers,

And all the spot is delight;

With her lot in arid bowers,

And home-welcoming his joyous flight.

[Exeunt on the cloud.—*Music.*”

Act Fifth is in the Palace of Pururavas. We hear the cry of “the Ruby! the Ruby!” A hawk, mistaking it for a piece of flesh, has borne it away from the plantain leaf, on which it was a moment placed along with the lady’s robes. The King and his Queens had been performing their ablutions where the Yamuna meets the Ganges. Pururavas calls for his bow and arrows—but the hawk flies.

“Far to the south beyond the arrow’s touch—

Eden as a flower, the precious gem

Gleams the cry—with sudden fires it glows

Like angry Mars, bursting at intervals

Through the thick clouds that overhang
the night.”

But the Chamberlain enters with an arrow and the—jewel! Characters are inscribed on the arrow—and Pururavas reads in perplexity and astonishment.

“THE ARROW OF THE ALL-SLEEPING
KING.

THE SON OF URVASI AND PURURAVAS.

Mon.—Joy to your Grace. Fate has crowned your wishes.

Pur.—How should this be? But for
the interval

Of the Nainisha sacrificial rite,

My Urvasi has always been with me—
I do recall indeed a transient period,
When her soft cheek was paler than the
leaf,
Cold-nipped and shrivelled—and her elo-
quent eye

Betrayed unwonted lassitude, — aught else
I never noted.

Man. Oh! you must not suppose that
the nymphs of heaven manage these matters
like those of earth—No, no—they have the
power to counteract all such appearances."

Nothing can be added to the Vi-
dúshaka's solution of the mystery;
and as to Time, what have we to do
with Time in a Hindu Drama? Nay,
what is Time? It will take you, Fair
Lady, a long screed of it, to answer
that question. Remember the story
of the Oriental who dipped his head
into a pail of water, and ere he could
take it out again, had dreamt a long
life of all kinds of imaginable misery
and rapture. Yet 'tis a startling in-
cident, and we wonder what Shak-
speare would have said of it. The
Swan of Avon would have uplifted
his snow-white wings, and with
broad bosom met the embrace of his
Brother of the Ganges. A female
ascetic, Tapasi, enters, followed by
a boy with a bow in his hand. The
Vidúshaka says to the King, "your
perfect image!" Tapasi tells him
that the princely youth is indeed the
son of Urvasi, and had been for some
cause confided, without his father's
knowledge, to her secret care. The
pious Chyavana had taught him all
knowledge worthy his martial birth,
"And lastly trained his growing youth to
arms."

Her charge had expired—that day's
achievement unfits him longer to re-
main an inmate of the peaceful her-
mitage—"Monarch, behold thy
son!"

The Prince advances and pros-
trates himself—Purúravas raises and
embraces him, and places him on a
footstool of his throne. Urvasi ap-
proaches—

"What youth is this, who, in the royal pre-
sence,

Armed with the bow and quiver, honoured
sits

Upon the golden footstool—whilst the King
is fondly playing with his twisted tresses.

Ha! Satyavati too! it is my son!

His growth outstrips my memory."

Ayus at the command of Tapasí,

risers and goes to his mother, who
embraces him—then after a pause,

"*Urv. (to Tapasi.)* Hail—holy mother.

Tap. Ever may you know
Your lord's affection.

Ayus. Mother, accept my salutations.

Urv. (kisses him.) My dear boy,
Be long your father's happiness and pride.
(*Advances.*) Glory to the King.

Puru. To the Matron—honour.

(*Hands Urvasi to a seat with him
on the throne.*)

Be seated all. (*They sit.*)"

Ayus hopes Tapasi will not go with-
out him to the hermitage. She tells
him she must.

"*Ayus.* Well, if it must be so,
Farewell—but send me here my favourite
peacock."

All at once Urvasi begins weeping.
"Why," fondly breathes Purúravas,
"when now I contemplate with ec-
stasy the proud perpetuation of my
race—oh! why,

"Should these dear drops in swift succe-
sion spread

A pearly fillet on thy beaving bosom!"

"Alas! my Lord"—she says, in some
such words as these—"happy a
while in the sight of this dear boy, I
had forgotten the dread decree of
Sweiga's king, that soon as Purúra-
vas should see a child of ours must
Urvasi return to heaven! Therefore
it was that I concealed his birth—
that I intrusted him to yonder pious
dame to convey him to Chyavana's
retreat! Oh! must I indeed part
from my Lord the King!"

Purúravas laments that he should
have been restored from insanity to
suffer even severer woe. "No, no"—
tenderly breathes the Apsaras, "once
gone, the King will soon forget me!"
What! shall he be so ungrateful as
to strive to cease to remember Ur-
vasi? He will not immerse himself
in cares of state— for fear he might
thus less feel the pangs of separation.
Back to the der-trod thickets will
he go—and leave his son to wield the
sceptre of the world. But the boy
wishes he were back at the Hermi-
tage, with his favourite peacock.
"All unfit," he says, "am I for such
a burden."

"*Pur.* Fear it not.

The Elephant Cub soon tames the forest
herds;

The Snake scarce hatched concocts the deadly poison ;

Kings are in boyhood monarchs, and endowed
With powers inborn to rule the race of men ;
Nature, not age, gives fitness.

(To the Chamberlain.)

Latarga, bid

Our Ministers and Priests be all prepared
For this our son's inauguration. Speed."

But it is an ancient and inviolable law of the Hindu Drama that happiness shall illumine the end. It may be "a Tale of Tears, a Mournful Story ;" but finally, the rain must be as dew, the clouds dispart and disappear, and all in Heaven and on

Earth be sunshine. The Orientals knew the luxury of grief ; but they loved not to be sent "weeping to their beds." They clung not, like us of the western world, and cleaved to agony ; for their souls were not so strong as ours—nor of frame so sinewy—they acknowledged Fate, but shunned its worst catastrophes—we will wrestle with Fate, though we know we shall be overthrown—and we, because our nature is nobler, feel sublimity in sorrow that smites down all of women-born, and elevation in the last groan of a broken heart.

"*Pur.* What sudden splendour breaks, whence are these flashes
Of lightning in a cloudless sky?

Urv. 'Tis *Náreda*.

Pur. His braided curls are of a golden dye ;
His sacred cord, bright as the silver moon ;
Around his neck, are strings of heavenly pearl :
Like a celestial tree with glittering stem
He moves : prepare we to receive him.

Urv. Here,

This offering of respect, gathered in haste,
Present the sage.

[*Gives the king some flowers—Náreda descends.*]

Nár. Triumph attend
The brave defender of this middle sphere.

Pur. (*Presenting the oblation.*) Reverence to the sage.

Urv. Accept my homage. (*Bows.*)

Nár. Never be wife and husband disunited.

Pur. (*Apart.*) Oh might this be. (*Aloud.*) Advance, my son, and pay
Your adoration to the holy seer.

Ayus. *Ayus*, the son of *Urvasi*, presumes
To pay you homage. (*Bows to Náreda.*)

Nár. May your days be many—King, attend :
The mighty *Indra*, to whom all is known,
By me thus intimates his high commands.
Forego your purpose of ascetic sorrow.
The sages, to whose wisdom past and future
Are at the present, have foretold at hand
Hostilities in heaven, and the gods will need
Your prowess—then relinquish not your arms ;
And *Urvasi* shall be through life united
With thee in holy bonds.

Urv. These happy words
Extract a barbed arrow from my bosom.

Pur. Whatever *Indra* wills I shall obey.

Nár. 'Tis wisely said, he will not be unthankful.
The fiery element sustains the sun,
The sun returns his rays to nourish fire.
Rembhá appear, and bring the holy wave
Consigned by *Indra* to your charge, to consecrate
The prince's elevation to the throne—
As partner of the empire.

[*Looking upwards.*]

[*Rembhá and other nymphs descend with a golden vase containing the water of the heavenly Ganges, a throne, and other paraphernalia, which they arrange.*]

Rem. All is prepared.

Nár. Prince, to your seat.

[*Náreda leads Ayus to the throne of inauguration, takes the golden ewer from Rembhá, and pours water on the head of the prince.*]

Rembhā complete the rite.

[*Rembhā* and the *Apsarasas* perform the rest of the ceremony.

Rem. Now, prince, salute your parents and the stage.

[*As Ayus bows to them respectively, they reply.*

Nār. Unvarying fortune wait upon thy reign.

Pur. My son, sustain the honours of your lineage.

Urv. My son, be still obedient to thy sire.

Chorus of Bards without.

Glory, a l glory, on *Ayus* attending,
Still in the son may the father we trace;
Justice and valour together extending
The sway of his sceptre and fame of his race—
Son of the monarch the universe filling,
Son of the God of the mist-shedding night,
Son of the sage, whom the great *Brahma* willing,
Called with creation to life and to light.

Second Chorus.

Long may the Goddess of Glory emblazon
The diadem raised by your father to fame,
Long may the world be delighted to gaze on
The fortune allied to your merit and name.
Long may the halo of *Lakshmi* clear glowing
Shoot round you its splendours unclouded and wide;
Like *Ganga* from snow-crested pinnacles flowing
And rolling majestic to Ocean's far tide.

Rem. (*To Urvasi.*) No ordinary fate, dear sister, blesses you
With such a son and lord.

Urv. I own my happiness.

Come, my dear child, and offer to the queen,
Your elder mother, filial homage.

Pur. Hold

One moment: we will presently together.

Nār. The splendours of your son's inauguration

Bring to my memory the glorious time

When *Mahasēna* was anointed chief

Of all the heavenly hosts:

Pur. To you I owe

Such honour.

Nār. Is there ought else, *Indra* can do
To serve his friend?

Pur. To hold me in esteem

Is all I covet—yet haply may this chance—

May learning and prosperity oppose

No more each other, as their wont, as foes;

But in a friendly bond together twined

Ensure the real welfare of mankind.

[*Exeunt all.*"]

The intercourse of Heroes and of Goddesses who has not read of in his youth? It is all one in the Sanscrit, the Prakrit, and the Greek—and no other theme more pregnant of Poetry. Who that has ever wondered and ceased to wonder over the Metamorphoses of Ovid, will not sympathise with the transformation of *Urvasi* into a Vine? She is a charming creature, though scarcely so interesting as the divine Lady of

the Fatal Ring. But the drama is full of splendour. How beautiful the grouping of the Nymphs on the Peaks of the Himalaya—of the descent of *Nareda* through the fields of ether! We must not too much praise *Pururavas*; but *Ayus* is a fine boy, and his bearing worthy of a Prince who is great-grandson of the Moon. But our page is done—so farewell.

EDMUND BURKE.

PART VI.

THERE is no principle more capable of evidence than that great public changes must have great causes. In private life the most signal act of guilt may be the work of the briefest time and of the lowest instrument. But the revolution which overthrows the ancient power of a kingdom, reverses the whole venerable institute of a civilized community, and casts up a new shape of society in the spot where the old sank down, must be the work of long years and large instrumentality. The Revolution of France was no more the original labour of the furious mob, and the frantic leaders of Paris, than the axe which fell upon the neck of the unfortunate King, was then first dug from the mine. It had been maturing for a hundred years. The first deposit of explosion under the throne, was by the hand of a King. Louis XIV., in 1685, by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, commenced the long course of public crime which was to continue until the land loathed itself, and the penalty of universal corruption was to be paid in universal ruin. The exile of Protestantism from France in 1685, extinguished at once the honour of the French throne, and the morality of the French people. The King had degraded his rank by an act of intolerable treachery, offended all the true interests of his kingdom by the injury of its most active, intelligent, and virtuous race, and at once roused the jealousy of all the European Sovereigns, by the declared projects of aggrandisement to which this violent measure was the preliminary, and embittered the feelings of mankind against himself as the most unprovoked, rash, and cruel of persecutors.

The atrocity of this breach of faith was lustantly avenged on the head of the chief criminal. There is no example in history of a more speedy and condign retaliation on a guilty King and a guilty people. The most furious war that Europe had seen since the fall of the Roman Empire was let loose upon France. It devastated the kingdom for nearly a

quarter of a century. Beginning within four years from the date of the revocation, and continuing until the close of the War of the Succession in 1713. The peace of Ryswic in 1697, was scarcely an interval of this deadly struggle. It was a hollow truce, with all the rankling spirit and all the costly preparation of war. The first blow of vengeance had now been given. But the deeper judgment was to follow. The extinction of the Scriptures in France had been bound together with the exile of Protestantism. The total corruption of morals was a direct consequence of the loss of the great guide of morality. The whole frame of society rapidly became a mass of disease. The Court of Louis and his successor was the leader in all the extravagances of profligacy. The nobility followed its example. The citizens, excluded from the offices and honours of the nobility, exhibited a full emulation of their vices. The peasantry were divided between licentiousness and superstition. Sensuality was the national system.

Of all the vices of human nature, libertinism is the chief destroyer of all that constitutes the manliness, dignity, and public uses of man. Wearing some semblance of the finer feelings, it utterly destroys them; trafficking in the language of faith and fondness, its principle is treachery; and professing a romantic reverence for woman, her beauty, and her affections, its purpose is her merciless degradation and heartless exposure to the extremities of scorn and last sufferings of nature. Libertinism was the vice of France—a vice exalted into a boast, and a vice adopted not simply in the period of the passions, but pursued in the frigid philosophy of age. It was not merely an impulse, but a fashion; not merely the secret guilt, but the avowed abomination. The exhausted spirit of the land was to be roused only by the stimulants of treason and regicide. Fanciful as it may seem to assign the mighty changes which baptize a nation in its own

blood, to the vulgarity of individual indulgence, yet the process is palpable. This life of perpetual license rendered all the leading classes of French society idle, frivolous, and poor. Poverty is not a claim to public respect in any land; poverty produced by dissoluteness is a universal scorn. The hundred and twenty-five thousand nobles of France were an incumbrance to the soil, a scoff to the nation, and an object of mingled compassion and contempt to Europe. The few exceptions of men of talents and activity only threw the helpless majority deeper into the shade; and what was to be done with a bankrupt noblesse, born but to linger behind the scenes of theatres, to distinguish themselves but by the follies of idleness, and to sustain their scanty existence only on the sufferance of society? Thus, of one of the bulwarks of society was formed one of its most powerful means of evil in a land ripe for ruin.

Opinions like these are not stated in any severity to the high names which the valour and conduct of earlier days gave down to the nobles of France. The generation on whom the tempest broke were sent naked into it by the guilt of their fathers. They were born to an inheritance of evil. They might have been redeemed from the hereditary bond of ruin; but it was by no aim that was to be sought for in the common resources of nations. They might have been saved by miracles; but their fall was by the course of nature. Burke had long looked with strong anxiety to the cause of France. His love for the splendid aspect of things had naturally fixed his eyes on a nation eminent in all that constitutes the decorative portion of life. He there found the most magnificent exterior that society displayed in Europe; a brilliant court, an army that ranked among the first in romantic courage, in numbers, and discipline; great literary institutions, which upheld the dignity of knowledge on a more extended scale than had ever yet been sustained by the wise liberality of monarchs, or the generous devotion of their people; a church establishment of great power, opulence, and patronage, exhibiting the only remnant of freedom in the Roman world, and legislating often in disregard, sometimes in defiance, of

Rome. The finest drama, itself the finest portion of popular literature, forming the peculiar delight of France, modelling the national manners with that mixture of courtesy, sentiment, and elegance, which required only a firmer groundwork in the public morals, to have fixed the highest order of civilisation in the land. The great element of national strength, the largest and most concentrated population of European kingdoms, twenty-six millions; the most active and ardent; the most elastic and electric of mankind; the vainest of themselves; the most jealous of their fame; the proudest of their country; the most devoted to their King; brilliant, bold, and magnanimous; enthusiasts in all things, in loyalty, in literature, in glory; but with a side of fearful darkness to the orb which thus threw splendour over Europe, a phase which was already turning, and which, sullen and blood-dyed, soon showed France and her fortunes only as a phenomenon of terror and ruin in the horizon; a whole nation of atheistic politicians and indurated soldiers, rash, ambitious, susceptible of every wild, reckless, and guilty impulse; burning for possession, and careless of the purchase; furious with imagined insult, and inflamed with the hope of unlimited dominion.

The sagacity of the British minister was not yet awakened to the consequences of intercourse with a people in this state of political ignition. He felt a natural reluctance to rouse the flame by any attempt to extinguish it while it restricted its ravages to the feeble or decayed parts of the French Constitution; and it would be the highest injustice, not merely to the moral dignity of such men as Pitt and Burke, but to that understanding which no man ever doubted in either, to believe that they would not have equally rejoiced in the clearance of the French monarchy from all that impeded the general health of the national mind, in the sweeping away of every weed and bramble which had grown round the great trunks of the constitution, and letting light and air into every dark and contagious corner of the State. But the difference of their views arose when the practical hazard of the neighbouring nations came to be the question. Pitt was

undoubtedly opposed to war. His project was to extinguish the conflagration by leaving it to prey upon itself, and perish for want of materials. Burke's more vivid apprehension of danger, and more prophetic anticipation of the event, saw that its nature was to spread, that no dexterity of restraint could keep the fire from bursting over the broadest boundaries which policy had power to raise, and that nothing but trampling out the sources of the evil could limit its devastation. But Burke had a more direct teacher than his political experience. His profound knowledge of human nature, taught by a long career through the chances and varieties of middle life, and acquainting him with feelings and tendencies to which the reserved and lofty career of Pitt gave no access, rendered him singularly susceptible on all subjects connected with the temptations of the popular mind. Pitt, educated in the privacy of his noble father's study, had scarcely looked upon general life, when he was summoned to what might almost be called the *seclusion* of the Cabinet. His business thenceforward lay among those high concerns in which the mind and habits of men all present themselves under their highest but their most unnatural aspect. His associates and agents were ambassadors, generals, the great officers of Government, the leaders of party. Life passed before him in a perpetual full-dress. All was grave, premeditated, and formal—a grand pageant of Court uniforms, in which the shape of every man's mind was in some degree disguised by the etiquette of his station. With him all that was not the Cabinet was the Legislature. It would, of course, be absurd to doubt that, to the piercing intellect of the greatest minister that England ever saw, human nature could be altogether hidden. But it is beyond all question, that the difficulties and struggles of humbler life are essential to the knowledge of human character, that the free exposure of human motives is to be found only where men have neither hope nor fear to urge them to disguise, and that no original penetration can discover the countenance of society in the great masquerade of public life, with the certainty

and ease of him who meets it only when the mask is thrown away. Thus, while Pitt was solicitous only for the results of the French Revolution among the sovereigns, Burke fixed his intense vision on its progress among the people. While the Minister looked to the undiminished security of the thrones, and argued from their strength that the day of danger was distant, Burke pointed to the movement among the multitude. To him the pamphlets, the ballads, the rambling oratory of the taverns, the weakest whispers of treason, were the materials of conclusions, freighted with the fates of the empire. He took his auguries from every wing that flitted across the Heaven. The Minister has been charged with precipitating the French war. No calumny, among the thousand calumnies that were heaped up in his time in life, but which have all sunk into dust, consumed in the pure splendours of his memory, had a feebleness of foundation. The British Cabinet exhibited a singular tardiness in the whole preparations for that greatest of all contests. England had borne a long series of injuries with a degree of patience, which had begun to invite fresh insults; her ships were seized; her demands treated with ostentatious contumely; her Government publicly threatened with overthrow; her treacherous subjects stimulated first to guilty confederation, then to open arms. Still the Minister combated only by complaint. He retorted the most palpable injustice only by remonstrance; and in the honourable effort to prove to Europe that he was willing to suffer all sacrifices rather than plunge the general system into the miseries of a war, he ventured to the limit of shaking the confidence of the nation in his own firmness, and of Europe in the resources of the British Empire.

Yet it is only due to the honour of Pitt, to acknowledge that, where he felt a claim of direct public policy, no Minister whom England has ever seen, not even the fiery spirit of Chatham, was more prompt in turning the thunders of British power on the point of injury. It is equally a matter of justice to remind the Englishman of the part which was borne by his opponents in the Legislature

in one of the most important transactions of Europe, on the very verge of the French war. The popular outcry is now raised against the aggressions of Russia; and no man can hesitate in declaring that her power and her policy, the one gigantic and the other Machiavelian, alike justify the utmost alarm. But it is perhaps forgotten, though so long since as nearly half a century, Pitt made the only decisive demonstration against Russian aggrandisement, and that this measure of manly and foresighted policy was violently resisted by faction. All men now equally deplore and wond' at the fall of Turkey into the hands of the great Northern usurper. But it was Pitt who first demanded an armistice from the Legislature in 1792, to *compel* the Empress Catherine to abandon her seizure of the great fortress of Oczakow, which, by commanding the mouth of the Dniester, at a distance of less than two hundred miles from Constantinople, even then threatened the safety of the Sultan. On this occasion Sir Whitbread, as the organ of Opposition, was appointed to move three resolutions against—"The rash, unnecessary, and culpable policy of forcing Russia to give up her seizure of the city and fortress of Oczakow." The said resolution, embodying the whole, expressed the objects of party in these words:—"That his Majesty's Ministers, in endeavouring, by means of an armed force, to compel the Empress of Russia to abandon her claim to Oczakow and its district, have been guilty of gross misconduct, tending to incur *unnecessary expenses*, and to *diminish the influence of the British nation in Europe.*" Such is the honesty of faction, and such was the wisdom of those politicians, who could neither see that the safety of Turkey was important to the peace of Europe, nor that the most direct resistance of Russian ambition was essential to the honour of every state which felt for national justice, as well as for general security.

But the decision of the Minister in this instance does not receive its full praise, unless we remember that this occurred in the year 1792, the year before the French war began, at the moment when he was daily on

the point of being forced into that war; with England in disturbance round him, with the Continent actually in a state of war, and at a period when it was his open and acknowledged policy to make alliance with every established sovereignty of Europe,—when the aid or even the neutrality of Russia was of the most avowed importance. Yet under all these impediments, we find this high-minded statesman proceeding in the paths of the wisest policy by the most direct means, measuring the contingencies of half a century to come, in the midst of cloud and whirlwinds, while threatened to sweep away every trace of European sovereignty at the instant; and still, with the vigorous views and steady determination of the undisturbed times of national strength, providing for the security of the most remote dependencies of the British empire.

The character of Burke's opinion entitled him to a vast variety of correspondence, frequently favourable and captious; but even this correspondence testified that knowledge which his whole life had been spent in cultivating, the knowledge of the public mind. To one of these volunteer writers, an obscure person, of the name of Mercer, who addressed him from that seat of public policy, the north of Ireland, we probably owe some of the important portions of his great work on the Revolution. This person, with the consciousness of ignorance, had ventured to take Burke to task for his Parliamentary opinions on France, and with early inferior chronology had proposed his own. But the letter was turned to value by the nearly infallible intelligence of the mind which it was intended to convert or to confound. It was assumed as a fair statement of the opinions circulating among the middle order of the vain, half-taught, and presumptuous politicians of an hour, when every idler was a politician; and Burke's answer to the writer shews not only the clear views which he had already formed on public rights, but the strong attention which he felt due to every echo of the national clamour. Some of his correspondent's letters, too, may be useful to the present race of rectifiers of all things human. It

will shew how destitute of novelty are all their topics, and even their phrases; how solemnly England was pronounced to be *unlucky* almost half a century ago; how lightly the prospect of general overthrow was contemplated, and with what perfect identity of language the pretence of purification then served to cloak the working of principles which were so soon to burst out in bloodshed and plunder. After a few vague sentences, the letter proceeds to state the writer's surprise at the imputation of sentiments in Burke, "exceedingly inimical to what was thought by many a most *glorious revolution* in France. The newspapers represent you, sir, as complaining that the National Assembly had totally subverted their ancient form of Government, and that they had also subverted their Church." "To complain of the subversion of a Government, implies a belief of its having been a good one. The word Government never had a place in my mind when I considered the condition of the French people. In a word, I saw nothing but the most despotic tyranny, the subversion of which I thought would give the most *civil* *liberty* to every lover of civil liberty, of whatever nation might be."

The Charge that universal theme of all the howl, on which every haranguer *expatiates* and endles; which every *orator* thinks himself entitled to rob, every profligate to reform, and every blockhead to treat with contumely; the Church of England, under the affectation of discussing the crimes of the Church of France, comes under this scurrilous's especial supervision. "With respect," says he, "to the subversion of the Church, it does not appear that any change in its doctrine has been attempted. In its discipline, there may be some alterations; it is probable that the National Assembly will enlarge those exemptions from the jurisdiction of Rome which it formerly enjoyed. For the rest—if to take from pampered and luxurious prelates a part of those sumptuous livings which were accumulated in the times of ignorance and superstition, and to provide for the *more comfortable subsistence of parish priests*, be the subversion of a

Church, millions of good men and good Christians will heartily wish (for the honour of true religion, distinct from pageantry and hypocrisy) that all such may in this manner be speedily subverted."

Of this calibre were the pretexts held out by the National Assembly for their determination on the fate of the National Church. There was to be a reform; but, taking away a few of the obnoxious members of the system, no injury of the slightest kind was to be supposed by the system itself; there perhaps might be a little interference with the revenues of the Church, but it was to be merely for the purpose of some approach to an *equalization* of income in its pastors. The "working clergy" were at last to be taken under the wing of the State; the revenues subducted from the *ceaseless* abbots and bishops, were to be judiciously applied to the comfort and respectability of the learned, humble, laborious and long ill-treated body of the parish priesthood. Who but must congratulate the country on so beneficial a change, praise the Legislature for so pure, generous, and wise a regard for the state of the inferior clergy, and sympathize with the natural delight and gratitude which the clergy must feel in discovering their cause to be so feelingly adopted by the same great Assembly which had regenerated their country! Before a year was over, from the time of those high-down declarations, which threw this letter-writer, and the millions of blockheads who shared his absurdities, into ecstasy, the French Legislature gave their critical interpretation of Church.

They equalized the Church revenue by seizing on the whole property of the Establishment. They curtailed the pomps and vanities of a "few overgrown bishops," by murdering all who fell into their hands, and banishing all who escaped. They provided for the comfort and respectability of the parish clergy, by shooting them by hundreds, and banishing them by thousands, they purified, elevated, strengthened, and secured the Establishment, by leveling it to the dust; by *leveling* its places of worship with the most infamous scenes of wantonness, and then giving them over for bar-

racks to the soldiery, stripping the dead in their vaults for lead to cast into bullets, and then burning the bodies in a funeral pile made of the wreck of the Cathedral.

The remainder of the epistle is equally instructive. "Power over our fellow-men," says this writer, "by whatever means it has been acquired, seems to be considered as his dearest birthright,—he extends it from object to object, until the yoke becomes too heavy to be longer borne. And by what means are the aggrieved to get rid of it? Not by the most humble and abject intercessions, for both would be equally laughed to scorn; not by an appeal to the laws of the country, for the laws were made under the influence of the power complained of, and with a view to its perpetuation. There is therefore no *remedy to be found*, but in what is called a revolution; the intention of which being either to curtail or annul, or place in other hands the powers which he, it cannot be effected without *some revolution*; nor is it possible so to order the matter, but in some cases many individuals must suffer injury and outrage; and this so far as it goes, is to be lamented. But if it ends in freedom, in the deliverance of a nation from the despotism of one man, *no price can be thought too dear to pay for it.*"

This language has its importance, from its perfect similitude to the language which has become vernacular among the multitude, and the low culprits and sensual hypocrites by whom that multitude is led, at the present hour. All are street Ciceros, all the orators of our common-halls, the whole tribe of those enlighteners who enlighten with the firebrand, and purify with the pike, use the verbiage of this busy fool, word for word. Like him, they assume that all power *must be* selfish and tyrannical; that a King must be a traitor to his trust; that law must be only a contrivance for cloaking oppression; that every species of public injury justifies rebellion; that there is no cure for any species of misgovernment but rebellion; and that, in resistance to the King, there is to be no calculation of the ruin which that resistance may bring upon the people. Every proposition of the

whole list being equally rash, trifling, and mischievous; giving the trial of government over to the hands of the ignorant, that its power may be given into the hands of the corrupt; making the rabble judges of the nation, and the nation the prey of the demagogue; *compelling* the King to be a tyrant by the perpetual sense of insecurity, and urging the people to bloodshed by a perpetual course of inflammation. The decisive answer to the absurdities of political regenerators fifty years ago was the French Revolution, the popular tribunal flowing with blood, the universal massacre of the higher ranks, the universal misery of the lower, the final, remorseless bondage of the country. God avert the omen, and protect our flourishing and fortunate land from thus shewing the bloody fallacy of political regeneration!

We are still told, in the same words, that no sacrifices are too great for liberty. We still find the same utter scorn of enquiry into the degree of liberty which we possess, or which we want. We are called on to follow a phantom, without the slightest retrospect to the substantial form of freedom which we leave for the pursuit. And, while words thus usurp the place of things, we set out on a chase of freedom, as the Indian sets out in pursuit of a new settlement. His first step abandons all that he had possessed before, and his next sees him bivouacking under the naked heaven. But even the Indian is not compelled to purchase his progress by blood. The regenerator contemplates civil war as one of the simple incidents of his career, every foot of ground that he gains is to be over caresses. Every privilege, wild or wanton as it may be, must first be bartered for by a long course of tumult, general privation, and popular excess. Men *must* be slain, and provinces ravaged. They are nothing in the account. The whole extent of public life shaken, and private life devastated, are the current coin paid down by the trafficker in Constitutions, with the calm philosophy of one, to whom, if liberty is much, the beings who are to suffer are but the dust of the balance in which this tremendous commodity is weighed. The French Revolu-

tion has passed away, but passed like the thunderbolt, its track is still cleft through the soil of Europe, the smoke is still rising from its furrows, and yet we are told that no price is too high for such liberty as France claimed for her portion, and as the rabble of English revolt hailed as the subverter of thrones.

Burke's reply to this letter was prompt and plain. He had some slight previous intercourse with its writer; and his language, naturally courteous, was, in this instance, kind. But his public sentiments were worthy of a mind which had fixed itself to live by the right, and to the last break down all the subtleties or political empiricism.—“If you are mistaken,” said he, “it is, perhaps, owing to the various careless conversations in which we are engaged through life; conversations in which those who propagate their doctrines have not been called on for much reflection concerning their tendency. I am obliged to *act*, and am therefore bound to call my principles to a strict account. As far as my share of a public trust goes, I am in *trust* religiously to maintain the rights and properties of all descriptions of people in the possessions which legally they hold, and in the *act* by which alone they can be legally secure in any possession. The calling men by the names of ‘pampered and luxurious prelates,’ &c. is in you no more than a mark of your dislike to intemperance and idle expense—but in others it is used for other purposes. It is often used to *excite in the sense of justice* in our minds, and the *natural feelings of humanity* in our bosoms. Such language does not mitigate the cruel effects of reducing men of opulent condition, and their innumerable dependents, to the last distress. If I were to adopt the plan of *spoliatory* reformation, I should probably employ such language; but it would aggravate, instead of extenuating my guilt, in overturning the *sacred principles of property*.

“Sir, I say that Church and State, and *human society too*, for which Church and State were made, are subverted by such doctrines, joined to such practices, as leave no foundation for property in *long possession*. It is not my calling the use you make

of your plate in your house, whether of dwelling or of prayer, ‘pageantry and hypocrisy,’ that can justify me in taking from you your own property, and your own liberty to use your own property according to your own ideas of ornament. When you find me attempting to break into your house to take your plate, under any pretence whatsoever, but, most of all, under pretence of purity of religion and Christian charity, shoot me for a robber and a hypocrite, which in that case I shall certainly be. The ‘true Christian religion,’ never taught me any such practices; nor did the religion of nature; nor any religion, nor any law. Let those who never abstained from a full meal and as much wine as they could swallow, for a single day of their whole lives, satirize ‘luxurious and pampered prelates’ if they will. But there are occasions when the language of Falstaff reproaching the Londoners, whom he robbed in their way to Canterbury, with their gorbellies and their city luxury, is not so becoming.

“It is not calling the landed estates, possessed by old prescriptive rights, the ‘accumulations of ignorance and superstition,’ that can support me in shaking that grand title, which *superstitions all other title*, and which all my studies of general jurisprudence have taught me to consider as one principal formation of states; I mean the ascertaining and securing of *prescription*. But these are ‘donations made in ages of ignorance and superstition.’ Be it so. It proves that these ‘donations’ are long—20; and this is *prescription*, and this *gives title and title*. I will never suffer you, if I can help it, to be deprived of the well-earned fruits of your industry, because others may want your fortune more than you do. Nor, on the contrary, it succeeded less smiled on your labours, and you had come home insolvent, would I take from any ‘pampered and luxurious’ lord in your neighbourhood, one acre of his land, or one spoon from his sideboard, to compensate your losses, though incurred (as they would have been incurred) in the course of a well-spent, virtuous, and industrious life. God is the distributor of his own blessings. I will

not impiously attempt to usurp His throne. I am a determined foe to tyranny; and it is because I am, and mean to continue so, that I abominate the example of France for this country. I know that tyranny seldom attacks the poor; never in the first instance. They are not its proper prey. It falls on the wealthy and the great, whom by rendering objects of envy, and likewise obnoxious to the multitude, it may more easily destroy, and when they are destroyed, that multitude which was led to that ill work by the hands of bad men, is itself undone for ever."

We are to remember that this powerful reprobation of robbery, under the pretence of public virtue, was used in the year 1790, when all the world was ringing with applause of the National Assembly, when its proceedings were still comparatively pure, and when every step of the Revolution was measured with the gravity of a priestess advancing to the shrine. But even then Burke saw the long atrocities which were meditated under that formal homage to the principles of a purified government. He saw the danger already clutched under the robe; he could point out even in that grave and decorous tread, the sudden starts and impetuous impulses which shewed the fiery hypocrite, and which were so soon to bear her with the rapidity of madness through all the heights and depths of irredeemable crime. "I hate tyranny!" he exclaims, with the force becoming the feeling. "I hate tyranny. But I hate it worst of all where *most are concerned in it*. The tyranny of a multitude is a multiplied tyranny. As much injustice and tyranny has been practised in a few months, by a French democracy, as in all the arbitrary monarchies of Europe in the forty years of my observation."

The following fragment should be written on the chamber walls of every man, who, with honest intentions, (if that be possible,) revolved the question of Republicanism. "I go the full length of my principle. I should think the government of the deposed King of France, or of the late King of Prussia, or the present King of Prussia, or the present Czarina, or them perhaps perfectly good

people, to be *far better* than the government of twenty-four millions of men, all *as good as you*, and I do not know any body better; supposing that those four-and-twenty millions would be subject, as infallibly they would, to the same unrestrained, though virtuous impulses; because it is plain that the majority would think themselves justified by their *good intentions*,—they would heat one another by their common zeal. Counsel and advice would be lost upon them. They would not listen to temperate individuals, and they would be less capable, infinitely, of moderation than the most heady of those princes."

At the close of 1789, Burke had written a letter (in this letter are to be found the germs of the famous "Reflections") of some length to M. de Menerville, a member of the National Assembly, who had applied to him for his conceptions on French affairs. It was probably to this individual that the rough draft of the volume on the Revolution was addressed. Every incident on the subject of such a work is interesting. His own statement is, that the "Reflections" had their origin in a correspondence between their author and a very young gentleman of Paris, who desired his opinion upon the public transactions. An answer was written in October, 1789. The correspondence was continued. "The author began a second and more full discussion on the subject. This he had some thoughts of publishing early in the spring; but the matter gaining on him, he found that what he had undertaken, not only far exceeded the measure of a letter, but that its importance required rather a more detailed consideration than at that time he had any leisure to bestow upon it. However, having thrown his first thoughts into the form of a letter, and indeed, when he sat down to write, having intended it for a private letter, he found it difficult to change the form of address when his sentiments had grown into a greater extent, and had received another direction."

The chief cause of this change of purpose had probably been the open breach which had occurred between him and Sheridan in the debate on the Army Estimates in February

1790; and the qualified hostility which had commenced about the same period on the part of Fox. He felt himself called on, by a sense of self-respect, to prove that he had adopted the true views of the public interests, and perhaps still more by his strong sense of duty, to warn the nation against hazards, which had become so much more hazardous by being taken under the patronage of the great popular favourites of the time. He now applied with redoubled force the vigour of that mind, which always accomplished all that it conceived, to clear away the artifices of the crafty, the errors of the weak, and the illusions of the enthusiastic; to extinguish the false light in the lustre of the true; to break the wand and cast away the cup of the enchanter by the presence of a superior virtue. The general principles of the "Reflections" have been already stated, our present purpose is merely to select those fine fragments of reasoning and illustration which can be most easily detached, or most expressly shew the views of the author, or are most important to that study of eloquence, of which his entire works form so surpassing a model.

The volume begins with easy but powerful sarcasm on the "Constitutional Society," a knot of nameless zealots who had first figured as abettors of disturbance in England, and then sent a deputation to "fraternize" with the levellers in France. Their affectation of treating public questions in the abstract is among the first objects of his chastisement. "I cannot stand forward," says he, "and give praise or blame to any thing which relates to human actions and human concerns, on a simple view of the subject, as it stands stripped of every relation, in all the nakedness and solitude of metaphysical abstraction. Circumstances, in reality, give to every political principle its distinguishing colour and discriminating effect. Can I now congratulate France on her freedom? Is it because liberty in the abstract is among the blessings of mankind, that I am seriously to felicitate a madman, who has escaped from the protecting restraint and wholesome darkness of his cell, on his restoration to the enjoyment of light and liberty?"

"Am I to congratulate a highwayman and murderer, who has broke prison, on the recovery of his natural rights? This would be to act over again the scene of the criminals condemned to the galleys and their heroic deliverer, the metaphysic Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance. When I see the spirit of liberty in action, I see a strong principle at work, and this, for a while, is all that I can possibly know of it. The wild gas, the fixed air, is plainly broke loose, but we ought to suspend our judgment until the first effervescence has subsided, and we see something deeper than the agitation of a frothy and troubled surface. I should, therefore, suspend my congratulations on the new liberty of France; until I was informed how it had been combined with government, with public force, with the discipline and obedience of armies, with the collection of an effectual and well-distributed revenue, with morality and religion, with stability and property, with peace and order, with civil and social manners. All those, in their way, are good things too; and without them, liberty is not a benefit while it lasts, and is not likely to continue long. The effect of liberty to individuals is, that they may do what they please; we ought to see *what it will please them to do*, before we risk congratulations, which may soon be turned into complaints. Prudence would dictate this in the case of separate, insulated, private men. But liberty, when men act in bodies, is *power*. * * * * * All circumstances taken together, the French Revolution is the most astonishing that has hitherto happened in the world; the most wonderful things are brought about by means the most absurd, in the most ridiculous modes, and by the most contemptible instruments. Every thing seems out of nature in this strange chaos of levity and ferocity, and of all sorts of crimes jumbled together with all sorts of follies. In viewing this monstrous tragicomic scene, the most opposite passions necessarily succeed, and sometimes mix with each other in the mind, alternate contempt and indignation, alternate laughter and tears, alternate scorn and horror."

On his flight after nobler prey

Burke paused for a moment to swoop on the Dissenters. The whole body of Sectarianism in England had already adopted an extraordinary fondness for the revolvers in France. It was in vain to represent to those men that the whole current of French opinion ran directly against all those religious feelings which Dissenterism in England prided itself as being selected to preserve in especial purity. The severities of Calvinism, the abstractions of the mystic, the raptures of the enthusiast, the asceticism of the rigidly righteous, were all, to the astonishment of all men who were unacquainted with the history of hypocrisy, seen rushing to the arms of avowed irreligion, the demure figures of excessive sanctity dancing in the fantastic round, where atheism was the leader of the revel, and blasphemy was the charm of the soul. There was one charm in the connexion which extinguished all the repulsiveness of doctrines as wide as the poles asunder. The French atheists professed the overthrow of all the established ranks of society. The English pietists for this principle forgave them all their outeries against all the doctrines, feelings, and records of which sectarianism, with such ostentatious sincerity, and such acrimonious virtue, had declared itself raised up by Providence to be the champion in the midst of a loose and darkling world. The French *philosophers*, equally astonished at this singular alliance, yet having but one object in life or death, and that one universal subversion, were at once rejoiced and amused at the new league offensive and defensive. The fierce and bitter visages of a tribe, whom they had always thought too ignorant to be capable of comprehending the sublimities of revolt, too ridiculous to be worth even their ridicule, and too weak in public name to be worth the solicitation of any party under the moon, were seen suddenly appearing at their levee, in the full republican costume, trajning their saturnine features to a smile, and lisping out the hideous republican jargon, with the awkward zeal of newly purchased proselytism. This alliance roused the natural indignation of all men of honour, and drew down the natural

scorn of Burke, a man who united to his original love of sincerity the spirit of religion. He smote the whole tribe with a whip of scorpions, and never was chastisement more effectual. Insensible to the highest considerations that can move the mind of man, they were quick in their sensibilities to the lowest, and punishment was their virtue. What neither reverence for the temple, nor disgust for its profaners could effect, was done by the scourge, applied with a sincere heart, and a vigorous hand; and from that hour England was disgusted no more by the mutual fondlings of the Pharisees of London and the Sadducees of Paris.

In remarks of this order there is a historic truth which precludes all individual offence. The sectary who confines his discordance to matters of faith, may be ignorant, or prejudiced, or weak, but he may be honest. The sectary who makes his "freedom a cloak of unrighteousness," adopting heresy for the sake of disturbance, and turning his league with a party to the purposes of conspiracy against the principles of the kingdom that gives him shelter, deserves the heaviest reprobation that can fall on one of the deepest offences to man and heaven.

It was one of the perpetual calumnies against the author that he was a friend to abuses. He was, in every period of his life, an advocate for the extinction of all abuses. His first political efforts were on the side of public purification. His first great Parliamentary measure, a measure which by its labour astonished Parliament, not less than by the matchless eloquence with which it was enforced, was a general plan of reformation. The Bill for abolishing all those offices which had grown obsolete by change of circumstances. His advice even to the French nation was reform; but reform in the spirit of renovation, not of overthrow. "Had you resumed," says he, "your ancient privileges while you preserved the spirit of your ancient loyalty; or, if diffident of yourselves, and not clearly discerning the almost obliterated constitution of your ancestors, you had looked to your neighbours in this land; by following these examples you would have given new examples of wisdom to

the world. You would have rendered the cause of liberty venerable; you would have shamed despotism from the earth, by shewing that freedom was not only reconcilable, but, as when well disciplined, it is auxiliary to law. You would have had a free constitution, a potent monarchy, a disciplined army, a mitigated, but spirited nobility, to lead your virtue, not to overlay it; you would have had a liberal order of commons, to emulate and recruit that nobility. You would have had a protected, satisfied, laborious, and obedient people, taught to seek and recognise the happiness that is to be found by virtue in all conditions; *in which consists the true equality of mankind*, and not in that monstrous fiction, which, by inspiring false ideas and vain expectations into men destined to travel in the obscure walk of laborious life, serves only to aggravate and embitter that *real inequality, which it can never remove*, and which the order of civil life establishes, as much for the benefit of those whom it must leave in a humble state, as those whom it is able to exalt to a condition more splendid but not more happy. * * * * Compute your gains. See what is got by those extravagant and presumptuous speculations, which have taught your leaders to despise all their predecessors and all their contemporaries. By following these false lights, France has bought undigested calamities at higher price than any nation has purchased the most unequivocal blessings. France has bought poverty by crime. France has not sacrificed her virtue to her interest, she has abandoned her interest that she might prostitute her virtue. All other nations have begun the fabric of a new government by establishing some rites of religion. All other people have laid the foundations of civil freedom in a system of more masculine morality. But France, when she let loose the reins of regal authority, doubled the license of a ferocious dissoluteness in manners, and of an insolent irreligion in opinions and practices. France, by the perfidy of her leaders, has utterly disgraced the tone of lenient council in the cabinets of princes. She has sanctified the dark suspicious maxims of tyrannous distrust, and taught

kings to tremble at what will hereafter be called the delusive plausibilities of moral politicians. Sovereigns will consider those who advise them to place an unlimited confidence in their people as subverters of their thrones. Remember, that your Parliament of Paris told your King, that in calling the States together, he had nothing to fear but the prodigal excess of their zeal in providing for the support of the throne."

The extraordinary levity with which public subversion was contemplated, and the festive facility with which it was accomplished, had given birth to the most consummate disgust for the national character and its leaders. "Were all those dreadful things necessary," exclaims the writer, after a long enumeration of miseries and crimes; "were they the inevitable results of the desperate struggle of determined patriots, compelled to wade through blood and tumult to the quiet shore of a prosperous liberty? No, nothing like it. The fresh ruins of France which shock our feelings wherever we turn our eyes, are not the devastation of civil war; they are the sad but instructive monuments of rash and ignorant counsel in times of profound peace. The persons who have made this prodigal and wild waste of public evils, (the last stake for the ultimate redemption of the state,) have met in their progress with little, or rather, no opposition at all. Their whole march was like a triumphal procession. Their pioneers have gone before them, and laid every thing level at their feet. Not one drop of *their* blood have they shed in the cause of the country they have ruined. They have made no sacrifices to their projects, of greater consequences than *their* *shoebuckles*: while they were imprisoning their king, murdering their fellow-citizens, and bathing in tears and plunging in poverty and distress, thousands of worthy men and worthy families. Their cruelty has not even been the base result of fear. It has been the effect of their sense of perfect safety in authorizing treasons, robberies, assassinations, slaughters and burnings throughout their harassed land."

In all our estimates of popular legislation, one maxim is to be always

kept in view, that we are to calculate its future proceeding, not from its best materials, but from its worst. For the worst will inevitably take the lead in time. The popular principle, necessarily appealing to the populace for support, necessarily adopts the means of gaining the confidence of the populace, which is to be done by nothing short of a total compliance with its passions. But as these passions have no limit but the leveling of all ranks and the division of all property, the course of the demagogue is clear; there are no intricacies in his path to power; the difficulties which retard the steps of men of honour in their way to gaining the prizes of honourable fame, are not to be found in the downward road which leads to the distinctions of the rabble. There the candidate has only to follow the law of descent and his own gravitation carries him to the goal. The more rapid his fall, the more he outstrips his competitors, until, with every interest of the state and every institution of the land crushed to pieces, he sits triumphant on the ruins of what was once Government, Law, and Religion. Nothing can be easier than the attainment of public distinction, where the only process is public spoil. The meanest intellects are sufficient for its plan, the basest passions are the natural guides to its indulgence; with a rivalry of such proverbial ease, rivals will be perpetually found; with a prize which demands nothing but a loose conscience and a grasping hand, the whole multitude of the idle, the ignorant, the venal, and the rapacious, will be qualified to start in the arena. The contest will be not between the virtues, but the crimes of society. The French Revolution, that lasting model of public guilt, and of public warning, here holds out the lesson which to neglect, must be to learn national undoing. Then a succession of criminals won their way to power by a succession of horrors.

Each had but to invent some newer shape of infamy, and find himself instantly taking the lead in the hearts of the multitude. In that open mart for guilt, where every political folly, frenzy, and abomination was displayed for the tastes of the rabble, every demagogue raised the price upon his successor, until the prodigality of fla-

gitious ambition had exhausted its last resources; confiscation, massacre, and blasphemy were worn out; the purchasers were still willing, the populace were still ready for the sale, but the Treasury of Atheism was drained dry, the barter was then broken up; and the dictatorship fell into the hands of a soldier, who spurned the Republicans and the Republic together, and changing the furious champions of freedom into sycophants and slaves, turned their anarchy into an iron despotism.

Burke, judging of the National Assembly on this principle, decided at once that its progress must be a perpetual degradation. By analyzing its contents, he shewed that the most hazardous classes of society in France constituted its majority. Among those, the lower members of the law were predominant; and his reasons for distrusting them as legislators are fully as applicable to England as to the country which they subverted. "Who could flatter himself," he observes, "that men who are habitually meddling, daring, subtle, active, of litigious dispositions, and inquiet minds, would easily fall back into their old condition of obscure contention, and laborious, low, and unprofitable chicanery. Who could doubt but that, at any expense to the state, of which they understood nothing, they must pursue their private interests, which they understood but too well? It was not an event depending on contingency. It was inevitable. It was necessary; it was planted in the nature of things. They *must* join (if their capacity did not permit them to lead) in any project which could procure to them a *litigious constitution*; which could lay open to them those innumerable lucrative jobs, which follow in the train of all great convulsions in the state, and particularly in all great and violent permutations of property. . . . Forbid it, that I should insinuate any thing derogatory to that profession, which is another priesthood, administering the rights of sacred justice. But while I revere men in the functions that belong to them, I cannot, to flatter them, give the lie to nature. Their very excellence in their peculiar functions may be far from a qualification for others. It cannot escape observation, that when men

are too much confined to professional and faculty habits, they are rather disabled than qualified for whatever depends on the knowledge of mankind, on experience in mixed affairs, on a comprehensive view of the various complicated external and internal interests which go to the formation of that multifarious thing called a State."

In these remarks, the allusion was directly to the crowd of village lawyers, and other obscure and unprincipled members of the bar, in a country, where, as none but the great officials of the profession were held in any public esteem, the general character of the class must be lowered to its rank. The Bar in England justly stands in a superior place. But there can scarcely be a doubt, that the eye which looked so deeply into foreign society, had more than glanced on the condition of the legislature at home, and the hazards which it ran from the influx of lawyers into the House. Burke distrusted their qualification. He might have gone further with impunity, and decided on their unfitness. He feared their want of political comprehensiveness, he might still more justly have denounced their want of political integrity. He characterised their minds as stiffened to a circle of routine, he might with more fidelity have cautioned his country against the fatal flexibility which legislative lawyers exhibit in adopting every side, to the violation of every principle. To this view there may be striking exceptions. But the general rule, beyond all controversy, is, that the lawyer forms a distinct species in the House, that his professional habits, training him to the defence of both sides of all questions, rapidly extinguish in his bosom the stern sense of truth, that this result is so perfectly understood, that it is actually *allowed for*, and that few men look on the tergiversation of a political lawyer as a matter of surprise, fewer still as a matter of indignation, and none at all, as incapacitating the zealous antagonist of to-day from being the equally zealous advocate of to-morrow. The public opinion of the lawyer's motive in entering the legislature is no more led by his declarations than it would be by his brief. He is looked upon only as

extending his practice to a higher court, pleading not for his client but for himself, and angling not for fees but for attorney-generalships, chief-justiceships, and the other golden baits, which the world, half laughing, half in scorn, universally admits to be good and true motives for the conversion of a lawyer. But even the mental functions required for the bar and the senate, are singularly distinct. The one is analysis, the other combination; the one is the detection of error, the other the acquisition of truth; the one is the labour to bring forward a part of the question, the other to bring forward the whole. The distinction is as wide as between the pleader and the judge, between advocacy and deliberation. If the legislature is to perish, a surer mode could not be adopted than pleading it with lawyers. If the legislature is to be reformed, a more effective mode could not be adopted than clearing it of every *practising lawyer*, now and for evermore.

The unhappy feebleness of the noblesse in France had now either sunk them into the power of the demagogues, or left them to hang as helpless incumbrances on the throne, which it was their station to uphold. But, in his strong animadversion upon these men, Burke evidently had other criminals in view; and his picture of the noble betrayers of their rank, had been sketched from individuals of no slight distinction among the haranguers of England. "Turbulent, discontented men of quality, in proportion as they are puffed up with pride and arrogance, generally despise their own order. One of the first symptoms they discover of a selfish and mischievous ambition, is a profligate disregard of all dignity which they partake with others. To be attached to the subdivision, to love the little platoon we belong to in society, is the first principle, the germ, as it were, of all public affections. It is the first link in the series by which we proceed towards a love of our country and of mankind. The interest of that portion is a trust in the hands of all who compose it, and as none but bad men would justify it in abuse, none but traitors would barter it away for their personal advantage." He now strikes down direct upon the prey

which he has so long had in view; there is Russell written in every line. "There were, in the time of our civil troubles in England, several persons like the then Earl of Holland, who by themselves or their families had brought an odium on the throne, by the prodigal dispensation of its bounties towards them, and who afterwards joined in the rebellions arising from the discontents of which they themselves were the cause. If any bounds are set to the rapacious demands of this sort of people, revenge and envy soon fill up the craving void left in their avarice. Confounded by the complication of distempered passions, their reason is disturbed, their views become vast and perplexed, to others inexplicable, to themselves uncertain. They find on all sides bounds to their unprincipled ambition in any fixed order of things. But in the fog and haze of confusion all is enlarged and appears without limit." Burke was here palpably holding up to national scorn the principles attributed at that period to Francis Duke of Bedford. The Russell family had grown by royal donations, and had long been obnoxious on account of this growth. The Duke, however, had suddenly broken off the old connexion of his family with public service, and figured at this period as a first-rate man of the people. The penetration of the great writer could not have been mistaken in the shallowness of that noble person's abilities, but he had seen too much of the evil that might be wrought by the example of birth and rank in the person of the profligate, vain, and feeble-minded Duke of Orleans, to find any security against his constitutional alarms in the poverty of the Duke of Bedford's understanding. The result shewed that he had misconceived the Duke's intentions. No man was more intensely aristocratic. No man less for the extremities of overthrow. An extravagant and childish popularity was the wooden idol before which the English peer bowed down. He certainly was not prepared for the more recondite doctrine, the mysteries of the shrine were still veiled to him. The deeper prostration and wilder orgies that belonged to the living image of all

ferocity, erected upon the French altar, would probably have startled him, to be disclosed too much. He was simply a man of fashion, who, weary of indulgence in the vapid paths of luxury, sought for new excitement in the dens and passions of the mob; knew nothing in the clamours of the populace, but their echo in the ears of his lordly vanity, and, in his harmless and sincere folly, was contented with the parade on the hustings of that turbid and fevered multitude which men of worse hearts, but bolder spirits and more masculine understandings, would have rejoiced to be marshalling in their grim array for the field. From sketching this outline of a lover of change, made conspicuous only by the accidents of ancestry, he turns to characters more congenial, in all their nobler configuration, to the souring and creative grandeur of his own mind. The pencil but touches the canvass, but the touch is fire. "Other revolutions have been conducted by persons, who, while they attempted changes in the Commonwealth, sanctified their ambition by advancing the dignity of the people, whose peace they troubled. They had long views. They aimed at the *rule*, not at the destruction of their country. They were men of great civil and great military talents; and if the terror, the ornament of their age, they were not like Jew brokers contending with each other who could best remedy with fraudulent circulation and depreciated paper, the wretchedness and ruin brought upon their country by their degenerate counsels. The compliment paid to one of the great bad men of the old stamp, Cromwell, by his kinsman, a favourite poet of the time, shews what it was he proposed, and what, indeed, to a great degree he accomplished in the success of his ambition—

' Still, as you rise, the State, exalted too,
Finds no distemper, while 'tis changed by
you.

Changed, like the World's great scene,
when, without noise,
The rising Sun night's vulgar light
destroys!'

"Those disturbers were not so much like men usurping power, as assert-

ing their natural place in society. Their rising was to illuminate and beautify the world. Their conquest over their competitors was by outshining them. The hand, that like a destroying angel smote the country, communicated to it the force and energy under which it suffered. I do not say (Heaven forbid) that the virtues of such men were to be taken as a balance to their crimes; but they were some corrective of their effects. Such was our Cromwell. Such were your whole race of Guises, Coudeas, and Colignis. Such the Richlieus, who in more quiet times acted in the spirit of a civil war. Such, as better men and in a less dubious cause, were your Henry the Fourth, and your Sully, though nursed in civil confusions, and not without some of their taint. It is a thing to be wondered at, to see how very soon France, when she had a moment to respire, recovered and emerged from the longest and most dreadful civil war that was ever known in any nation. Why? because, in all their massacres, they had not slain the *mind* in their country. A conscious dignity, a noble pride, a generous sense of glory and emulation was not extinguished. On the contrary, it was kindled and inflamed. The organs, also, of the state, however shattered, existed. All the prizes of honour and virtue, all the rewards, all the distinctions remained."

The clamour of the time, as it has been renewed among ourselves, was that the great quality for representation was superiority of talent. This is the wild plea for change in the Legislature,—why is sluggish property to place a merely honest senator in that seat which should be filled by distinguished ability? Why keep the doors of Parliament shut to the free circulation of that intellect which comes up so perpetually renewed, and pure from the open expanse of the public mind? The answer is complete. Let both be represented. "But, as ability is a vigorous and active principle, and as property is inert and timid, it can never be safe from the invasions of ability, unless it be, out of all proportion, predominant in the representation. It must be represented, too, in great masses of accumula-

tion, or it is not rightly protected. The characteristic essence of property is, to be *unequal*. The great masses, therefore, which excite envy and tempt rapacity must be put out of the possibility of danger. Then they form a natural rampart about the lesser properties in all their gradations. The same quantity of property divided among many, has not the same operation. Its defensive power is weakened as it is diffused. The plunder of the few would indeed give but a share inconceivably small in the distribution to the many. But the many are not capable of making this calculation, and those who lead them to rapine never intend this distribution. The power of perpetuating our property in our families, is one of the most valuable and interesting circumstances belonging to it, and that which tends the most to the perpetuation of society itself. The possessors of family wealth, and of the distinction which attends hereditary possession, are, as most concerned in it, the natural securities for this transmission. With us the House of Peers is formed upon this principle. It is wholly composed of hereditary property and hereditary distinction, and made, therefore, the third of the Legislature, and, in the last event, the sole judge of all property in all its subdivisions."

The Clubs in England had insolently "congratulated" the country on this period, as auspicious for remaking the Constitution. "What," says the writer, "is that course of liberty, and what are those exertions in its favour, to which the example of France is so singularly auspicious? Is every land-mark of the country to be done away in favour of a geometrical and arithmetical Constitution? Is the House of Lords to be voted useless? Is Episcopacy to be abolished? Are the Church-lands to be sold to Jews and jobbers, or given to bribe new invented municipal republics into a participation in sacrilege? Are all the taxes to be voted grievances, and the revenue reduced to a patriotic contribution? Are the Curates to be seduced from their Bishops, by holding out to them the delusive hope of a dole out of the spoils of their own order? Are the Citizens of London to be

drawn from their allegiance, by feeding them at the expense of their fellow-subjects? Is a compulsory paper currency to be substituted in place of the legal coin of the kingdom? Is what remains of the plundered stock of public revenue to be employed in the wild project of maintaining two armies to watch over and to fight with each other?"

It is to be remembered that this was but the first year of popular power; that the old government still retained its forms; that loyalty was still the language of the nation; that the massacres at the prisons had not yet been perpetrated; that the King's head had not been cut off, nor his family exiled, robbed, and murdered; that eighteen thousand heads had not yet fallen by the guillotine alone; that the civil war had not yet cost four hundred thousand lives, nor the foreign war two millions. But that these were all the actual consequences of the progress which was made in the first year of popular influence, of which progress we have the successive steps here exactly detailed. If we are blind to the warning, what pity can we claim for suffering from the consequences? If popular supremacy once find its way, it will be too late to think of building up the dyke that lets this inundation over the fair and fertile soil of English liberty. By a mysterious law of Providence, the efforts of man to protect and save, at all times stand a feeble chance against his power to ruin. The axe of a savage violence will cut down in an hour the pride of the Constitutional forest, that it has taken centuries to rear into strength and luxuriance. The torch of an obscure incendiarianism may turn into ashes the noble edifice where our forefathers consecrated their labours to the service of the state, and left their wealth of wisdom, honour, and public principle, more precious than the treasures of the earth, for their illustrious contribution to posterity. A year of popular influence might make all regular government thenceforth but a system of illusion, drive ministers from their duty in despair, to fix demagogues in their room; lord it over the whole property and sense of the nation, until the fatal knowledge of their power, combining

with the fatal unconsciousness of their ignorance, urged them from one wild experiment to another on the body politic, each draining its veins more than the former, each plunging the knife deeper into its frame, each, in the furious quackery of searching for the vital principle of government, cutting closer to the heart of all civil society. And how hazardingly this system was about to be tried, if the country had been given over to the hands of its new regenerators in 1790, is demonstrable from the declarations of Dr Price, their leading orator, divine, and legislator. The grand topic with him, and with all men like him, is change in the House of Commons. "The inequality in our representation," says this mischievous sectary, "is a defect in our constitution so gross and palpable, as to make it excellent chiefly in *form and theory*." Having thus pronounced that the constitution was little more than a dead letter, and of course that the sooner such a mockery was overthrown the better, he proceeded deliberately to declare, that complete representation was not merely "the basis of all legitimate government, but that *all government without it was nothing but an usurpation*;" and to make his meaning more applicable, he further stated, that "*we are mocked with the shadow of a pure and equal representation*." To this insolence, Burke, with equal superiority of argument and honesty, replies, that the Theologian demands a civil war, that the principle of popular representation is *not* violated to any injurious extent, even in the House of Commons; that the House contains a fair representation of every important class and interest of the commonwealth; that a more direct influence of the multitude would make the House at once too strong and too weak, despots over the King and the Peers, slaves to the populace; and that a large and essential portion of the legislature, the throne and the peerage, were not founded on the principles of representation at all.

The "Rights of Man" were already the watchword of insurrection. He devotes himself to an enquiry into the *real* rights of man. The heads of this masterly dissertation can alone be given here; but

the whole is worthy of being inscribed in whatever temple a grateful posterity shall yet erect to the wisdom that saved their fathers from ruin. "Far am I from denying in theory, full as far as any heart is from denying in practice, the real rights of man. If civil society be made for the advantage of man, all the advantages for which it is made become his right; it is an institution of beneficence, and law itself is only beneficence acting by a rule. Men have a *right* to live by that rule. They have a *right* to do justice. They have a *right* to the fruits of their own industry. They have a *right* to the acquisitions of their parents, to the nourishment and improvement of their offspring, to instruction in life, and to consolation in death. Whatever each man can separately do, *without trespassing upon others*, he has a *right* to do for himself, and he has a *right* to a fair portion of all which society can do in his favour. In this partnership all men have equal rights, but *not to equal things*. He who has but five shillings in the partnership has as good a right to it as he who has five hundred pounds; but he has *not* a right to an *equal dividend* in the product of the joint stock. As to the share of power which each individual ought to have in the management of the State, that I must deny to be among the rights of man. It is a thing to be settled by convention.

"If civil society be the offspring of convention, that convention must be its law. Every sort of legislature are its creatures. One of the first motives to civil society, and which becomes one of its fundamental rules, is, that *no man can be judge in his own cause*. By this, man abdicates *all right to be his own governor*. He, in a great measure, abandons even the right of self-defence, the first law of nature. Man cannot enjoy the rights of an uncivil and a civil state together. That he may obtain general justice, he gives up his right of determining *what it is*, in points the most essential to him. That he may secure some liberty, he makes a surrender *in trust* of the whole.

"Government is *not* made in virtue of *natural rights*. Government is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human wants. Among

these wants is to be reckoned the want of a sufficient restraint upon their passions. Society *requires* that in the body and mass, as well as in the individuals, the inclinations of men should frequently be thwarted, their will controlled, and their passions brought into subjection. This can be done only by a power out of *themselves*, and not *subject* to that will and those passions which it is its office to bridle and subdue. In this sense, the *restraints* on man, as well as their liberties, are to be reckoned among their rights.

"The moment you abate any thing from the full right of man, each to govern himself, from that moment the whole organization of government becomes a consideration of convenience. This it is which makes the constitution of a state a matter of the most delicate and complicated skill. It requires a deep knowledge of human nature and its necessities. What is the use of discussing a man's abstract right to food or medicine? The question is upon the method of procuring and administering them.

"The science of constructing a Commonwealth, or renovating it, or reforming it, is not to be taught *à priori*. The science of government being therefore so practical in itself, and intended for such practical purposes, being a matter which requires experience, and even more experience than any person can gather in his whole life, however sagacious and observing he may be, it is with infinite caution that any man ought to venture upon pulling down an edifice which has answered in any tolerable degree for ages the common purposes of society; or on building it up again, without having models of approved utility before his eyes.

"The pretended rights of those theorists are all extreme. And in proportion as they are metaphysically true, they are politically false. The rights of men in Governments are their *advantages*: and those are often in balances between differences of good; in compromises sometimes between good and evil, and sometimes between evil and evil. By those theorists, the right of the people is sophistically confounded with their *power*. But, till power and right are the same, the

whole body of the community has no right inconsistent with virtue, and the first of all political virtues, prudence. Men have *no right* to what is not reasonable, and to what is not for their benefit. * * * * * I never liked this continual talk of resistance and revolution, or the practice of making the extreme medicine of the constitution its daily bread. It renders the habit of society dangerously valetudinary; it is taking periodical doses of mercury sublimé, and swallowing down repeated provocations of cantharides to our love of liberty."

All this is unanswerable. The outcry of the populace for political power is not merely beyond the rights of man, but the reason of things. Political power implies the general direction of States, and the disposal of the lives and properties of individuals. But is the cobbler or the tinker the man to decide on questions of peace and war, to regulate the commerce, or form the laws of a nation? Or is the mendicant or the profligate, the pauper in point of property or education, fitter to decide on human life or human possessions? Reason, which dictates that the ploughman must be taught before he can turn the furrow, and the artificer must serve an apprenticeship, dictates at least with equal force, that the governors of a State, whether in the Legislature, the Cabinet, or the Palace, should have some previous knowledge for their duty. But they must have another qualification; they must be able, not only to shew that they are adequate to their trust in point of knowledge, but in point of fidelity. They must be able to offer some pledge to the nation against the common insecurity of human faith, and this pledge alone can be *property*. They must have sufficient anchorage in the solid ground of society, to satisfy the nation that they will not shift their moorings at every breath of caprice or corruption; sufficient interest in the settled constitution of things to make change a serious loss to themselves; sufficient influence by their rank and means to oppose a certain barrier to the first heady impulse of popular folly. And this order of the Commonwealth works not less vigorously in the general improve-

ment of the national mind. Where political power demands education and property, those prices will be duly paid. The Commonwealth will be not a display of the stripes and bloodshed of brute force and brute passions,—not a naked aggregate of savages as wild as any that ever gathered in an American forest, to contend for the superiority by feats of low cunning or ferocious strength, by the number of their scalps, or by the invention of new tortures for their victims,—but a manly, vivid, and intelligent assemblage, clothed in the various costumes of their station, moving in their various ranks, but all advancing; none overstepping the other, but all forming a peaceable and majestic procession to the shrine where Law and Religion sit side by side, answering the national homage by national blessing, and shedding some portion of their own splendour on every countenance turned towards them.

Burke's castigation of Dr Price has long been memorable, not more for its force and beauty of expression, than for its justice. Price was one of those men of mediocrity who might fill a place among mankind, without either attracting curiosity in their lives, or leaving a recollection of them behind when they are dead. But great personal vanity, acting on a bitter spirit, and both inflamed by sectarianism, forbade him to be either passed by with good-natured neglect during his career, or laid without contempt in the grave when his noisy and useless course was quieted at last. He was a Welshman, who, coming to London, was made the pastor of one of those obscure and wretched nonconformist conventicles, which, alike in contradiction to Scripture and common-sense, deny the divinity of our Lord. In this office he had but little to employ his understanding; and in the intervals of detailing the absurd doctrines of Arianism, he occupied himself with not much more utility in writing pamphlets on "Morals," "Providence," &c.; all long since irrecoverable. Probably the disappointment of his authorship urged him to try his powers in a direction more fitted to his calibre. The subject of Funds, the National Debt, and other financial questions, had become important by

the growing expenses of the country. He possessed some mathematical acquirements; and, about the year 1771, he produced "Observations on Reversionary Payments and Annuities," by which he obtained considerable credit. This was followed by a pamphlet on the National Debt. But those studies were too insipid for the natural turn of his mind. His lips languished, without the strong drink of popular tumult. Peevish politics, antinational prejudices, and an equally ignorant and vindictive passion for Republicanism, urged him back to embroil himself in the troubled politics of the time. Of course, if such a writer touched the American question, it must have been on the side of America; and the pamphlet by which he was to throw Government into utter disgrace, and prove the tyranny of his country towards her unoffending offspring, was the work of an advocate as angry as he was blind. In this waste of understanding, and ebullition of disregarded wrath, he lived, until the revolt in France cheered him by a new topic. But the pulpit was now the place of his effusions; and a sermon, preached at the Old Jewry, on "the Love of our Country," instantly signalized his zeal. The sanguinary violences which had already characterised the democrats of Paris found no rebuke in the theology of the Arian divine. On the contrary, he was all exultation. The display of popular vigour renovated his old age. He hailed the rising of the democracy as the rising of a new luminary in the European system; and hailed it with the more exultation for the misty magnitude and lurid disk that it borrowed from the carnage on the ground. Burke, indignant at this prostitution of the place of prayer,—let it be called by what name it will,—seized him in the moment of his triumph, and inflicted on the feeble sophist so keen a retribution, that it was said to have hastened his death. The scourge cut to the bone. Price died in April, 1791, a few months after the appearance of the "Reflections."

"This sort of people," says Burke, "are so taken up with their theories about the rights of man, that they have totally forgotten his nature. Without opening one avenue to the

understanding, they have succeeded in stopping up all those that lead to the heart. This famous sermon of the Old Jewry breathes nothing but this spirit through all the political part. Plots, massacres, assassinations, seem to some people a trivial price for obtaining a revolution. A cheap, bloodless reformation—a guiltless liberty, appears flat and insipid to their taste. There must be a great change of scene; there must be a magnificent stage effect; there must be a grand spectacle, to rouse the imagination, grown torpid with the lazy enjoyment of sixty years security, and the still, unanimating repose of public prosperity. The preacher found them all in the French Revolution: this inspires a juvenile warmth through his whole frame. His enthusiasm kindles as he advances; and when he has reached his peroration, it is in a full blaze. Then, viewing from the Pisgah of his pulpit the tree, moral, happy, flourishing, and glorious state of France, as in a bird's-eye-landscape of a promised land, he breaks out into the following rapture:—'What an eventful period is this! I am *thankful* that I have lived to it. I could almost say,—*Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!*' I have lived to see a *diffusion* of knowledge, which has undermined superstition and error. I have lived to see the rights of men *better understood* than ever. I have lived to see thirty millions of people, indignant and resolute, spurning at slavery, and demanding liberty with an irresistible voice,—*their king led in triumph, and an arbitrary monarch surrendering himself to his subjects.*'

"Before I proceed farther, I have to remark, that Dr Price seems rather to overvalue the great acquisitions of light which he has obtained and diffused in this age. The last century appears to me to have been quite as much enlightened. It had, though in a different place, a triumph as memorable as that of Dr Price; and some of the great preachers of that period partook of it as eagerly, as he has done of the triumph of France. On the trial of the Rev. Hugh Peters for high treason, it was deposed, that when King Charles was brought to London for his trial,

the apostle of liberty in that day conducted the *triumph*. 'I saw,' says the witness, 'his Majesty in the coach with six horses, and Peters riding before the King *triumphing*.' Dr Price, when he talks as if he had made a discovery, only follows a precedent; for, after the commencement of the King's trial, this precursor, the same Dr Peters, concluding a long prayer at the Royal Chapel at Whitehall, (he had very triumphantly chosen his place,) said, 'I have prayed and preached these twenty years, and now I may say, with old Simeon, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!' Peters had not the fruits of his prayer; for he neither departed so soon as he wished, nor did he depart in peace: he became (what I heartily hope none of his followers may be in this country) himself a sacrifice to the triumph which he led as pontiff. They dealt at the Restoration, perhaps, too hardly with this poor good man. But we owe it to his memory and his sufferings, that he had as much *illumination*, and as much zeal, and had as effectually undermined *all the superstition and error* which might impede the great business he was engaged in, as any who follow and repeat after him in this age.

"After this sally of the preacher of the Old Jewry, which differs only in place and time, but perfectly agrees with the spirit and letter of the rapture of 1648, the Revolution Society, the fabricators of Governments, the heroic band of *cashierers* of monarchs, electors of sovereigns, and leaders of kings in triumph, strutting with a proud consciousness of the diffusion of knowledge, of which every member had obtained so large a share, were in haste to make a generous diffusion of the knowledge which they had thus gratuitously received. They adjourned from the church in the Old Jewry to the London Tavern, where the same Dr Price, in whom the fumes of his oracular tripod were not entirely evaporated, moved and carried the resolution, or address of congratulation, transmitted by Lord Stanhope to the National Assembly of France."

He finely and forcibly concludes this burst of scorn, with a few lines of grave condemnation, which must

have sunk into the heart even of the Arian.—"I find a preacher of the Gospel profaning the beautiful and prophetic ejaculation made on the first presentation of our Saviour in the Temple, and applying it with an inhuman and unnatural rapture to the most horrid, atrocious, and afflicting spectacle that perhaps ever was exhibited to the pity and indignation of mankind. This *leading in triumph*! a thing, in its best form unmanly and irreligious, which fills our preacher with such unhallowed transport, must shock, I believe, the moral taste of every well-born mind. * * * This was not the triumph of France. I must believe, that as a nation, it overwhelmed you with shame and horror. I must believe, that the National Assembly find themselves in a state of the greatest humiliation, in not being able to punish the authors of this triumph, or the actors in it. The apology of that Assembly is found in their situation; but when we approve, what they must bear, it is in us the *degenerate choice of a vitiated mind*. * *

* * * * Those Theban and Thracian orgies, acted in France, and applauded only in the Old Jewry, kindle prophetic enthusiasm in the minds of but very few persons of this kingdom. Though a saint and apostle, who may have revelations of his own, and who has so completely vanquished all the mean superstitions of the heart, may incline to think it pious and decorous to compare it with the entrance into the world of the Prince of Peace, proclaimed in a holy temple by a venerable sage, and not long before announced by the voice of angels to the quiet innocence of shepherds."

But in the midst of all this indignant glow, this whirlwind of scorn, against the mean and miserable acrimony that could rejoice in the calamities of a guiltless and unhappy King, Burke's sagacity detected the true original fount of all the bitterness of the sectarian soul—its hatred of the Establishment of England, a hatred wholly founded on its superiority in constitutional, hereditary rank, and acknowledged literature. To crush the Church of England, which is the protectress of the rights of all, even of those *scour and nameless subdivisions of dissent*; to level

her leaders to the common gross equality of the conventicle; to substitute for her almost inspired liturgy, for her decorous worship, for her rational and peaceful subordination, the rambling reveries, the rude, informal, and irreverent service, the arrogant disclaimer of all rightful authority, which characterise the rabble of religious revolt; these were the true objects of that whole tribe, who now so readily embraced the cause of Revolution. These were the secret articles in the treaty, which bore in its preamble such lofty protestations of zeal for the liberties of mankind. In this censure, of course, it cannot be intended to include those among the British dissenters, who, adopting their own views, according to their own opportunities, have, however unfortunately, decided in the wrong on points of controversy. The *political* dissenter is the criminal, the knave who plays his worldly game by the aid of his spiritual pretension; the pulpit conspirator; the railer at dignities, not for the sake of their purification, but of their plunder; the legitimate descendants of those, guiltiest of the guilty, who, in the days of the unhappy Charles, inflamed the populace against the Church, that they might subvert the throne, and never rested in their impious march until they had trampled out both in the ashes of the chief Prelate and the King. Those legislators who would extinguish the Church of England, know little what they are about to do. The field cleared by its ruin, would not be left vacant, no, not for an hour. The furious tribes which are now kept asunder by its barrier, or obscured under its shade, would then start forward into open light and collision. Fanaticism, of all the fiends of civil commotion the fiercest, would rouse its thousands and ten thousands; the power would have been gone that once kept the evil spirit in chains; fantastic doctrines, falling on brute passions, would set the whole in a blaze. In the conflict of false faith, the true would be undone. The whole sullen strength of Atheism, which now keeps aloof in coldness or contempt, would then come forward, under those banners which in France bore such omi-

nous inscriptions, and which still remain ready to be unfolded on the first sound of the rebel trumpet in any country of Europe. From an auxiliary it would rapidly become a principal. Liberty, property, public honour, and private virtue, would be the first victims of its triumph. The utter extinction of all religion would be its great and crowning object. While a single heart in England still dared to worship the God of its fathers, the sword would not return to its sheath. The man of virtue would be the most condign rebel in the eye of this fiery supremacy over the souls and bodies of mankind. It would not suffer for a moment the rebuke of his refusing to bow the knee before the image, whether of gold or iron, which it set up for the national homage. To what wider extent overthrow might spread in our country than on the continent, who can tell? For what limit is there to the sweeping and remorseless invention of evil in possession of uncontrolled authority? But this we can tell; that if England, unwarned by the calamities of France, shall rush into her crimes, she shall herself leave a warning behind that will make the worst calamities of France forgotten. There are symptoms of a crisis already in the fever of the state. We may have come nearer to the last drop in the cup of long-suffering than our vanity will believe. Our fall may not be like that of our predecessor; for who shall measure the resources that lie in the hands of supreme justice for the punishment of overweening, haughty, and presumptuous crime? But we have a richer treasure to lose than France possessed, and then the especial spoil may be made. England, the country of pure religion, may see it vanish from her eye, the moment it has been exiled from her heart. The true faith will be imperishable, but it may be borne away from her, and while she is gazing on the extravagances, or joining in the wild revel of imposture, it will have waved its pinions to some region of rocks and solitudes, there to raise a church unstained by civil turbulence, and shed its unassuming light on shepherd missionaries and nameless apostles, worthier of its presence than the clamorous

hypocrisy, and boastful, selfish, reckless enthusiasm of the zealots of this world.

"I was at first at a loss," says Burke of the fierce follies of the Sermon on the Revolution, "to account for this fit of unguarded transport. I knew, indeed, that the sufferings of monarchs make a delicious repast to some palates. There were reflections which might serve to keep this appetite within some bounds of temperance. But when I took one circumstance into my consideration, I was obliged to confess, that much allowance ought to be made for the Society, and that the temptation was too strong for common discretion. I mean the circumstance of the *Io Pœan* of the triumph. The animating cry which called for '*All the Bishops to be hanged on the lamp-posts*,' might well have brought forth a burst of enthusiasm on the foreseen consequences of this happy day. I allow this prospect to break forth into hymns of joy and thanksgiving on an event which appears like the precursor of the Millennium, the projected fifth monarchy, in the destruction of all Church establishments. There was, however, as in all human affairs there is, in the midst of this joy, something to exercise the patience of those worthy gentlemen. The actual murder of the king and queen, and their child, was wanting to the other auspicious circumstances of this *beautiful day*. The actual murder of the bishops, though called for by so many holy ejaculations, was also wanting. A group of regicidal and sacrilegious slaughter was indeed boldly sketched, but it was only sketched. It unhappily was left unfinished in this great history-piece of the massacre of the Innocents. What hardy pencil of a great master, from the school of the Rights of Man, will finish it, is to be seen hereafter."

The conjecture was soon and colorably justified. The King, whom France still proclaimed to be the legitimate Monarch, and placed under the inviolable safeguard of the constitution, was already marked for death in the Councils that dominated over the feeble time-serving spirit of the National Assembly. In reading the productions of Burke, we seem to be reading history. The

6th of October, 1790, that day which the inhuman and infamous exultation of the true and deliberate conspirators against the country had called *un beau jour*, shewed to him the Sovereign dragged from his palace, only to be consigned to the scaffold. His feelings on this appalling sight pour out into a torrent of noble wrath, generous denunciation, and eloquent sorrow, which, at the time, fixed all hearts in admiration of the writer; and which, while a sense of pity and eloquence subsists in the world, will live among the finest combinations of genius. It is his celebrated fragment on the Queen of France.—"I hear, and I rejoice to hear, that the great lady, the other object of this *triumph*! has borne that day, (one is interested that beings made for suffering should suffer well,) and that she bears all the succeeding days, that she bears the imprisonment of her husband, and her own captivity, and the exile of her friends, and the insulting adulation of addresses, and the whole weight of her accumulated wrongs, with a serene patience, in a manner suited to her rank and race, and becoming the offspring of a Sovereign distinguished for her piety and courage.

"It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles, and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she had just begun to move in—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy! Oh! what a revolution! And what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall. Little did I dream, that when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace, concealed in that bosom. Little did I dream, that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men,—in a nation of men of honour and cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge

even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone. It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound; which inspired courage, while it mitigated ferocity; which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which, vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness!

"This mixed system of opinion and sentiment had its origin in the ancient chivalry. And the principle, though varied in its appearance by the varying state of human affairs, subsisted and influenced, through a long succession of generations, even to the time we live in. It is this, which has given its character to modern Europe. It is this, which has distinguished it under all its forms of government, and distinguished it to its advantage, from the States of Asia, and possibly from those states which flourished in the most brilliant periods of the Antique World. It was this, which, without confounding ranks, had produced a noble equality, and handed it down through all the gradations of social life. It was this opinion, which mitigated kings into companions, and raised private men to be fellows with kings. Without force or opposition it subdued the fierceness of pride and power, it obliged sovereigns to submit to the soft collar of social esteem, compelled stern authority to submit to elegance, and gave a domination vanquisher of laws, to be subdued by manners.

"But now, all is to be changed. All the pleasing illusions, which made power gentle, and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life, and which, by a bland assimilation, incorporated

into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, are to be dissolved by this new, conquering empire of light and reason. All the decent drapery of life is to be rudely torn off; all the superadded ideas, furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, which the heart owns, and the understanding ratifies, as necessary to cover the defects of our naked, shivering nature, and to raise it to dignity in our own estimation, are to be exploded as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion. On this scheme of things, a king is but a man, a queen is but a woman—a woman is but an animal, and an animal not of the highest order. All homage paid to the sex in general as such, and without distinct views, is to be regarded as romance and folly. Regicide, and parricide, and sacrilege, are but fictions of superstition, corrupting jurisprudence by destroying its simplicity. The murder of a king, or a queen, or a bishop, or a father, is only common homicide!"

The consequences of extinguishing this principle of honour in France were predicted with equal clear-sightedness. "When the old feudal and chivalrous spirit of *fidelity*, which, by freeing kings from fear, freed both kings and subjects from the precautions of tyranny, shall be extinct in the minds of men: plots and assassinations will be anticipated by preventive murder and preventive confiscation, and by that long roll of grim and bloody maxims which form the political code of all power not standing on its own honour, and the honour of those who are to obey it. Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from priu-

"The illustration of this profound view was to be rapidly given by the Republic. Its governors were its jailers; the reign of terror succeeded the abandonment of allegiance. The guillotine became the substitute for the sceptre, until France, wearied by civil murder, threw herself at the feet of despotism; and the regicide took refuge in the chain of the most lawless and malignant tyranny that ever insulted the hopes, or trampled on the privileges of man.

THE SKETCHER.

No. V.

Pictoribus atque poetis
Quilibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.

POETS and painters may make bold ventures, excepting, perhaps, one that Horace thought not of. The "quidlibet audendi" does not endow painters with the poet's privilege, of building his castles in the air. Yet have we known painters who have converted the vapours above their heads into pretty solid brick and mortar; and many have depicted brazen skies, that never, like Homer, had even a glimpse of the *æthereal*—of the immortals. There are who have made the heavens as if they could be scaled from chimney-tops; others again have viewed the arch above them as a repository of fleecy hosiery, and tossed about the stuffings of pack-saddles among remnants of blue taffeta, and called the collection, skies. Polonius, who was a courtier, and therefore perhaps seldom looked up, when he did, saw but "weasels" and "whales." If the Sketcher would avoid these mistakes, through a discreet fear of giving "to airy nothing" too "local a habitation and a name," he will do well occasionally to go askying. But as bright Phoebus has not opened to the public his zodiacal or diurnal railroad, and as Sketchers are better pedestrians than Aeropauts, the attempt is not without its difficulties. For if, in the solitude of the night, the star-gazer not unfrequently falls into a well—and not that particular one where Truth happens to lie—the day-speculator, with eye "rolling from earth to heaven," upturned, may chance to be hindered by impediments from post to pillar—porters, carts, clowns, and mad bulls; the latter, out of compliment, may lift him to the air he is seeking; but the less sublime may compel him again to pay due reverence to his "mother earth." Socrates asks ironically if people go to the contemplation of the heavens, from being thoroughly satisfied with their complete knowledge of things of earth; and enquires, if they can make clouds and sunshine whenever they please. By which we may ascertain two points;

first, that Socrates, though something of a statuary, knew little of the arts, and not at all that landscape-painting was the very perfection; and, secondly, that there are "more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in his philosophy." He was not qualified to lecture as Sketcher-general. The Sketcher, though he has considerable ubiquity, is not the "Wandering Jew," and then was not. Yet perhaps the philosopher was not far from the mark. For Aristophanes exhibits him in a basket in the clouds, as in the very peculiar region of his philosophy. The Sketcher is not, however, recommended to take a place in the basket, nor to pay exorbitant fare for the privilege and risk of sketching from a balloon. He may do much without moving very far from his own door, for the clouds, unlike the mountain, will come to him if he will not go to the clouds. And yet he must not be altogether satisfied with those that condescend to pay him a visit, and look into his window in the great mart or suburbs of his cloudy Cockaigne. He must breathe the fresh air when he goes skying; for there is a wonderful difference between the smoke-dried wool-bags over a country full of chimney-tops, and the life and health-stirring clouds that sweep over moor and wilderness, eagerly to visit and loiter about sequestered valleys, and sweet mountain rivers. Many a time has the Sketcher seen them ranging over moors in masses carefully compact and connected, not a valve open, lest some bright beauty should escape which they mean to pour and spread in glow and sunshine in a thousand various hues, around the chosen favoured spot. They are the very fairies' "Omnibus;" some "ride the storm," gigantic Demons, Conducteurs, like the great ancestor of Pantagruel, paddling the ark. You may sometimes see their half-unveiled, half-misty, and mysterious visages, and fury-driving arms stretched over many a vapoury league, lashing the

monstrous backs of the smoke-breathing dragon clouds, and so they pass on—but within the Omnibus—the inside passengers—they are the “Good People” travelling every spring and summer to their own sweet sequestered nooks, deep down, many miles over mountain and moor, through ravines and dingles, by torrents, and cool and glassy streams, amid embowering foliage, the song of gentle birds, and all the fragrance of flowers, brown caves, and mossy stones. There they are, and soon as the theatrical season can dispense with them, down comes a caravan full of wood nymphs and water nymphs, and all keeping close their best looks and smiles for the Sketcher. The fields of air are large indeed for the Sketcher—ample space and room enough wherein to indulge his fancy. If he have some genius, he may with ease imagine himself bestriding the mighty winds, and simply by aid of his umbrella at his back, with his feet up, chasing the cassowary over the interminable desert, taking flight to the mountains of the moon, or putting a “girth about the world in forty minutes.” However difficult he may find it to “raise the wind,” if he cannot raise clouds at pleasure, he has studied skying to little purpose. But it is not enough to raise them—they must have life and motion, and there is the difficulty; they must be appropriate to the landscape as a whole—more, to every part of it; it is quite wonderful how much the separate parts of a picture are affected, not only by the general disposition of the sky, but by the parts of it. The sky is as much subject to the rule of composition laid down in my first paper, as all other forms. But this difficulty, like almost all difficulties, when mastered, gives great power; for it enables the painter to assist the weaker parts of his picture, to set off those he would wish to appear more prominent, to lower or heighten the general tone of his picture. It requires likewise no little art to adapt the sky to the landscape, that one character should be thrown out. If the landscape be above nature, so must be the sky; and this will hold good, both with regard to form and colour. If so, it will be evident that the most natural

skies, strictly speaking, will be sometimes an offence; and there is a caution to be used that the sky be not too much a portrait, nor too principal, unless, indeed, it be intended as the subject. It may then predominate, and be striking, otherwise subservient. It is not uncommon to see pieces where land and sky are so equally divided in effect and importance, and sometimes having little reference to each other, that two pictures are represented instead of one. There is no complete whole. Even in sea-pieces, in which the lines are necessarily more simple, there must be no division of power. Awful and grand as is the sea in a storm, it must generally be the inferior element. The awe it inspires must be imparted. The supreme power must be in the tempest above. The storm demon is sole autocrat. Neptune dare not shew his face above water, but has ducked down suddenly like a diver-bird fathoms deep, and rushed alighted into Amphitrite's saloon of coral and mother-of-pearl. There is even more sublimity when the waves seem to cower in darkness under a power above, that lords it over them—they feel the terror of his might.

Now, then, take your palette in hand, and sketch in boldly such a subject—where the sea shall be subservient to the sky; take plenty of colour, and no small brush. Here you have one long uninterrupted horizon of water from one end of the canvass to the other—so far “*Omnia pontus erant.*” Let it be mid ocean, a thousand miles at least from land on every side, a thousand miles from “brown furze”—colour, a dark green, inclining to blue, and occasionally falling into the purple, with sweeps of black shadow across, running into the deep hollows of the waves; and let the waves be edged with a cold blue tint, and not curled, transparent, and of a depth unfathomable. To account for these shadows and colours, you will first have dashed in some masses in your sky; you will now give them more shape. The time is evening—towards the “close of parting day,” and approach of night; leaving thereby the expectation of something more horrible, when darkness shall be no longer visible, but all shall be given up to sound, to roar, and howling;—to this

expectation the picture must lead the imagination. There must be large and gathering masses of clouds, a red and lurid light much pervading them. Over them, frequent cold and watery vapours shall be hastening and collecting as if called in from their outposts on more important duty. For the dire conflict is not yet, but in dreadful preparation. The elemental war is not yet begun, but the monstrous genii are entering the arena of combat over the everlasting gulf. Towards the horizon, break the masses of the clouds, and make an opening for the distant light of the setting sun in lurid streaks, and one line of deep red. Let cold grey mountain-shaped clouds rise up and be the boundary, behind which this lurid light shall be spread. On the right, let the clouds drop heavy and almost black upon the purple line of the sea. Amid the clouds, there are shapes of horror, of darkness, of obscurity, of evil omen, of death—funereal hue, and pomp, and gathering. And behind, a purple mass, there rises, in hue somewhat blending the red with the grey, the monster-cloud, with mysterious and visible expression of living feature, of the Storm-Demon, ordering up, with projected arm, the spirits “that do his pleasure in the vasty deep.” Upon the swell of a huge wave, there is dimly seen an object—it is so unobtruding on the eye that you do not for some time see it; and now that you do, you find it of deep interest. It is a poor wretch upon a part of a wreck, part of a mast and plank; he is with his head between his knees, and beside him, a dog crouching by him and looking up to him. There is not even a sea-bird to scream his dirge over the waters to his home far away, of which, in his misery, he is thinking. The painter cannot paint sound, but you can imagine you hear a howl blended with the distant roar. The rest is left to the imagination.

But if you love not to have your ideas

“To be imprison’d in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round
about

The pendant world,”

walk forth, where the birds sing,
and the fountains play, and all things
gladden, and the glorious sun is insinuating like a courtier his beams

through the honey-suckle bower, to kiss and leave their golden light upon the tresses of Gentleness, as she sits with her head bowed over the page of Spenser, sympathizing in the fortunes of Una with the milk-white lamb.

But the Sketcher must not always enjoy this happiness. He must study the clouds wherein dwell the spirits that “rend the mountains,” that take the trees by their tops, and tear them up by the roots; for he must, even though he be a pastoral painter, feed his mind with the grandeur and power of nature. That habit will improve his mind intellectually and morally, and if he paint any thing worth painting, it will be improved, as he acquires the greater notions of the power and majesty of Him “who maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind,” and who made and preserves in its beauty the simplest flower of the field. We are often deceived in the skies of fine pictures; seeing them perfectly unite with, so perfectly agree with the landscape, we fancy them to be, in the common acceptation of the word, natural, when, if they were, they would be discordant. They are as much composed as are the trees, mountains, rocks, and towers. The sales of Titian appear natural, but they are not such as were ever seen. The sky in the magnificent picture of St Peter Martyr, might be said to be one of the most natural skies of the painter. But it is not so; it is very artificially composed and coloured; it is quite of a piece with that great work, and is conceived with a grandeur and dignity fit for the passage of angels to announce the glory amid the pains of Martyrdom; and the voluminous and piled clouds, even to the extreme distance, are the waiting chariots and pavilions of the heavenly visitants. We hear continually of the extreme beauty of Italian skies, by which we are to understand that they are of a deep clear blue, and cloudless. This is not only not so, but it would be a great defect if they were; clouds are to the heavens what human beings are to the earth—their inhabitants. They dwell in, and move about them at pleasure, or on important missions either of love, peace, gentleness, or of awful punishment. The great masters knew this, and the cloudless sky of Italy is not to be found in their works—nor, luckily, in nature. Even

Claude, whose skies are so beautiful, never trusts one to the eye without a cloud; he would have introduced them, if on no other account, to help the perspective—and it is worthy of remark that his skies are of a much lower tone than nature exhibits them. There is a key in the picture to which the sky must be in tone; a person not aware of this will be surprised if he place a bit of white paper against one of Claude's skies—and, if I am not much mistaken, he will be as much surprised at the colour, as at the tone. And the same may be observed, though to a greater extent, in Gaspar Poussin. That inimitable painter—I say inimitable, for though his style may be imitated, there is always something to detect the spurious production—that inimitable painter, then, was, of all the fraternity, the most familiar with the clouds and all their doings. He calls the “spirits from the vasty deep,” and they “do come.” But his are not sea-pieces. His land storms are magnificent productions. His come sweeping overhead, pouring down their vengeance, just where the punishment is wanted; you think it is the visitation, or annual assize, when the purifying Judge comes into the terrene, in the majesty and power of cloud and lightning—and you are sure to see, if you will strictly examine, some offending culprit punished, some profitless or unlovingling, some scant leafless, or unsocial, proud, or rebellious subject, in the realms of Sylvanus. And perhaps in some other picture, where there shall be rather a threatening sky, he will allow the lightning-blasted trunk to shoot upwards, and project his bare and bony arms, like a gibbeted felon, *in terrorem*—for the force of example; as a skilful surgeon will often give a troublesome tooth a wrench and leave him, that the others may take warning. Gaspar tosses about and bends his trees, as if he had taken lessons of Æolus. Yet so truly pastoral, or romantic, if the term better please, is he, that even in these his storm pictures, he takes great care to convince you this “reign of terror” is not to be perpetual—that when the assize is over, and the culprits removed, the ill-conditioned *radicals* torn up root and branch, the purification will be perfect, and there will

be a long millennium of peace and happiness. For there is nothing hurt but the guilty—the poetical justice is perfect. As to the compositions, speaking as an artist, of his skies, I have before shewn how true they are to the rule, which never forsakes him. And would the Sketcher know what forms or combinations of them best express motion, he will study the clouds of that great master. With him they never *sit* for their portraits; and as you look at the picture generally, while in the delusion, you would feel uncertain if the sky you had first seen had not passed on, and another succeeded, equally accordant with the subject. In respect to life and motion, compare his skies with even the beautiful ones of Claude, Berghem, Cuyp, or indeed any other land-cape-painter of any school, and you will be satisfied there must have been an *art* in the management the others did not so thoroughly understand. And would you try an experiment to shock your taste, transfer one of his skies into a piece of Both, Berghem, or even one of your own common scenes from nature, and you will be convinced they belong to another country, I mean not *climate*, but a painter's Utopia.

When the birds built their city in the sky, “Cuckoocloudland,” a sworn measurer presents himself, to geometrize the air. If landscape-painters had at that time flourished in Athens, the satire might have been understood as applicable to them. There are painters who are too fond of this geometrizing the air; they cut it up by roods and perches, (the Athenian did not mean *perches* for the birds,) and find a great difficulty to make one whole of it, which it always is in nature; and sometimes you see a flickering, busy, impertinent sort of sky to a tame quiet scene, and sometimes a tame sky to a bustling scattered scene, all which is abominable, and they are sure to look as if Nature's journeymen had made them. But the great defect nowadays is the glaring eye of Phœbus Polyphemus in the sky, as if, having but one himself, he would make all spectators like the seven calendars, the sons of kings. They make the sun an impertinent—the celestial Paul Pry,

for ever intruding. It is the personification of the fever god—the yellow fever—with plague and pestilence in his brimstone aspect. I have ventured in my first paper rather boldly to speak of this, and here repeat my detestation of the practice, while I am in the clouds—and it is time to descend; but there is the difficulty. Now, after a dithyrambic inflation, it is hard to light gracefully and safely on any point in a low level. In such cases the “descensus” is any thing but “facilis.” Salisbury steeple, for instance, may be very much in the way, and impale an acrobat like a gnat upon a pin, a “ludibrium ventis,” that all the Ariels in the clouds may bring their microscopes, and magnify him into a visible curiosity. But it is time to descend; and as here is a beautiful green spot, mossy, and cushioned with Nature’s costliest velvet, in the opening in the wood below, and by the upward and downward motion of his head, that figure must be a busy and gentle Sketcher, to whom I shall surely be welcome from the high estate, with lessons “to raise the wind,” out flies the parachute, and here is terra firma once more. But where are we? I know the spot well. We are in Leigh woods. And where are Leigh woods? Those beautiful woods opposite Clifton, separated from it by the muddy Avon; and as the epithet implies a somewhat unseemly river, dividing, like another Styx, the *Sigis atris*, the cares and turmoils of a busy and commercial world, from the regions of Elysium. Beautiful as these woods are when seen from the opposite hill, those who only see them thus have but little conception of their beauty. It is the very best artist’s ground, not on a very extensive scale, and of a character unique—I at least have never seen the character elsewhere. Some years ago you might have passed days in them, and not heard the step of human foot; and many have I passed in them “from sunny morn till dewy eve,” alone, with one companion, and sometimes with a happy fraternity of the stainer’s company, choice daubers, and paper-spoilers. It is not good, alone, —they are too beautiful for solitude for you long for some one to whom

to express your admiration. And though, in the woods, you are a figure yourself, you are not so to yourself. When Homer sketched his beautiful night scene, he was not contented that his own eye saw it, or the eye of the reader; he puts in his figure admirably—a glad shepherd is enjoying it “*ἄγχι δὲ τὸ πῶμα τοῦ ποιός.*” And, besides the beauty, there is, if you are in these woods quite alone for an hour or two, a strange feeling creeping through your whole mind, very much partaking of a mysterious and undefined fear. You begin to suspect the trembling of the leaves and fern, and look about with some suspicion that you are an intruder upon fairy ground. It may be the confession of a weakness, at which the unimaginative will sneer, perhaps, and that is of little matter, but I own I have had these feelings in some spots in these woods to a painful degree.

On lighting upon terra firma, it was mentioned that there was a gentle Sketcher in the foreground. Suppose the salutation over, (there is a Free-masonry in the arts—*Est quoddam vinetum.*) We are now two—the original Sketcher of Magna, and “another Simon Pure,” for we are all of the family of the Innocents. To avoid the confusion of Sketcher No. 2, let him be Pictor. And perchance the scenery may be best shown by dial, not, and a reference to Pictor’s portfolio. We were standing in an open space, of a few acres, circular, formerly an encampment; at the edge it was in most parts steep, in some precipitous, surrounded by ravines and dells—all wooded, and rocky; and on one side was a larger dell, from which rose opposite to us a rocky height, crowned with wood, and here was another space for encampment—this sloped backward, thick with wood, broken here and there by rocks, down to the river; though nearest to the river, the ground was more varied and precipitous. This beautiful scenery is confined to two or three dells, one of which alone is large, and is a defile from below at the water’s edge. The others are comparatively small, but varying in depth, and thickly wooded and rocky. The whole territory is an amphitheatre, formed by the receding of the middle, and projection of arms of land

towards the river; and from either arm there are beautiful views of the scene as a whole. But beautiful as these are—they are nothing to the detail—the innumerable varying secluded spots concealed under the woods. Here are the studies for the artist.

We sat some time, and Pictor shewed the contents of his portfolio, and the sketches were excellent, judiciously chosen, and evidently the hand was guided by the mind as well as the eye. He spoke of what would make pictures, what were defective, and proposed several alterations;—some of these I thought greater than were required. I then laid before him the rule of composition, as laid down in my first paper, and by marking a few points with a little chalk according to the rule, brought all the parts together, and made the most of each by slightly marking its proper height, depth, projection, and receding. Pictor saw it instantly, for he was before unacquainted with it, and was highly gratified.—But let him speak.

Pictor.—I have one sketch here in my portfolio, that struck me as more perfect than the rest. I daresay I felt it, but knew not why. Now that I have the key to composition, let us examine it. Here it is—and see, here, and here, and here, the rule is exemplified. But here is a defect, I see; this tree rises boldly enough, but somehow or other it does not tell.

Sketcher.—Because it grows from ground that rises directly under its height, and is made conspicuous by being in light. Throw it into shade, and make thereby but one mass of the tree, and the rocky ground from which the tree rises, and bring your shadow down *lowest* under the top.

Pictor.—Thus—[after working a few minutes, and then leaping up delighted]—the very thing—*Probatur est*—and now if you have never seen it, let me take you to a scene that will delight you.

We left the green amphitheatre, by a narrow path, at the edge of a deep wood, to which there appeared no entrance; and even the depth of the wood was concealed, by the sudden descent of the ground. We broke our way through the high weeds that, assisted by brier and

foliage, formed a screen to the beauty within, and suddenly found ourselves, with the shelter behind us, at the top of a deep dell. Not far from the spot in which we stood in admiration, all onward progress seemed to be denied; for the trees wildly shot across, with long branches intersecting each other, as if threatening intruders; and all beyond them was deep and almost awful shade, through which were seen, dimly, and from a great depth below, trees similarly projected. At no great distance in front, the descent was very sudden. Wherever there was any opening among the branches, it appeared as if with the purpose of deterring approach, by the solemn obscurity it shewed. This shade was in colour nearest to a deep blue, but it was softened over, and broken, with the brown boles of the trees. To our right arose a high rock, which boldly projected near us, and then turned off, rounding itself, and falling into the tangled and rocky back that formed the more precipitous side of the dell. The opposite side was not of any great rise; and over that you could see, or conjecture by some forms, that there was a continuation of scenery of this description, as if the territory had been broken into several distinct ravines, yet accessible from each other, and connected by the communication of trees shooting across, and locking, as it were, in social league, offensive and defensive. Huge fragments of stone were lying about, covered with moss and tender leafage of a nameless variety. They must have been there since the Gigantomachia; and the young plants that playfully twined around them, shewed they were no longer for the engines of the Giants' artillery. You might have imagined the daring combatants had fallen in the conflict amid their own weapons, and, after mouldering for ages, had been partly changed into stone, and become covered with earth, and all nature's garniture, to hide the monstrous limbs—the form of which, to the imaginative eye, seemed almost perceptible, lying many a rood, and as if left in the contortion of their last agony. But you fear not them now—there is a complete triumph over them. Peace be with them, if any be there! Another world has sprung from their

ribs; and while gazing, you doubt not beings of another kith and kin reign paramount over the variegated soil that is the covering to their bones. There is not a patch of sky above as big as the palm of the hand; it is, however, a deep blue grey, that serves to set off the gilding of the leaves that are against it. Every thing is under a green light. From the top of a high rock to the right, wild ash and beech throw out their fan-like foliage gracefully above, as much as may be canopying the scene. In the centre of this rock, there appears to be an opening, with a huge fragment before it, like the door of Polyphemus. On nearer approach, however, you find no entrance, but some holes and crevices, that are quite black, and go in, you know not how far. If you were to sleep there, you would dream of enchantment; then it is the imagination goes before you with a massive key, or an Open Sesame, and rocks open and close after you. There can be no doubt, should you be in that happy case, you would walk through awful galleries, with monster-formed rocks, or petrified demons grinning at you on every side; and having nerves to stand this without waking, you would come to halls of porphyry and jasper, illuminated with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, amethysts, and agate. You would be conducted by invisible hands down marble steps to deep subterranean water, the onward flow of which would be seen, by lamps suspended here and there. There would be a boat to receive you, that, the moment you entered, self-guided, would take you on and on, scarce breathing, from high and awful expectation of the coming mystery. Your passage would become narrower, and you would reach the entrance of a large cavern, in the centre of which would be a blazing lamp, that would shew you before it two enormous marble lions in grand repose; and behind, you will discern steps that lead upwards, far receding, till lost in obscurity. You will ascend them, and as you proceed, you will find yourself in the interior of a more magnificent palace than ever entered the imagination of King or Caliph. There, in a saloon magnificently illuminated, you will see, re-
~~cumbent~~ **cumbent on a rose-coloured couch,**

a beautiful lady, from whose sweet presence shall emanate all power of enchantment. You are irresistibly led to her—you kneel to her as she sleeps—and—

"Precisely," said Pictor, interrupting me, for the greater part of this vision was uttered before him—"precisely the sort of day-dream I have often held delightful communion with, in this very spot."

Sketcher. Then you may be pretty certain that such is the character of the scene, and if you paint it, you must make the spectator of your picture see it all, or put him in a capacity to dream it.

Pictor. I fear, if I could convey the vision, my picture would be rejected, by eyes that do not see more in such a scene as this than rocks and odious trees.

Sketcher. Try them, nevertheless; if you fail in captivating many, you will some, and delight yourself in the work; and I doubt if there be not more visions of poetry in the general mind, than we give the world credit for; the Poet's and the Painter's key only is wanting to open the secret and neglected chamber in which they lie.

Pictor. (*drawing a sketch out of his portfolio.*) Here is an attempt at this scene.

Sketcher. And what is this at the back—Poetry?

Pictor. I amuse myself sometimes more with rhyme than reason, and here is an instance. I have ever felt that these woods were the reign and kingdom of invisible fairy beings, and have so felt it when here, that the feeling has amounted to a poetical faith. I never shew these productions; there is a cold and sneering contempt at the expression of any thing like romantic feeling, that makes me often shrink from the contact of common fellowship, and I fly for refuge, and for society too, into an ideal world. The imagination is often awakened by the very shocks it meets with; the more it is rubbed, like Aladdin's lamp, the more potent is the spell, and it becomes truly a Genie that conducts me into the regions of Fairyland.

Sketcher. But to the Poetry;—this is, I see, an incantation—to the invisible Lady. Allow me to read—

THE FAIRY.

Fairy, where dost dwell?
 In the cowslip cup, or the blue harebell?
 I see no form, I hear no sound—
 Yet it seemeth as thou wert all around—
 Fairy, where dost dwell?
 I see thee not, but where'er I turn,
 Mine eyes do gaze, and my ears do burn.
 Fairy, undo thy spell.
 I call thee out of the twisted reed
 With a wood-wild note—with speed, with speed!
 I call thee from under the quivering leaf,
 That darts from the shade in green relief;
 'Tis green above and green below—
 The earth is bright with a sudden glow.
 Fairy, dost dwell
 Under the cool spring, glassy and deep,
 Whose sandy cells thy elves do keep?
 Hast thou thy bed and thy shining throne,
 Over and under the pebble-stone?
 Art chasing the minnows round and round,
 That splash the pool with their silver bound?
 Or, Fairy, tell,
 Dost thou over the surface float,
 In the rose-leaf curl'd to a silken boat,
 That scarcely touches the water's brim,
 As the boughs do fan where it doth swim?
 Fairy, where dost dwell?
 Dost thou thy silvan palace build,
 Teaching the tall trees from the rock
 Where to shoot and where to lock,
 And hang their leaves for the sun to gild—
 Letting the clear sky just peep through,
 To dot the golden roof with blue;
 While thou tellest, with nods and becks,
 The elves that are thy architects,
 From the aspen, the beech, and the spicy fir,
 Around to fling
 Their scaffolding
 Of the glittering thread of the gossamer?
 Or dost thou twine
 The sweet woodbine,
 And twist the shoot from the mossy bole
 Of the wild ash, round the narrow hole
 That pierces an entrance dark and small
 Through the rocks to thy Fairy-hall,
 Where all is bright,
 With the glow-worms' light,
 That hang like gems on the crystal wall?
 Fairy, where'er
 Thou lurkest—in water, leaf, or flower;
 Or floatest away on the balmy air,
 Around my bower,
 O guard it well
 With charm and with spell,
 And bid thy Elves environ it—
 For there my love and I do sit;
 And fright with thy whip of adder's skin,
 All that dare to look therein.

So will I touch the gentle string,
 The while my love shall softly sing
 To thee, to thee—
 And not an ear
 The music shall hear,
 Besides ourselves, the charmed three.
 And I know by a sign,
 That joy is thine,
 When thou hearest our dulcet melody;
 For as I touch, at the springing sound
 A brighter gleam is over the ground—
 And the leaves do tremble all around.
 Fairy, undo thy spell.

Sketcher. As Sketcher-general, I must not express much admiration of your poetry. Do you not think it better to be master of one weapon, than to beat the air idly with two?

Pictor. I would not beat the air "idly" with either; your illustration is from the art of offence and defence. Poetry and painting are sister arts—feminine, they walk the woods, and even wilds, defenceless and fearless in the spell and power of their beauty, loveliness, and gentleness.

Sketcher. Add music, and they are the three Graces, and it will readily be admitted there is one spirit of inspiration in all.

Pictor. Even in my art, the mechanical work, which should be most improved by the practice of the weapon, is soon learned, and is of very inferior importance, and too much from the common eye exacts and usurps the admiration it little deserves, and that should be liberally given to the higher qualities. Young painters are not aware how much they mispend their time, in fancied improvements, in bestowing too much of their time in acquiring a dexterity of hand, and too little, in cultivating the mind that should direct it.

Sketcher. Degrading the "Divine Act" to the low ambition of legerdemain. It is as if you should place the excellence of an organ, not in the

sound, but in the neatness of the joiner's work that puts the parts of it together.

Pictor. It is true the hand will not always execute what the mind conceives; it is better the defect should be there, than in the conception. A picture should be an appeal to the mind's eye, that will often supply a deficiency of execution, but ought ever to turn away from splendid and presuming poverty. A painter cannot too much study poetry—reading and practising it.

Sketcher. You have given such good reasons for the painter's double employment, that I shall venture to recommend it in "The Sketcher." Did your Fairy condescend to reply?

Pictor. (*fervently.*) Why, as to whence the answer may come, I know not. Far be it from me to limit the power of the invisible agents of an invisible or visible world.—Being of spirit, they may insinuate themselves into our minds, and supply thoughts—for you know not whence they come. Here, however, is a reply (taking a paper from his portfolio) that you will detect at once to be a forgery, or, at least, deny its inspiration. The amusement of idle moments, as the busy world would call them, who, vexed with the necessity of the drudgery of their own indefatigable labours, will not allow any to be industrious but by their rule and measure.

THE FAIRY'S REPLY.

I come, I come,
 At thy gentle call;
 But first I must seek our crystal hall—
 There to deposit the gems of dew
 Cull'd from the rose of pearliest hue;

To set in the crown of our Fairy King
 When we dance our moonlight ring.
 Approach, approach
 With my ancient coach,
 Carved from the acorn's yellow cup,
 With my team of ants to drag me up
 To the fairy mound.
 Then under the ground
 We'll dip, and bid the glow-worms clear
 Shine before in the secret road
 Dug by Mole, our engineer,
 To our cavernous abode.
 Away, away,
 Run, palfreys, run;
 Our errand done,
 Ere thrice the owlet's wing can flap,
 We'll be in the bower,
 And leaf and flower
 With spells, that none shall break, enwrap
 So deep and so strong,
 That the spirit of song
 Shall not escape from the charmed ground
 But when all is still in the pale moonlight
 Shall faintly, faintly, float around,
 And blend with the dreams of the silvery night—
 Away, away.

Sketcher. You have admirably fenced in your bower. I hope the angel that visits it is not visionary. There is a clew, a thread that leads to your ideal world—that derives much of its sanctity from seclusion and exclusion. Therein is the "religio laici," that makes the woods sacred, and converts the cavern into a temple. They have, it seems, their idol.

Pictor made no reply, nor moved his head, and plied his hand at his work more busily, but it was evident he was marring it. I fear there was something too ideal in the matter, and that he felt it.

When Pictor had finished the sketch upon which he was employed, we arose, and crossed the low ridge on the left, (perhaps the shin-bone of some charred and buried Enceladus,) that separated the last-mentioned dell from a smaller. Here the trees were not so large, of less bold character, of more tender and graceful bend. The fragments of rock were more tossed about, and large—and the broken parts of the ridge fell suddenly, and formed frequent rocky holes, recesses, or homes, from which shot out the boles and shoots of trees; and immense antique roots were twisted all around, binding, as it were, with iron grasp, fragments

together in most strange forms, like huge bea-constrictors involved round monstrous unknown antediluvian animals, in a moment converted into stone. The scene was upon a smaller scale. The chief consequence of it was attached to the rocky homes with their fantastic roots about them, their dark ivy, and profuse festoon and garniture of minute foliage, that made the holes behind them the darker; and under the impression of small imaginary beings holding dominion here, they assumed a dignity, as mysterious residences and lurking-places, which they could not have derived from their dimensions. The boughs that shot across, to an opposite lower ridge at no great distance, exhibited more distinctly in this scene their large leaves. There was perfect seclusion, with less of grandeur mixed with the beauty; there was consequently less *composition* to attract attention. Intricacy there was, but simplicity. The whole scene was stamped with a deep impression of solitude and silence; not a leaf moved, though we were under multitudinous foliage. The fern was almost grey, and still, bending over the hollows which it partly made, at the upward extremity of the dell, was a pale yellow, very faint; all else was of a cool and quiet green, the

boles of the trees dark, and the rocky fragments covered with moss, and the more precipitous banks in every tone of brownish red and grey. There was nothing here very dark, that is, of any size; the holes and crevices that might be so, were in themselves too small to affect the general character, which was evenness of tone—a sort of uninterrupted and charmed repose, nearest to sleep. There was something of a dream-like faintness in it.

Pictor. Lower down, where you see that twisting tree shooting out from the rock, like a serpent disentangling himself from the earth, there is a strange scene unlike this or any other in these woods. You see from thence, light through to the bottom of the dell; there is more a character of motion, or readiness to start into it, when the spell shall be taken off, that keeps all together as it is. That would be a scene for fairy revel or procession, and the twisted tree shooting across would seem the seat for spectators above the area for a dramatic scene.

Sketcher. I know it well, and so it has often struck me. But this

scene, it is the very reign of silence; our voices here would sound unhal-
lowed, though they uttered hymns and anthems.

Pictor. Just so. Yet that reminds me of Purcell's music, where Love awakens the frozen slumbering genius of the mountain in his ice-bound cavern.

Sketcher. That is poetry; and if you will not condemn the blunder, the music deepens the silence of the scene.

Pictor. Because the description lies in the sound. Were you in such a scene, you would not require that mode of description; you would be so satisfied by the actual silence of the scene, that the slightest sound would offend. Every sense would be dead but one. I have imagined a solitary sort of monumental and stony figure for this scene, and committed, perhaps, a greater blunder than you; for I have ventured to make Silence herself speak, and, worse still, Echo take the lead in conversations. But personifications allow of great liberties. I have the attempt with me, for it is of recent performance.

ECHO and SILENCE.

ECHO.

Sleepest thou, Sister Silence, here,
In the dim haunt of the lonely deer,
Like the moon in her sable cloud?
So calm thy look, so still thy breath,
Like a Nun that sleepeth her sleep of death,
Wrapp'd in her holy shroud.

SILENCE.

It is not death to breathe no word—
Many the thoughts that are not heard,
That deep in the bosom burn:
There's a spirit that lives in the balmy air,
The desert cave, and the wild deer's lair,
Under the shadowy fern.

ECHO.

Awake! Awake! I bid thee awake
To the horn and hound. Through brier and brake
They dash through the quiet stream.
Hark! Over the vale they proudly sweep—
Awake, awake from thy sombre sleep,
And spell of enchanted dream.

SILENCE.

Away, away with the hound and horn—
Away with the sports of the garish morn.

But there is a voice I love,
That is heard at eve in the low twilight,
Or when the moon in the blue of night
Rideth serene above.

O then bring hither some true love pair,
To breathe their vows to the gentle air,
Softly and sweet to hear.
And Echo, do thou prolong the sound,
Till it melt on the ear it cannot wound,
Of Silence reposing near.

Echo.

Sister, repose, and around thy bed
Thy Echo a spell of awe shall spread,
To banish the prying crowd;
A holier fear in my voice shall run,
To guard where sleepeth my Sister Nun,
Veil'd in her sable shroud.

Sketcher. If there be any living thing here besides ourselves, certainly Silence has gathered them together, and covered them with her protecting mantle of sleep. If, under these circumstances, she is contented to have no listeners, it would be hard indeed that she should not be allowed a voice in her own family.

Pictor. You are indulgent. Would this scene best suit Solitude or Silence?

Sketcher. Are they not the same thing?

Pictor. No. I can conceive even a greater feeling of solitude being excited without silence than with it. For instance—suppose you were among the fastnesses of the Alps, in scenes of awful solitude, where no human foot before your own had been, would not the feeling be increased by an avalanche? or say, amid the deepest seclusion, the roar of a waterfall? or even without that, the crash of the falling of a few stones from an eminence?

Sketcher. A feeling belonging to the scene, independent of solitude, would be increased; I question if that of solitude would not be lost. If solitude be repose, that would unquestionably be broken by a sense of danger, that would excite to active exertion, which, though it may exist in solitude, would never seek it, but rather help, aid, and fellowship, even in endurance. However that may be, I should prefer the title of Silence. I never yet saw a picture of Solitude that satisfied me. The painter has been generally too ambitious in com-

position or in colour, or too mean in both; for in a picture professing to be Solitude, nothing should be *observable*, for whatever is so, breaks the repose. Wilson's solitude is perhaps the worst—it is very mean—it is absolutely nothing but a ditch; and how the embellishments of architecture came there, where they ought to have no place, it would be difficult to say;—besides, it is open to intruders—not enough shut in. Solitude should be within a charmed enclosure to be perfect. It should be such a scene where the Prince of the Black Isles may be turned to stone, and enchanted for a thousand years.

Pictor. I will endeavour to paint this scene, and call it Silence.

Sketcher. And mark the almost shrinking character it has—how many of the roots and branches appear to steal lowly and quietly across it, rather seeking the ground and its shelter, than shooting upward; all the upright lines are faint, such as of the larger trees, for they are mostly concealed by the immediate foliage. They stand apart and subordinate, like sombre mutes, the solemn stately guards that wait and watch in the shadowy distance of the banquet-hall the motion of the hand that is to call them to instant duty.

Pictor. Yes; faint as they are, rising from the ridge, they serve the purpose of protection, without intruding themselves. They are like the outer ranges of pillars in a solemn Grecian temple; you are just aware of their presence, their strength, and support, and that is all: they tend,

therefore, to complete the repose I shall not forget them.

Sketcher. What I should most fear in an artist who should select this subject, would be his *forbearance*. There is so great a fashion for strong contrast, for splashes of brown, and white, and yellow, too indiscriminately applied to all subjects; and then the spirit of rivalry, in this doing something striking, leads to such daring attempts (I judge from the few of late years that have come under my eye), and the touching and retouching pictures on exhibition walls, till all the modesty they might have possessed on the easel at home is lost, and a meretricious glare given to them, that I doubt if an artist would not fear to trust a picture to the walls of an exhibition-room (outglaring even the outrageous and gaudy colours of the visitants)—I doubt if he would there trust a picture of so modest and unassuming a tone of colour as this subject demands. Perhaps—nay, certainly, the picture would suffer by its company. This is undoubtedly an evil of Exhibitions.

Pictor. And the eye loses its purer taste, by being too continually excited. The very judgment that should be cool, is in a state of fever. It is indeed a great loss if a public exhibition necessarily excludes a whole class of pictures, and the more to be regretted if they be of the *modest* cast. It is a loss, if it would exclude such a subject as this. Those who love pictures, and would patronise the arts, should frequent the painters' rooms, see their works upon the easel, and not judge of them by comparisons they *ought* not to bear. This liberal practice would give the artist encouragement to think for himself, and to allow his genius freer scope, and to rise above the little competition for striking vanities.

Sketcher. And I believe it will be generally found that the most modest pictures, those that strike least at first sight, are the best. The painter who will dare to keep himself within the sentiment of his subject, and abstain, for the sake of it, from the use of much of the power of his palette that would ambitiously serve to advertise it to the public gaze,—as being impressed with the

dignity of his art, that he will not allow to be subservient to a false taste that he condemns,—this artist, as he keeps his genius unfettered, will alone reach the extent of his power.

Pictor. But would he live by his genius?

Sketcher. Certainly; he will probably in the end be the winner, and may do that which those who are servile cannot—he may command; and if he fail, he will gain something, however little—and genius is like love—better a little *with* it, than affluence without it. We often hear of genius depressed; there is a miserable pining pity for poor neglected genius. Genius wants it not—is at all times happy, though in its own way. Whenever I hear artists excuse their defects by throwing them on the public taste, they appear to me to admit a degrading servility, and I often think it is but to get rid of the trouble of defending the faults of which they are really enamoured.

Pictor. I agree with you; the mind should be cultivated morally and intellectually, and then there would be shame to make such excuse. But are you quite sure genius cannot be depressed and wretched?

Sketcher. Genius may be depressed by circumstances that destroy the mind, and then it is gone. But as long as it is in the man, he is *not* wretched. His genius is Nature's sampled dowry; it positively enriches him, for he would never exchange it. We may pity the possessor, who is unconscious that he requires our commiseration. As long as he *has* his genius, he walks the world with a talisman about him; his eyes and ears are blind and deaf to many things that surround him, and he may be in a vision of an El Dorado or Paradise.

Pictor. Wilson is always called poor Wilson; and I think Allan Cunningham, in his *Life of Wilson*, bewails his hard fate, and instances his painting his "*Ceyx and Aleyone*," for a pot of porter, and the remains of a Stilton cheese. Yet, doubtless, had he been an unhappy wretched man, he could not have had the power of painting it; that power charmed away the bitterness of poverty. Shall the imagination have a

power to create, and not cater for its possessor? Shall it not, like the magician's lamp, conjure up the banquet of Aladdin, whose dishes were gold? They may not always be carried to an honest merchant, but still they are gold. Genius is a happy guest, let people say what they will about the wretchedness it often brings. It often, indeed, finds little in common with its feelings and sentiments, and looks to the world a misery it knows not. It is a happy guest within, furnishes hopes, dresses them as it pleases, awakens imagination to supply what reality will not; and if things go not quite right in this stale world, cries Open Sesame, and a new one offers entrance to it. It has been often said that one half the world knows not how the other lives—and we may add—feels.

Sketcher. Once returning from a tour in Wales, I travelled outside a coach with a very intelligent good sort of man, a manager of a large manufactory, and a preacher. He questioned me as to my business—where I had been. I told him simply, that I had been into Wales for the purpose of sketching. For what object, he demanded; for whom, and what payment did I receive from my employer? None, I told him; it was solely for my pleasure. He looked upon me with a kind pity—lectured me on the sin of lying—was it probable that I would so toil, walk through such a country on foot, and take plans of other people's property, without remuneration, and for my pleasure? adding, and at the same time eyeing my stained sketching jacket, that it was a pity any one

should condescend to affect to have means of independence, which he evidently had not. How could I be offended with the man? A taste for sketching—for pictures, had never come within his experience, nor could he conceive it. I was once tempted to sketch on a very cold day; a friend was with me, who, while I was so employed, walked hastily backwards and forwards at some distance to warm himself. A knot of people was collected around me, who pitied me, and pretty freely abused my friend for his cruelty in keeping me there in the cold, adding, that they knew well enough he would not do it himself. There can be no doubt they thought me a very unhappy man, and blessed themselves that they were not born to such drudgery.

Pictor. I believe there are many pity artists who ought to know better—but it is fatal for an artist to pity himself. There is something to admire in the professional pride of old Vestris, who introduced his son on the Parisian stage and to the public, with simply these words,—“Maintain the dignity of your art.”

Sketcher. In a spot you have dedicated to “Silence,” you have at least given the divinity the benefit of listening: and that she may not complain of our conference, would it not be better to leave her to her repose? Shall we not visit this scene together again?

This was agreed to, and we left the woods: for the rest of the walk, by our meditative silence, paying more reverence to the Divinity we had quitted, than we were willing to shew in her presence.

THE FIRST SESSION OF THE REFORMED PARLIAMENT.

IRELAND—WEST INDIES—EAST INDIES—DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN
POLICY OF MINISTERS.*

WHILE Parliament was sitting, we felt that it would be unfair to pronounce a decided judgment upon its proceedings. The experiment which had been made in legislation was so great, the change which had been effected in the Constitution so prodigious, that it was impossible to form a correct or impartial judgment on its measures until they had closed. We were willing to make every allowance for the inexperience of a new class of men in public affairs; we appreciated the difficulties of Ministers frequently obliged to seek for shelter in the camp of their old adversaries, the Tories, from the assaults of their newly created allies, whom they had struggled so hard to introduce into the Legislature; and we were desirous, in good faith, that this great experiment, upon which the future fortunes of the empire were so much dependent, should receive the fullest and fairest field for exhibiting its effects. The measures of Government, too, and the Legislature, were so vacillating and contradictory—they so frequently undid one day what they had done the preceding—resolutions passed one night by a large majority, were so often repealed the next by a still larger, that it was impossible to form any clear conception of what really was to pass into the public Statute-Book, till the curtain had dropped, and the flitting scenes of that changeable drama had passed into the eternal records of history. This change has now taken place, and we hasten, in no spirit of party animosity, in sober sadness rather than temporary excitement, to consider the effects of the change, and the consequences it is likely to produce on ourselves and our children.

It is commonly said that the Reformed Parliament has surprised the Ultras on both sides; that it has falsified the predictions of the Tories,

and disappointed the hopes of the Radicals; and that its proceedings have been so extremely different from what was anticipated, that it is impossible to form any probable estimate of what it will hereafter do, or what effect it may have on the future destinies of the nation. If you listen to the Radical newspapers, there never has so corrupt a Parliament sat in Great Britain. More vacillating than the most vacillating of former legislatures—more obsequious than the most obsequious of former assemblies—more selfish and hard-hearted than the most selfish and hard-hearted of former Parliaments, it has, according to them, proved itself utterly unworthy of the high destinies to which it was called, and furnished convincing proof that a far more complete purging of the Augean stables, a far more thorough regeneration of society, is necessary to remedy the disorders of the State. The Tories, they tell us, are for ever annihilated; the miserable Rump of the former oppressors of England can hardly muster a hundred votes in Parliament; but the Legislature, five-sixths of which is the work of their own hands, returned by the Ten-Pounders, the offspring of the Reform Bill, has proved itself utterly unworthy of the confidence of the nation, and loudly calls for amendment, by the introduction of a still lower and more levelling class. This, be it recollected, is not our language; it is not the raving of disappointed Tories;—it is the complaint of triumphant Revolutionists; the eulogy passed upon the great democratic experiment by its successful promoters; the practical results of the first great example of a popular Parliament which the history of England has exhibited. Were it not that the subject is too serious to be treated lightly—the change too irrevocable to be the subject of merri-

* The Reform Ministry and the Reformed Parliament. London: Ridgway and Son. 1833.

ment—the disappointment the prognostic of too much evil to be the subject of exultation, we could make a curious paper by contrasting the prophecies of the Revolutionists with the effect of their changes; their sanguine anticipations with the sad reality; the Reformed Parliament as it stands, with the Reformed Parliament as it was expected to be!

We have frequently had occasion to observe, that the danger of political changes consists not in their first, but their ultimate effects; not in the measures which are in the outset pursued by a willing, but those which are ultimately forced upon a reluctant, Legislature; not in the satisfaction, but the disappointment, with which the first regenerated Parliament is received. This is the inevitable progress of democratic changes. A new Legislature, the result of a vast and successful popular effort, is installed in supreme power; unbounded expectations are formed, chimerical expectations indulged, and amidst the universal transports of the populace, the novel machine, the child of public excitement, commences its operations. Presently it is discovered that the new Government cannot work impossibilities; that it cannot raise money without laying on taxes, nor discharge debt without possessing funds; and that if any sensible relief is given to the burdens of the people, it must be by the spoliation of the opulent classes, by the confiscation of property, and the adoption of extreme revolutionary measures. Against such measures all men of property at first recoil: they are urged to commence them by the revolutionary party; they are reminded of former promises; ancient prophecies and false statements are thrown up against them; and amidst the struggle of contending factions, and the conflict of ambition with terror, their measures are of the most vacillating and contradictory description. Sometimes impelled by revolutionary ambition, and the coercion of an unbridled constituency, they venture upon a violent step. Soon warned of the consequences of their actions, and made aware of the danger of the measure which they have

sanctioned, they endeavour to retrace their steps. Their measures, like those of the novice in guilty indulgence, are marked by timidity and irresolution—the very qualities of all others the most likely to sink them in the estimation of the fierce and unheeding Revolutionists whose aid they invoked in the struggle for power, by whose assistance they triumphed over their Conservative opponents. Thus the first democratic Legislature gradually sinks in the public estimation; the hopes of the Revolutionists are no longer rested on their achievements; the victories gained over Conservative principles are sufficient to keep alive the hopes and rouse the expectations of the republicans who elevated them to power; and that stubborn mass, in sudden discontent, resolve to use their newly acquired power, for the purpose of effecting still farther changes, and introducing into the Legislature, at the next election, a more hardened and thorough-going body of democratic adventurers.

"Thus," says Thiers, the Republican Historian of France, "is the natural progress of such changes:—Ambition, the love of power, first arises in the higher classes, they exert themselves, and obtain the supreme authority. But as soon as it descends in society, it causes an inferior class, till then passive, to revolt. Satisfied with what they have gained, all persons of this class endeavour to stop; but it is in vain; they are in their power; they are incessantly pressed on by the crowd in their midst. Those who thus endeavour to arrest the movement, even if they are but elevated above the lowest class, if they oppose its wishes are called an aristocracy, and incur its hatred. According to the natural progress of revolutionary changes, the democratic part of the first Assembly was the aristocratic of the second."

Far from regarding the present discontent at the Reformed Parliament with sentiments of exultation or indifference, therefore, we look upon it with the utmost regret. It proves to us that our anticipations, grounded on the experience of former times, were too well-founded; that the disease is not only acting,

but acting in the precise way which we anticipated; and that the discontents of the people at their first popular Parliament are preparing the way for a still more democratic one at the next election, or a still more violent change on occasion of the next public excitement, just as it did in France, just as it did in Rome, just as it has done in all countries where a brief period of popular effervescence had been followed by a long series of despotic oppressors.

On coolly reviewing the proceedings of the Reformed Parliament, and considering the estimation in which it is held, five circumstances strike us as peculiarly deserving of notice.

In the first place, there never was a Parliament in the memory of man, which possessed so little the popular confidence; we do not say the confidence of the Conservatives, for it was hardly to be expected they should enjoy that, but the confidence of their own party, of the Movement, Radical, and Reform constituencies throughout the realm. This is a fact which it is impossible to dispute; the public newspapers on all sides, with the exception of the hired Treasury journals, bear testimony to the melancholy truth. Mr Attwood and the Political Union of Birmingham, the chosen allies and valued correspondents of Lord John Russell; Mr O'Connell and the Republicans of Ireland, by whose timely aid the Reform Bill was carried; Mr Hume and the Republicans of England, are equally indignant. Recollect the vituperation with which these dearly beloved allies of Ministers assailed them on occasion of the second imposition of the Malt Tax, the changing the loan of fifteen millions to a grant of twenty to the West India Proprietors, or the abandonment of the spoliation clause in the Irish Church Bill; and some idea may be formed of the estimation in which the Reformed Parliament, the creature of the Democracy, is regarded by its supporters among the Republican Party. The Examiner, the Spectator, the Morning Herald, the Morning Advertiser, the True Sun, have successively been as severe upon their darling Legislature. The Albion, the Standard, the Guardian, or the Morning Post. We

are far from insinuating that these reproaches are well-founded; many of them, we shall immediately shew, are absurd and ridiculous. We merely mention the fact of their existence, as a signal proof of that harmony between the people and their representatives which, we were told, was to be the invaluable result of the Reform Bill; and that complete restoration of Parliament to the confidence of the country, which Lord John Russell held out as the principal reason for forcing, by every possible means, its adoption upon the Legislature.

In the next place, although the Parliament has fallen into this universal obloquy with the Movement Party, yet have they regained the confidence of those who wish to uphold the remaining institutions of the country? We fear not. We say this with deep sorrow, and with no feeling of hostility to the present Legislature, but, on the contrary, the most sincere desire to aid in restoring them to that confidence which we fear is irrevocably impaired. The confidence of the country in the authority of Parliament is weakened, not so much from distrust in the individuals who now compose it, as from a perception of the mode in which it is composed, and the authority which the fierce leaders of the democracy, it is said, exercise over its members. The people of property perceive plainly that a great majority of Parliament is now returned by the Ten-Pounders; and what they will hereafter require, can be predicted with about as much certainty as from what quarter the wind will blow a month hence. Thence has arisen a universal feeling of distrust in the stability of existing institutions; an anxious fear as to the future, and a conviction universally spread, that we are on the eve, or rather in the course of some great political changes, the termination of which, not only this, but the next generation are not destined to see. This revolutionary change, it is obvious, will work with additional rapidity as Parliament approaches the period of its dissolution. Promises will then be more minutely considered, former pledges more anxiously scanned, the hustings looked forward to with anxiety; present votes be felt to be big with the fate of fu-

ture elections. Measures which were at once rejected last session, when seats were secure, to all appearance, for three or four years, will, it is to be feared, meet with a very different reception, when Radical constituencies are to be faced within a few months.

Nor were the measures which actually passed the Reformed Parliament, even in this first and most secure period of their administration, such as were at all calculated to allay the apprehensions of the holders of property as to the steps to which they would be driven in a later and more critical period of their existence. More redoubtable blows have been struck at the great institutions of the country during the last six months, than in any period since the great Rebellion, with the exception of the fatal era of passing the Reform Bill. The Irish Church Bill has at once cut off nearly half of the Protestant hierarchy in that island, and established the principle, that an establishment is to be regulated and measured, not by the general policy of the State, or the prospect of future increase to its flock, but the number at present composing it. The great revolutionary principle of confiscating the property of the Church to the service of the State, embodied in the 147th clause of that Bill, passed the House of Commons (in principle) by a great majority, and was only abandoned by Ministers in committee, in consequence of the firm and dignified conduct of the House of Lords. The Malt Tax, albeit essential to the maintenance of the public faith, was actually repealed to the extent of one-half; and it required the utmost exertion of Ministerial influence to procure its re-imposition. Property in the West Indies has, for a most inadequate compensation, received a fatal blow, the effects of which must ultimately destroy, or sever those colonies from the Mother Country. All the objects of our foreign policy since the Revolution, the protection of Holland, the support of Portugal, the upholding of Turkey, have been successively abandoned, and a close alliance formed with the Throne of the Barricades, against the Powers so long cemented in hereditary alliance with Great Britain.

Changes so prodigious, effected in so short a time, afford but a melancholy presage of what may be expected, when the weight of popular influence increases by the approaching termination of Parliament, and the discontents of the Revolutionists are augmented by a continued resistance to their wishes.

In the *third* place, the present Parliament is, by the admission of its keenest supporters, the most vacillating and unstable in its resolutions which ever sat within the walls of St Stephen's. The able author of the pamphlet whose title is prefixed to this article, observes, "In spite of the opposition, sometimes separate, sometimes combined, of Tories and Radicals, there never, so far as the House of Commons is concerned, has been a stronger administration." This is perfectly true *at present*. The power of Ministers has been displayed by their having on many different occasions made the House recall its former resolutions, and contradict itself without any reason but the will of the ruling power. To give only a few out of a multitude of examples which might be cited—The House of Commons first voted, by a majority of eleven in a full house, that the half of the Malt Tax should be repealed; four nights afterwards, they voted, by a majority of 180, that it should again be put on.—On the second reading of the West India Bill, they sanctioned the principle that a loan not exceeding £15,000,000 should be given to the West India proprietors; in committee, on the bidding of Mr Stanley, they converted this loan into a gift of £20,000,000.—On the second reading of the Irish Church Bill, they supported, by a majority of 240, the famous clause for applying the ecclesiastical property in Ireland to the service of the State; in committee, by nearly as large a majority, they expunged that clause from the bill. The records of former Parliaments will be sought in vain for similar instances of vacillation.

Inconsiderate persons conclude that there can be no danger on the score of democracy, at least from a Legislature so much disposed to contradict itself, and so ready to recall its own resolutions at the suggestion of the Executive. There never was a great-

er delusion. A Legislature so constituted, capable of bending with so much facility to the ruling power, can hardly be relied on to fight the battle of order and property against revolutionary aggression. Democratic invasion on the part of the Legislature is more closely allied than is generally supposed to subservience to the Executive; they are both the result of obedience to the ruling power; the difference consists in the force which directs, not the assembly which is directed. The celebrated saying of Tiberius,—“*Oh homines ad servitutem parati!*” marks the termination of revolutionary violence; it is only the subservience manifested to the sovereign despot, which has long been shewn to the sovereign multitude. Let a Radical Ministry be placed at the helm, and what reliance would the nation have on the firmness of the House of Commons, as it will then be constituted, to resist the aggressions of the Revolutionists?

This weakness and vacillation of the popular representation is not to be considered as the fault of the individual members who now compose the Legislature. It is institutions which form men. Passion and popular applauses are transient and evanescent; considerations of interest alone are permanent in their operations. A Legislature, the mirror of popular excitement, necessarily reflects the fleeting hues of the body from which it springs. One, based on the great interests of the State, partakes of the firmness and resolution of the class by whom it is created. When the Reform Bill severed the Legislature from the great and lasting interests of the country, and founded it on the affections of the unconstant multitude, it necessarily stamped vacillation and irresolution on its measures. This is the law of nature, and is of eternal endurance. The question every patriot has to consider is, whether, from a Legislature so constituted, permanent resistance can be expected to the encroachments of a body of Revolutionists, consistent in nothing but their incessant efforts at self-aggrandisement?

In the fourth place, the enormous increase of mere popular declamation, to the exclusion of useful or benefi-

cent legislation, is an evil incident to democratic bodies of the most formidable kind, which has already been amply experienced in the Reformed Parliament, and promises to increase rather than diminish with the lapse of time, and the increase of popular power in the Legislature. This fact, of universal notoriety since the sittings of the Reformed Parliament commenced, is put in a very clear point of view by our author. “It has sat,” says he, “*nine hours* a-day, during a Session of 142 days, making altogether 1270 *hours*, while even the last Parliament, under the excitement of the Reform question, did not sit, in what is termed their long session, above 918 hours.” This is adduced as a proof of the beneficial effect of the reform in Parliament; a more decisive mark could not have been selected of its unhappy tendency. Nine hours a-day for one hundred and forty days! The very idea of it makes us hold our breath. Of this prodigious time how much was devoted to hearing speeches really worth attending to, which the public read or posterity will collect? Not fifty hours. The remainder, consisting of above twelve hundred hours! was occupied by frothy popular declamations of little value to the affairs of the State, though of great value towards securing the return of the long-winded orators by their admiring constituents.

The source of this enormous evil is to be found in the vast multiplication of popular constituencies by the Reform Bill, which has augmented two-fold that class of orators who spend their breath and not their money in securing their places, and whose seat is held by the most precarious of all tenures, that of pleasing a giddy and inconstant multitude. Every man can judge of the length of a speech; not one in ten can form an opinion either of its real merits, or the utility of the member in the more unobtrusive but useful department of Committees. But, as under the Reform Bill, “*Testimonia numeranda sunt, non ponderanda;*” and a member’s return is to be secured by the suffrages of the unthinking many, not the thinking few; it follows, that the species of public display which must be selected is that which is obvious to the capaci-

ties of all mankind, and astounds an ignorant and conceited constituency by its extravagant dimensions. "Our member has spoken five hours on the Irish Coercion Bill:" the thing is irresistible; his return is secure.— "Our member has never opened his lips this session;" his fate is sealed, he need not shew his face on the hustings, though he has been the most useful and efficient member in Committees, that is, in real beneficent legislation, of which Parliament can boast.

We have said that this evil is one which is likely to increase, rather than diminish, with the extension of popular power in the Legislature. We ground our opinion on the example of America, where, in consequence of the universality of popular constituencies, nineteen-twentieths of the Legislature is composed of lawyers; and the only passport either to fame, power, or influence in public affairs, is found to be a shallow sophistical style of oratory, adapted to a half-educated, and of course conceited constituency. Captain Hamilton, in his late admirable work on the United States, has told us that this is universally the case in all the States of the Union; and that, in consequence, the style of speaking in Congress is so longwinded, that if they had one-tenth of the business which overwhelms a British Parliament, they would be literally choked up. It is no unusual thing to see an orator speak eighteen hours; and when his speech begins on Thursday, he keeps exclusive possession of the floor, as they call it, for the remainder of the week! The reason of their making these prodigious efforts is, that they have no other mode of securing their return. Their speeches are never listened to in Congress; they have not the smallest effect on the measures of Government; but they excite the admiration of their astounded constituents. They are printed on coarse paper, in the form of pamphlets, circulated among the electors, and the member's return at the next election is secure.

Lastly, connected with this appalling increase of useless declamation in Parliament, is another evil of the very first magnitude, which threatens to sap the foundations of the whole

representative system in this country; and that is, that minorities are not represented, and in consequence all really important questions are carried, either without opposition, or by a mere compromise. This is precisely the evil which has been so often felt in the representative assemblies of the Continent. Minorities were not represented, and in consequence the greatest questions of State policy were either carried through at the gallop without any discussion at all, or the miserable fragments of a minority were glad to acquiesce in the measure by the proffer of some inconsiderable boon to silence their clamour. They look around them—they see that the dagger is at their throat. If they give battle, they will be defeated by a majority of ten to one; and they are happy in such an extremity to make the best compromise they can, and withdraw all opposition by accepting even a trifling deduction from the sum-total of the evil which is to be inflicted upon them. This is precisely what has been long experienced in France. Its absence in Great Britain, under the old Constitution, was one of the circumstances which most strongly attracted the admiration of foreigners. We repeatedly prophesied that the Reformed Parliament would speedily witness the extinction of this invaluable feature in our social condition; and its first session has furnished the most woful confirmation of our prediction.

Even the most careless observer must have seen that all the important measures of Parliament, last session, affecting the greatest interests of the State, were ultimately carried, without any debate, by a mere compromise. This was in an especial manner the case with the Irish Church Bill, the West India Bill, and the East India Bill—perhaps the most important measures which, in the memory of man, have been submitted to the consideration of the Legislature. There was, indeed, debate enough on the Irish and West India Bills, the moment that any relaxation of the confiscating or revolutionary tendency of the measures was proposed by Ministers; but little or no resistance, in the House of Commons at least, on the part of the sufferers by them. The clause appropriating

the Church funds in Ireland to the service of the State, met with hardly any resistance in the Lower House ; it was the vote of the Upper, on the Portuguese Question, which produced its abandonment. The clauses for the immediate emancipation of the negroes passed *unanimously* ; all the debate was on the change of the loan of L.15,000,000 into a gift of L.20,000,000. It was just the same in France. Louis XVI. was declared guilty by an *unanimous* vote of the Convention, then embracing 700 members. There are not seventy men now, in the whole world, who concur in their decision. The reason of this deplorable extinction of discussion on all subjects, save those which go to trench on the progress of the Movement, is that it is felt to be useless, and worse than useless, by tending to irritate an adversary too powerful to be trifled with with impunity, and too impetuous in his resolutions to be restrained by any even the most powerful considerations. Why debate a question, when the movement majority is ready to outvote you by a majority of five to one, and, if irritated, may speedily proceed to still more destructive measures ? Why appeal to the public, or try to excite a popular feeling ? Nineteenths of the thinking public are already convinced by your reasons ; but they form a miserable minority among the multitudes holding political power, who blindly support all the measures of Government, so long as they are of a liberal, or verge towards a revolutionary character. It is the conviction, the universal and painful conviction, of the utter hopelessness of such a struggle by a minority with reason and justice on their side, against a majority in possession of numbers and power, which makes it universally abandoned, and causes the greatest measures and changes of the most appalling importance to pass with hardly any discussion in the Legislature. And this evil co-exists with, and is in part produced by, the enormous increase of popular declamation on *other* subjects. The mob orators, and the members dependent on popular constituencies, overwhelm Government by their speeches the moment that any check to the progress of the Movement is attempted ; and they thus consume

valuable time, and exhaust necessary patience to such a degree, that when questions of real importance are brought forward, in which the resistance is to be made by the remnant of the Conservative interest, they find it impossible to get either the House or the public to listen to any thing which is said, and are glad to effect a compromise by abandoning their opposition, in consideration of some boon, however trifling, conceded to them by their irresistible opponents.

It was not thus in England under the old Constitution. The bitterest enemy of the old Parliament has never yet ventured to assert, that discussion on important subjects was stifled by the evident impossibility of effecting any thing by it ; or that questions the most momentous to the public welfare, were huddled up with hardly any discussion in the Legislature, by the experienced necessity of coming as speedily as possible to a compromise. It was not in this school of despairing calculation and subdued ability that Chatham, and Burke, and Pitt, and Fox, and Windham, and Sheridan, were trained. These great men never thought of compromise ; they never despaired of the Republic ; they never abandoned the right cause ; but, undeterred by defeat, returned again and again to the charge, and made the walls of St Stephen's ring with the strains of immortal eloquence. Why is it that this great and glorious style of debate is suddenly annihilated in the Reformed Parliament ? Whence is it that questions more momentous than any which occupied their attention, are now hurried over in empty houses, or stifled by understood agreements ; and that torrents of popular declamation are reserved only for questions, however trifling, in which the passions or wishes of the populace are thwarted ? Simply because the natural order of society has been subverted by the Reform Bill ; because it is presumed that reason and eloquence are vain against the numerous and incompetent constituencies who form the ultimate depositaries of power under its provisions ; and because that continual appeal to justice and truth, which it was felt must at last prevail even against the aristocratic prejudices of the former

rulers of the State, is utterly nugatory against the fierce passions and changeable inclinations of the innumerable electors who now compose its supreme authority.

It is with the most mournful anticipations, therefore, in a spirit of sober sadness, that we look back upon the first session of the Reformed Parliament. We lay no blame on its Members; situated, as they were, between fierce unbending constituencies on the one hand, and an awakened sense of public danger on the other, they have got through the perilous Pass with less detriment to the commonwealth than could have been expected. Many of them we ourselves know to be most able and patriotic men; a great majority, we doubt not, were actuated by a sincere desire to discharge their duty to the best of their ability; the measures of the whole have been less destructive than we apprehended. It is not men, but measures and institutions, which we consider. If the Reformed House of Commons were all gifted with the virtue of Aristides, the ability of Cæsar, and the genius of Napoleon, the result in a very short time would be the same. Such unbending and able patriots would never suit the jealous and conceited constituencies of our manufacturing and commercial towns. They would speedily be dismissed from the helm, and room made for a more obsequious and tractable set of representatives. Let us be thankful that we have got through the first session of the Reformed Parliament with so little real detriment to the great interests of the State as has been inflicted in this year, pregnant as it has been with disaster. The times have come, when public thankfulness is due, not for the good done, so much as the evil avoided, by the Legislature.

The author of the able pamphlet before us, which is a sort of Ministerial manifesto, direct from the Treasury, goes through the different objects to which the attention of Government during the session has been directed, and claims for them and Parliament, in every instance, the praise of wisdom, consistency, and practical improvement. We shall follow his order:

happy if we can find aught in the topics on which he touches, to justify the sanguine hopes with which his work abounds.

He justly observes that the first and most important question which forced itself upon the attention of Parliament, was the pacification of Ireland. On this subject, he gives the following instructive and interesting statement as to the state of that island before and after the passing of the Coercion Bill.

"The road to prosperity," he says, "was opened, if the peaceful and industrious portion of the community could only obtain protection while treading it. But that protection they had not, nor did it appear that, in the existing state of the law, they could have it. We are wrong, perhaps in using the word law, for law, in its usual acceptation, that is, an instrument by which the persons and properties of the innocent are secured, had almost ceased to exist; and the question was, Shall Ireland be suffered to fall into the sanguinary barbarism of Abyssinia, or, whatever be the difficulty, whatever be the risk, whatever even be the certain sacrifice, shall she, at that risk, or at that sacrifice, be restored to civilisation? Read Lord Althorp's catalogue of one year's crimes for Leinster—murders and attempts to murder, 163—robberies, 387—burglaries, 182—burnings, 194—houghing cattle, 70—other wilful and malicious injuries to property, 407—serious assaults, 744—illegal notices, 913.

"The Ministry saw that, unless they could at once devise some remedy, all was lost. Of what avail would it have been that they had attempted palliations? No remedy, no relief, could be applied, till the moral state of society was renovated; till some political as well as personal liberty was restored. Ministers did not disguise from themselves or the House that the Coercion Bill was an infringement of the Constitution. They put it forward expressly as an infringement, but as a necessary infringement.

"The measure passed both Houses by large majorities; the country as well as Parliament admitted its necessity. Its success has been the very highest of which a preventive measure is capable. It has succeeded, not only without having been abused, but almost without having been employed. Only one county (Kilkenny) has been proclaimed; this was done on the 10th of April, and the following is the result.—The outrages in that county in the year 1833, were,

January, 196—February, 178—March, 114—April, 47—May, 15."

This statement we consider as of the very greatest importance, and to complete the picture of Irish demoralization, and the cause to which it has been owing, we shall transcribe a return of the *progressive increase*

of crime under the system of conciliation and concession pursued by various Ministries till the passing of the Coercion Act, taken from Lord Althorp's speech, and merely adding the running commentary of the legislative measures at the same time in progress relating to that country.

Last quarter of 1829	Emancipation Bill passed in March.	Serious Crimes.
1830		300
1831	Reform agitation began.	499
1832	Reform and Repeal agitation.	814
		1513

Such, on Lord Althorp's authority, was the growth of atrocious crime, under the system of conciliation and concession which the Whigs so strenuously recommended, and at length succeeded in inducing the Legislature to adopt. Let us contrast this with the *decline* of atrocious crimes in the county of Kilkenny, the most disturbed of the disturbed districts, from the mere proclamation of the martial law, and extraordinary provisions of the Coercion Bill.

	1833.
January	196
February	178
March (Bill passed)	111
April	47
May	15

And over all other parts of Ireland the change has been equally gratifying. In no other county has it been found necessary to have recourse to an actual proclamation of martial law; the mere *existence of the power* to do so, in the Lord-lieutenant, has restored a degree of peace and security unknown since the days of Catholic agitation began.

Here, then, at length we have a resting-place in the dreary wilderness of Irish insubordination, anarchy, and misrule. Yielding to the incessant clamour of the Whigs and Radicals, the system of conciliation and concession on the largest scale was adopted in Ireland. The whole wishes of the agitators were carried into effect. The great healing measure which O'Connell promised was to "give peace and tranquillity to Ireland, and reduce him to a mere *nisi prius* lawyer," was adopted. A Whig Ministry succeeded to the helm: they set the country on fire by the Reform agitation, they promoted the great agitator to the head of the Irish bar: they issued, through

their Lord-lieutenant, the mandate from the Castle, "Agitate, Agitate, Agitate:" they idolized and admitted to their inmost confidence the reverend prelate, Dr Doyle, who declared to a people whose carelessness of life is proverbial, that "he hoped that their resistance to tithes would be as eternal as their love of justice;" and having thus set the country on fire in every direction, and produced a universal resistance to ecclesiastical payments of every kind, crime went on increasing with frightful rapidity, until at length, as *they themselves now confess*, the only question was, "whether Ireland was to fall into the sanguinary barbarism of Abyssinia?" Matters being thus at length brought to a crisis, the opposite system was forced on the Government. Alarmed at the prospect of murder, conflagration, and anarchy, spreading universally through the island, they boldly and manfully pursued the opposite course. At the eleventh hour they abandoned the system of concession and agitation which they had advocated for half a century, and under which the country had become little better than a den of savages, and at once adopted, by the aid of the Conservatives, though with a rigour never contemplated by their opponents, the system which they were all along told was absolutely necessary for a people in the semi-barbarous state of the Irish poor. Instantly, as if by enchantment, the country is pacified; the agitation so carefully nursed up by their predecessors for fifty years at once subsides; the threats of rebellion disappear; the murderer no longer stalks abroad at noon-day; conflagrations no longer reddens the midnight heavens; industry is protected, crime is intimidated, and,

amidst the universal clamour of the Revolutionists, justice and mercy prevail upon the earth. So remarkable an instance is not upon record in the annals of human folly, of the astonishing effect of public measures, and the language of public men, upon general felicity; or the absolute necessity of Government acting upon those conservative principles which constitute their first duty, and without which no people under heaven ever yet prospered. By a just retribution, they have been compelled themselves to furnish the proof of the falsehood of their principles, and, after having drained to the dregs the bitter draught in the cup of error to which they clung with such tenacity, been forced to turn with reluctant lips to the pure streams of justice and firmness which they so long refused to taste, but which so soon dashed aside the foul fruits of their former policy.

This great experiment is valuable in another view. It for ever settles the question as to whether the great, the intolerable evils of Ireland, are of a predial or a political nature. We have been constantly told by the promoters of agitation in that unhappy country, that their efforts were totally unconnected with the anarchy which prevailed; that the crimes in the provinces arose from heart-burnings between the landlord and tenant, and had no connexion with political changes; and that the murderer and fire-raiser were the worst enemies of the friends of Irish freedom. All this plausible delusion is now disproved by the statistical returns, published by authority, by the very party who, for half a century, have headed and directed the agitation. It is proved by Government documents that the great increase of crime *does spring* from political causes: that when the order to agitate goes forth from the Castle, and the mandate to resist tithes from the Archiepiscopal Palace, atrocious crime multiplies *fivefold* in the provinces; that when the leaders of agitation are promoted, flattered, and honoured, the dagger approaches every honest man's breast, and the torch every industrious dwelling over the whole island; and that with the return of Government to conservative principles, and the procla-

mation of a resolution to resist anarchy and punish crime, the public disorder rapidly declines, industry again is protected, and atrocious offences return to the average of civilized states. Henceforth, therefore, we are not to be told that the evils of Ireland are incurable, and that the landlords are to blame for the disorders which prevail: her disorders are not incurable, her landlords are not the cause of the unparalleled anarchy which has existed: the leaders of agitation are the cause; the supineness or connivance of Government is the real evil. What is wanted for Ireland is a firm and resolute Executive, which shall restrain the fervent passions of her inhabitants, and cease to make her disorders and crimes an engine of political advancement: Ireland requires to be delivered from the arts of her demagogues, and the ambition of her priesthood; and after the lapse of half a century of pacific industry, she may begin to be fit to bear the passions and excitement incident to the Constitution carved out for her by the Reform Bill.

We wish we had the same unqualified praise to bestow on the recent policy of Government in regard to the West Indies. Here nothing but gloom and darkness is to be seen; and a measure has passed the Legislature, which must in the end sever those important colonies from the British Crown.

On this subject our author observes,—“That the abolition of West India slavery would—that it must—be brought under the consideration of the Reformed Parliament, in their first Session, no one could doubt who had noted the zeal of its promoters, and the hold which it had evidently taken upon the public mind.”

Here we must enter our protest *in limine* against the attempt thus made to throw upon the public the burden of answering for the consequences of this prodigious innovation, and hold out the clamour for immediate emancipation as so vehement that no Government could resist it. For who brought Government to that state of pitiable subjection to popular prejudice or passion? Who removed the former

barriers which had hitherto resisted the "Civium ardor prava jubentium," and confined the clamour of fanatics, or the efforts of Revolutionists, to Palace Yard meetings and innocuous declamation? Who but the authors of the Reform Bill, those blind and obstinate political innovators, who destroyed all the channels by which property found a representation in the Legislature, and threw open far and wide those which might admit popular passion, excitement, and fanaticism? They were told a hundred times over during the memorable discussions on that subject, that the instant abolition of slavery, and many other measures fraught with extreme peril to the real interests of humanity, would by that measure be speedily forced on the Government, but they persisted in their headlong course; and now, when its consequences are apparent even to themselves, they endeavour to throw the responsibility of the measures then forced on upon the classes in the State to whom they, and they alone, threw out the means of overwhelming the Legislature.

Let us consider, however, the details of this great measure, as sketched out in lucid terms by our author.

"The act provides that every negro shall, immediately upon his emancipation, become an apprentice to his present master for a very limited period, not exceeding six years.

"During this interval, the slaves who are engaged in the cultivation and manufacture of sugar and other agricultural produce, are to work for their masters, as apprentices, for forty-five hours per week, in consideration of being provided with all the necessities of life in the same manner as at present.

"By this arrangement, a supply of labour to a moderate extent is ensured to the proprietors; they are protected from the incalculable inconvenience and danger which would accrue from the uncontrolled vagrancy and indolence of the negroes: and they will be able, in this interval, not only to make such laws and police regulations as the communities may require, but also to train up the negro in habits of voluntary industry, and to fit him for the duties of a free citizen, which he will eventually have to perform.

"The certain supply of labour which the apprenticeship provides, although insufficient for the production of the amount

of produce now exported from the Colonies, will probably be sufficient to prevent the necessity of resorting to the slave colonies of other nations for the supply of that produce, which would be a direct encouragement to that very system we are in the act of abolishing.

"The principal advantage of the apprenticeship, however, accrues to the negroes themselves. They are, in fact, placed in a condition of greater comfort than that of the peasantry of any civilized nation.

"For a very moderate amount of labour, leaving a large reserve of unrestricted leisure, not only are the effective negroes, but the whole slave population, to be maintained by the proprietors during the apprenticeship.

"The duty imposed upon them of working forty-five hours per week for their employer, secures them from the evils and vices of a vagrant and idle life; and, at the same time, the mutual dependence of the employer and the apprentice, arising out of this limitation of the hours of compulsory labour, will lead necessarily to a system of voluntary contracts to work for wages.

"Those who objected to the system of apprenticeship, described it as enforcing work without wages, but overlooked or suppressed the fact—that wages, and those by no means inadequate, will be given to the apprenticed labourer in the form of maintenance and lodging, and other necessities for himself, and also for those whom he would otherwise be bound to support."

This is, upon the whole, a candid statement. Truth is beginning to emerge from the violence of party and fanatical misrepresentation. There are various admissions here of the utmost moment to the right understanding of this momentous question.

In the first place, it is admitted by the Treasury, that the negroes by the act are placed in a condition of "*greater comfort than the peasantry of any civilized nation.*"

Wherein does this extraordinary comfort, so superior to that of the labourers in any civilized country, consist? The Treasury writer tells us, a few lines farther down,—"*Wages, and by no means inadequate, will be given to the apprenticed labourer in the form of maintenance, and lodgings, and other necessities for himself, and those whom he would otherwise be bound to support.*"

Now, this "maintenance, lodging, and other necessities," is to be, "*in the same manner as at present,*" the same and no greater to the apprentices as it is to the negroes at the present moment. Here, then, we have the important fact admitted by Government, that the negroes are in "a condition of greater comfort than the peasantry of any civilized nation."

In the next place, when Government, at the dictation of their imperious masters, the ten-pounders, resolved to break in upon this unprecedented state of rural comfort, what were the dangers which they ran? They have told us in the same publication,—"*It was absolutely necessary that some plan should be devised which should prevent the emancipated slave from relapsing into the condition of the savage, and prevent the loss to the West India proprietors, and to the trade and revenues of this country, which would necessarily ensue from an immediate and total cessation of the cultivation of West India produce.*"

Here, then, by the admission of the Government, was the condition of the negroes, and the perils attending the change. The negroes were "in a condition of greater comfort than the peasantry of any civilized nation," and by emancipating them, we incurred the hazard of "the emancipated slave relapsing into the condition of the savage, and of an immediate and total abolition of the cultivation of Colonial produce."

Such being the previous condition of the people upon whom the experiment was to be made, and such the enormous perils with which it was attended, was it the part, we confidently ask, of prudent statesmen to incur so enormous a risk for an uncertain advantage? The general condition of the negroes being more comfortable than that of the peasantry of any civilized country, surely the existing evils of their situation might have been obviated without the imminent hazard, now admitted to exist, of their relapsing into the state of savages, and of the nation being rendered insolvent by the immediate and total cessation of a produce from which so large a portion of the public revenue is de-

rived. The use of the lash might have been abolished, the holiday of Sunday confirmed, their testimony admitted, and right of holding property established;—all the real vexations of their condition removed, without a measure of total and immediate emancipation, fraught, on their own admission, with such enormous danger, not only to the mother country, but the objects of such inconsiderate bounty.

And what security does the measure, in its other parts, afford against the occurrence of these enormous dangers? A system of apprenticeship is established: the labourers, for seven years, are to be compelled to work forty-five hours a-week for their master, and this obligation is to be enforced by taskmasters appointed by Government. Let us consider these points in detail.

"The slaves," says our author, "are to work for their master as apprentices forty-five hours a-week, in consideration of being provided with all the necessities of life in the same manner as at present. By this arrangement the proprietors are protected from the *incalculable inconvenience* and danger which would accrue from the uncontrolled *indolence and vagrancy* of the negroes; and a certain supply of labour is procured, which, *although insufficient for the production of the amount of produce* now exported from the Colonies, will probably prevent the necessity of resorting to the slave colonies of other countries, which would be a *direct encouragement to the very system* we are in the act of abolishing."

Here, then, it is admitted that the proprietor is to be compelled to maintain the negroes "as formerly," in consideration of not obtaining more than *two-thirds* of their former labour. That is, a dead loss of a third of the produce is to be imposed on the master, although his expenses arising from the maintenance of the negroes is to remain "the same as formerly." This dead loss, it is to be recollected, is wholly uncompensated; for the £20,000,000 is but a compensation, and a most inadequate one, for the emancipation of the slaves.

The sum which will be awarded under this grant for each slave will

be somewhat above L.20 over head. This is about a fourth part of the value of the slaves as an article of commerce, leaving nothing at all for the diminution of their produce. We have before us the returns from a slave estate in the West Indies, which puts this in the clearest light. The proprietors of that estate, which had 160 negroes on it, were lately obliged to purchase 40 more, for which they paid, with the land on which they were, L.4250; of which L.3400 was the value put on the slaves. For the whole two hundred they will, under Mr Stanley's grant, get somewhat above L.4000: being little more than what, two years before, they had been obliged to pay for a *fifth* part of their number. The case, therefore, stands thus:—The owner of an estate in Great Britain is suddenly deprived of the cattle on his estate; he is only allowed to work them for seven years, so as to get two-thirds of the former produce from their labour; but he is told, "what cause have you to complain? No doubt you have lost a third of your produce, but you have got a fourth part of the value of *your cattle*, and you are, if any thing, too well compensated." This is the equity and justice of the abolitionists.*

All this proceeds on the supposition that two-thirds of the former produce will be obtained from the negroes when working as apprentices. But this is a view of the case which cannot, we fear, be entertained. If the habits of indolence and the unsettled disposition which being so long idle every week will produce, are taken into account, we are much afraid they will not work so as to produce one-third of their former produce. We know that this is the calculation upon which the owners of estates in the best regulated West India Islands, St Vincent's in particular, are proceeding. If this calculation should turn out generally accurate, it will occasion a decline in British produce to the amount of 300,000,000 pounds of sugar annual-

ly, worth at least L.4,000,000 sterling.

Our author tells us that the proprietors, during the seven years of the apprenticeship, "will be able, not only to make such laws and police regulations as the communities may require, but also to train up the negro in habits of voluntary industry, and to fit him for the duties of a free citizen, which he will eventually have to perform."

The word "apprenticeship" seems to have turned the heads of Ministers. Because that is the usual term of education for a smith, a tailor, or a mechanic, in a country already civilized, therefore, they take for granted that it is all that is required to make an orderly free-man of a slave. The West India proprietors, with the aid of the half-pay officers, who are to act as task-masters, and the missionary priests, are to mould the slaves into free-men in seven years. No matter although the negroes in Africa, in the finest climate, with the richest soil, and, besides, the greatest navigable rivers in the world, have not been able to effect this transformation in six thousand years; no matter though it never could be attempted, though often thought of, in Greece and Rome, though both lived through five hundred years of civilisation and refinement, and, under the Empire, five hundred thousand soldiers were arrayed to stifle a servile insurrection; no matter though slavery is still prevalent in the East, though civilisation and artificial wants have existed there since the Tower of Babel rose on the plain of Shinar; no matter though it slowly and safely expired in Great Britain and France, during a long decline of three centuries, only closed in the land of Bacon and Milton within this half century; no matter though it still exists in one half of Europe, and among the nation who subdued Napoleon, the conqueror of the civilized world; still it is to be effectually and securely abolished in the West Indies in seven years!

* We feel as strongly as any man the immeasurable difference, morally speaking, between human labourers and the cattle on an estate. We use this illustration only because no other can give a clear idea of the pecuniary loss inflicted on the planters, by the inexorable Acts of Parliament have forced to substitute the labour of slaves that of the inferior animals.

How this is to be done we are not told either by the Statute-book or our author. But he tells us that,

"As a material feature in the case, to superintend the due execution of the proposed system, and to ensure to the masters and apprentices a fair and impartial administration of the laws which regulate their mutual relations, a body of gentlemen will be sent from this country, to act as special magistrates, unconnected with local prejudices, independent of colonial influence, whose presence, dispersed as they will be throughout the islands, cannot but give confidence to all classes, inspire a feeling of increased connexion with the mother country, and of secure participation in the impartial administration of the law."

Now, under these new taskmasters, thus sent out at an expense of above £300,000 a-year to the mother country, one of two effects must take place. Either the new overseers will compel them to work, during the seven years, their 45 hours a-week, or they will not. If they do, the condition of the slaves will be just the same as before; with this difference, that they are allowed to be idle one-third of their time, and diminish their produce by a third. If they do not, the slave will relapse into the savage state, indolence and vagrancy will generally prevail, and the fears of the Treasury will be realized by the islands gradually ceasing to export any produce.

And let it not be imagined that the reduction of a third, or two-thirds, the quantity of the negroes' labour, and consequently of their produce, is to be a clear benefit to themselves, of which their masters will be obliged to bear all the burden. The consequences must fall with unmitigated severity upon the poor negroes themselves. Their masters will never be able, under such a diminution of their produce, to maintain these people in the state of superabundant comfort in which they now confessedly are. The supplies annually sent out from this country must be diminished, or reduced in quality; the labourer must share in the consequences of the diminished fruits of his toil. The West India negroes will not long remain in a state of "comfort superior to the peasantry of any civilized country."

No human power can extract out of an impoverished and insolvent class of proprietors, with a declining income and produce, the same ample supplies which they now receive. The result, therefore, must be, that the poor negroes will lose the substantial comforts which they now enjoy, and will not obtain the blessings of civilisation, which are vainly held out to their grasp, but which centuries must elapse before they are qualified to enjoy.

And what is to come of the West Indies, when the magic period of seven years has expired, and the negroes, after their brief tuition under British taskmasters and Methodist preachers, are suddenly admitted to a state of freedom? Will they work at all? Do they work in St Domingo? That island, which, in 1789, exported 180,000,000 pounds of sugar, now does not export a single pound. Do they work in their native seats in Africa? If they do, what has chained that country for six thousand years, for ages before a plough was seen in Europe, to an undeviating savage state? The thing is obviously out of the question. Ministers never look forward to the termination of the apprenticeship. There is not a man in existence, acquainted with history, who really believes, whatever they may say for party purposes, that cultivation, or industry, or happiness, can exist in the West Indies after the fatal era of unconditional emancipation has commenced.

And even during the seven years, is it likely that the condition of the negroes will be ameliorated by the substitution of Government taskmasters for the rule of their own masters? We have read that the taskmasters, whose severities drove the children of Israel out of the house of bondage, were Pharaoh's overseers. The condition of slaves subjected to the discipline of salaried masters, is necessarily worse than that of those who are under the rule of their masters, for this plain reason, that interest restrains the hand of cruelty in the one case, and not in the other. Supposing the master to be as heartless and barbarous as possible, still he will restrain his hand, from a sense of self-inte-

rest, from the dread of losing a workman worth eighty pounds. He will spare his slave on the same principle on which he spares his horse or his heifer, from a desire to husband his property. If the English children had been the property of the manufacturers who employ them, they never would have been subjected to a process of slow torture which reduces the average of human life to seven years. If the Irish poor had been the slaves of the agitators, they never, for their own sakes, would have pursued a system which spread starvation, and murder, and robbery, through a wasted realm. It is the severing of the poor from the pecuniary interests of the rich, that is the great evil which counterbalances all the blessings of freedom; it is the binding them together by an indissoluble tie, which is the signal advantage that alleviates the evils of slavery, and renders it, in rude periods of society, the only form in which the labouring poor can be secured in the first of blessings, protection and subsistence. But the proposed Government overseers can have no interest in the slaves; by destroying them, or driving them to the woods, they will diminish their own trouble, without injuring their own property. The proposed Government system for the management of the slaves during the apprenticeship, will subject them to the rigours of slavery, without its advantages, and terminate in giving them the destitution of freedom without its blessings.

The fact of the West India proprietors having generally acquiesced in the measure of Government, and testified their willingness to carry it into effect, is no proof whatever that it is not fraught, in its ultimate consequences, with the utmost peril to the nation, the slaves, and themselves. The fact is, they were reduced to such a state of despair by the prospect of unconditional emancipation, that the grant of twenty millions, though not a tithe of their eventual losses, was an unlooked for, and therefore thankfully accepted, boon. When men are shipwrecked, they will willingly take their lives, even at the expense of all their property;—when insolvency stares a merchant in the face, he

will gladly catch at the straw of a few thousand pounds. The prospect of the twenty millions afforded a relief, for a year or two, to the West India proprietors; and they were in no condition to forego the advantage by declining to join in the measure. All the greatest measures of spoliation on record were carried, in like manner, with the consent of those who were to be their victims. The clergy in France made a gift of their property to the nation, under the solemn guarantee (how well kept!) of protection;—the abbots all surrendered their estates to Henry VIII.;—the confiscation of two-thirds of their stock, in 1797, was, after five years of starvation on paper money, hailed as a boon by the holders of French stock, because Government promised to pay the interest on the remaining third in specie. A certain degree of previous misery and suspense will make men acquiesce in any given amount of injury. Death itself is a relief to the criminal who has been agonized by alternate hopes and fears for weeks: the passenger, with the pistol at his throat, gladly parts with his purse. Should the disastrous era of the confiscation of the English funds arrive in our time, we venture to prophesy, that previous suspense and anxiety will have so thoroughly subdued its holders, that the dreadful step will excite little or no attention.

There is only one comfort in this wretched concatenation of fanaticism, precipitance, and weakness, on the part of the ten-pounders and our rulers; and that is, that in consequence of this prodigious experiment upon West India labour, the price of sugar will rise to such a degree, as in some measure to compensate the sugar colonies for their injuries, and throw part of the loss arising from the absurd measure upon the right shoulders. Sugar, before the project was broached, varied in price from 49s. to 53s. the cwt.: it now runs from 59s. to 64s. Taking the medium of these numbers, and supposing that it has risen from 50s. to 60s. a hundred-weight, that has already inflicted a tax on the nation of above two millions a year. For there are, by the Parliamentary returns, about 4,500,000

hundred-weight of sugar, produced from the British slave colonies,* is consumed in Great Britain; and a rise of ten shillings on each hundred-weight is just £2,250,000. Add to this the million a-year which must be laid on to meet the interest of the £20,000,000 to be borrowed for the indemnity; and we have £3,250,000 yearly already fixed round the necks of the British public for their West India transports. We know it is the opinion of the most experienced West India merchants, that, before long, sugar will be at 75s. a hundred-weight, and that it will sustain that high price for a very long period. Nor is this surprising; for the British slave colonies produce nearly half the sugar which is raised on the globe;† and if the sum-total of their production is diminished a third, or a half, by the emancipation of the slaves, a long course of years must elapse before the other slave colonies of the globe or the East India cultivators can, even by the greatest exertion, supply the deficiency. But if sugar rises to 70s. even a hundred-weight, the burden thus imposed on the public will be £4,500,000 yearly, which, added to the £1,000,000 required for the compensation, will be £5,500,000 annually; a sum considerably more than *double the amount of the house and window tax*, which are felt as so oppressive.‡

And for what purpose is this enormous burden to be imposed on the British public? Is it to ameliorate the condition of the West India negroes? If it were, we should be the last to object to it; for nothing calculated really to ameliorate the condition of that unhappy class shall lack our warmest support. But how stands the fact? Government themselves tell us they are in a state of greater comfort than the peasantry of any civilized country. The slaves in many of the Colonies have rejected the proffered boon, upon the ground that they will never be able to maintain

their infants, sick and aged, from which at present they are exempted. For what earthly purpose, then, is this perilous experiment to be made on persons at present in so comfortable a state, and this immense addition to be made to the burdens of a nation already so heavily taxed? Simply to satisfy the clamours of a set of men and women, totally destitute of information, misled by faction, and incapable of forming a rational opinion on the subject, but whom the Reform Bill has nevertheless raised into ruinous legislative authority.

But by far the worst and most deplorable consequence of the measure remains still to be noticed. It is now too clearly demonstrated that the well-meant measures adopted by Mr Wilberforce and his able and illustrious friends, for the abolition of the Slave Trade, have not, upon the whole, diminished the horrors of that infamous traffic; that the number of slaves who annually cross the Atlantic has risen from 50,000, the number in 1789, to the dreadful amount of 200,000, in 1830; and that, instead of being conveyed across the ocean by Liverpool merchants, in vessels which were, amidst much suffering, comparatively speaking, well adapted for the purpose, they are crammed into smuggling luggers, in places where they can hardly breathe, and thrown overboard by hundreds, whenever chase is given by a British cruiser. Would that the British Legislature had possessed the powers of Omnipotence to stifle this accursed traffic over the whole earth, as they did in the British possessions! But dreadful as has been the addition thus made by partial information, and praiseworthy but inadequate humanity, to the sum-total of human suffering, it is nothing compared to the fearful increase which it is, to all appearance, destined to receive from this last act of infatuated benevolence. To supply the great vacuum occasion-

* Parliament Paper. Nos. 319, 320, and 321. 1833.

† The total produced is about 1,000,000,000 pounds, of which the British colonies furnish 450,000,000.

‡ They amount to £2,400,000 a-year. Parl. Pap. 1833.

§ See Mr Macqueen's article on the West Indies, September 1833, a treatise which contains more sound views, valuable information, and practical sagacity on the Colonial world, than any publication yet laid before the British public.

ed by the vast diminution of Colonial produce in the British emancipated Colonies, preparations are making on the greatest scale for increasing the importation of slaves into Cuba, Brazil, and the other slave colonies of the world. The slave merchants of Cadiz, the Havana, Bahia, and Rio Janeiro, are in the highest state of exultation at the insane suicidal act of the British Government; and preparing to double and quadruple their annual importations, to supply the gap. From the information we have received, we have reason to believe the annual importation will rise to 250,000, or even 300,000, soon after the effects of the British measure are fully developed. Thus, by the insane measure of disturbing the condition of the native and fixed negro population in the British islands, a population with whom the horrors of the transit are over, and who are admitted to be "in a more comfortable state than the peasantry of any civilized country," we will, it is to be feared, double the number of wretches who are annually torn from their families on the banks of the Senegal and the Niger; and at the time when the once happy negro villages in the British islands are relapsing, as in St Domingo, into the indolence and anarchy of savage life, and the tiger and panther are gradually resuming their dominion over the once smiling plantations of those splendid colonies, the solitude of the Atlantic will be disturbed by the increasing shrieks of drowning captives, chased too late by British cruisers, and the fields of Brazil resound with the lash and the cries of suffering troops of captives, to whom seven years is the average of life assigned by their hard-hearted overseers. Such is political fanaticism.

One thing is perfectly clear, that unless the abolitionists are resolved to stop short mid-way in their work, and *encourage* slavery in the Spanish and Portuguese colonies, after having extinguished it in the British, they must concur in a law next Session, prohibiting, or loading with a heavy duty, the importation of sugar, the growth of slave colonies, into the British Isles. To expose the British planter, who is left to struggle with his apprentices or his

free labourers, to a competition with the planters of Cuba and Brazil, who are annually importing thousands of slaves, would be the most frightful injustice to our own subjects, and the most savage bounty upon the increase of the slave trade, in its worst form, by the Colonists of other countries. Our author admits that this would be "a direct encouragement to the very system we are in the act of abolishing." We confidently anticipate, therefore, if their professions of humanity have any foundation, the most cordial support from the whole body of the abolitionists to such a duty on foreign slave sugar; and if the price of a necessary article is raised in consequence, let them look for relief to the Government which, though fully warned of the consequences of its actions, put the country in the alternative of supporting the slavery of other countries at the expense of our own subjects, or imposing a burdensome and unnecessary tax upon an already suffering and highly taxed people.

Our limits will permit only a very limited discussion on the renewal of the East India Charter. The changes introduced by Ministers have been thus summed up by our Author:—

"The measure introduced by the Ministers for the solution of the questions, with some slight modifications, was adopted by Parliament.—The trade with China has been thrown open.

"The long and complicated account between Commerce and Territory has been settled by a compromise, the advantage of which is shewn by its having been approved of by moderate men on both sides.

"A litigation, which must have lasted for years, and which never could have ended in a satisfactory adjudication, and during the pending of which it would have been impossible to have intrusted the Company with any political functions, has thus been averted. The Proprietors of India Stock have become creditors of the nation which is placed under their care. They will henceforth have a strong interest to improve its revenues: they can improve its revenues only by exerting their power for the maintenance of order and the encouragement of industry.

"The anomalous and pernicious union of imperial and economical functions in one body is at an end.

"India is thrown open to European enterprise, and European capital."

In one respect the measure introduced by the Government is deserving of the highest praise. The continuing of the government and patronage of the East Indies in the India Company, was a measure of the utmost wisdom, calculated to secure to India the same beneficent government which it now enjoys, and to diminish the numerous dangers with which the throwing open the country to all the inhabitants of this country might be expected to be attended. In every other respect, however, the measure was most injurious, and has laid the foundation of inestimable difficulties in Indian administration.

In the first place, the state of the East Indian *Finances*, as it is settled by this measure, is calculated to awaken the most gloomy presentiments. This matter has been elucidated by repeated and able Parliamentary reports, and they put in the clearest light the extreme danger of the measure now adopted by Government.

1. Notwithstanding the unparalleled success with which our Indian wars have been attended, and the

immense increase of the subject territory which has, during that period, arisen, our Indian Empire has never yet been able to make its income cover its expenditure. Like other conquering States, expenses and embarrassments have been found to increase with the extension of the frontier; and although the revenue has by successive acquisitions been raised up to L.22,500,000 a-year, still it never has and does not yet equal the annual and unavoidable expenses.

The constant and growing deficiency has been made up in two ways. First, the Company have contracted a debt of L.17,700,000, whose annual Charge is L.2,116,000;* and second, a large sum, amounting to about L.1,000,000 a-year, has been drawn from the profits of the China trade, to meet the extra expenses of the territorial possessions, amounting in all to L.17,000,000.†

Farther, this deficiency has not arisen from mere waste or extravagance; for the Parliamentary Committee appointed by his Majesty's present Ministers, have reported as follows, after taking into view all possible deductions in the expenditure:—

Probable deficiency of Indian Revenue in 1834	
to meet charges in India,	L.827,000
Bond debt in England,	113,300
Annual deficit,	<u>L.940,300 ‡</u>

Now, from the revenue applicable to the East India expenses is to be deducted in future, the L.1,000,000 hitherto drawn from the China trade; and there is to be added the L.630,000 a-year, as dividend to the

proprietors of stock, which is laid as a rent charge on India, instead of being drawn from the profits of their China trade. The amount, therefore, will stand thus:—

Probable loss as before,	L.940,300
Add rent charge in lieu of profits,	630,000
And profits of China trade lost,	<u>1,000,000</u>
Total annual deficiency,	<u>L.2,570,300</u>

Now we hold it utterly impossible that the Indian Empire can long hold together under an annual deficiency

of two millions and a half, or above a tenth of the annual expenditure. No Empire in the world was ever

* Parliamentary Report, 30th June, 1831, p. 172.

† Parliamentary Paper, *Ibid.*—In the appendix to the Report, in 1812, it is stated at L.12,000,000. But the deficiency to the amount of seventeen millions is admitted by Mr Grant in his letter, 12th February, 1833.

‡ Minutes of Evidence, 1831, p. 173.

able to stagger on beyond a short time under such a load. The natural accumulation of interest on such an excess must speedily land them in the gulf of insolvency. And this, it is to be recollected, is the financial state of the Indian Empire, in a period of profound peace, with a hundred millions of men beneath our sway, and after the acquisitions made by the most successful wars recorded in history. All that cannot be expected to continue—the evil days will come—checkered fortune must await us, and if this is our financial condition in the heyday of prosperity, what may it be expected to be in the inevitable periods of disaster? When the Whig Ministry cut off from the Indian Government the China trade, and laid on its provinces the burden of the dividends on the Company's commercial stock, they consigned it to inevitable ultimate insolvency.

2. In the next place, the termination of the commercial transactions of the East India Company will in the end, we fear, bring the East India Company under the direct control of the British freeholders. Hitherto the enormous commercial transactions of the Company, amounting to L.478,000,000 since the renewal of the charter in 1814, have rendered any serious control over their proceedings, even by the British Government, impossible. But when all these immense transactions are terminated, and the Company is a mere body drawing L.630,000 a year from the territorial revenues of India, it is easy to see that this state of independence cannot continue. British legislation—direct British legislation—will commence in India; the passions and prejudices of the ten-pounders will be extended to the sable multitudes of Hindostan; and when once that period begins, it is not difficult to foresee what must speedily be the result, by what we see they have recently done for the West Indies. The religious prepossessions and “ignorant impatience” of this multitude of British legislators are especially to be dreaded: if once they begin to trench upon the equally ignorant and equally ignorant pre-

judices of the Hindoos, our Indian empire is irrevocably lost. Incapable of appreciating the necessity of proceeding with the most cautious steps in the great work of Indian instruction in religious truth, they will, in the true spirit of democratic despotism, insist upon forcing the Christian faith at once upon the Hindoos, as they have forced emancipation at once on the West India Negroes. In the history of mankind, no multitude of men, practically governing the state, ever yet maintained their dominion for any length of time over another multitude, even in the closest state of juxtaposition: the ten-pounders and followers of Brama, with eight thousand miles of ocean rolling between them, are not destined to form an exception to the rule.

3. Our author observes, “That every office under the Company has been thrown open to every British subject, without distinction of colour, descent, caste, or religion.”* This is another part of the Ministerial plan fraught with the utmost peril to our Indian possessions. If British subjects of every description, religion, and caste, are to be equally eligible to every office in India, it is easy to foretell what a strange and heterogeneous mixture must speedily arise. The influx of English settlers of every description, full of the democratic ideas so prevalent in the mother country, into the great towns of India, is evidently a change fraught with the utmost peril, in a region composed of such extraordinary materials, and held by so frail a tenure, as our Indian possessions. When Buckinghams and Cobbetts are to be found in every town, where will be our Indian empire? In whatever light, in short, the change is viewed, whether with reference to finance, legislation, or internal security, it was equally uncalled for, and is equally fraught with danger.

And what is the advantage to be gained to counterbalance these evident perils? None that we can see, except to gratify the ten-pounders of the great commercial towns in the mother state. The trade to India and China, it is said, will be thrown open. As to the India trade, it is already

open; and as to that to China, it has been repeatedly shown, and we demonstrated in a late Number,* that so far from the country being taxed in the form of the price of tea from the effect of the monopoly, tea has been sold cheaper at the East India sales in Leadenhall Street, than by the free traders in any other part of the world, on an average of the consular returns for the last ten years. We lay an immense burden on India therefore, and incur an evident hazard, for no object whatever.

But even if the monopoly had cost the nation £2,000,000 annually, in the form of the enhanced price of tea, as it in reality costs it nothing, still what will the Edinburgh Review and the advocates of cheap colonial produce say to the £5,500,000, fixed on the nation in the form of enhanced price of sugar and taxes, for no earthly purpose but to increase the foreign slave trade, and spread misery and discontent through our now happy West India subjects? It happens, by a singular coincidence, that at the very time when Ministers are endangering our splendid empire in the East, by fixing additional burdens on the Indian population, they are ruining our noble West Indian colonies by measures calculated, without doing them the slightest good, to impose a tax, nearly three times the amount of that at which they estimated the Chinese monopoly on the mother country.

4. Lastly, the annihilation of the East India Company as a trading body, necessarily draws with it the obligation to indemnify it for the stock thus rendered useless by the change. When the Company, as a commercial establishment, "ceased to exist," in Napoleon's phraseology, the Government imposed a burden of eight or ten millions sterling on the mother country. The East India Company value their stock at £11,000,000 in forts, stores, ships, goods, &c.: supposing it reduced to £40,000,000, still this great burden must, in one form or another, ultimately be borne by Great Britain, or its Indian possessions. Every one can judge whether our finances are, in a condition to bear such an addition to their

overwhelming amount. Disguise it, however, as they may, this burden must ultimately result from the measure; and whether it is laid on the territorial revenue of India or Great Britain, the result must be equally unfortunate.

One deplorable result of the approaching extinction of the East India Company, is to be found in the alarming bankruptcies which have recently struck such a panic through the Eastern world, and spread so far and wide misery and ruin through the bosom of once opulent and respectable families. People ask what has caused such houses as M'Intosh and Co., or Colvin and Co., to fail at Calcutta, when they rode triumphant through the dreadful gale of December, 1825? Need it be wondered at, when a Company whose commercial transactions for the last nineteen years, have amounted to £478,000,000, is approaching its termination. Suppose the Bank of England was to cease to exist, what a series of bankruptcies would arise from the winding up of so vast a concern! Such, in a tenfold greater degree, has been the result of the approaching winding up of the East India Company concerns in the East. Every man of sense in India saw, from the passing of the Reform Bill, that the dissolution of the Company was at hand; that it would never survive the termination of the charter. Thence arose a general anxiety as to the future; a distrust of investments, a desire to call in funds of every description, which rapidly produced the general pressure which brought down the greatest and most respectable commercial establishments of Calcutta. The evil, we fear, is not destined to stop there; it will gradually spread from the extremities to the heart of the empire. They were the first to fall before the revolutionary tempest, which now whistles through the empire, just as the external leaves and branches are torn from an oak before the great arms are crushed off which spring from the heart, and are coeval with its first growth.

The internal policy of Government

* East India Question, May, 1833, p. 801.

has undergone an obvious improvement since the Reform Bill was past. Agitation being no longer a desirable auxiliary has been discarded for the time; the Government journals have not recently recommended the brickbat and bludgeon; Bristol has not again been consigned to the flames; Nottingham has not again been burnt by a lawless rabble; Lord John Russell has not lately corresponded with Political Unions: the days of anarchy and disorder have been suspended. The effects of such measures as Ministers pursued for the first eighteen months after their accession to office are well described by our author: it is consoling to see how clearly the Treasury writers now perceive the effects of agitation, and the measures they pursued with such reckless ambition, upon the great sources of public prosperity.

"The fluctuations of Commerce are, to this extent, under the control of Government. The wisest government cannot raise it to immediate prosperity, but the weakest has power to injure or destroy it. It may suffer under good government, but cannot long prosper under bad; and in the absence of government, must perish. Though this, perhaps, is not often distinctly stated by commercial men, it is felt by them; and hence arises the sensibility of commerce to the conduct of government, even when not directly affected by it. The manufacturers of Lille were not directly affected by the Revolution of 1830, but their works ceased within four days after the news arrived. Lille was perfectly tranquil, but their confidence, in the future prevalence of law over violence, was impaired. And thus, it will always be found that whenever men's reliance on the stabi-

lity of the institutions of their country is shaken, the first proof of its being shaken is the depression of trade. Some of the most alarming periods of English history have occurred during the last three years."

He then goes on to quote a number of tables, from which it evidently appears, that trade, which was in a state of extreme depression during the Reform agitation, is sensibly reviving. In particular, the declared value of our exports of British manufacture in the half year ending 5th July, 1832, and 5th July, 1833, exhibits a marked increase in the latter period.*

This increase, however, so far from arguing any thing in favour of the system of the Revolutionists, is the strongest corroboration of the Conservative principles which we have all along maintained. Every person must have perceived, that during the last session of Parliament, so far as the internal interests of Great Britain are concerned, a drag was put on the wheels of Revolution: the demon of misrule was turned into the colonies, and during his absence the mother country obtained a respite. Instantly the healing powers of nature spread their blessings at home, and the frightful wounds occasioned by the anarchy and agitation of former years began to heal. Let Ministers read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the instructive lesson. Awakened, at the eleventh hour, to a perception of the ruinous effects of the revolutionary excitement which they so sedulously nourished, let them continue to stifle the voice of agitation wherever it appears; and abandon that ruinous system of arraying the lower orders

ARTICLES OF BRITISH PRODUCE AND MANUFACTURES.	DECLARED VALUE OF THE EXPORTS.			
	In the Month ended 5th July		In the Half Year ended 5th July	
	1832.	1833.	1832.	1833.
	£.	£.	£.	£.
Coffee	25,570	30,018	113,510	108,816
Cotton Manufactures	977,537	2,069,748	6,589,877	7,952,523
— Yarn	312,107	487,710	2,241,031	2,289,472
Linen Manufactures	116,565	167,316	888,424	1,102,640
Silk Manufactures	41,030	69,491	298,155	305,002
Woollen Manufactures	621,091	767,433	2,906,606	3,392,920
Total Customs' Duties.				
Gross Receipt of Duties	1,580,076	1,553,002	9,186,068	9,081,207
Nett Receipt of Ditto	1,482,329	1,500,988	8,505,739	8,661,522

against the higher, which they so long and strenuously followed. But let them not take credit to *their* measures as having occasioned this returning gleam of prosperity. It is their abandonment; it is the approach to Conservative principles which has accomplished the auspicious change: it was when they were execrated by their valued allies the Political Unions, and abuse, instead of compliment, was bandied between them, that commerce and industry began to revive. Their own experience may now teach them, what we have all along affirmed, that the conduct of these Revolutionists affords a certain criterion whereby to judge when they are pursuing the wrong, and when the right path. When they are praised by their former allies, they are producing mischief; when they are blamed, they are in the highway to repair it.

On one point of the internal policy of Ministers, however, their finance measures, we cannot concur in the praises bestowed by our author. From a table given by him, it appears that, since the present Ministers came into office, taxes have been reduced to the amount of no less than L.3,335,000 a-year.* Now, the whole assessed taxes (House and Window) are only L.2,400,000 a-year; so that they have repealed already a *million more than the assessed taxes*. It is impossible to conceive any statement

which more convincingly demonstrates the erroneous views on which Ministers proceed in this particular, or the weakness with which they yield, not to general views of policy or justice, but absurd dogmas in political economy, and the clamour of particular bodies of men. Let the reader cast his eyes on the table below, and say from which of the articles relieved from taxation he has experienced any, the slightest relief. It is a common complaint in the metropolis that coals are as dear as they were, though the nation has lost L.900,000 a-year on the duty formerly levied on them. Candles formerly brought in L.500,000 a-year; the reduced price will save an ordinary gentleman's family three or four shillings a-year. Soap, from a reduction of L.593,000 a-year, has fallen just a *half-penny a-pound*, which, on the annual consumption of an ordinary family, will amount to four-and-sixpence or five shillings.—The duty is taken off tiles, and rhubarb pills, and castor oil! In the name of common sense, what is the meaning of all this? Who is the better of such reductions? Our author says a convincing proof of the propriety of taking off the duty on tiles is to be found in this, that the "Staffordshire tile manufacturers had petitioned Parliament for its removal!" Why, if you are to listen to the applications of the dealers in articles

* *Relief from Taxation in 1831 and 1832.*

Printed Goods,	L.550,000
Coals and Slates,	900,000
Candles,	500,000
Hemp, Drugs, &c.	110,000
	<hr/>
	L.2,090,000
Deduct Impost on Cotton Wool,	300,000
	<hr/>
Total Relief,	L.1,790,000
Further relief, effected during the present Session.—	
Tiles,	L.37,000
Marine Insurances,	100,000
Advertisements,	75,000
Assessed Taxes and Farming Stock,	140,000
Cotton Wool,	300,000
Soap,	593,000
	<hr/>
In 1831,	L.1,545,000
In 1831-32,	1,790,000
	<hr/>
	L.3,335,000

taxed, there would soon not a direct tax remain in Great Britain. Was the public suffering under any of these taxes? Have they gained anything by their removal? Three-fourths of the tax, in most cases, has gone into the pockets of the manufacturers, and the public have experienced no sensible benefit. In like manner, the duty on the owners of houses below L.18 has been lowered. Why was this exemption given to this, and no other class? The influence of the ten-pounders, the cloven foot, is but too apparent.

Now, let it be recollected, that if Ministers had not gone into these ridiculous reductions, they might have taken off the whole house-tax, the whole window-tax, and the whole duty on calicoes and candles; the only existing reductions from which the slightest benefit has been experienced. And what a prodigious relief to the most industrious and meritorious class of the community would that have been! What a boon to the poorest class, in the increased demand for labour which would instantly have arisen from the increased demands of their superiors!

Herein lies the enormous error of Ministers and the political economists on this subject. They constantly suppose that no taxes affect the poor, excepting those which are laid on the articles which they consume. Our author has fallen into this delusion, for he says, "We beg the most clamorous advocates for the repeal of the house duty to recollect, that six-sevenths of the whole inhabited houses are exempt; then let him tell us whether this tax presses exclusively, or even mainly, on the labouring poor." We shall answer this question, after the fashion of our country, by asking another, viz.:—Did not the income-tax press mainly on the labouring poor; and yet not one in fifty of the people paid it? Is it not evident that what really presses on the labouring poor is the declining demand for labour; and that whatever enables the middling classes to increase their outlay, benefits them in the most essential particular. You cannot, in the long run, relieve the labouring poor, but by enabling the opulent and middling classes to increase their expenditure. Of what avail is it to the labourer

that soap and candles, or tiles, or advertisements, or castor oil, or rhubarb, are relieved of duty, if he is thrown out of work, and can purchase none of these articles? And what the worse is he though these articles are a half-penny the pound dearer, if he obtain good wages, and is able to purchase them? The real interests of the poor are wound up in, and essentially dependent on, the prosperity of the middling and higher orders; when you take taxation off the latter, you remove the floodgates which restrain the wealth of the state from flowing in vivifying streams through all its members.

We have often revolved in our own minds, what is the reason that a measure, so obviously just, politic, and expedient as the total repeal of the assessed taxes, should have been so obstinately resisted by so many different Administrations; and that, after L.23,000,000 yearly have been lost to the nation, in the form of repealed indirect taxes, since the peace, these odious imposts, not bringing in L.2,400,000, should still disgrace the statute-book. After the most mature reflection, and weighing every circumstance which could account for so extraordinary a phenomenon, we have arrived at the conclusion, that the cause is to be found in the wisdom, expedience, and justice of the measure itself. The two springs of public measures now are, the Political Economy Club, and the clamours of the Populace. So simple a remedy, so obvious to the meanest capacity, as the repeal of direct taxes, readily escaped the notice of the political economists, accustomed as they now are, in direct opposition to the principles of Adam Smith, to seek for the springs of public wealth in metaphysical distinctions or recondite causes, not obvious to the common sense of mankind. The popular clamour for the repeal of the assessed taxes has never been so intense as that of the interested dealers in taxed articles, who hoped, by throwing off the tax, to put its whole amount into their own pockets. Caught by this glittering vision, these interested classes have been indefatigable in their endeavours to obtain the repeal of the indirect taxes; while the direct burdens, though universally felt as oppressive, have been much less the subject of

intense complaint, because, though every respectable man in the kingdom felt them as oppressive, no man had the prospect of *making his fortune* by their repeal. Hence they still continue to disgrace our finance system, and, for aught yet seen, may long continue to disgrace it, because Ministers look now to the Ten-pounders, the holders of the influence which maintains them in power; and, if they are supported by them, they are indifferent to the hostility of the rest of the community. We may see the assessed taxes taken off, as they are now lightened on, *that class*; but we can hardly hope to see the odious, impolitic burden generally abandoned.

Under the head of Reductions of Expenditure, it is stated that a reduction of salaries to the amount of L.145,000 a-year at home, and L.134,000 immediate, besides L.90,000 prospective, in the colonies, has been effected; and the total estimated diminution of expenditure, from April, 1832, to April, 1834, is L.2,900,000. We have no doubt that this statement is well founded, because almost all the sufferers by these reductions had been placed there by the late Administrations. But what exists on the other side of the account, as expenses incurred by the Reforming Administration, in consequence of their gigantic projects of innovation? They stand thus:

Compensation to the West India proprietors, . . .	L.20,000,000
Ditto to the East India Company, . . .	10,000,000
Loan to Otho, King of Greece, . . .	2,000,000

Whig addition to public debt in one year, L.32,000,000

Thus, even laying aside the Russian Dutch loan of L.5,000,000, which was, in some degree, contracted by the former Government, though the condition had arrived which would have authorized the present to set it aside, it appears that a burden of

above thirty millions sterling, requiring interest to the amount of L.1,000,000 a-year, to be furnished for ever, has been laid on the nation in a period of profound peace! Nor are the annual burdens less formidable, even as they already appear.

Enhanced price of sugar, at 10s. per cwt. on 1,500,000 cwt. . . .	L.2,250,000
Interest of addition to debt, as above,	1,500,000
Salaries to overseers in West Indies, say	250,000
commissioners, say	250,000
Irish Church,	150,000

Whig annual burdens imposed in one year, L.5,150,000

Thus, even supposing the price of sugar only to rise ten shillings the hundred-weight, which it already has, the nation is taxed above five millions, in consequence of one pacific year of the Whig Ministry; and if the price of sugar rises twenty shillings, which is more than probable, the annual addition to the public burdens will be eight millions, being just half the portion of the expenditure of Great Britain on which reduction is practicable! Compared with these gigantic acts of democratic extravagance, all the pacific expenditure of former times sinks into insignificance. In one year, the Whigs have added half as much to the national debt, as the Tories paid off in fifteen years of strict economy, from 1815 to 1830! Had the Tories done any thing resembling this, what

a tremendous outcry would have been raised in the nation! Now, it excites hardly any attention. If a despot were to frame a wish for the subjugation of his country, it should be, that he should be preceded by a popular democratic government.

Among the many plagues which the Whig Ministry have inflicted on the country, the plague of *Commissions* is one of the most mischievous. This instrument of public delusion and Ministerial patronage, has been increased to a most unprecedented degree since the accession of the present Government to power; and we do not hesitate to say, a more complete system of jobbing and deception never yet was palmed off on mankind. Ministers, in almost every case, have determined upon the measures to be pursued before they issue

the Commission; and they do so, partly in order to give a job to their runners, partly to throw the responsibility of obnoxious measures off themselves, and partly to obtain a shew of evidence, which is almost all taken *ex parte*, and much more calculated to mislead than enlighten the public mind. These Commissions have really become a perfect farce. Generally the whole, always a great majority, of their number are well-known Whigs; instructions are sent down from the Cabinet as to what they are expected to report, and the views they are to take; witnesses are summoned, either solely or by a great preponderance on the Whig side; and a few active, clever men are put at the head of every Board, who contrive to make the whole run in Whig channels, and corroborate Whig views. The result is, a mass of *ce parte* evidence, faithfully given, indeed, according to the real impressions of the witnesses cited, but so completely tinged by party, and so much in a single train of thought, that it amounts to nothing but a pleading on one side. There never was an engine better adapted for the elucidation of truth than an impartially chosen Parliamentary Committee; and the information they have brought to light on many of the most important subjects is invaluable: but there never was an instrument more fitted for the clothing of error under the guise of truth, than a Ministerial Commission, or one which, according to the use made of it by the Whig Government, is better calculated at once to gratify clamorous dependents, and mislead an obsequious and deluded train of followers.

In truth, it has now become evident, what we have long suspected, that a system of *democratic centralization* has been adopted by Ministers, with the support of the short-sighted populace, whom they rule by means of the press, of which these Commissions are the pioneers, and which is destined, in its ultimate consequences, to vest every employment in the country in Government, and thus cast over these islands a net-work of Byzantine or Oriental despotism. We have long been firmly convinced of this tendency of democratic measures; and we are

happy to find that it is at length rousing the attention of the able guardians of the Conservative press, particularly the Guardian and Public Ledger, one of the ablest and most enlightened of the many able and enlightened papers who now support the cause of truth and freedom. It is impossible, in the close of a long article such as this, embracing such a variety of topics, to do justice to a subject of such magnitude; we shall revert to it at large in a succeeding Number, and compare the present march of democratic centralization in these islands, with that which, in the space of forty years, has beat down every local authority in France, and vested, not only supreme, but the whole national influence in the central offices at Paris.

At present we can only sketch out the outlines of the system. It consists in this. To investigate every department of the State, and every body possessing influence, power, or patronage in the kingdom, Commissions are issued, composed in whole or in part of gentlemen well-imbued with Whig principles, tolerably desirous of Whig offices, and amply provided with Whig instructions. The object of all this is to recommend the speedy abolition of every local or subordinate body, possessing either authority, power, weight, or patronage, and the vesting of their power and influence either in the Crown or the allies of Ministers, the Ten-pounders. On the ground of liberality, freedom, and the march of the age, they propose to vest some in the populace; under cover of the public good, and a fit discharge of public duty, to vest others in the Ministry. If the present system of government continues for ten years, we venture to say the whole influence and patronage of the kingdom, including the whole departments of the Church, the Law, Education, Schools, Universities, Roads, Bridges, Charities, Hospitals, Poor's-Rates; every thing, in short, will be vested in the central Government, or their democratic Ten-pounder allies. It is easy to see in which of these two bodies the whole authority of the kingdom, in an old and corrupted state, will ultimately centre; and thus Great Britain, like the Byzantine Empire in ancient times, or France in our own

days, will be overspread by a host of Government *employés*, and the land of Hampden and Russell irrevocably enveloped in a despot net of democratic construction.

Among the engines at work for this great change, none is destined to perform more essential service than the Corporation Commission. Its object is thus candidly stated by our author from the Treasury precincts.

"Amongst the most important of the Commissions appointed by the Government is that for enquiry into Corporations—a measure, of perhaps the most importance of any which was originated during this Session; one, and only inferior in value to the Reform Act itself. It is the grand assault on the last hold of Tory corruption, and abused patronage. No evil called more loudly for reform—no abuse weighed more heavily on the general mass of the inhabitants of Corporate Towns, than the administration of the Corporate Property, and the undue exercise of powers, originally designed for the benefit of the people.

"If the representation of the country required reform, if that had become corrupt from age, misuse, and change of the times, surely all must admit that every argument which was used in furtherance of a Reform in Parliament, may, with at least equal justice and like force, be urged for a complete revision and reform of Corporations.

"A guide, indeed, to the views of the Ministers, on this subject, may, in some respects, be found in the Bill brought into the House of Lords this Session, though not as yet proceeded with: this makes provision for the incorporation of the new boroughs; the voters for the borough are to become burgesses of the corporation. The burgesses of each ward are to elect the common-councilmen, who are to elect the mayor and aldermen, town-clerk, and other officers.

"One main feature of this measure is, that no property can be acquired by the corporation; and hence their poverty will be the best guarantee for their honesty. And as there will be no patronage, there can be no jobbing."

We perfectly concur with our author that this Corporation Commission does afford a "guide to the views of Ministers on this subject;" and that its object, inferior to nothing since the passing of the Reform Bill, has been to effect "the grand assault on the last hold of Tory cor-

ruption and abused patronage." From this candid exposition of the views and intentions of Ministers, we know what we may expect on this subject. The Commission will recommend the destruction of all corporations, civil and ecclesiastical, learned and charitable, in the universities and the Church—ancient and modern—with property, and without property; and the vesting of the patronage and property taken from them all, either in Ministers or the Ten-pounders. The universities, the colleges, the public schools of corporations; the charitable institutions, the hospitals, the endowments—all will be stript of their power, patronage, and property. Compared to this prodigious democratic invasion on what they call the "last stronghold of Tory corruption and abused patronage," even the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII., sinks into insignificance. But let it not be imagined that the magnitude of the undertaking will deter our political regenerators; the Constituent Assembly at once did the same thing; and they have passed the Reform Bill, from which all the rest flows as a matter of course.

We have only room left to glance at the *Foreign Policy* of the Ministry and the Reformed Parliament; but here there is room for nothing but the most unqualified censure. Bad as the policy of Government has been in every other respect, in this particular it has been still worse. Evils have already been brought about in the balance of European politics, which can never be repaired.

The great object of all the friends of European freedom should be to repress the rival powers of France and Russia—potentates which march towards despotism with equal strides, though under different banners; the one invoking the names of Order and Legitimacy, the other those of Liberty and Equality,—the one tending to the Asiatic, the other the democratic servitude of mankind. To prevent Russia from encroaching on Poland and Turkey on the one hand, and France from revolutionizing Belgium, the Spanish Peninsula, or Italy on the other, is obviously the policy and first duty of Great Britain. It is needless to say what

dangers such a system is calculated to avert. From the undue ascendant of France arose the tyranny of Napoleon, and a twenty years' war to England. From the undue ascendant of Russia, a still more fearful contest to the cause of Freedom and Liberty may perhaps one day be anticipated.

Between these two great rival powers is interposed, fortunately for mankind, the might of Germany. This great country, containing thirty-six millions of inhabitants, abounding in fortresses and great rivers, strong in its military prowess and its historical recollections, has been placed midway between these vast aggressors, to moderate their ambition, and restrain their designs on European freedom. Neither can reach universal dominion, or become formidable to general freedom, till it has beat down this formidable central mass. Napoleon could not get at Russia till he dragged Germany captive at his chariot-wheels; and Alexander would never have led his Cossacks to Paris, if his march through the centre of Europe had not been hailed by millions suffering under the Gallic yoke.

Weak in numerical force, at least at land, though omnipotent at sea, England can singly effect but little against either of these great Goliaths on their own element. But united with Germany, she can coerce either. Her subsidies can put the warlike myriads of Austria and Prussia in motion; backed by their aid, the dormant zeal and valour of Poland might be revived; while her fleets can cut off at will all the foreign trade of Russia, blockade the Sound and Dardanelles, and destroy its infant marine at Sebastopol and Cronstadt. Destitute of German aid or English subsidies, assailed by Prussian valour and Polish fire, the Colossus of the North might be restrained in its projects of aggression, and possibly the ancient kingdom of Poland recover its independence, amidst the shock of European civilisation with Scythian power.

To effect this great object, it was, *ante omnia*, necessary that England should preserve close the bonds of amity and alliance which, fortunately for mankind, were formed between her and the German Powers during

the Revolutionary Wars. To this union we were equally bound by our habits, our recollections, and our interests. We were originally the same nation; we spoke the same language, and enjoyed the same institutions: and the purest blood in Britain, communicated through Saxon or Norman veins, has descended to her sons from the woods of Germany. The character of the two nations is still at bottom the same—the probity, the honesty, the devotion, the simplicity, the reverence for antiquity, which distinguish the German character, have still their roots in the rural population of Great Britain. They had stood side by side in many a well-debated field. The glories of Blenheim, Minden, and Ramillies, not less than those of Quatre Bras and Waterloo, are divided between them; and like the Douglas and the Percy, together, they were confident against the world in arms.

Since the fall of Napoleon, the fears of this great central potentate had been mainly directed against the northern Colossus. Her statesmen beheld with undisguised apprehension the rapid progress of Russia in Persia and Turkey; and Austria had in consequence entered into engagements with Great Britain, which history will one day record, eminently calculated to have secured the independence of Europe. Prussia, bound by gratitude for recent deliverance, as well as family connexions, was more closely united to the Cabinet of St Petersburg; but even the Court of Berlin was no indifferent spectator of the ceaseless progress of Russian ambition.

France, with her vast military population, stood as the reserve, under the government of the Restoration, against this northern enemy. It was dangerous to invoke her aid, lest, like the elephant, she should trample down her friends equally with her enemies; but still she might be relied on, if her assistance could not be dispensed with; and albeit not called on to stand in the foremost line in the struggle, she was ready, like the Old Guard, to advance when the scales hung even between the opposite hosts.

The cause of England and Germany was that of Religion and good Faith—of God and the King—of regu-

lated freedom and general subordination. We have great doubts whether this glorious fabric will ever be reared but in States where the Gothic blood predominates. Certain it is, that it has never yet existed but in those nations of Europe or America where the lineage and institutions of the ancient destroyers of Roman servitude have prevailed. Prussia, wisely and cautiously proceeding in the great work of political improvement, amidst the general abuse of the Revolutionists all over the world, was steadily conferring blessings on her subjects, and preparing them by a wisely directed system of education, and a gradual increase of political power, for the future enjoyment of the privileges of freemen, without any of the dangers which have blasted its progress wherever these precautions have been neglected. Everything announced the gradual and safe formation of constitutional freedom in central Europe on its only safe basis, a regard for religion, good faith, and private virtue.*

This auspicious state of things has been totally destroyed by the French Revolution of the Barricades, and the subsequent accession of the Whig Ministry to the government of Great Britain. These deplorable events—deplorable to nothing so much as the cause of freedom, have totally altered the balance of power, and introduced new relations into European politics, by presenting a new and more pressing set of dangers to the minds of her rulers. The revolutionary efforts of France—her successful overthrow of the Belgian Government, her sinful and deplorable excitement of the Poles to revolt, her secret invitations to the revolutionists of Italy and Germany—her invasion of the Roman States, and seizure of Ancona—her undisguised support of the cause of anarchy and revolution in Portugal, excited the utmost alarm in the European commonwealth. They recollected the consequences of similar beginnings by the Convention in 1793; the subjugation of Europe, the firing of Moscow, were before their eyes. When England joined in this unholy alliance; when England, ever heretofore in the van in the cause of free-

dom and independence, joined her banners to those of democracy and despotism; when the red-cross flag and the tricolor approached the Scheldt to beat down the independence of Holland, and the Leopard and Gallic Eagle insidiously stole into the distracted realm of Portugal to aid in revolutionizing the Peninsula; when it became evident to the world that all former alliances and objects of policy were forgotten and a new league with Revolutionary despotism formed; the Continental Powers naturally drew closer their bonds of alliance among each other. Austria, Russia, and Prussia, formed a league cemented by present danger; a Congress in Bohemia was formed to arrange the means of resisting the common danger; and if report proves true, the new title of Protector of Italy conferred on the Emperor of Austria, will shortly announce that that Peninsula, menaced in the first place by the danger, is placed under the safeguard of the conservative league.

The consequences of this extraordinary change of policy in Great Britain have been to the last degree deplorable, and are in great part already irreparable. Germany is lost to the cause of constitutional freedom; assailed by Revolutionary daggers on all sides, she has been thrown by necessity into the arms of the Scythian Colossus. The remote dangers from Russian preponderance are overlooked in the present perils of Gallic and British propagandism. Thus the balance of European power is subverted. On one side are to be seen the banners of despotism and legitimacy, supported by Russia, Austria, and Prussia; on the other, those of despotism and democracy, supported by France and England. The old and fair standard of constitutional freedom nowhere waves; it was torn down, amidst the smoke of the Barricades, and the transports of the Reform Bill.

The effects of this change upon England itself have been equally lamentable; nor can imagination add any limits to its ruinous consequences. Already it has lost to England her oldest allies; Portugal and Holland are fast slipping from her grasp;

* See the article on Prussia, in this Magazine, No. CCX.

the latter of which has just concluded a highly advantageous commercial treaty with the United States, while the former is quietly settling under Gallic influence. As the first effect of the change, Turkey has disappeared from the map of Europe; assailed by a powerful vassal, she turned in vain to France or England; not a ship of the line could be spared from the blockade of the Scheldt to save Constantinople, and Turkey was, from stern necessity, irrevocably thrown into the arms of Russia. The Dardanelles are now a Russian seaport; the Euxine a Russian lake. Austria and Prussia are become the

outposts of Moscovite ambition in central Europe; the might of Germany is, by our desertion of the cause of freedom, thrown into the scales of despotism. Thus every thing announces the extinction of freedom in modern Europe: pressed by democratic tyranny in the West, and Asiatic despotism in the East, it is fast disappearing from the earth; and the future annals of that enlightened quarter of the globe are to all appearance destined only to commemorate the fierce contests of the Powers among each other, who have alike trampled upon the rights and the liberties of mankind.

THE SPANISH SUCCESSION.

SPAIN and Portugal, at all times resembling each other in many points, seem destined at the present moment to exhibit some peculiar features of similarity. For the last two years, Portugal has been agitated by the conflicting claims of an uncle and niece to the crown. The former has in his favour the clear and express laws of the kingdom, confirmed, if that were necessary, by the most formal recognition of their validity by the acts of his competitor—the decided voice of the people—and the deliberate conviction of every friend to public order, and enemy to the principles of anarchy, and French ambition. The latter is supported by all the strength of the revolutionary party at home and abroad, and upheld by the men, money, and arms of France, which already calculates on obtaining from the gratitude or weakness of a sovereign of her own creation that ascendancy in the peninsula which even the genius and power of Napoleon failed to secure for her by arms. The same scene seems about to be exhibited on the stage of Spain, where a second war of the succession has already begun. Ferdinand the Seventh has been gathered to his fathers, and the vacant throne is disputed by his brother and his infant daughter. It is plain this question of disputed succession is taken up not so much upon its legal merits, as one involving the conflict of those principles by which Europe is at present divided—the Conservative

and the Revolutionary. Don Carlos, the representative of the old Spanish party in the kingdom, enjoys the support of the mass of the nobility, of almost the whole of the clergy, and the majority of the people, who, satisfied by the dear-bought experience of the miseries which the Constitutionals had brought upon the country, and remembering the proscriptions, bloodshed, and ruin which attended the Spanish reign of terror under the Cortes of 1820, shrink with horror from the prospect of a government based on popular elements, and conceive the prosperity and even existence of the country to depend on the steady adherence to the old Constitution in every particular. The pretensions of the young Queen, on the contrary, are favoured by the whole Movement party in Spain,—a party which, though still unimportant in that country in point either of members or influence, may be formidable enough when supported by French influence; by a few of the nobility, who, though opposed to foreign interference and popular rule, cannot go the whole length of the principles of the absolutists; and by the active, zealous, and undisguised efforts of France, ever ready to volunteer her assistance in the great cause of Revolution, particularly when her exertions are likely to be repaid by an immediate and palpable increase of her own influence and power. How the contest so begun may terminate—which of the antagonistic principles involved in the dispute

may ultimately triumph—whether the war shall be confined to Spain, or involve the tranquillity of Europe, are questions on which as yet little more than conjectures can be formed. But the prospect at this moment seems any thing but encouraging. Already France has publicly intimated her recognition of the claims of Isabella II.; already the ambassadors of Austria, Russia, and Prussia have protested against that recognition in the face of the protest of Carlos V., and declared the determination of their respective governments to interfere, the instant a French soldier shall cross the Pyrenees. Notwithstanding this, however, armies of *observation* are assembling at Bayonne; cavalry are hurrying towards the Pyrenees; Soult, whose voice is still for war, recommends an armed intervention; Louis Philippe, anxious to find foreign employment for those restless spirits whose services are no longer required in Paris, and to add another to the list of revolutionary thrones, seconds his view; and with such ominous combinations as these, we cannot doubt that a collision, with which all Europe may “ring from side to side,” is at hand.

But as all parties, however little they may regard the mere question of legal right, will undoubtedly profess to argue the case on that principle alone, in their adherence to the one party or the other, it may not be unimportant to glance at the position in which the matter stands in that particular. It might at first be supposed, that with whatever doubt the actual issue of the contest may be attended, at least there could be little difficulty in determining which of the competitors had the best founded claim to the throne. Even this matter, however, it seems, is enveloped in something of the same obscurity which attends any speculation as to the probable issue of the quarrel.

In Portugal the legal merits of the question of succession admit of no doubt. To every one capable of reasoning at all, it is palpable the claims of Pedro and his descendants are equally excluded by the law of Lamego, which prohibits any foreign prince from being King of Portugal, and by that of Lisbon, which provides, that in the event of

the acquisition of another kingdom by a King of Portugal, *that* kingdom shall descend to the eldest son, while the second son shall succeed to Portugal. If Brazil, after its separation from Portugal, and its new constitution under Pedro, be regarded as a foreign kingdom, Pedro was excluded from succeeding to Portugal on the death of John VI., by the law of Lamego: If not considered a separate foreign kingdom, then, on the demise of John, Pedro was entitled only to the crown of Brazil, and was excluded from that of Portugal by the law of Lisbon. On either view of the case, Pedro's claim, and consequently that of his daughter, claiming through him, was equally untenable.

But the question in Spain, whether Don Carlos be entitled to succeed under the Salic law excluding females, or whether that law was effectually abrogated by the settlement of the Crown on the female line executed by Ferdinand VII., presents itself in a much more complicated shape, chiefly from the circumstance, that some of the most important facts which lie at the bottom of the whole discussion are yet unascertained. Without pretending absolutely to decide where the materials for forming a judgment are still so imperfect, we shall briefly notice the situation in which the claims of Don Carlos and the young Queen stand under the settlement of Ferdinand and the previously existing laws of the country.

Prior to the accession of Ferdinand VII., the rule of succession to the throne of Spain had several times varied. Originally it had differed in the two kingdoms of Arragon and Castile, of which Spain is composed. In Arragon, the Salic Law prevailed from the first. On one occasion only (1479), was an attempt made to introduce the female line, namely, by John II., in favour of the children of his son, Ferdinand the Catholic; and this step Mariana characterises as an unconstitutional violation of the law of Arragon. In Castile, on the contrary, by the laws of the *Siete Partidas*, (Part. 2, Tit. 15, Law 2d.) it was expressly provided, that daughters should succeed, on the failure of the male line, to the exclusion of collaterals.

The kingdoms of Arragon and

Castile, though united in the persons of Ferdinand and Isabella, were still possessed by them as separate kingdoms, with separate customs and laws. Both sovereigns concurred in conveying their respective kingdoms to their only daughter Juana, the mother of Charles V., who succeeded to both crowns. Whether Charles, and his successors of the house of Hapsburg, held the crown of Spain under a destination, limited to heirs-male, or including heirs-female, is a question upon which the Spanish lawyers are not entirely agreed; although, as Charles himself could only succeed to Arragon through his mother, and on the supposition that, by the testament of Ferdinand and Isabella, the succession to both crowns had been thrown open to females, it seems reasonable to infer that, had the question occurred during the Austrian Dynasty in Spain, the Salic Law could not have been held to be in operation.

But until the death of Charles II., the last of the Austrian sovereigns of Spain, the question had never been of practical importance, the line of male descent having till that time been uninterrupted. Charles, however, died without male-heirs; and the celebrated testament, by which he bequeathed his kingdom to Philip of Anjou, afterwards Philip V., led to the well-known war of the Succession. That bequest, which unquestionably proceeded on the footing that the succession was open to the female line, could not, however, be regarded as the real title of Philip to the throne. That which first confirmed his right to the Spanish crown was the treaty of Utrecht, by which the war of the Succession had terminated. The question had in fact been viewed as one involving the liberties and tranquillity of Europe. All were agreed that the crowns of Spain and France could not, consistently with the peace of Europe, be united on one head. Many were equally persuaded that consequences not less disastrous would follow, if the Spanish crown should descend to a possessor of the Imperial Dynasty. The crown of Spain was ultimately, by that treaty, with consent of the European Powers, secured to Philip and his descendants, and, on their failure, to the House of Savoy and its male de-

scendants, with an express exclusion of the remaining French Branches of the House of Bourbon.

Such, rather than the testament of Charles, was Philip's title to the throne. It is well known, that on the 12th May, 1713, Philip executed a deed, by which he introduced the Salic Law of France into the Spanish succession,—limiting the right to his own issue-male and their male descendants, and, failing them, to the house of Savoy, as directed by the treaty. This deed, which was formally discussed and approved of by the Cortes, and which, if unaltered, it is admitted on all hands would have decided the present question of succession in favour of Don Carlos, stands in a somewhat peculiar position. It is subsequent in date to the treaty concluded at Utrecht between France and England, which is dated the 31st of March, but prior in date to the treaty between England and Spain, which was not signed till the 2d of July, 1713. Now, had the deed been prior in date to both treaties, it could not have admitted even of a doubt, that if they confirmed the order of succession to Philip and his descendants, and, failing them, to the house of Savoy, this must have been equivalent to a settlement or entail by all the contracting Powers, of the crown of Spain upon the male line exclusively, since the term descendants must necessarily have been held to mean those who, *by the latest existing settlement of the Spanish crown, were entitled to succeed.* Consequently, it would follow plainly, that without the consent of these contracting parties, no alteration of that order of succession could validly take place, whether the consent of the Cortes had been obtained to it or not. It is plain, for instance, that the house of Savoy, to whom, on the failure of the male line of the Spanish Bourbons, the crown was destined by the treaty, had the most direct interest to resist any step by which the female line was also to be introduced in preference to themselves, and their own chance of succession almost indefinitely postponed. But though the deed of succession by Philip cannot be said to precede both treaties, still it may be fairly urged, that as it preceded the treaty with England, by which the existing status of things was guaran-

teed, and the succession confirmed in terms of the previous arrangements, the line of succession recognised by that treaty was the new line introduced by Charles, by which females were excluded. And then the natural inference would be, that by the French treaty also, though prior in date to the deed of succession, the term *descendants* had been used in the same sense in which it would have been used in a question of succession in France; namely, as a limitation to male heirs.

And such was, in fact, the light in which the point has all along been viewed in France. The line of succession established by Philip has been considered an essential part of the Treaty itself,—in which every contracting party had an interest. When Ferdinand, as will be afterwards mentioned, attempted, in 1830, to alter the line of succession in favour of his daughter, the *Journal des Debats* thus expressed the views of France in regard to the question:—"The abolition of the Salic Law does not exclusively interest the Spanish nation. This revolution profoundly affects France. It is the disavowal of the blood of Louis XIV. It is the destruction of the family-part of the Bourbons. It is the overthrow of the bases of public right in Europe. The brothers of King Ferdinand are disinherited, and the crown can pass into the hands of a house which may be our enemy, into the hands of a prince, who already on our frontiers is as burdensome to us as another empire."

The importance of this view, if well founded, in reference to the present question, is obvious. If the treaty of Utrecht substantially confirmed the settlement by Philip V. of the crown of Spain upon heirs-male alone, it seems to us to follow clearly, that no successor of Philip, inheriting under that destination, could, either with or without the consent of the Cortes, alter an arrangement which had been made a condition in a general pacification of Europe. Could Philip V., we ask, after resigning, as a condition of the treaty, his claims on the crown of France, have afterwards revived these claims, on the ground that the Cortes had consented to his doing so? It seems sufficiently plain that he

could not, and the case is exactly the same as to a change in the order of succession once guaranteed. The moment the idea of a balance of power is admitted, the line of succession to a kingdom becomes a matter not of local or national, but of European interest; and accordingly it was in this case so considered. By this very treaty of Utrecht, Queen Anne took care to obtain the recognition by Spain and France of the English line of succession, as established by the Act of settlement; while the governments of France, Austria, and England, equally anxious to exclude the possibility of the crown of Spain becoming the property of France on the one hand, or the Austrian Dynasty on the other, selected as a neutral party the family of Savoy, in whose favour all were agreed that the succession should devolve. Is such a compact to be treated as a purely Spanish or an international question? Is it not evident, that if, in violation of this arrangement, the crown should be made to descend to a female, the very consequences might, and probably would ensue, which it was specially the object of the treaty of Utrecht to prevent? Is it a *very unlikely* contingency, we would ask, that one of the family of Louis Philippe, disappointed in his hopes of a Portuguese alliance, would transfer his attachment to the Queen, or, rather we should say, to the crown of Spain, and thus accomplish that union, from which, even when more imperfect, the tranquillity of Europe has suffered so much for the last century? Or, on the other hand, is it very improbable that some younger branch of the Austrian House might be the means of adding the Peninsula to the vast dominions over which that gigantic Power already reigns? From either alliance the interests of Europe, and of England in particular, have every thing to fear; yet such a contingency must be looked forward to, if the right of any Spanish monarch, with or without the consent of the Cortes, be admitted, to change this order of succession, and to introduce a female line. Still more palpable must be the interest of the family of Savoy, who, to the considerations connected with the general tranquillity of Eu-

rope, have to add the obvious injury which is thus done to their eventual right of succession.

We confess, therefore, that in our view, the settlement of the Crown by Philip V. was unalterable without the consent of all the contracting parties, and of all interested in the succession as thus arranged, which admittedly has never been obtained. But granting the possibility of such an alteration by the Spanish Government without the consent of the other European Powers, it remains to be seen under what circumstances the alleged alteration took place.

There can be no doubt that, when the triumphant campaign of 1814 restored Ferdinand to the possession of his throne, the order of succession remained on the footing on which it had been placed by the Act of Philip V. It was only, in fact, in 1830, on the eve of the birth of the Infanta, and expressly with the view of providing for the event which actually occurred, and of excluding the claims of his brother, who was otherwise obnoxious to him, in favour of those of his own children, that he seems fully to have matured the project of altering the existing state of things, and the plan to which he resorted was certainly not a little extraordinary. Aware, in all probability, that the consent of the Cortes could never be obtained to such a proposal, if then originated, the device (for such we must plainly say we consider it) was resorted to, of announcing to the public, that among the papers of Charles IV., there had been discovered, in 1828, a deed, executed by Charles, and sanctioned by the Cortes in 1789, abrogating the Salic Law of Philip, and restoring the old constitution of the Kingdom as laid down in the Partidas. This deed, after remaining, as it would appear, unknown, and inoperative till 1828, was for the first time communicated to the public on the 29th May, when Ferdinand, by his letters-patent, confirmed the alleged Act of Charles and the Cortes of 1789. Against this step a formal protest was entered by the ambassadors of the Bourbon Courts, both on the ground that such alteration was contrary to the arrangement guaranteed by a European treaty, and also on the specific grounds of informality, applicable to the pretended alteration itself.

During the illness of Ferdinand in 1832, the influence of the Minister Calomarde, who was strongly inclined towards the interests of Don Carlos, and the conviction which Ferdinand seems to have felt that the Spanish nation were dissatisfied with the attempt to change the course of succession, and exceedingly hostile to the idea of a long female minority under French influence, induced him again to waver in his resolution, and at last to revoke the letters-patent of March, 1830, and to restore the Salic Law of Succession. But, with his restoration to health, the influence of the Queen and the French party revived; Calomarde was disgraced and sent into confinement, and, on the last day of December 1832, Ferdinand revoked his revocation, and thus restored matters to the position in which they had stood in 1830.

Evidently doubtful of the validity of the act of 1830 as it stood, Ferdinand, in June, 1833, had recourse to a new project in order to secure his object. He did not indeed venture to lay the subject of the abolition of the Salic Law before the Cortes for consideration or discussion, but called on them at once to take the oath of fidelity to the Infanta, which it is understood they did. This proceeding, however, for such it was, rather weakens than strengthens the legal merits of Donna Isabella's claim. 1st, If Ferdinand had reason to think that the previous sanction of the Cortes in 1789, was of itself sufficient to validate his letters-patent of 1830, there could be no occasion for a new application to them. 2d, The invalidity of the whole proceeding is obvious, for they were not called upon to discuss or give their consent to a law, which was their only legitimate sphere of authority, but individually to pledge themselves to acknowledge an individual as heir-apparent. Their pledge therefore, however binding on the individuals, could no more bind the nation or give the force of law to the choice of Donna Isabella, than the consent of any equal number of individuals not connected with the Cortes. 3dly, It is farther insisted on by the adherents of Don Carlos, that the consent of the nearest agnates is required to such a change; that such consent had been obtained as a preliminary step by

Phillip in 1713, but that in this case it was omitted. On all these grounds it seems to be pretty generally admitted, that the oath of allegiance by the Cortes, adds nothing to the effect or validity of the disposition of Ferdinand as it stood before. Indeed, the whole matter was very lightly treated at the time by the Foreign Powers. Don Carlos himself protested against it, and the Neapolitan Ambassador renewed the protest made by him in 1830; but the other Powers, satisfied of the legal unimportance of the proceeding, did not think it necessary to reiterate theirs. No allusion, we observe, is made to the alleged consent of the Cortes in the Decrees of the Queen Regent; and the question, after all, must fall back upon the alleged act of Charles IV., and sanction said to have been given to it by the Cortes of 1789.

But the whole story as to this alleged alteration and approval by the Cortes of 1789, has the appearance of an absolute fiction. No human being, as far as we have yet heard, has ever seen the pretended Act of the Cortes. No evidence of such an Act exists on its records. Except on one occasion, the existence of such an Act seems never to have been hinted at; and that was during the sittings of the Cortes of 1812, when it was the object of the Constitutional party, during the imprisonment of the Royal Family in France, to call to the throne of Spain Ferdinand's sister, Charlotte Joachina, the wife of John VI. of Portugal, who was supposed to be favourable to the Constitutional cause. On that occasion one individual of the Junta *remembered* that he had been present at a *secret* meeting of the Cortes of 1789, when the Act of Charles III. was ratified, and that, consequently, the Queen of Portugal's female descent was no obstacle to her elevation to the Spanish throne. On this hint Ferdinand, or his advisers, seemed to have improved, *by discovering, in an old trunk, at the distance of forty years, the identical Act of this secret congress.* Why the matter was *secretly* laid before the Cortes at all—how the act came into the said trunk—why it remained there concealed from all the world for almost half a century—why no trace of it is to be found in the annals of the Cortes themselves—

what led to its discovery in 1828—why, after its discovery then, it was still allowed to slumber unacted upon till 1830—what are the proofs of its genuineness, which, considering the questionable shape in which it comes, must be more than usually satisfactory?—are questions which must naturally suggest themselves to every one who reads the account of this strange discovery, but to which we are not aware *that any answer has yet been given.*

But farther, how is it possible to believe the story of this secret decree, when, in the collection of the Spanish Constitutions made in 1802 by Charles IV., the Salic Law, the law said to have been abolished by this secret negotiation, is found figuring at the head of them? The very person who is said to have procured the law, is the person by whom it is superseded and disavowed.

But a more important view of the matter remains behind. Assuming the genuineness of the document, and the fact that the Cortes did, in 1789, approve of a deed executed by Charles IV., altering the existing order of succession to the Crown—could such an Act, under the circumstances, be legal? The Act, be it observed, is admitted to have been a *Secret Act* of the Cortes, so secret, indeed, that not a trace of it exists in their archives,—never published to the world till it is brought forward for the purpose of admitting the female line of Ferdinand, and excluding Carlos. Can such an Act have the force or validity of law? What should we think in this country of an Act of Parliament admitted to have been *secretly* arranged between the King, Lords, and Commons, and produced as law at the distance of forty years from its date? Above all, what should we think if the Act of Settlement, to which the present dynasty owe the throne, were attempted to be set aside by the production of an alleged alteration of the line of succession, effected by a secret arrangement between the late Monarch and his Parliament? Absurd as such a supposition would be in reference to this country, it is equally so in regard to Spain. No secret arrangement between the King and Cortes, not published to the world with the usual formalities, and recorded like the other statutes,

of the kingdom, which require the concurrence of the Cortes, so as to be binding alike on King and people, could be of the slightest legal value, least of all in a matter of such importance as the succession to the kingdom. It is inconceivable that, on such a point, it should be the law of Spain, or of any country, that the King might *secretly* procure the consent of the Cortes to an Act which, as it remained entirely in his own custody, he could destroy or preserve as he pleased. For it is evident, that according even to the Royal version of the story, as no evidence of the Act existed in the records of the Cortes, it was in the power of the King alone, by either destroying or preserving the principal deed which was in his own possession, to alter the line of succession, or to preserve the old line, exactly as suited his purposes; and thus, the consequence would be, that, contrary to the fundamental laws of the kingdom, the King *might, in this particular case, have changed the order of succession without the consent of the Cortes.*

It is certain that the matter was very differently managed in the case of the original alteration of the succession by Philip V., in 1713. Instead of being surreptitiously carried through by a secret consent obtained from the Cortes, the question formed the subject of a very warm and prolonged discussion. We see from the *Memoirs of St Philippe*,* that the proposal at first encountered the most violent opposition even in the Royal Council of Castile, before being submitted to the Cortes at all; and the point, instead of being secretly arranged by a decree never entering the annals of the Cortes, formed the engrossing subject of public interest for weeks before the ultimate sanction of the Cortes, by which it became a law of the nation, was obtained.

It seems to us then—1st, That the whole story of this secret Act of the Cortes is exposed to so much suspicion, that, without far stronger evidence of its existence and genuineness than have yet been afforded, no faith whatever can be attached to it; and, 2d, That even if its genuineness

were admitted, its validity, as a law of the kingdom, could not possibly, under the circumstances, be maintained.

Both these points, however, must be made out by the supporters of the claims of the young Queen; for the authority of the patent of Ferdinand rests on the previously obtained sanction of the Cortes to the Act of Charles; and we confess that, upon the present state of the evidence, the preponderance seems to us to be clearly in favour of Don Carlos.

If we are inclined to think his pretensions, in point of legal right, better founded than those of his rival, we can have still less hesitation in saying, that they are supported by every ground of political expediency. Don Carlos is admitted, even by his enemies, to be a man of energy, activity, and resolution of mind. The great error of Ferdinand's government was a perpetual system of compromise; a halting between two opinions:—now shrinking from the decided measures of the old Spanish party in the country, and now flying to them for support against the revolutionary movements of the Constitutionalists. Had Ferdinand rightly understood the national character and wishes of Spain, after the restoration of order and the extinction of the revolutionary tyranny of the Cortes of 1820, he would have restored, in all its particulars, the former constitution of the country, organized a firm government, directed his attention to the internal administration and finances which the folly and guilt of the Cortes had thrown into a condition the most deplorable; and while he endeavoured to mitigate the actual evils, and increase the actual happiness of his people, would have opposed a firm and uncompromising resistance to the schemes of the Constitutionalists within, and the influence of France from without. It suited his vacillating and inert disposition, however, rather to leave things as he found them, and, by alternate concessions to both parties, to endeavour to prevent a collision with either. No better proof can be af-

forded of the error which Ferdinand committed in regard to the national mind, than the superior popularity which Don Carlos, even during Ferdinand's lifetime, enjoyed. The contrast between the reception of Ferdinand and Carlos on every public occasion, was as marked as that between the entry of Richard II. and Bolingbroke. All eyes, hearts, and hopes were with the successor to the throne, not with the King. They saw in him the steady adherent of those institutions which it had been the object of the Constitutionalists to extinguish and eradicate; and they looked forward to his reign as likely to restore to their original vigour, and to carry into steady and consistent action, those great principles of order and religion, with which sad experience had taught them that property, liberty, and life were connected. These expectations, we believe, would be fulfilled in Don Carlos. We are not to argue from our own feelings or conceptions of social and political institutions, as to those of Spain. To us, the Inquisition is a word of terror; but no fact is more indisputable, than that its revival was in a manner forced upon Ferdinand by the clamorous voice of the great majority of the nation. We may wonder at this, but we must take human nature as we find it, such as it has been moulded and fashioned by centuries of custom. If a change is desirable, or is to be effected, of this we may be assured, that to be permanent it must be gradual; it must be organized by one to whom the nation is attached, not forced upon it at the point of the bayonet by liberal philosophers. Under the sway of Carlos, Spain, instead of becoming, as it is certain to do under the sway of the young Queen, a mere revolutionary tool in the hand of French ambition, or perhaps handed over, with its young sovereign, as a marriage portion to some active scion of the house of Louis Philippe, the very union which it was the main object of the treaty of Utrecht to prevent; instead of being subjected to a new course of baleful and bloody experiment, in order to realize that phantom of the brain, a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions;

would be governed on those principles, which are equally consistent with domestic happiness and foreign tranquillity—which are agreeable to its calm, deliberative, and domestic habits—which are associated with the long roll of its bright historical recollections—and the truth, value, and absolute necessity of which have been brought more palpably into view by the brief, but conclusive trial, which the experience of the years from 1820 to 1824, afforded of their opposites. Under a firm administration, really anxious to remove or palliate the actual evils of the country, we are persuaded the revolutionary principle in Spain would soon be eradicated: In the heart of the great majority of the people, either high or low, it never took any root. The miserable fabric of the Constitution of 1820, opposed as it was to all the habits, wishes and convictions of the great mass of the nation, gave way in an instant on the approach of an army, not amounting in numbers to one-fourth of those vast legions which had formerly in vain attempted to overpower the liberties of united Spain. And why? but because, in the one case, the French were detested as invaders—in the other, hailed as deliverers from an intolerable domestic tyranny.

No better proof can be afforded of the conviction which is felt, how completely the national mind is opposed to the principles of the French propagandists, than the artful turn which is attempted to be given to the question of succession by the lately published manifesto of the Queen Regent. In that document, which is understood to emanate from the advice and solicitation of Zea, her Majesty professes to abjure the creed of liberalism, and announces her resolution, that "religion and monarchy, the primary elements of the political existence of Spain, shall be respected, protected, and maintained in all their vigour and purity,"—that she "will preserve whole and entire the Royal authority which has been confided to her, and maintain most religiously the form and fundamental laws of the monarchy, without admitting dangerous innovations, however respectable they may appear in their origin, for we have already

unfortunately experienced their disastrous effects." The object of this document is plainly to hold out that her principles of government and those of Don Carlos would be substantially the same, and thus to reduce the question to a mere contest of title, not of principles. We shall not question the sincerity or good faith with which this protestation is made;—but we feel the most perfect conviction that the party of the Queen will find it practically impossible to adhere to it. The nation will reasonably distrust this sudden change of views in one who, up to this moment, has been the supporter of French interests and French principles; the friends of Carlos who adhere to him, from the conviction of his legal right, she will not gain over; those who, indifferent to the question of title, seek only the preservation of the Old Spanish Constitution, will rather adhere to the old and steady defender of that Constitution than to the proselyte of yesterday; and the Queen, be her intentions at this moment what they may, will ultimately be thrown back upon the party of the Constitutionals, and be upheld by them for a time, only to be converted into the instrument of their designs, and the ally or tool of ambitious and artful France.

If Spain be left to her own decision in regard to this question of succession, the result, we believe, is not in the least doubtful. Already, Biscay, Leon, Navarre, and Estremadura appear to have espoused the cause of Charles V. Toledo, Burgos, Valladolid, Bilbao, Vittoria, are understood to have already proclaimed him. Madrid, though partially overawed by the presence of the Court, is wavering; and every day brings intelligence of new defections from the party of the Queen, and accessions to that of Carlos. Once seated on the throne, and left unharassed by the interference of foreign Powers, we should have little fears that the germs of revolution in Spain might shortly be effectually eradicated.

The grand secret of Revolution everywhere, is the power of congregating and suddenly exciting large masses,—centralization. Of this, fortunately for her future prospects, Spain knows nothing. Her provinces,

governed by different laws, and possessing separate customs, have little connexion with, or dependency on, the capital. "L'Etat," said Louis XIV., "c'est moi."—"La France," said Thiers, in 1832, "c'est Paris." Not so with Spain. The possession of Madrid is not like that of Paris, the possession of France. Three times did the Archduke Charles, and twice did Joseph Bonaparte, acquire possession of Madrid; but their enterprise, instead of being completed, they found had only commenced. In Madrid, the mob is absolutely unimportant. No glorious three days are likely to illustrate the annals of its working classes. But were it possible for such an event to take place, the possession of the capital would be of no importance, while the national mind remained sound. Every province, every town, would be a stronghold, within which legitimate authority could take refuge, till that tyranny were overpast.

It is this circumstance, joined with the character of the Spanish people, debased, alas! by the sad events of the last fifty years, yet still, as a whole, noble, dignified, religious, grave, and loyal, that gives us reason to hope that in that country, once so illustrious in Europe, and still capable of occupying so influential a station, the cause of order, religion, and good government, will maintain its ground. That it will do so, if Spain be left to her own guidance, we have the fullest confidence; but that she will be left to exercise her own free and uncontrolled choice, we confess we scarcely hope. Such is not the *freedom* which our modern Liberals are disposed to bestow. But an evil day it will assuredly be for Spain, for England, for Europe in general, if an ascendancy be again given to that wild democratic ambition, and reckless spirit of ignorant experiment, which so lately desolated Spain; if France, already secure of the co-operation of Portugal in all her schemes, be allowed also to extend her ambitious grasp to Spain, and practically to wield at her will all the resources of the Peninsula; if the principle is again to be sanctioned, that foreign Powers are to dictate, with arms in their hands, the choice of a sovereign to an independent nation, or, under the mask of a pretended neutrality, actually to sup-

port the pretensions of one candidate, in preference to the other, not because his legal right is clear, or his title acknowledged by the majority of his country, but because they perceive, in the elevation of a puppet of their own, the means of

increasing their own power and influence, or of propping up the tottering fabric of their revolutionary crown, by surrounding it with others, founded on the same eccentric and ominous principle.

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY DAVID'S PICTURE OF NAPOLEON ASLEEP IN HIS STUDY
TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

STEAL softly!—for the very room,
The stately chamber of His rest,
Imparts a gasping awe and gloom
Unto the rash intruder's breast—
Here, kneel and look!—but breathe not, lest
Thy gross material breath alone
Should wake that eye's immortal blaze,
That, like the Last Archangel's gaze,
Might scorch thee into stone!

He sleeps!—while Earth around him reels,
And Mankind's million hosts combine
Against the sceptre-sword which seals
Their fate from Lapland to the Line—
While, like a giant roused from wine,
Grim Europe, starting, watches him,
The Warrior-Lord of Lodi's field—
O'er Jena's rout who shook his shield—
Is hush'd in slumber dim!

He sleeps!—The Thunderer of the World
For once hath, wearied, dropt the bolt,
Whose strokes split empires up—and hurl'd
To dust each purple-mantled Dolt,
'Mid havoc, ruin, and revolt!
Lo, hush'd like baby by its nurse,
The Imperial Eagle folds that wing
Quiescent, whose awaking spring
Shall shake the universe!

He sleeps! and silence binds that tone
Which cleft the Alps' eternal walls,
And bridged his pathway to a throne
Above the Avalanche's halls:
Hark! how that victor-voice appals
Pale Austria's battle-line, when first
He crash'd gaunt Nature's bars asunder,
And meteor-girt, in flame and wonder,
Upon Marengo burst!

He sleeps and dreams—oh, for the sense
Of some sublimer sphere, to know
Where strays the fierce intelligence
Which scourged the nations here below!
To the Empyrean doth it go?
And would its wild Ambition strain
To grasp the balance of the skies,
And systems, suns, and stars comprise
In one tremendous reign?

He dreams and smiles! The Conqueror's brow,
 Gall'd with the Wreath's triumphal pride,
 Looks grandly calm and placid now,
 As if young ENGHEN never died!
 As if—Victorious Homicide!
 The rush of Borodino's stream,—
 His bony legions' freezing groans,
 And icy Russia's forest-moans,
 Are heard not in that dream!

The plan and pencil in his hand
 Have droop'd, as though their effort fail'd
 To draught the crimson sketch he scann'd
 In Fate's vast volume seven-seal'd:
 But earth shall see the page reveal'd,
 And hear its fiery purport too,
 Until her curdling heart's-blood stops—
 And, carnage-clogged, thy sickle drops
 Outworn, red Waterloo!

He dreams and smiles! Yon blue-sea prison
 Uncages Fortune's crowned bird:—
 And France, exulting France, has risen
 Through all her borders, trumpet-stirr'd!
 He heeds it not—some vision'd word
 Hath shewn him Ocean's distant wave
 Thundering the moral of his story,
 And rolling boundless as his glory,
 Round St Helena's grave.

Away, bright Painter! tell thy frere,
 Self-satisfied Philosophy,
 Whose ready, reasoning tongue would swear,
 That brow of Despot cannot be
 From crested Care one moment free,—
 Tell him thy Life-imparting eye,
 NAPOLEON'S sleeping hour survey'd,
 And with one deathless glance hath made
 Immortal now *the Lie*!

HAROLD.

Templemore, Co. Tipperary, 5th Oct. 1833.

A FATHER'S CURSE.

BY THOMAS AIRD.

I.

A WIDOWED father from the holy fount
 Of Christian sprinkling, bore his first-born babe
 Through the autumnal noon, whose rich warmth lay
 With fervid glistening on the glossy leaves
 Of the young oaks through which he homeward passed.
 And aye his restless hand
 Arranged the garment in a lighter fold,
 To overshadow that breathing face upturned,
 Yet let it freely drink the vital air.
 And oft scarce walked he in his gaze intent,
 That fed on his boy's face,
 Come out of his own loins,
 Forged in the "painful side"
 Of a dear mother—gone to barren dust.
 O! the wet violets of those sleeping eyes,

That glisten through their silky-fringed lids !
 Look to that dimpled smile ! Look to those gums
 That sweetly laugh ! His little features change,
 To fear now fashioned in his baby dreams.
 With many a kiss and many a murmured word,
 Fain would that father chase away the shadow !

The Sabbath sun,
 Golden, went down the western afternoon.
 His sloping beam, mingled with mazy notes,
 Came through the leafy checkered lattice in,
 Passing into a little bed of peace,
 Where lay, in vestments white of innocence,
 That child of many vows ; no ruder sound
 Than chirp of lonely sparrow in the thatch,
 Or fluttering wing of butterfly that beat
 The sunny pane, to break his slumber calm.
 Before him knelt, in that mild solemn light,
 The guardian parent praying for his boy,—
 That God would give a trusting father power
 To feed his young heart with the bread of life,
 To bind his bold and flushing blood of youth
 Within the sealed clasps of strict example,
 With honour fenced, whose keen prismatic sense
 Resolves the slightest borders of offence ;
 That he might be a man midst men ;
 His Christian being swelling still through all,
 Wrestling with evil powers, prevailing still,
 Through Him our wondrous Captain from above,
 Whose shield was patience, and whose spear was love ;
 That in the end of days,
 Escaped that doleful House whose dark foundations
 Lie in the wrath of the Lord God of Hosts,
 His life might pass into the Heavens of Christ,
 Where crowns he puts upon his Sainted ones,
 And with salvation beautifies the meek :
 Amen ! So let it be !

II.

But will it be ?
 Oh ! ill instruction of still lapsing strictness,
 Giving a double privilege to sin
 From checks relaxed, and fitfully renewed
 In tightened compensation ! Thus fond love
 And feeble will make prayers lose hold of Christ,
 And cast a child out of his covenant.

The warm and rainy sunshine
 Flushed o'er the green earth with its dewy light.
 A rainbow coloured on the darkened east ;
 One horn descending on a snow-white flock
 Of lambs at rest upon a sleek hill-side ;
 The other showered its saffron and its blue
 Down on a band of young girls in the vale,
 Tossing their ringlets in their linked dance,
 Laughing and winking to the glimmering sheen :
 Through them and over them the glory fell
 Into the emerald meadow bending inwards.
 Beneath its arch,
 Of beauty built, of promise, and of safety,
 I saw that father as a woodman go.

Behind him widely ran his little son,
 A misty line pursuing him on through
 The valley that lay glistening fresh and wide.
 They reached a woody gallery of hills,
 And there that father felled the stately trees,
 Whose rustling leaves shook down their twinkling drops,
 Wetting his clear axe, glittering in the sun.
 Perversely sate aloof, and turned away,
 Nor gratified his parent with attention
 To what he did, with questions all between,
 That boy among the ferns, intently fixed,
 His bright locks sleeping on his bloomy head,
 Plaiting a crown of rushes white and green.

He tore it with fierce glee ;
 And tore a nosegay gathered as he came,
 Plucked with destructive hand, but ne'er to please
 An eye that wondered at the coloured freaks
 Within the spotted cups of wilding flowers.
 The young outglancing arrows of his eye
 Were tipped with cruel pleasure, as he sprung
 With froward shoutings leaping through the wood,
 O'er shadows lying on the dewy grass,
 Hunting a dragon-fly with shivering wings.
 The wild bees swinging in the bells of flowers,
 Sucking the honeyed seeds with murmurs hoarse,
 Were crushed to please him, for that fly escaped.
 The callow hedgelings chirping through the briar
 He caught, and tore their little fluttering wings.
 Then hied to where came down a sunless glade,
 Cold tinkling waters through the soft worn earth,
 Never sun-visited, but when was seen
 His green and yellow hair from out the west
 Through thinner trees, spun 'twixt the fresh broad leaves—
 But ne'er it warmed the ground, bare save where tufts
 Of trailing plants for ever wet and cold,
 With tender stools of slippery fungi grew :
 There in a sweet pellucid pool, that boy
 Drowned the young birds of summer one by one.

Back came he near his father,
 Yet to him turned not ; whistling, looking round
 To see what farther mischief he could do,
 All petulant as if fear, no more than pity,
 Could drain the light from out that saucy eye ;
 Then laid him down and dug into the ground.

Of turned to him the while
 His father fondly looked : O ! growing thoughts
 Of boyhood's growing wants, and coming youth,
 Strengthened a parent's loins : faint shall they not,
 Strong for his son shall be : his careful eyes
 Shall wake, before the golden day's begun
 On the high mountain tops ; forth shall he tread
 The summer slope, the winter's dun green hill,
 Where melting hail is mingled with the grass,
 To strike the gnarled elbows of the oaks.
 Now, as he turned renewed unto his toil,
 His bosom swelled into the heaved stroke.

The self-willed boy,
 Perversely angry that his father spake not,
 And holding in his heart a contest with him,
 Formed by himself, of coldness best sustained,
 Refrained no longer, but looked round in spite.
 He saw the sunbeam through the pillared trees
 Fall on his father's bald and polished head,

Bowing and rising to the labouring axe:
Mouth, eye, and finger mocked that parent's head!

III.

There stood a ruined house!
In days of other years, perchance within
Were beds of slumber, and the sacred hearth,
Children, and joy, and sanctifying grief,
A mother's lessons, and a father's prayers.
Where's now that good economy of life?
Scattered throughout the earth?
Or has it burst its bounds,
And left this broken outer shell,
Swelling away into the eternal worlds?
The pathway to the mantled well grows green;
The swallow builds among the sooty rafters,
Low flying out and in through the dashed window.
Throughout the livelong day
No form of life comes here,
Save now and then a beggar sauntering by
The stumps, wool-tufted, of the old worn hedge,
That scarcely marks where once a garden was:
He, as he turns the crazy gate, and stops,
Seeing all desolate, then comes away
Muttering, seems cheerless sad
Beyond his daily wants.
No sound of feet
Over that threshold now is heard,
Save when on bleak October eve,
The cold and cutting wind, that blows all through
The hawthorn-bush, ruffling the blue hedge-sparrow,
Shivers the little neat-herd boy beneath,
Nestling to shun the rain
That hits his flushed cheek with sore-driving drops,
And forces him to seek those sheltering walls,
Low running with bent head: But soon the awe
Of things gone by, and the wood-eating worm—
To him the *death-tick*—drives him forth again
Beneath the scudding blast.—
I saw an old man, leaning on his staff,
Draw nigh and go into that ruined house:
I knew him—'twas that father!
This was the home to which he brought his bride:
This was the home where his young wife had died:
This was the home where he had reared his boy.
Forth soon he came;
And many tears fell from his aged eyes
Down to the borders of his trembling garment.
He saw a man of stately form approach,
And slunk away, that he might meet him not.
That man his son! He, from his early years,
Had wandered o'er the world in quest of gain.
Much had he seen—the smoky blaze of war,
The tents of peace, the courts of ancient kings,
Vast fleets, and caravans of merchandise,
And chariots of returning emperors,
That come as the swift eagles, forests wide,
Famous old rivers, high cloud-bearing mountains,
Hills of grim thirst, and dry-consumed lands,
Valleys of sheep and men-sustaining corn,
Cities, and peoples strange. Yet back he came
Untouched by views of wide humanity,
Narrow, and cold, and inconsiderate.

Of wealth he had enough to build a hall
 Of pomp, not distant from his native place,
 Awe to command, to have a vain dominion
 In the same eyes that once looked on him poor.
 Common but cold regard had made him thither
 Take his old father from that native cot,
 Allowed to work no more—on him dependent.
 That cot's appearance mean, as now he neared it,
 Alarmed his conscious pride that there it stood—
 What but memorial of his poor descent?
 He saw his father tottering round its walls:
 Ha! shall the world behold it,
 And be thus more reminded of his birth?
 O! how he loathed that father's hankering spirit
 After old places! How he loathed those walls!
 Down shall they go, though half his wealth should buy them—
 There shall they not be seen—razed shall they be!
 With high and haughty hand he swept away
 That token of his boyhood's poor estate.

An old old man sate with abased eyes
 Beside a path that led to a gay dwelling,
 Trembling, not daring once to lift his glance
 Even to the speckled linnet on the bush:
 'Twas he—that father!
 Came sweeping silks, a haughty pair went past:
 That proud disdainful fellow is his son;
 And she that leans upon his arm, attired
 With impudence, his wife, whose wealth has made
 Him higher still, both heedless of their sire.

IV.

But were they blest?
 Ill shapes around their childless bed, of Doubt
 And Jealousy young Hymen's lights put out,
 Curse-eyed Disdain was seen, came Hatred soon,
 And swift Repentance trode a waning moon.

But was this all?
 That father died neglected; and in death
 With struggling love were mingled bitter thoughts—
 A Father's Curse.
 This, ere his head went down into the grave,
 Dug in a corner where meek strangers lie,
 Had upwards sprung, a messenger succinct,
 To trouble all the crystal range of heaven,
 To call on hell, to post o'er seas and lands,
 Nature to challenge in her last domain,
 Not to let pass th' accursed.
 I heard a Voice—it cried,
 " The Storms are ready."
 Forth flew into mid-air that Father's form!
 No longer mean, a potentate of wrath,
 To rule the elements and set them on;
 Severe his brow, dark waxing; fierce his eye
 As the starved she-wolf's when the night hail beats,
 And her cubs bite her yellow milkless teats;
 His feet with brightness burned; flew all abroad
 His hoary hair, as from a prophet's head;
 And the great winds were in his carried wings:
 He called the Storms—they came:
 He pointed to his Son!

I saw that son—no wife was with him now,
 No children pleaded for his naked head—
 Stand on a broken hill, abrupt and strange,
 Under a sky that darkened to a twilight:
 A huddled world of woods and waters crushed,
 Hung tumbling round him, earthquake-torn and jammed
 From Nature's difficult throes: cut off he stood
 From ways of men, from mercy and from help,
 With chasms and ramparts inaccessible.
 The tree-tops streaming towards his outcast head,
 Shewed that the levelled winds smote sore on him:
 Gaunt rampant monsters, half drawn from the woods,
 Roared at him glaring: downwards on his eyes
 The haggard vulture was in act to swoop:
 Rains beat on him, snows fell on him, hail struck him:
 The forky jags of lightning from the cloud
 Played keen and quivering round him, faintly blue;
 And many thunders lifted up their voice:
 All nature was against him.
 Out leapt a bolt,
 And split the mount beneath his sinking feet.
 O'er him his father's form burned fiercely red,
 Nearer and nearer still,
 Dislimned and fused into one sheeted blaze.
 From out it fell a bloody drizzled shower,
 Rained on that bad son's head descending fast,
 Terror thereon aghast—he's down! he's gone!
 Darkness has swallowed up the scene convulsed.—
 Trembling, I woke and cried,
 "O! sons and daughters all,
 Look to this emblem of a Father's Curse."

'T WAS NIGHT.

BY THE HONOURABLE AUGUSTA NORTON.

'Twas night! and yet I could not sleep,
 And opening wide the casement pane,
 I gazed in meditation deep
 Upon the moon-illuminated plain.
 All seemed in soft repose to lie—
 No sound of life broke on mine ear,
 Save when the watchman's sullen cry
 Foretold that morning hours were near.

 Silent the moon pursued her way
 Through countless stars and cloudless sky,
 Nor did the wind on slightest spray
 Disturb the voiceless harmony.
 All seemed at rest save me alone:
 So deep that sleep—the type of death—
 You might have heard an infant moan,
 And started at its lightest breath.

 It was an hour to set the soul
 From all its earthly fetters free;
 An hour when, careless of control,
 Thought wanders forth with memory.
 The memory of the Past was there,
 With all its smiles and all its tears;
 And thoughts of Future too were there,
 With all its train of hopes and fears.

The present only had no share
 In these my waking dreams—and I,
 As if I could my fate read there,
 Was gazing on the tranquil sky.
 "The Past is all our own, its woe
 Is mellowed, and its joys remain ;
 The Future ! would 'twere mine to know
 Its course, however mixed with pain !"

Sudden a low and heavy clap
 Broke in upon my solitude,
 An owl passed by with solemn flap
 And winged its way to Holyrood.
 Strange bird ! I followed with mine eye
 Its course ; it reached its home of gloom.
 Why dost thou love, with hollow cry,
 To roost, grave bird, upon a tomb ?

Thou art a bird of presage too—
 Perhaps it was for *me* thou past,
 And settled on a tomb to shew
 That I must come to that at last.
 I asked the question, *thy* reply
 And grave reproof were kindly given ;
 Enough to know, that we must die,
 To make us seek the road to heaven !

FAMILY POETRY, NO. IV.

THE COUNTRY SEAT.

"Our Summer Hill !" if thou wert mine,
 I'd order in a pipe of wine,
 And ask a dozen friends to dine !

Then, with pleas'd eye careering slowly
 O'er beech-crown'd ridge and valley lowly,
 We'd drain the cup to thee, Old Rowley,
 To thee, and to thy courtly train,
 Once tenants of this fair domain,
 Soft Stewart, haughtiest Castlemaine,
 Pert Nelly Gwynne, gay Molly Davis,
 And many another *Itara Avis*.

E'en now, 'midst yonder leafy glade,
 Methinks I see thy royal shade
 In amplitude of wig array'd ;
 Near thee, thy rival in peruke,
 Stands Buckingham's uproarious Duke,
 With Tony Hamilton and Killegrew,
 And Rochester, that rake till ill he grew,

* Summer Hill, near Tonbridge, the seat formerly of the Lord Muskerry, and now of James Alexander, Esq. The noble proprietor (Muskerry, not Alexander) entertained Charles the Second and his whole Court here—*taste* John Britton, whose valuable History of Tonbridge Wells consult for an account of Lord Chancellor Mansfield, and the inhuman Judge Jeffries, who disgraced himself so at the trial of Charles the First, as the worthy antiquary asserts, in direct contradiction to those who maintain that the name of the regicide president was Bradshaw, and that he was afterwards married to Miss Mary Anne Tree of the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden.

When to amend his life and turn it,
 He firmly promised Dr Burnet—
 In time let's hope to make Old Nicholas,
 Still watching for our sins to tickle us,
 Lose all his pains, and look ridiculous;
 With visage rather grave than merry,
 See, too, thy noble host Muskerry
 Leads forth,—to crown and end the stanza,
 Thy consort, Catherine of Braganza.

Oh, Alexander! loftier far,
 Now culminates thy natal star,
 Than his of old, mine ancient crony,
 Thy namesake, erst of Macedony,
 Unrivalled,—save perhaps by Boney.
 Oh, happier far in thy degree
 Art thou, although a conqueror He,
 Whilst thou art but an Ex-M.P.
 Oh, happier far! propitious Fate,
 Making thee lord of this estate,
 Dubb'd *thee* in verity "The Great;"
 Yea, far more blest, my Alexander,
 Art thou than that renown'd commander!

Thou ne'er wast led through wanton revelling,
 These silvan scenes to play the devil in,
 And I, for one, shouldst thou invite us,
 Would never dread the fate of Clytus;
 For 'midst these shades, so lov'd by Grammont,
 Thou never yet thy friends did'st gammon,
 By calling of thyself "Young Ammon."

No frolic dame, of easy virtue,
 E'er made you drink enough to hurt you;
 And then, with impudence amazing,
 Bade you set house and all a-blazing.
 ('Tis hard to say which works the quicker
 To make folk noodles, love or liquor;
 But oh, it is a fearsome thing,
 When both combine to make a King
 Descend to play the part of Swing!)
 I dare be sworn thou dost not sigh,
 Much less put finger in thine eye,
 For other worlds,—No, Alexander,
 I know thou art not such a gander;
 This is thy Globe—here "*toujours gai*,"
 Thy motto still, though, well-a-day!
 Old Sarum's put in Schedule A.

Oh, Summer, Summer, Summer Hill!
 Fain would I gaze and linger still—
 But, ah! the moon her silver lamp
 Uprears, the grass is getting damp,
 And, hark! the curfew's distant knell
 Is tolled by Doctor Knox's bell—
 I go, to join my wife and daughters,
 Drinking those nasty-tasted waters.

Oh, Summer Hill! retreat divine,
 Ah me! I cannot but repine
 Thou art not, never will be mine—
 I haven't even got the wine.

TONBRIDGE WELLS, Sept 30, 1833.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

SIR,—Your insertion of my “Crown of Thorns,” emboldens me to offer you a trifle written, several years ago, for a lady’s Album. The beautiful engraving which suggested it must be in the recollection of many of your readers.

I have the honour to be,

&c. &c.

C. M.

THE CONVENT OF CHAILLOT,

OR, LA VALLIERE AND LOUIS XIV.

(Suggested by an engraving with that title in one of the *Annuaux*.)

THE convent-bell has heavily toll’d
 One—two—three :
 The sun is guiding his car of gold
 Down to the dark-blue sea.
 Nigh is the hallow’d vesper-hour ;
 That hour when souls, awhile reposing,
 Converse, as in some chosen bow’r,
 With Heav’n ; and Heaven, its curtains closing,
 In each care-torn, earth-wearied breast,
 Sheds its mild balm of peace and rest.

What sounds, in the solemn cloister heard,
 The white-veil’d novices’ hearts have stirr’d :
 Who, with eager neck and curious look,
 Like children round some pictur’d book,
 Forth from yon still recess are peeping,—
 There, where the many-hued flow’rs are sleeping
 In the ev’ning ray,
 And a little stream is creeping,
 On its lonely way
 To bound the hoary-convent wall,
 Like infant-arm with feeble thrall
 Circling some grandsire’s slow decay !
 No whispers these of virgin-minds
 Communing heav’nly love,
 No tranquil sigh of the heart that finds
 Its only wealth above ;
 But hurried sobs, and passion’s breath,
 Betokening love whose end is death.

What forms are in the cloister seen ?
 Is it the holy sister-band,
 Waiting their Abbess’ high command,
 And censer’s pomp, and taper’s glow,
 Ere to the high-roof’d choir they go ?
 Far other forms are here, I ween :
 A dame in beauty’s fairest bloom,
 In worldly pomp array’d ;
 A monarch high, whose waving plume
 Low at her feet is laid :
 And, while that gently-struggling hand he presses,
 The lady’s head, with drooping tresses,
 Along yon pillar’s side reclines,
 While round it for support her other arm entwines.

But mark her eye! the wild regret,
 The hopeless look, the self-despair;
 The wish she could at once forget
 Her being, and for ever there
 Drive off that still-consuming woe
 Which self-betraying spirits know!

Haste, novices, haste; nor stay to view:
 The choir is met, the psalms are singing:
 O happier far, be sure, are you
 Than all whose hearts *such* love is wringing:

And when at close, in cadence long,
 The Virgin's anthem floats,*
 Let each young heart with the general song
 Enwreath its secret notes:

" *Arc Maria!* thou whose breast
 No earthly passion knew,
 Whose pure lone heart was Heaven's choice rest,—
 Each suppliant vot'ress view;

" And gain for each, *Maria* dear,
 By thy sweet-sounding pray'r,
 Never, in worldly hope or fear,
 In transport or despair,

" To lose the deep serene repose
 Of hearts still-fix'd above,
 Or miss th' all-filling joy of those
 Whom Heav'n has deign'd to love."

C. M.

* At the close of each canonical hour, in most parts of the Latin Church, there is an anthem of the Blessed Virgin: it is generally sung to some slow, tender, and graceful melody.

SPENSER.

No. I.

THERE ought to be a New Edition of Spenser—the most delightful of all Poets. But who is worthy to usher in the Apparition? Long has he been apart from our noisy world—in his own Faerie Land

“ Making a sunshine in a shady place.”

The Vision is seen by many gifted eyes—and dear is the Divine Bard to all the Sons of the Muses. Some of the highest have had their inspiration purified by his; some, only a “ little lower than the Angels,” have by it had their spirits first kindled into song; and from that exhaustless Urn have many “ drawn light,” who else had never woke the lyre, and by a fine feeling of the beauty it shed, rather than by genius of their own, have won themselves a name in that Poetry which, though not original, is still something above common Prose, and shines with a borrowed but vivid lustre. But of the Readers—nay, the Students of Poetry—how few of all that multitude are familiar either with Spenser’s other Poems, or with the Faerie Queen!

The Editor of a Poet should himself be one—a congenial and kindred spirit. Who then is worthy to be the Editor of Spenser? Byron pretended not to love him much, or even to admire—yet he did both, and having adopted his sweet and stately, his rich and sweeping stanza, he would have emulated the celestial soul that bathes it in music, had he durst; but jealousy and envy are sometimes passions of the strong as well as of the weak, and the Childe chose, rather than be outshone by that star, to wander, sometimes forlorn, through our earthly world, which his woes, often majestic, did, however, ennobles, in place of the Spiritual Region that Spenser, with a holy feeling, called Faery Land. Scott speaks of “ my Master, Spenser.” But there was little sympathy between their natures; their genius had not much in common; and the might of their magic was exhibited in very different spheres. He of the Thames was all for meditation, and the wondrous

world of Thought haunted by aerial shadows, typical of the Beautiful in manners, in morals, and in mind, but, above all, in Spirit. He of the Tweed evoked from their tombs, not spectres or phantoms, but Beings restored to flesh-and-blood life, and carrying with them the clank of armour. He made the Past the Present by a necromancy that awoke the dead, as by the sound of a trumpet, and he shewed us how fields were lost and won, by fighting them over again before our astonished imaginations, that began to feel as if with bodily eyes they were gazing on Flodden or Bannockburn. Wordsworth alone of all Poets—living or dead—may be said to have drunk at the same Fount—and to have been urged thither by the same sacred thirst as the Poet of the Faerie Queen. From that Fount—call it Castalian—issue many lucid rills, each of which becomes a beautiful body of living waters,

“ Where heaven and earth do make one imagery ;”

but through what different climes and countries, cities and solitudes, in their empire, do they flow! Spenser followed the glimmer and the glory winding its way, in a world withdrawn, through a wilderness of wonders. His delight, and the creative power of his delight, was among the moonlight umbrage of woods and forests, where, among the shadows of the old arms of trees, he saw, or seemed to see, shadows as of stately men, while the flowers grew into beautiful women around his path, and all was Faery life. Wordsworth followed the silver thread that conducted down to the “ green silent pastures,” where were heard all the well-known voices, and seen all the ordinary goings-on of that condition of being, which seemed to his imagination equally as to his heart, even in these our later days, to reflect no faint or unlovely image of Patriarchal—of primeval life. From even the “ light of setting suns,” his soul, that felt so profoundly the grandeur of the orb’s slow farewell, turned to the humble houses of the moun-

taineers, seeming to grow out of the rocks as naturally as their sheltering trees, and his humanity saw something in the solemn shadows thrown on the roofs of those his Christian brethren, released from toil, and in gratitude enjoying the dewy hour of rest, sublimer far than the glow of purple and crimson in which the luminary was then bathing the bosom of the sea. Lyrical Ballads! Ay, Spenser's self never sang sweeter strains than these, "that will never die," till the rills have vanished with the rocks, and the lonely beatings of the human heart are heard no more. Milton speaks of the "*Sage Spenser*." And the character of Wordsworth's genius is—Wisdom. It longs—it yearns—to calm all human trouble; but it knows that calmed it all can never be beneath the skies; and he is our great poetical apostle of endurance, resignation, and faith. The stream of life seems to flow purer and more solemn in his poetry than in any other that has ever yet been conceived; yet we feel it all the while to be the stream of *our* life—and the earth it flows along *our* earth; but then our earth sanctified—as

"Southward through Eden goes that river large."

Southey, too, claims Spenser for his master, like the minstrel of Tweed-side, and with better reason; for of all our living poets, not one has shewn so fine a vein of feeling and fancy as the Laureate, when illustrating the moral affections, by "truth severe in fairy fiction drest." Witness *Thalaba* and *Oneiza*, *Ladurlad* and *Laila*—and all the wild and touching incidents and events with which he complicates his tales, all so beautifully unravelled at the close, which, though sometimes very sad, is yet consolatory, and, after a little while, leaves the pensive spirit in peace. Coleridge has done much, and might have done every thing in the region of the shadowy-sublime; all men remember the *Ancient Mariner*; nor did Spenser's self ever see a lovelier Being stealing on his visionary sleep, than glided before the eyes of the Poet of Love and Wonder,

"When midway on the mount he lay
Beside the ruined tower"—
"his own dear *GENEVIEVE*!"

Yet not one of them all would edit Spenser! And the task—he found it a hard one—was left to worthy Dr Todd—to whom we are all greatly indebted for a lumbering but authentic Life of the Poet, in which is gathered together—like sheaves of all kinds of grain, huddled together in a barn by husbandman afraid of a thunder-shower—a mass of most interesting and confused information; but as for any light thrown on passages dark or obscure, because of mysterious meaning, or of secret or slight allusion to men or things afar off, but called to the service of the moral muse from Court and Camp and Council, you meet not even

"With a ray
Of straggling sunshine gone astray;"

for though he often holds up a candle, he has never remembered to light it, and in "the darkness visible" you lose all temper with the impertinent tallow.

Let Christopher North, then, grateful to the Doctor for his Biography, construct from it and from other materials a narrative of the Poet's Life, mingling it as he goes along with a few reflections, and with as many—as he can afford—beautiful specimens of Spenser's *Minor Poems*—promising you in a month or so as it may be—a look—a long look

"Of Heavenly Una and her milk-white Lamb."

EDMUND SPENSER was born in London, probably about the year 1553, in East Smithfield, by the Tower. He nowhere alludes to his parents—which is a pity—but it is supposed they were poor, and in a humble condition of life. He was descended, however, from the ancient and honourable family of Spenser, and Southey rightly calls him "the most illustrious of an old and honourable name." He was not a little proud of his descent; and his frequent expression of that pride would, in our estimation, have been nobler, had he, in some immortal verse, embalmed the memories of his Father and his Mother.

"At length they all to merry London came,

To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source,

Though from another place I take my
name,
An house of ancient fame."

In the dedication of *Muicopotmos*, or *Fate of the Buttersly*, to Lady Carey, daughter of Sir John Spenser of Althorpe, in Northamptonshire, he again makes avowal of his honourable descent. "Not so much for your great bounty to myself, which yet may not be unminded; nor for kindred's sake by you vouchsafed being also regardable, as for that honourable name which you have by your brave deserts purchased to yourself, and sped in the mouths of all men." The *Tears of the Muses* are inscribed to Lady Strange, another daughter of Sir John Spenser; and in that dedication he says,—"The causes for which ye have thus deserved of me to be honoured, (if honour it be at all,) are, both for your particular bounties, and also some private bands of affinity which it hath pleased your ladyship to acknowledge." And in *Colin Clout's come Home again*, he says,—

"Ne lesse praiseworthy are the sisters
three,

The honor of the noble familie,
Of which I meaneest count myself to be,
And most that unto them *I am so nie.*"

It does not appear that he was very high; but the "private bands of affinity" it had "pleased Lady Strange to acknowledge;" and she had no reason to be ashamed of her relationship with the poet of the *Faerie Queen*.

Of the boyhood of this great genius we know nothing; but on May 20, 1569, he was admitted as a sizer of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge; and on June 26, 1576, he took the degree of Master of Arts. These were assuredly seven happy years in a life afterwards not undisturbed; and Spenser was a noble scholar. An idle story was set afloat by some gossip, that he had been an unsuccessful candidate for a fellowship in Pembroke Hall, in competition with Andrews, the celebrated prelate. Some sharp expressions in a letter of his friend, Gabriel Harvey, shew that he had had some quarrel with some College dignitary, no unusual occurrence; but nothing pleases persons of a literary turn and no educa-

tion, so much as a sling at the Universities. Spenser more than once alludes with pleasure and pride to his Alma Mater; and his "sweet and silent studies," pursued for seven years in those peaceful shades, gave to England one great poet more, worthy to take place by the side of Milton.

On leaving Cambridge, he went somewhere into the north of England, to reside with some relations, probably as a tutor, and there he fell in love with Rosalind. But

"The course of true love never yet ran
smooth,"

and Spenser was not a thriving wooer. In vain, 'tis said,

"He wooed the widdowes daughter of
the glen."

And who was the inexorable she? That mysterious commentator on the *Shepherd's Calendar*, who baffles all enquiry into his own individual being, by the initials E. K., saith "he calleth Rosalinde the widow's daughter of the glenne, that is, of a countrey hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather said to colour and conceale the person then simply spoken. For it is well known, even in spite of Colin and Hobbinoll, that she is a gentlewoman of no mean house, nor endued with any vulgar and common gifts, both of nature and manners; but such in deede, as neede neither Colin be ashamed to have her made known by his verses, nor Hobbinoll be grieved that so she should be commended to immortality for her rare and singular vertues: specially deserving it no lesse then either Myrto, the most excellent poet Theocritus his darling, or Lauretta the divine Petrarches Goddess, or Himeria the worthy poet Stesichorus his idol; upon whom he is said to have doted, that in regard of her excellencies, he scorned and wrote against the beautie of Helen. For which his presumptuous and unheedie hardiuesse, he is sayd, by vengeance of the gods thereat being offended, to have lost both his eyes." Our classical and perhaps pedantic friend with the initials hints, that "perhaps the name being well ordered will betray the very name of Spenser's loved mistress." On this hint, the author of the *Life of Spen-*

ser prefixed to Church's edition of the *Færie Queen*, observes, "that as Rose is a common Christian name, so in Kent, among the gentry, under Henry VI., in Fuller's *Worthies*, we find in Canterbury the name of John Lynde." But the "widow's daughter of the glen" did not won in Canterbury nor in Kent. And Todd says simply but truly "if Rose Lynde be the person designed, she has the honour also to have her poetical name adopted by Dr Lodge, a contemporary poet with Spenser, who wrote a collection of Sonnets entitled, *Rosalind*; and by Shakespeare, who has presented us with a very engaging *Rosalind* in *As You Like it*." Speaking of the *Shepherd's Calendar*, Mr Todd says, "Of this eloquent Poem much is devoted to complaints, such as tender and unsuccessful lovers breathe, and a considerable part to observations that bespeak a pensive and a feeling mind." He adds—"without any sufficient warrant"—"after trilling with a miserable affection, she preferred to be sad. To subjects of this kind the pipe of pastoral poetry is often tuned; and thus Spenser footed his unfortunate passion." But the author of the *Shepherd's Calendar* does not sing like a despairing or dying Swan. In the argument of *April*, E. K. tells us that by that boy's great mis-adventure in love, "Colin's mind was alienated and withdrawn, not merely from Hobbinoll, who most loved him, but also from all former delights and studies, as well in pleasant pyping as running, ryming, and singing, and other laudable exercises. Whereby Hobbinoll taketh occasion, for prooffe of Colin's more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to record a song which the said Colin sometime made in honour of her Majestie, whom abruptly he termeth Elissa." And an animated, amatory, and laudatory strain it is, shewing that Colin had not been made very miserable by Rosalind. *June* is wholly "vowed to the complaining of Colin's ill success in his

love. For being (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a country lasse, Rosalind, and having (as seemeth) found place in her heart, hee communicateth to his deare friend Hobbinoll, that he is now forsaken unfaithfully, and in his steade Menalcas, another shepherd, received disloyally. And this is the whole argument of this *Aeglogue*." True it is so, yet somehow or other we cannot be sad and sorry for Spenser. His friend, Gabriel Harvey, in some remarks prefixed to his *Encomium Lauri*, says to him, "Thinke upon Petrarches, and perhaps it will advance the wynges of your imagination a degree higher; at the least if any thing can be added to the loftinesse of his conceits, whose gentle mistresse, Rosalinde, once reported to have all the Intelligences at commandement, and another time christened him *Segnior Pegaso*." Dr Todd is shocked by Gabriel Harvey's want of feeling in this passage. "This alludes," he says, "to the pleasant days of love that were gone and past. And it is rather strange that Harvey should introduce a subject of which the remembrance could not be very pleasing to a deserted lover." Why not? Spenser had pleased himself with singing the loves of Colin and Rosalind; and Harvey's praise of the "Widdowe's daughter of the Glen" must have been "very pleasing to a deserted lover," who made the Public his confidant. It is likewise very pleasing to us all to hear such praise of Rosalind. She must have been a delightful creature. Familiar with Petrarch in his own choice Italian. A wit, too, in her playfulness—"Segnior Pegaso!" It was "in the greener times of his youth" that Spenser composed his two *Hymns in the praise of Love and Beauty*, and in them, too, are many tender allusions to Rosalind, but such as confirm us in our belief that no real wretchedness resulted from his passion, which inspired, however, much beautiful poetry, and was, no doubt, by poetry much inspired in return.

"So hast thou often done (ay me, the more!)
To me thy vassal, whose yet bleeding heart
With thousand wounds thou mingled hast so sore,
That whole remains scarce any little part;
Yet to augment the anguish of my smart,
Thou hast enfrezen her disdainful brest,
That no one drop of pity there doth rest.

"Why then do I this honour unto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Sith thou dost shew no favour unto me.
Ne once move ruth in that rebellious dame,
Somewhat to slake the rigour of my flame?
Certes small glory dost thou win hereby,
To let her live thus free, and me to die.

"But if thou be indeed, as men thee call,
The world's great parent, the most kind preserver
Of living wights, the sovereign lord of all,
How falls it then that with thy furious fervour
Thou dost afflict as well the not-deserver,
As him that doth thy lovely beasts despise,
And on thy subjects most dost tyrannize?

"Yet herein eke thy glory seemeth more,
By so hard handling those which best thee serve,
That ere thou dost them unto grace restore,
Thou mayest well try if thou wilt ever swerve,
And mayest them make it better to deserve,
And having got it, may it more esteeme;
For things hard gotten men more dearly deem.

"So hard those heavenly beauties he enfr'd
As things divine, least passions do impress,
The more of stedfast minds to be admir'd
The more they stay'd be on steadfastness;
But baseborn minds such lamps regard the less,
Which at first blowing take not hasty fire;
Such fancies feel no love, but loose desire.

"For Love is lord of Truth and Loyalty,
Lifting himself out of the lowly dust,
On golden plumes, up to the purest sky,
Above the reach of leathly sinful lust,
Whose base effect through cowardly distrust
On his weak wings dare not to heaven flie,
But like a moldwarp in the earth doth lie.

"His dunghill thoughts, which do themselves enure
To dirty dross, no higher dare aspire,
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
The flaming light of that celestial fire
Which kindleth love in generous desire,
And makes him mount above the native might
Of heavy earth, up to the heavens' light.

"Such is the powre of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid baseness doth expel,
And the refined mind doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer form, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would itself excel,
Which he beholding still with constant sight,
Admires the mirror of so heavenly light."

These beautiful verses flow from no broken, no breaking heart. We doubt not that Edmund Spenser loved Rose Lynde. But he was then a poor scholar—tutor, perhaps, to the boys of a third cousin. Poet as he was, and all impassioned, he was a man of honour. Often must the dream of marriage have passed across his quaking heart. We dare say he said many exquisitely tender things to sweet Rose, with voice and

eyes that might have melted marble—but innocent all and fearful of the future. The "Widdowe's daughter of the Glen," though by birth and breeding a lady, was rich but in the gifts of nature, and too proud were they in that almost poverty of theirs to cherish hopes of a blended life. They loved to the utmost verge of allowable love. But those two lucid streams, murmuring for a while along the same meads of asphodel, ma-

king one melody, did ere long "dispart to different seas." Years not a few passed away, and Spenser was happily wedded to another—his own Elizabeth—by Mulla's shores. Yet even then he was not forgetful of Rosalind. He did not fear any reproach in the fond eyes of his happy wife, when they should fall on the visionary picture of his first and forgotten affection; and in one of his finest Poems, published, and perhaps written after his marriage, he vindicates the "Widdowe's Daughter of the Glen" from all reproach, and declares that she was in spirit as in shape, "of divine regard and heavenly hue."

We believe, then, that in spite, nay because of his passion for Rosalind, Spenser was happy during his two years' retirement in the North of England. In his *Life* by Ball, prefixed to his edition of the *Calendar*, his removal to London, by the advice of his friend Harvey, is dated in 1578; and then it was that he was introduced to Maister Phillip Sydneuy, who recommended him to his uncle the Earl of Leicester. It appears probable that he now passed some time at the family-seat of Sydneuy at Penshurst in Kent, where, says Todd, "he was probably employed in some literary service, and at least assisted, we may suppose, the platonic and chivalrous studies of the gallant and learned youth who had thus kindly noticed him." Various expressions are sprinkled over the *Calendar* that seem to denote it was partly composed at Penshurst. It was published in 1579, and dedicated to his accomplished patron—of whom Southey says with exquisite discrimination.

"Sydney, than whom, a gentler braver man

His own delightful genius never feigned,
Illustrating the vales of Arcady
With courteous courage and with loyal loves.

Spenser was now in the prime of youthful manhood; and from boyhood had held converse with the Muses. Mr Todd plausibly conjectures that he had contributed several poems to the *Theatre of Wordlings*, a work published in the year in which he had become a member of the University. E. K., the commentator on the *Shepherd's Calendar*, in-

forms us, that besides the *Dreams*, the *Legends* and *Court of Cupid* were then finished, as well as his *Translation* of Moschus' *Idyllion of Wandering Love*. Spenser himself, in a letter to Gabriel Harvey, dated October 16, 1579, speaks of his "*Slobber* and other pamphlets;" and, in another letter, of his *Dreams*, *Dying Pelican*, *Epithalamion Thamesis*, and *Stemmata Dudleiana*. He had even written a discourse, entitled the *English Poet*. "To tell you trueth, I mynde shortly, at convenient leysure, to sette forth a book in this kynde, whyche I entitle *Epithalamion Thamesis*; whyche book I dare undertake wil be very profitable for the knowledge, and rare for the invention and manner of handling. For, in setting forth the mariage of the Thames, I shewe his first beginning and offspring, and all the country that he passeth through, and also describe all the rivers throughout Englande, whyche came to this wedding, and their righte names and right passage; and a worke, believe me, of much labour, wherein, notwithstanding, Master Holinshed hath muche furthered and advantaged me, who therein hath bestowed singular paines in searching oute their course til they fall into the sea." These words do not, we think, affirm that he had written the whole of such a poem, which, if completed, must have been very very long, and we fear, even from Spenser's quill, wearisome; and perhaps we have all, or the most of what he had written, in the *Faerie Queen*,—the marriage of the Thames and the Medway. His *Stemmata Dudleiana* appears to have been written in Latin, and contained a description of the Earl of Leicester's genealogy, with "sundry apostrophes therein, addressed you knowe to whom"—"we may reasonably suppose," says Mr Todd, "to Sir Philip Sidney." "Trust me," adds the Poet, "in my own fancie I never dyd better." This work, his *Slobber*, and the *Dying Pelican* are among his lost. About this time, too, (1579,) he had written "nine comedies," which, early in 1580, he sent to Harvey, along with some portion of the *Faerie Queen*. "I am voyde of al judgement," says that pompous gentleman, "if your nine comedies,

whereunto, in imitation of Herodotus, you give the names of the nine Muses (and in one man's fancie not unworthily). come not neerer to *Aristotle's Comedies*, eyther for the finenesse of plausible elocation, or the rarenesse of poetical invention, than that *Elysish Queene* doth to his *Orlando Furioso*; which, notwithstanding, you will needes seeme to emulate, and hope to overgo, as you flatly profess yourself in one of your last letters. Besides that, you know it hath been the usual practice of the most exquisite and odde wittes in all nations, and specially in *Italie*, rather to shewe and aduance themselves that way than any other; as namely, those three dyscoursing heads, Bibiena, Machiavel, and Aretine, did (to let Bembo and Ariosto passe) with the great admiration and wonderment of the whole countrey; being indeed reputed matchable in all points, both for conceyt of witte and eloquent deeyphering of matters, eyther with Aristophanes and Menander in Greek, or with Plautus and Terence in Latin, or with any other in any other tong. But I will not stand greatly with you in your owne matters. If so be the Faery Queene be fairer in your eie than the Nine Muses, and Hobgoblin runne away with the garland from Apollo, marke what I say; and yet I will not say that I thought; but there an end for this once, and fare you well till God, or some good angel, putte you in a better mind." Mr Cooper Walker, the elegant author of the History of the Italian Drama, in a letter to Mr Todd, very properly sets aside the supposition made by some that the lost comedies were but a series of lines, in nine divisions, like the *Tears of the Muses*, and that to each division was given the denomination of Comedy, Spenser using that term in the wide sense in which it was employed by Dante, Boccacio, and other early Italian writers. Mr Walker thinks the words of Harvey are decisive in regard to the form of these pieces. For the Comedies of Ariosto, to which he compares the Comedies of Spenser, and to which he thinks they come so near, are regular dramas; as are the Comedies of Bibiena, Machiavelli, and Aretino, with which he classes them. But are those co-

medies at all like those of Aristophanes? Not to our eyes—and our eyes only have had but a superficial view of them; or are they like those of Plautus and Terence? Not very. As for Menander in Greek, Gabriel Harvey knew of him only through the Latin Comedy; and the truth is, that he has said nothing in all that vain hubbub of words. Gabriel has been taken severely to task for throwing cold water on the embryo Faerie Queen, whom he hailed with delight on her birth. But Mr Hobhouse, or some other friend of Byron's—and all his intimate friends were men of talents—went as far wrong in his judgment of the "Childe;" and people must be pardoned for prophesying amiss of great original poems in manuscript. Harvey could have seen but a few cantos—probably unconnected and unfinished—and from them a wiser man might not have been able to form any idea of the magnificent and beautiful whole—or half of a whole—as it afterwards shone forth, in seventy-two cantos, certainly the loveliest, and perhaps the most glorious constellation in the Heaven of Poetry.

And what shall we say of the *Shepherd's Calendar*, the work on which was first founded Spenser's fame? What dare we say, after Dryden and Pope? "The Shepherd's Calendar of Spenser," says glorious John, "is not to be matched in any modern language—not even by Tasso's *Aminta*, which infinitely transcends Guarini's *Tuor Fido*, as having more of nature in it, and being almost clear from the wretched affectation of learning. Spenser, being master of our northern dialect, and skilled in Chaucer's English, has so exactly imitated the Dorick of Theocritus, that his love is a perfect image of that passion which God infused into both sexes, before it was corrupted with the knowledge of arts, and the ceremonies of what we call good manners." Doctors differ. Ben Jonson, alluding, we presume, rather to the Shepherd's Calendar than the Faerie Queen, though perhaps to both, said to Drummond, "in Roslin's classic shade," that Spenser "wrote no language at all;" and Sam Johnson, improving on Ben, some century or so

afterwards, said almost the same of Milton. That Spenser shews himself master of "our northern dialect," we cannot bring ourselves to think; but true it is that he is "skilled in Chaucer's English." We dare say John Dryden was a better Grecian than Christopher North, yet we demur to his decision, that in the Shepherd's Calendar Edmund Spenser has "exactly imitated the Dorick of Theocritus." Nor can we by any effort compel ourselves to agree with what he has said of the love in those Pastorals. Much of it is the poet's own love for Rosalind, fancifully exhibited in the character of Colin Clout; and though quite innocent in its way, by no means unaccompanied "with the ceremonies of what we call good manners." The love, which is not the poet's thus veiled, is natural enough too, but rather humdrumish, and far from being "a perfect image of that passion which God infused into both sexes," before it had undergone the "corruption of good manners." Farther, it cannot be truly said that love is the chief subject of those Pastorals. *February* "is rather moral and general, than bent to any secret or particular purpose." It discourses of old age; and among the other afflictions of that sad season, its unloveliness is no doubt scorned by Young Cuddie as the chief. But the sing-song is of the general decay of nature and human life. "For as in this time of the year, so then in our bodies there is a drie and withering cold, which congealeth the cruddled blood, and frieseeth the weather-beaten flesh with storms of Fortune, and hoare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man (Thenot) telleth a tale of the Oake and the Brier, so livelie, and so feelinglie, as, if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eyes, more plainlie could not appear." *April* opens about love—"Colin, the southern shepherd's boy," and Rosalind, "the widdowe's daughter of the glen;" but consists chiefly of a panegyric on Queen Elizabeth. In *May*, under the persons of two shepherds, Piers and Palinode, "be represented two formes of pastours or ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholike; whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like that of the other; with whom

having shewed that it is dangerous to maintaine any fellowship, or give too much credite to their colourable and fained good wil, he telleth him a tale of the Foxe, that, by such a counterpoint of craftiness, deceived and devoured the credulous Kidde." Thomas Campbell, whose own delightful Gertrude of Wyoming, proves his loving admiration of the Faerie Queen, cannot stomach "such pastoral scenes." "The shepherds of Spenser's Calendar," he says, "are parsons in disguise, who converse about Heathen divinities and points of Christian theology. Palinode defends the luxuries of the Catholic clergy, and Piers extols the purity of Archbishop Grindal, concluding with the story of a fox who came to the house of a goat in the character of a pedlar, and obtained admittance by pretending to be a sheep. This may be burlesquing Æsop, but certainly is not imitating Theocritus." *July* is in "honour and commendation of good shepherds, and to the shame and dispraise of proud and ambitious Pastours, such as Morrel is here imagined to be." In *September* we are introduced to Diggon Davie, a shepherd who, in hope of more gain, drove his sheep into a far country, the abuse whereof, and loose living of Popish prelates, he discourseth at large. In *October*—the most poetical perhaps of the pastorals that fill up the year—we find Cuddie finely "setting out the perfect pattern of a Poet." In *November*, Colin bewaileth—and beautifully, the death—of some maiden of great blood, whom he called Dido. The personage is secret, and to me altogether unknown, albeit of himself I often required the same." And in *December*, Colin complains to Pan of this weary life, now in its winter, and describes all its seasons.

Spenser, it will be seen, takes a wide range in his Shepherd's Calendar; yet not wider than Virgil. But to Virgil he cannot be for one moment in aught compared; while in the purely pastoral parts of his poem he is, we feel, far inferior to Theocritus. Pope says, "notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect. In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself." Pope was a better judge

of dialect, than of the manners, thoughts, and characters of Shepherds. He knew—how could he?—little or nothing of rural or rustic life—we mean by experience. He had a fine fancy for every thing; and says truly, that “the addition Spenser has made of a Calendar to Eclogues, is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of Pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human life to the several seasons; and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds in their various changes and aspects.” How finely felt and said! In his plan of Pastoral, Spenser has had many imitators. But it was reserved for Thomson to change months into Seasons. And then we saw complete in Poetry the *varied* year.

Pope well remarks, that the scrupulous division of his pastorals into months obliged Spenser either to repeat the same descriptions in other words for three months together; or when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it; whence it comes to pass that some of his eclogues have nothing but their titles to distinguish them. And the reason, he adds, is evident; because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description as it may every season. To us Spenser seems deficient in minute pencilling of nature, at times when such minute pencilling was necessary for appropriate discrimination of the slowly stealing changes of aspect which the face of the earth is constantly undergoing, from week to week, almost from day to day, might we say from hour to hour? There are few touches in the Shepherd's Calendar that shew the sudden smile or frown on that face, such as are frequent in the pastoral poetry of Ramsay, Burns, Hogg, and Cunningham. All that can be said is, that he feels, like a true poet, the greater and more manifest changes, and often happily describes them; but we question if there be a single passage that might be quoted as an exquisite or perfect picture of any given portion of space or time as coloured by the Air of the Season, the Day, or the Hour. He learned ere long to look

with a gifted eye over the enchanted land of Faery; but this our everyday world, with its clods and clod-hoppers, we must declare our conviction, to whatever censure it may expose us, he had not then at least studied with an instructed eye, though it was observant of much which he painted in music.

But to our minds the irredeemable sin of the Shepherd's Calendar—we wish we could use gentler words, but cannot find them—is the cold, uncomfortable, and unhappy air that hangs in it over almost the whole of rural life. We are always wishing for the sun, but no sun shews his face. Nature is starved, and life hungry—and sleep seems but the relief from labour. There is nowhere Joy. Boyhood rudely taunts old age, but not in the impulse of its own bounding blood in the thoughtless heart of happiness. We do not envy Cuddie, but long to break his head. Boisterous mirth mingles ill with moping melancholy; we blame the rustics in their leisure for being idle, and we cannot pity them when at their task-work they seem slaves. Into what a different world are we brought by Wordsworth! A world still of care and sorrow, but scattered all over with “gleams of redeeming happiness!” Go, gentle reader, and pass an hour with the “Brothers,” or “Old Michael;” and you will think but little of the Shepherd's Calendar, though it too has its fine inspirations, for it was composed by Spenser.

Alas! what have we been saying—and is it possible that we have been doing the gentle Spenser wrong? Even Hughes, who, though a pretty critic, was but a snail, says, as it in reproof of our objurgation, “there seems to be the same difference between the *Fairie Queen* and the *Shepherd's Calendar*, as between a royal palace and a little country-seat.” That is a pleasant and picturesque image. Palaces in that poem rise around us like “golden exhalations of the dawn,”—and with visionary inhabitants. But we are not now in Faery Land—only in the north of England. And where—pray, point it out to us, we beseech you—where is the little country-seat? And where the tenants on the farmy fields that go sloping in sunny uplands all round about its central and ancestral groves?

"The stream will not flow, the smoke will not rise,
And the valley has all passed away from our eyes."

Campbell's criticism is as fine and true as his poetry. "Pope, Dryden, and Warton," he remarks, "have extolled those eclogues, and Sir William Jones has placed Spenser and Gay as the only genuine descendants of Theocritus and Virgil in pastoral poetry. This decision may be questioned. Favourable as the circumstances of England have been to the developement of her genius, in all the higher walks of poetry, they have not been propitious to the humbler pastoral muse. Her trades and manufactures, the very blessings of her wealth and industry, threw the indolent shepherd's life to a distance from her cities and capital, where poets, with all their love of the country, are generally found; and impressed on the face of the country, and on its rustic manners, a gladsome, but not romantic appearance. In Scotland, on the contrary, the scenery, rural economy, and the songs of the peasantry, sung 'at the wauking of the fold,' presented Ramsay with a much nearer image of pastoral life, and he accordingly painted it with the fresh feeling and enjoyment of nature. Had Sir William Jones understood the dialect of that poet, I am convinced that he would not have awarded the pastoral crown to any other author. Ramsay's shepherds are distinct, intelligible beings, neither vulgar, like the caricatures of Gay, nor fantastic, like those of Fletcher. They afford such a view of a national peasantry, as we should wish to acquire by travelling among them; and form a draft entirely devoted to rural manners, which for truth, and beauty, and extent, has no parallel in the richer language of England. Shakspeare's pastoral scenes are only subsidiary to the main interest of the plays where they are introduced. Milton's are rather pageants of fancy than pictures of real life."

All most true. Theocritus does not make us long to live all our days among goat-herds, and shepherds, and ox-herds; but he does make us long to visit them—and love them and their life. That such peaceful people were in this world, reading him,

we cannot choose but believe; peaceful but not passionless, and touched at their hearts with friendship and love, both the one and the other like streams, the affection with an equable flow, the passion enlivened rather than troubled by a summer shower. Scriptures by genius of primeval life. Truth by fancy made more beautiful than Fiction, while Imagination breathes from the heart. Perhaps Virgilius may not be so natural—yet surely he keeps within the domain of Nature. Bless heaven he was born! Was ever style at once so rich and simple as his in his Eclogues? His are the

"Courtier's, scholar's eye, tongue, pen;"

Yet all subdued by the spirit of the rural scene, so that you think him, in very truth, the gentle Roman shepherd, illustrating his humble birth-place, and the life of his humble compeers. Never sang the Swan of Mantua so sweetly as among the shady streams, with their banks and braes sprinkled with sheep. *Arma virumque cano* is then a forgotten sound—and the Pan-pipe all around breathes peace.

Oa! what monster mentions Gay? We wish all fame to the memory of him and his panegyrist Sir William Jones. But his Pastorals are about as bad as his Beggar's Opera—vulgar both—if vulgarity there ever were on earth—in town or country—and we have been miserably awakened from our dream of the Golden Age. Away with us down again—far, far away into the very bosom of that visionary but no unreal world. We hear the waterfall dinning in "Habbie's Howe." We see Scottish lassies bleaching claes on the brae—and our heart partakes the quiet of the heart of the Pentland Hills.

We were just now about to wing our way, like a sea-bird flying far inland, over the "green silent pastures" of pastoral poetry; but we fold our plumes, and delay for a while our meditated flight. We shall take it the first sweet still day of spring, and shall soon be in Sicily.

Good Dr Aikin, excellent Mrs Bauld's brother, writes more sensibly than any body we have met with, about Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar. He calls it "a Series of Pastorals, upon no uniform plan, but in general

lowered down to that rustic standard, which is supposed appropriate to this species of composition. The gradation of rural scenery according to the changes of the year, which the title of the piece would lead the reader to expect, forms but a small, and by no means a striking part of the design, which is rather moral than descriptive. The Shepherd's character is borrowed chiefly for the purpose of giving grave lectures on the conduct of life; of panegyricizing a Sovereign, or lamenting a lost friend; it is even made the allegorical vehicle of reflections concerning the state of religion. Spenser, at that period, seems to have joined that party which was most zealous for ecclesiastical reform, and which viewed with the greatest displeasure the corruptions introduced by the worldly pomp and dominion of Popery. How adverse such topics are to the simplicity and amenity of genuine pastoral, needs not now to be pointed out. It seems generally agreed that the description of the grand and beautiful objects of nature, with well-selected scenes of rural life, real but not coarse, constitute the only proper materials of pastoral poetry. To these, Spenser has made small additions; and, therefore, the Shepherd's Calendar, though it obtained the applause of Sidney, and seems immediately to have given its author a rank among the esteemed poets of the time, would probably, in the progression of critical taste, have been consigned to oblivion, had it not been borne up by the fame of the Faerie Queen."

We "say ditto to Dr Aikin." Sidney, we suspect, was rather cold on the Calendar. In the *Defence of Poesie*, he says he "hath much poetrie in his eclogues, *indeed worthy the reading, if I be not deceived*. That same framing of his style to an old rustic language, I dare not allow; since neither Theocritus in Greek, Virgil in Latin, nor Sannazarius in Italian, did affect it." In another passage he bestows on it higher commendation, but not on very strong grounds. "Is it then the pastoral poem which is disliked? Is the poor pipe disdained, which sometimes, out of Melibceus' mouth, can shew the miseries of people under hard lords and ravening souldiers?

And againe by Tityrus, what blessedness is derived to them that lye lowest, from the goodness of them that sit highest." There he speaks well of Virgil, but not so well of Spenser, when he adds, "sometimes under the pretty tales of wolves and sheepe, can include the whole considerations of wrong doing and patience,—sometimes shew that contentions for trifles can get but a trifling victory." Webbe, in his discourse on poetry, thinks the Calendar faultless; and Francis Meres, in his *Wits' Treasury*, says, "Theocritus is famed for his Idyllia in Greek, and Virgil for his eclogues in Latin; so Spenser, their imitator, in his Shepherd's Calendar, is renowned for the like argument, and honoured for fine poetical invention, and most exquisite wit." Nay, Abraham Fraunce, in his *Logie of the Law*, takes examples from it "to express the precepts of Logicke." During Spenser's life it went through five editions; yet John Dove, of Christchurch, Oxford, some five or six years after its first publication, did not know the name of the author, translates it into Latin verse, and inscribes his version to the Dean and Sub-dean, "*ut hoc opusculum jam perinde deletum, et quasi sepultum, de novo vestre lectioni secundo commendarem*." This Latin version, so far from rescuing the Calendar from the grave, fell into it with a rustle of manuscript. Mr Todd says it is good, which is more than we shall say of a Latin version, published, we believe, about the middle of the last century, by a gentleman of the name of Bathurst, one glance at which t'other day in the Advocates' Library shewed us that it was bitter bad, so we spare you the pain of a specimen.

This mysterious being E. K., who has been suspected of being Spenser himself, though nobody can believe the bard would be guilty of such deception, seems to think the Shepherd's Calendar by far the finest pastoral poem in the world. Who the deuce could he be? He edits it—he annotates upon it—he arguments it—and he gives it a glossary. And Spenser, in a letter to Harvey, speaks of calling in the obstetric aid of the Man with the Initials to the delivery of his muse pregnant with another birth. He must have been a more incomprehensible character

even than old Pewter-Face himself, the Reader who haunts the Expositor of the False Medium. The Man-midwife of the Capitals says, "Horace, of his Odes, a work, though full indeed of great wit and learning, yet of no so great weight and importance, loudly saith,

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Quod non imber edax, non aquilo impo-
tens," &c.

therefore let it not be envied that this Poet in his Epilogue saith, he made a Calendar that shall endure as long as time, &c., following the example of Horace and Ovid in their life,

"Grande opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira
nec ignis,
Nec ferrum poterit nec edax abolere
vetustas," &c.

Horace's Odes, and Ovid's Metamorphoses, we hold, in spite of the formidable initials E. K., are more perennial monuments than Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar—but not so thought Spenser himself—for in his Epilogue he says,—

"Loe I have made a Calendar for every
year,
That steel in strength, and time in du-
rance, shall outweare."

We could quote some beautiful descriptions, and some fine moral sentiments, and some pathetic complaints, and some lofty exultations, from this series of Pastorals; but we hate bit-by-bit quotations, which can do justice neither to the living nor the dead; so that we may part in pleasantness and peace with the Calendar—over which, as we have now been somewhat rudely turning the leaves, may have been hovering the angry shade of Spenser, whom not for worlds would we seriously offend, we whisper a word in your ear, to read the pastorals we have been carping at thus, with all possible delight, and not to care a straw for our chilly criticism.

In July, 1580, Spenser accompanied to Ireland, as his secretary, Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton, the Lord-lieutenant. This appointment, it is probable, the poet owed to Lord-leicester. Lord Grey was recalled in 1582, and Spenser returned with him to England. We seem to lose sight of him till 1586, when, probably through the interest of Lord Grey,

Lord Leicester, and Sir Philip Sidney, Queen Elizabeth gave him a grant of 3025 acres in the county of Cork, out of the forfeited lands of the Earl of Desmond. The grant is said to be dated June 27, 1586; and in the October following, he lost his illustrious friend Sir Philip Sidney, whose death he lamented in the pastoral elegy, entitled *Astrophel*. It was probably written on the immediate occasion, but first published—nine years afterwards—in 1595—and "dedicated to the most beautiful and virtuous ladye, the Countess of Essex." This lady had been Sidney's widow, then married to the Earl of Essex, and was daughter of the famous Sir Francis Walsingham. Sidney's first love had been Lady Rich—Stella. And she is immortalized by that name in Spenser's *Astrophel*, as well as by her own *Astrophel*, who sang of her under that pretty poetical title—not half so sweet as Sidney. The pastoral elegy is indeed very beautiful; nor can there be any doubt that Spenser's sorrow for the death of Sidney was sincere; yet 'tis not easy for us, nowadays, to sympathize with what, in spite of all we can do to think and feel otherwise, must, owing to the garb it wears, seem a too fanciful lament for so great a loss. Yet we remember Milton's *Lycidas*, and are mute. Some have gone so far as to say that Sidney's death hushed Spenser's song of the *Faerie Queen*: but even the first three books of that poem, though something of it had been seen years before, by Harvey, must have been, in 1586, all unfinished; and though friendship be a holy thing, young poets are not stricken dumb by such griefs. Spenser was "most musical—most melancholy" on the event; nor did he ever forget his friend, tenderly alluding to him in the *Ruines of Time*, and making him, if not the hero of the *Faerie Queen*, for Leicester seems to be in some sense shadowed in Prince Arthur, the knight in the *Book of Courtesy*. The description of *Astrophel*, "the pride of Shepherd's praise," is graceful and elegant as may be, and since he must be a shepherd, almost worthy of Sidney. In hunting "such felicitie, or rather infelicitie, he found," that in every field and forest far away he sought for salvage beasts

—till at last, by one of "the brutish nation" he was wounded to the death. We are writing now for those who rather know of than know Spenser; so hope the initiated will excuse our commonplace style of speech about

this famous poem. The uninitiated will not fail to feel the exquisite beauty, and, amidst the irradiations of that beauty, the exquisite pathos of this picture.

" Ah! where were ye this while, his shepherd peers,
To whom alive was nought so dear as he?
And ye, fair Maids! the marches of his years,
Which in his grace did boast you most to be?
Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need
To stop his wound, that wondrously did bleed?

" Ah! wretched Boy! the shape of Dreryhead,
And sad ensample of man's sudden end,
Full little taleth but thou shalt be dead,
Unpitied, unplained, of foe or friend;
Woul't none is nigh thine eye-lids up to close,
And kiss thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

" A sort of shepherd's suing of the chace,
As they the forest ranged on a day,
By Fate or Fortune came unto the place,
Whereas the luckless boy yet bleeding lay;
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still have bled,
Had not good hap those shepherds thither led.

" They stopt his wound (too late to stop it was)
And in their arms then softly did him rear;
Too (as he wuld) unto his loved lass,
His dearest love, him dolefully did bear:
The dolefulst here than ever man did see
Was Astrophel, but dearest unto me.

" She, when she saw her love in such a plight,
With cruded blood and filthy gore deformed,
That woul't to be with flowers and gilmonds dight,
And her dear favours dearly well adorned,
Her face the fairest face that eye mote see,
She likewise did deform, like him to be.

" Her yellow locks, that shone so bright and long,
As sunny beams in fairest summer's day,
She fiercely tore, and with outrageous wrong
From her red cheeks the roses rent away:
And her fair breast, the treasury of joy,
She spoyl'd thereof, and filled with annoy.

" His pallid face, impictured with death,
She bathed oft with teares and dried oft.
And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath
Out of his lips like lilies pale and soft,
And oft she called to him, who answered nought,
But onely by his looks did tell his thought.

" The rest of her impatient regret,
And piteous mone the which she for him made,
No tongue can tell, nor any forth can set,
But he whose heart like sorrow did invade.
At last, when pain his vital powers had spent,
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

" Which when she saw, she staid not a whit,
But after him did make untimely haste;
Forthwith her ghost out of her corps did flit,
And followed her make, like turtle chaste,
To prove that death their hearts cannot divide,
Which living were in love so firmly tide.

"The gods, which all things see, this same beheld,
And pitying this pair of lovers true,
Transformed them there lying on the field,
Into one flower, that is both red and blue :
It first grows red, and then to blue doth fade,
Like Astrophiel, which thereinto was made.

"And in the midst thereof a star appears,
As fairly formed as any star in skyes,
Resembling Stella in her freshest years,
Forth darting beams of beauty from her eyes ;
And all the day it standeth full of dew,
Which is the tears that from her eyes did flow.

"That herb of some Starlight is called by name,
Of others Penthia, though not so well ;
But thou, where-ever thou dost find the same,
From this day forth do call it Astrophiel ;
And whensoever thou it up doest take,
Do pluck it softly, for that shepherd's sake."

Soon after the death of Sidney, Spenser went to Ireland, to take possession of his estate, on which, by the royal patent, he was obliged to reside and to cultivate it. His residence was at Kilcolman, in the County of Cork, and is thus described by Smith, in his *Natural and Civil History of the district*.—"Two miles northwest of Doneraile is Kilcolman, a ruined castle of the Earls of Desmond; but more celebrated for being the residence of the immortal Spenser, when he composed his divine poem, the *Faerie Queene*. The castle is now almost level with the ground. It was situated on the north side of a fine lake, in the midst of a vast plain, terminated to the east by the County of Waterford mountains; Bally-Howra hills to the north, or, as Spenser terms them, the mountains of Mole; Nagle mountains to the south, and the mountains of Kerry to the west. It commanded a view of above half of the breadth of Ireland; and must have been, when the adjacent uplands were wooded, a most pleasant and romantic situation; from whence, no doubt, Spenser drew several parts of the scenery of his poem. The river Mulla, which he more than once has introduced in his poems, ran through his grounds." Here he resided, with the intermission of an occasional visit to London, eleven years. And there seems no reason to doubt that they were, as life flows, eleven years of happiness. True

"That grief and pain did find him at the last ;"

but whom of woman-born have they not found, at first or at last, before and since the reign of that querulous Caliph, who, in a long life, could remember but three perfectly white days!

Mr Southey, whose words are almost always words of wisdom, says, Spenser "had bitter reason to repent that he had not chosen the better part of private life." Till his twenty-seventh year his life was private—during a very few years only could it be correctly said to have been public, and "that not much;" and his long abode at Kilcolman was almost entirely one of retirement and seclusion. We cannot think that his lot was either dark or troubled. Mr Todd mentions the chief eras of his life. At the age of 26 he was admitted into the household of Leicester, and was patronised by that nobleman, as well as Sidney. At the age of 27 he was Secretary to the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland. At the age of 33, a grant of land was issued to him by the Crown. At the age of 37, a pension of fifty pounds per annum was settled upon him by the royal bounty for life. At the age of 43, or sooner, he was clerk to the Council of Munster, an office then reputed worth twenty pounds per annum—sums very different in value from what they bear at this day. "No man," says Mr Southey, "could be more highly qualified either by capacity or diligence for a public station. His treatise upon the state of Ireland shews how fully he had made himself acquainted with the affairs of that unhappy country, how well he understood the real

causes of its misery, and how distinctly he perceived the course which ought to have been pursued." It does not appear that his public duties were very onerous or oppressive, or that they withdrew him much from his home. He makes no complaint of bad or feeble health, and the general tone of his poetry bespeaks a joyful as well as a tender spirit. He was occupied on his great poem during many years, and what long-continued delight must there have been to him from that inspiration! He had fame to his heart's highest desires; for the three first books of the *Faerie Queen* lifted him up, from the level of the most eminent among his contemporaries, to the top of "a heaven-kissing hill," far above them all. His wedded years were all too few, but till within three miserable months of their close, and it was indeed most rueful, full of enjoyment; for he had married the woman of his choice, young, fair, and good, and they were blessed with offspring. Who shall say, then, that Spenser was not happy? Yet thinking of that

dreadful fire, and his last moments at an obscure inn or lodging-house, we remember the sad saying of old, "Call no man happy till he dies."

In the summer of 1589, Sir Walter Raleigh visited Spenser at Kilcolman. We wonder if the poet cultivated his own land, and if he were a good farmer! He was bound to cultivate it, but where was the capital? The rental was valued, we believe, at about twenty pounds; and, we daresay, Spenser did little more than kill his own mutton. Yet living in a castle of the Desmond's, and surrounded by 3000 acres of his own land, we must not, with his pension, call the Queen's own chosen poet, though not her laureate, poor. Spenser celebrated this meeting in a charming passage in "*Colin Cloute come Home again*," a pleasant poem dedicated to Raleigh, and dated, erroneously it would seem, 1591; for from some allusions in it to events that happened a considerable time after that period, the right date is probably 1595.

" 'One day,' (quoth he) 'I sat (as was my trade;
Under the foote of Mole, that mountaine hore,
Keeping my sheep amongst the cooly shade
On the greene alders by the Mullaes shore;
There a straunge shepheard chaunst to finde me out,
Whether allured with my pipe's delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right.
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight himselve, he did yclepee
The Shepheard of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main-sea deepe.
He, sitting me beside in that same shade,
Provoked me to plaie some pleasant fit:
And when he heard the musick which I made,
He found himselve full greatly pleased at it:
Yet æmuling my pipe, he tooke in hond
My pipe, before that æmuled of many,
And plaid thereon; (for well that skill he cond;)
Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any.
He pip'd, I sung; and when he sung, I piped;
By chaunge of turnes, each making other mery;
Neither envying other, nor envied,
So piped we, untill we both were weary."

On this interesting visit, Mr Thomas Campbell finely remarks, "Spenser has commemorated this interview, and the inspiring influence of Raleigh's praise, under the figurative description of two shepherds tuning their pipes beneath the alders of the Mulla; a fiction with which the mind, perhaps, will be

much less satisfied, than by recalling the scene as it really existed. When we conceive Spenser reciting his compositions to Raleigh, in a scene so beautifully appropriate, the mind casts a pleasing retrospect over that influence which the enterprise of the discoverer of Virginia, and the genius of the author of the *Faerie*

Queen, have respectively produced on the fortune and language of England. The Fancy might be pardoned for a momentary superstition, that the Genius of their country hovered, unseen, over their meeting, casting her first look of regard on the Poet that was destined to inspire her future Milton, and the other on the maritime Hero, who paved the way for the colonizing distant regions of the earth, where the language of England was to be spoken, and the poetry of Spenser to be admired."

Raleigh persuaded him to accompany him to England—and in 1590 were published the Three First Books of the Faery Queen. Then it was that Queen Elizabeth, pleased with that "simple song"—(simple!)—conferred on him a pension of £50 a-year. True it is, that on the third edition of the Shepherd's Calendar, he changed, or it was changed, "the rural song of carefull Colinnet," into the "laurel song," &c., which led many to believe that he was then the Laureate. But Mr Malone has shewn "that from the 1590-1 he may properly be considered as filling this office, though, like most of his predecessors, and his two immediate successors, he is not professedly styled *Laureate* in his patent." Spenser soon after returned to Ireland; and his fame was now such—for the Faerie Queen, though a great original poem, was received with universal admiration—that the publisher collected a number of his poems that had been floating about in MSS., and printed them in a volume.

"Of your fair daughters, Father Knight, Methinks ye take small heed."

For hear the Printer to the gentle reader. "Since my late setting forth of the *Faerie Queen*, finding that it hath found a favourable passage amongst you, I have sithence endeavoured, by all good means, (for the better encrease and accomplishment of your delights,) to get into my handes such small Poems of the same author's, as I heard were disperst abroad in sundrie hands, and not easie to bee come by by himself; some of them having been diversely imbeziled, and purloyned from him, since his departure over sea. Of the which I have by good means gathered together these few parcels present, which

I have caused to be imprinted altogether, for that they all seem to contain like matter of argument in them; being all complaints and meditations of the world's vanities, verie grave and profitable. To which effect I understand he wrote, besides sundrie others, namelie, Ecclesiastes, and Canticum Canticorum, translated; a Senight's Slumber, the Hell of Lovers, and Purgatorie; being all dedicated to Ladies; so as it may seeme he meant them all to one volume; besides some other Pamphlets, loose-lie scattered abroad; as the Dying Pelican, the Howers of the Lord, the Sacrifice of a Sinner, the Seven Psalms, &c., which, when I can, either by himsele, or otherwise attaine to, I mean likewise, for your favor sake, to set foorth; in the meantime, praying you gentlie to accept of these, and graciously to entertaine the '*New Poet*.'"

The poems thus published were the Ruins of Time—the Tears of the Muses—Virgil's Gnat—Mother Hubbard's Tale—the Ruins of Rome, by Bellay—Maiopotmos, or Tale of the Butterfly—Visions of the World's Vanitie—Bellay's Visions—and Petrarch's Visions. All the others alluded to, and many more, were lost for ever. Such carelessness of his offspring is almost incredible, and altogether unaccountable, in such a poet as Spenser, who knew their worth, and was likely to be a fond and proud parent, uneasy when they were out of his sight. "Imbeziled and purloyned!" By whom?—Stealing books at sales and in shops is, we are told, nowadays, though sometimes perhaps an accidental, by no means an uncommon occurrence; but "imbeziling and purloyning" MSS. seems a touch beyond the imagination of ordinary thieves, and our curiosity is awakened to know how, in Spenser's case, it had been so successfully accomplished. Was it by pickpocketing, highway robbery, study-lifting, or housebreaking? We read of clerks embezzling their masters' money, and people about dockyards embezzling king's stores, but we do not remember having seen recorded, by the penny-a-line men, any case of "pulling up" on a charge of embezzling unpublished poetry. It is stated with much simplicity by Spenser's publisher, that the knaves

had been busy with his MS. "since his departure over sea." Think for a moment of many of Byron's, or Scott's, or Wordsworth's finest poems pretty widely circulated in MS. by means of embezzlement and purloining, and Murray, Longman, and Blackwood, by strenuous and indefatigable "all good means, getting them into their hands since the departure of their authors over sea," and "imprinting altogether those few parcels present, verie grave and profitable." Can you, in the wildest work of sleep, dream of "a farther portion of the Excursion, a Poem," coming out in quarto, during a visit made by the Bard to Switzerland, printed with tolerable accuracy from various MS. copies carefully collated, that had been by private collectors "imbeziled and purloyned?"

We would fain give a few quotations from some of these poems—but must be sparing of extract.

They who do not know the hidden meaning of *Mulopotamos* must find it out for themselves, but we shall shew them some passages that will set them instantly to the study of Spenser. Imagine—Lady fair—the

most beautiful of the race of silver-winged Flies,

"Which do possess the empire of the air,
Betwixt the centred earth and azure
skies."

Call him Clarion, the "eldest sonno and heire" of Muscaroll. "Through the wide compass of the ayrie court" you behold him—"the fresh young Flie," with unwearying wings waver- ing to and fro, over "the wide rule of his renowned sire." He is not like a bee—nor a moth—nor a butterfly—nor a dragon-fly—nor the Emperor of Morocco—but he is the Prince of the Air, and if ever he were a chrysalis, it must have been, not in Paradise, but in Heaven. Through the clear blue firmament he goes glancingly along, nor can he be hidden in a cloud. Then down the "streaming rivers" he sails, yet touches not the water with wings or feet— and now eclipsing the lustrous flowers, he dances in the air low over the summer meads—and now "dares to tempt the troublous winds," and in his glee to play all-ashine among the gloom of thunder. But let Spenser's self speak of his own Clarion.

So on a summer's day, when season milde
With gentle calme the world had quieted,
And high in Heaven Hyperion's beirie childe
Ascending did his beames abroad dispred,
Whiles all the Heavens on lower creatures smilde,
Young Clarion, with vauntfull lustiched,
After his gaze did cast abroad to fere;
And thereto ran his furnitures prepare.

"His breast-plate first, that was of substance pure,
Before his noble heart he firmly bound
That mought his life from yron death assure,
And ward his gentle corps from cruell wound:
For it by arte was framed, to endure
The bit of balefull steele and bitter stovnd,
No lesse than that which Vulcane made to shield
Achilles' life from fate of Troyan field.

"And then about his shoulders broad he threw
An hairie hide of some wild beast, whom hee
In salvage forrest by adventure shew,
And reft the spoyle his ornament to bee;
Which, spreading all his backe with dreadfull view,
Made all, that him so horrible did see,
Thinke him Alcides with the lyon's skin,
When the Nemean conquest he did win.

"Upon his head his glistering burpanet,
The which was wrought by wondrous device,
And curiously engraven, he did set:
The metall was of rare and passing price;
Not Bulbo steele, nor brass, from Corinth fet,
Nor costly oricalche from strange P'hoenice;

But such as could both Phœbus arrowes ward,
And th' hayling darts of Heaven beating hard.

" Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunced towards either side,
Like two sharpe speares, his enemies to gore :
Like as a warlike brigandine, applyde
To fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes afore,
The engines which in them sad dearch doo hyde ;
So did this flie outstretch his fearfull hornes,
Yet so as him their terrour more adorne.

" Lastly his shinie wings as silver bright,
Painted with thousand colours passing farre
All painters skill, he did about him dight :
Not halfe so manie sundrie colours arre
In Iris bowe ; ne Heaven doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with manie a twinckling starre ;
Nor Iunoes bird, in her eye-spotted traine,
So many goodly colours doth containe.

" Ne (may it be withouten perill spoken)
The archer god, the sonne of Cytheree,
That ioyes on wretched lovers to be wroken,
And heaped spoyles of bleeding harts to see,
Beares in his wings so manie a chancefull token.
Ah ! my liege lord, forgive it unto mee,
If ought against thine honour I have tolde ;
Yet sure those wings were fairer maniholde.

" Full many a ludie faire, in court full oft
Beholding them, him secretly invade,
And wisht that two such fannes, so sicken soft,
And golden faire, her love would her provide ;
Or that, when them the gorgeous flie had doff,
Some one, that would with grace be gratiſide,
From him would steale them privily away,
And bring to her so precious a pray."

Look steadfastly on his wings, and you will see them all mysteriously composed of the beautiful small images of a thousand flowers. How came they so? Many thousand years ago there lived a nymph light Astery, who one day was gathering, along with many nymphs, flowers wherewithal to array the forehead of Venus;

and she soon filled her lap with more plenteous and lustrous store than all the rest. They spitefully accused her before the Queen of Love, of having had secret aid lent her by Cupid, in gathering into her lap the children of the Spring. But listen to Spenser the Divine.

" Eftsoones that damzell, by her heavenly might,
She turn'd into a winged Butterlie,
In the wide aire to make her wandring flight ;
And all those flowres, with which so plenteouslie
Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,
She placed in her wings, for memorie
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were :
Since which that flie them in her wings doth beare.

" Thus the fresh Clarion, being readie dight,
Unto his journey did himselfe addresse,
And with good speed began to take his flight ;
Over the fields, in his franke lustinesse,
And all the champaine o're he soared light ;
And all the countrey wide he did possesse,
Feeding upon their pleasures bounteouslie,
That none gainsaid, nor none did him envie.

"The woods, the rivers, and the meadows greene,
With his aire-cutting wings he measured wide,
Ne did he leave the mountaines bare unseene,
Nor the ranke grassie fennes delights untrile.
But none of these, how ever sweet they beene,
Mote please his fancie, nor him cause t' abide;
His choicfull sense with every change doth flit.
No common things may please a wavering wit.

"To the gay gardins his unstaide desire
Him wholly caried, to refresh his sprights:
There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
Powres forth sweete odors and alluring sights;
And Arte, with her contending, doth aspire,
T' excell the naturall with made delights;
And all, that faire or pleasant may be found,
In riotous excesse doth there abound.

"There he arriving, round about doth flie,
From bed to bed, from one to other border;
And takes survey, with curious busie eye,
Of every floore and herbe there set in order;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feete their sicken leaves deface;
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

"And evermore with most varieth,
And change of vertues use, for all change is sweete,
He casts his choyce to use to satisfie,
Now smeking of a cup of herbe most meet
Of the deawy which yet on them does lie,
Not in the same bathing his tender feete:
And then he putteth on some braunch thereby,
To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.

"And what need of vertue good or ill,
In fetcht from farre-away,
O, ever he takes and tastes at will,
And on his wings credibly doth pray.
Then when he hath both paid, and fed his fill,
In the warme sunne he doth himselfe embay,
And there him rests in riotous solace
Of all his gladness, in his joyousse.

"What more felicitie can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with libertie,
And to be lord of all the workes of Nature,
To raige in the aire from th' Earth to highest skie,
To feed on flowres and weed, of glorious feature,
To take whatever thing doth please the cie?
Who rests not pleased with such happines,
Well worthy he to taste of wretchednes."

Immortal, of a surety, is he the bright Prince of Air. He seems "one of those heavenly *Flies* that cannot die." Fairer and happier a thousand times is he than any of us creatures called men. Shabby insects in comparison are we, striving to "glitter in the noontide ray," in rivalry with them tinted by heaven. Sayest thou he is an Ephemeral? If so it be, then is his day to him capacious of all delight, kindled as he is by a breath of indulgent life, and bearing with

him, wherever he floats or flies, his own bliss in his own beauty, without hope as without fear, and all-sufficient in the Now for ever present round his path by the provision of benignant nature! But why lingers Clarion among that flush of flowers, "himself a fairer flower?" Flutters he in shivering desire, having found among the dews his filmy paramour? Not Love but Death has now clutched Clarion—for who but Aragnol, Arachne's son, has enveloped him in

gossamer, inextricable its entanglement as the web of Fate, nor may Asteria's self now save the child of the sun from perdition.

Out of the magic circle of the Faerie Queen, there is nothing so beautiful in Spenser as *Mulopotmos*. He is indeed the most poetical of entomologists. That winged Impersonation of Youth and Joy, holding in fee earth, middle-air, and heaven, seems a vision sent to reveal to us the secret of happiness lying among flowers spread far and wide over the domains of Innocence. There may we feast at will—so we dream—without sin and without sorrow—as upon dewy air from blossoming buds in purity exhaled. But till Death himself die, no breath is drawn apart from danger. Boy, seraph!—girl, star-bright! Look—look—look there—Death at your arm and into your breast, crawling like a spider!

Spenser seems to have frequently crossed to and fro the Irish Channel; for in January, 1591, we find him again in London, supposing, we suppose, the publication of *Daphnaida*. . . . for his "imbeziled and purged" pieces had been published without any trouble to himself "since his departure over sea." This fine elegy was

written upon the death of Douglas Howard, daughter and heir of Henry Lord Howard, Viscount Bynston, and wife of Arthur George or Gorges, Esq. afterwards knighted. The opening is very solemn. It reminds us of Wordsworth's *Leech-gatherer*, on the lonely Moor. Spenser meets with Aleyon—so he calls the widower—much in the same mood of mind that has taken hold on Wordsworth before he happens to see him who,

The eldest man . . . in that ever wore
grey hair."

Familiar friends are the poet of the *White Doe* and he of the *Faerie Queen*. Who knows that Spenser may not have read the *Lyrical Ballads*? In the *Daphnaida*, Spenser essays, but he essays in vain, to comfort a young man bereaved of all joy even in his prime; in the *Elegy* here, Wordsworth finds comfort in the multitude of them within him, from the resignation of a suitor about to slip like a shadow into the grave. Both poems are, in their moral, sublime. They seem inspired by the same spirit, and laid on the same shrine. Religious reading—even on the Sabbath—for any child of dust.

"In gloomy evening, when the weary sun,
After his dayes long labour, drew to rest,
And swart steedes, now having overdone
The comest skie, gad water in the west,
I waikt abroad to breath the freshing ayre
In open fields, whose flowering pride, opprest
With early frosts, had lost their beautilie hie."

"There came into my mind a troublous thought,
Which dayly doth my weaker wit possesse,
Ne lets it rest untill it forth have brought
Her long borne fruit, fruit of heavynesse,
Which she conceived hath through no ditation
Of this world's vanynesse and life's wretchednesse,
That yet my soul it deeply doth empassion."

"So as I mazed on the miserie
In which men live, and I of many most,
Most miserable man; I did espie
Where towards me a sory wight did cost,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray,
And Jacob staffe in hand devoutly crost,
Like to some pilgrim come from farre away."

"His carelessse locks, uncombed and unshorne,
Hong long adown, and beard all overgrowne,
That well he seemed to be some wight forlorne:
Downe to the earth his heavie eyes were thrown,
As louthinge light; and ever as he went
He sighed soft, and inly deepe did grone,
As if his heart in pieces would have rent."

" Approaching nigh, his face I vewed nere,
And by the semblant of his countenance
Me seemd I had his person scene elsewhere,
Most like Aleyon seeming at a glaunce;
Aleyon he, the iollie shepherd swaine,
That wont full merrilie to pipe and daunce,
And fill with pleasure every wood and plane.

" Yet halfe in doubt, because of his disguise,
I softlie sayd, ' Aleyon!' Therewithall
He lookt aside as in disdainfull wise,
Yet stayed not, till I againe did call:
Then, turning back, he saide, with hollow sound,
' Who is it that dooth name me, wofull thrall,
The wretchedst man that treads this day on ground?'

" ' One, whom like wofulness, impressed deepe,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to heare,
And given like cause with thee to waile and wepe;
Griefe finds some ease by him that like does beare.
Then stay, Aleyon, gentle shepherd! stay,'
Quoth I, ' till thou have to my trustie care
Committed what thee dooth so ill apay.'

" ' Cease, foolish man,' (saide he, halfe wrothfully)
' To seeke to heare that which cannot be told,
For the huge anguish, which dooth multiply
My dying paines, no tongue can well unfold;
Ne doo I care that any should bemoane
My hard mishap, or any weepe that would,
But seeke alone to weepe, and dye alone.'

" ' Then be it so,' quoth I, ' that thou art bent
To die alone, unpittied, unplained;
Yet, ere thou die, it were convenient
To tell the cause which thee thereto constrained,
Least that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,
And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,
That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt.'

" ' Who life does loath, and longs to be unbound
From the strong shackles of fraile flesh,' quoth he,
' Nought cares at all what they, that live on ground,
Deem the occasion of his death to bee;
Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
Than question made of his calamitie;
For harts deep sorrow hates both life and light.

" ' Yet since so much thou seemst to rue my griefe,
And car'st for one that for himself cares nought,
(Sign of thy love, though nought for my reliefe,
For my reliefe exceedeth living thought;)
I will to thee this heaveie case relate:
Then hearken well till it to end be brought,
For never didst thou heare more haplesse fate.'

Aleyon then relates the story of his grief; and to sympathize with the speaker you must have studied Spenser; for he speaks of his lost wife as a "lovely lionesse," done to death by the murderous dart of a cruel Satyr. She was a Howard, and he lineally descended from that race ever distinguished "by unspotted loyalte to their prince and country." Therefore, says

Spenser in his dedication to the right honourable and virtuous Lady, Helena, Marquesse of Northampton — "I doe assure myself that no due honour done to the White Lion, but will be gratefull to your Ladyship, whose husband and children do so nearly participate with the blood of that noble family." But having after such fashion told his loss, Aleyon thenceforth uses ordinary speech,

and with words as simple, the tender-hearted Poet

"Did with mild consoile strive to mitigate
The storme passion of his troubled
"brest."

But Aleyon is deaf to all comfort.
There he stands, a shadow in the
gloomy evening, "pouring out sor-
rows like a sea." There is some-

thing very awful in his unconscious neglect of all the words of pity and wisdom, and in the perfect self-possession of a big grief, that seems as if it could never end, and keeps feeding itself upon lamentations. Yet sometimes it seems a softer sorrow. And in pauses of anguish, his heart breathes forth a pathos not too severe for tears.

"She fell away in her first age's spring,
Whilst yet her leafe was greene, and fresh her rinde,
And whilst her branch faire blossomes forth did bring,
She fell away against all course of kinde.
For age to die is right, but youth is wrong;
She fell away like fruit blowne down with winde.
Weepe, shepheard! weepe, to make my under-song.

"What hart so storie hard but that would weepe,
And poure forth fountaines of incessant teares?
What Tynon but would let compassion creepe
Into his breast, and pierce his frozen eares?
In stead of teares, whose brackish bitter well
I wasted have, my heart blood drooping weares,
To think to ground how that faire blossome fell.

"Yet fell she not as one enforced to dye,
Ne dyde with dread and grudging discontent,
But as one toyled with travell downe doth lye,
So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,
And close her eyes with carelesse quietnesse;
The whiles soft Death away her spirit hent,
And soule assayd from sinfull fleshlinesse.

"Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake,
She, all resolv'd. and ready to remove,
Calling to me (ay me!) this wise bespake;
"Aleyon! ah, my first and latest love!
Ah! why does my Aleyon weepe and mourne,
And grieve my ghost, that ill mote him behove,
As it to me had chaunst some evill tourne!

"I, since the messenger is come for mee,
That summones soules unto the brida's feast
Of his great Lord, needs depart from thee,
And straight obey his soveraine behest;
Why should Aleyon then so sore lament
That I from miserie shall be releast,
And freed from wretched long imprisonment!

"Our daies are full of dolour and disease,
Our life afflicted with incessant paine,
That naught on Earth may lessen or appease;
Why then should I desire here to remaine!
Or why should he, that loves me, sorrie bee
For my deliverance, or at all complaine
My goode to heare, and toward ioyes to see!

"I goe, and long desired have to goe;
I goe with gladnesse to my wished rest,
Whereas no world's sad care nor wasting woe
May come, their happie quiet to molest;
But saints and angels in celestial thrones
Eternally him praise that hath them blest;
There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

“ ‘ Yet, ere I goe, a pledge I leave with thee
Of the late love the which betwixt us past,
My young Ambrosia; in lieu of mee,
Love her; so shall our love for ever last.
Thus, deare ! adieu, whom I expect ere long. ’—
So having said, away she softly past :
Weepe, shepherd ! weepe, to make mine undersong.”

How different a Greek from an English Elegy ! We speak not now—we have done so elsewhere—in one of our articles on the Anthology—of the Spirit, but of the Form of the Lament. Seldom, if ever, we believe, did a Greek Elegy exceed two hundred lines—often ’twas not a score—sometimes but a very, very few. The Spirit gave the Form. Resignation we may hardly call it—a Flower or a Tree had been beloved or admired—the frost or the steel had done its work—and the survivor, in simple sorrow, sang a farewell strain. Seldom we think, was it what we should call impassioned ; yet cold it was not, and in its compression often majestic, as if no grief could unduly disturb genius. Elegiac poetry and elegiac statuary—if we may so speak—were one and the same. Niobe herself, among her smitten children, seems still—the concentration—almost calm—of maternal—rather than of any *one* mother’s agony. But our elegies seem as if they had an unfathomable fountain in the immortal spirit of inexhaustible woe. Look on the melancholy river, at any part of its course, and it seems as if it were *there* swollen afresh by unnumbered feeders coming down, in all directions, from far-off places, among the dim hills. Now it murmurs for a few moments almost with pleasant music, as strong sunshine of a sudden glimpses on the sullen flow ; now ’tis like

“ The sound of weeping and of wailing wide ;”

that hollow noise was like a muffled drum accompanying a soldier to his grave—and despair now sits blank on the sliding shores, listening to a portentous growl of low-muttered thunder ; or wide open are flung all the portals of the sky, and Mercy descends with healing on her wings, to remind Misery that prayers may now find their way into the heart of Heaven.

Thus the “ *Daphnaida*,” which is

almost all one lament by one mourner, fluctuates over nearly six hundred lines ! Such ebbing and such flowing ! And such sights of the sands ! Any three stanzas are in themselves an elegy. Thus are there many elegies in one, yet is that one as much a whole as the sad sky with all its misty stars.

Spenser’s genius was like Shakespeare’s, at least in its profusion. Who, that had read but *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Rape of Lucrece*, and the *Passionate Pilgrim*, could have dreamt that Willy would concentrate into no very long five-act tragedy, half a life of heroic or hideous passion, killed in full power by some dreadful catastrophe ? Why, Lady Macbeth says more in three words, “ Out, damned spot,” than *Venus* in a volume. Yet *Venus* speaketh well—though thought not so *Adonis*. “ These liberal wits”—says matchless Charles Lamb—speaking of all our elder dramatists—“ give us always full measure—plentifully heaped up—firmly pressed down—and running over !” That was the way of Spenser. But he had no selection. Indeed ! Then he was very unlike you who say so ; for you keep your hand in your pocket for five minutes when a beggar asks alms—selecting from the golden guineas a base copper, which the blind man’s dog takes up with an upbraiding curl of his lip, as much as to say, “ I call that stingy.”

Now Spenser was no churl. He would have made a bad overseer of the poor. The parish funds would not have flourished in his hands. The alms-box would have been bankrupt. But Nature made him her almoner, and he flung the pearls of poetry, as morning drops her dews, before all human feet, and bade all men and women, boys and girls, go a-Maying. He kept no count of his largesses—he had, Apollo’s self might have read his ledger. What cared he for “ embezzling and purloining ?” We weep to think that so many beautiful things

should have melted quite away, but he forgot that they had ever grown into creations, and looking into his own mind, more superbly furnished even than that Cave of Mammon in the Faerie Queen, for there he saw "the pomp and prodigality of heaven," what to him was the lost in the past, as his own eyes were dazzled with the surpassing brightness of the

present, or soothed with milder glories in long array mellowing away on both sides of the Enchanted Vale, while towers and temples, stately as the architecture of the skies, closed up, as with a sunset, Imagination's Vista?

But of this noblesix-hundred-lined elegy, we must sing—with a few leavings out—the final strain.

" 'And ever as I see the starre to fall,
And under ground to goe to give them light
Which dwell in darknesse, I to mind will call
How my fair starre (that shined on me so bright)
Fell sodainly and faded under ground;
Since whose departure, day is turned to night.
And night without a Venus starre is found.

" 'But soon as day doth shew his deawie face,
And calls forth men unto their toylome trade,
I will withdraw me to some darksome place,
Or some dere cave, or solitarie shade;
There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my woes unlade,
Weepe, shepherd! weepe, to make my undersong.

" 'Henceforth mine eyes shall never more behold
Faire thing on Earth, he led on false delight
Of ought that haunted his mental mould,
Sith that my fairest flower is faded quight;
For all I see is vaine and transitorie,
Ne will he bend in any steadfast plight,
But in a moment loose their grace and glorie.'

" Thus when he ended had his heaveie plaint,
The heaviest plaint that ever I heard sound,
His cheekes waxt pale, and sprights began to faint,
As if again he would have fallen to ground;
Which when I saw, I, stepping to him light,
Amooved him out of his stonie swoond,
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

" But he no waie recomforted would be,
Nor suffer solace to approach him nie,
But casting up a soddainal die at me,
That in his trauunce I would not let him be,
Did rend his haire, and beat his blubbred face.
As one disposed wilfullie to die,
That I sore griev'd to see his wretched case.

" Tho' when the pang was somewhat overpast,
And the outrageous passion nigh appeased,
I him desyrde sith daie was overcast,
And darke night fast approached, to be pleased
To turne aside unto my cabinet,
And stay with mee, till he were better eased
Of that strong stownd which him so sore beset.

" But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreat with me to staie,
But without taking leave he fourth did goe
With staggering pace and dismall looks dismay,
As if that Death he in the face had scene,
Or hellish hugs had met upon the way;
But what of him became I cannot weene."

The opening of this Elegy, we said—and you too must feel it to be so—is very solemn—and surely not less solemn the close.

“The gloomy night is gathering fast,”

and away into it glides the ghost. Though another person was present all the while—by condoling seeking to cheer—yet was the lament in soliloquy—and despair heard but his own voice on which he fed—supplies of sorrow answering the demand—and paid in groans of anguish. The woe-begone Being, when made sensible of the presence of an idle comforter, so far from seeking gratitude, “casts up a sdeinful eye;” and then somewhat touched, though not soothed at all, by the pity that would fain beguile into shelter his houseless head,

“Without taking leave he forth did goe,”

as if humanity to him were dead, and a man no more than a mere stone.

But for a while let us all be happy, for Spenser is going to be married; and happy the bride of such a bridegroom—blushing girl, think you not so—for theirs will be one never-changing honey-moon till one or other die. All who knew Edmund Spenser loved him—but best of all his own Elizabeth. Their marriage took place on St Barnabas’ Day—(eleventh of June, we think)—Mr Todd almost proves in 1594—when he was—we think—in his forty-second year. His *Amoretti*, or *Sonnets*, were published in 1595, but written, it would appear, during the period of his courtship, and they (there are nearly a hundred) overflow with all love’s tenderest fancies. All those in which joy is sub-

dued by serious thought, and in which he looks with conjugal eyes and with a conjugal heart on his Betrothed, soon about to be his Enjoyed, are “beautiful exceedingly;”

“Such tales as told to any maid,
By such a man in the green shade,
Were perilous to hear!”

We have seen it written that few poets have had beautiful wives, most plain, and some ugly—but the writer was a fool. No true poet can long have an ugly wife. If ugly (who is the monster that applied that epithet to a woman?) the day before he asked her to wed, she must have been plain that evening—pretty on the marriage morn—lovely on the marriage night—and beautiful ever after. Her nose may be some degrees too short or too long in most people’s opinion; cheekbones, if a Scottish lass, rather too high even in the opinion of her husband; and hair that in his eyes is auburn, or he would die for it, may to vulgar eyes seem red. But shew us a poets’ wife who is not loveable, and we will try to look on yours with moderated repugnance, though she have prose in her face enough for a Unitarian’s sermon. The voices of poets’ wives are always “gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman”—and ’tis amusing to their husbands to hear them attempt to scold. A gust on an Eolian harp relapsing into its wild native sweetness, like music heard in sleep. Spenser’s Elizabeth was one of the loveliest ladies in all Ireland—and we have seen faces there that made our hearts quake with delight to look on them but for a moment—once and never more.

Look at her.

SONNET.

Fayre is my love, when her fayre golden haire
With the loose wynd ye waving chance to marke;
Fayre, when the rose in her red cheekes appeares;
Or in her eyes the fyre of love does sparke.
Fayre, when her brest, lyke a rich laden barke,
With pretious merchandize she forth doth lay;
Fayre, when that cloud of pride, which oft doth dark
Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.
But fayrest she, when so she doth display
The gate with pearles and rubyes richly dight:
Throgh which her words so wise do make their way
To beare the message of her gentle spright.
The rest be works of Nature’s wonderment;
But this the worke of hart’s astonishment,

The second portion of the *Faerie Queen* was published in 1596, but had been written before Spenser's marriage. In the Tenth Canto of the Sixth Book, he celebrates his own virgin Elizabeth, begging pardon of that other Elizabeth, who, perhaps, was a virgin too, but would have no charms sung of but her own. It is often ludicrous to witness Spenser's trepidation on finding that he has gone too far in praise of beauty. Whether speaking in his own character, or that of another, he checks himself at full speed, and lugs in the Queen. Sure as fate there comes that everlasting Cynthia. Even the miserable Alcyon dares not deplore his "Lovely Lionesse" without closing with a compliment to "bluff king Hal's" very own daughter.

"Ne let Elisa, royal shepherdesse
The praises of my parted love envy,
For she hath praises in all plenteousnesse,
Pow'd upon her, lik showers of Castaly
By her own shepherd Colin," &c.

In the Canto of the *Faerie Queen* we now spoke of, he has been picturing a dance of Euphrosyne, Aglaia, and Thalia, who "all naked are, and without guile;" and, lo! a Fourth, who, on Mount Ida, would have vanquished Venus, and saved Troy.

"Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse."

Mr Todd says that Spenser here ranks his Love with the Three Graces, "at the same time not concealing the lowliness of her origin." Nothing is known of her origin; but there is no reason to suppose it was lowly, if by lowly be meant beneath the station of a gentlewoman. Spenser, perhaps, was somewhat too submissive to high rank—worshipful of gentle—idolatrous of noble blood. His own was of the noblest, from whatever source it flowed. He would not have been ashamed of his Elizabeth, had she been a cotter's child. But no one who knows his poetry will imagine that he means to say her birth was humble, by saying,—

"Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse."

He had said the same of Rosalind; and by such or similar names he delights to call all maidens who lead their lives far from cities and from courts. To his heart there was a

charm in the sound—"Countrey lasse;" and his delight in all rural simplicities was so deep, that in all his poetry he made his lords and ladies shepherds and shepherdesses, thereby shewing, perhaps even fantastically, and partly in acquiescence with the fashion of the times, how dear to him were the artlessnesses of nature.

His sonnets were manifestly written to a lady. Were they not, a thousand things therein complained of or delighted in, that in a lady might have been not merely pardonable, but endearing—not venial merely, but graceful—would have been vulgar coquetry, too absurd even for a lover's smile. Spenser was in the prime of life, and "in the blaze of his fame." Though fond, he is not doting; and his is a manly passion. We must revoke our judgment on his flattery of "Great Gloriana." Great she was, and not very young.

"Pardon thy shepherd, 'mongst so many
lups,

As he hath sung of Thee in all his days,
TO MAKE ONE MINIM OF THY POOR HAND-
MAYD!"

The lips and bosom of that "poor handmayd" were his; and he has described them in a sonnet almost too warm for our sober pages; and "one minime" given to them did not suffice, nor a thousand. He could afford to worship Gloriana before the wide world; but another Elisa was more than worshipped in his secret Bower of Bliss.

Bitter as wormwood to Great Gloriana must have been his Epithalamion. No poet of our refined—our delicate age—could write his own marriage-hymn of thanksgiving. He could be more easily pardoned for his own epitaph—or his own epicedia. But Spenser lived in a strong age. And had he been silent, he would have felt that he wronged Hymen as well as the Muses. We are not unread in Catullus. But the pride of Verona must bow his head in humility before this lovelier and loftier lay. Joy, Love, Desire, Passion, Gratitude, Religion, rejoice in presence of Heaven, to take possession of Affection, Beauty, and Innocence. Faith and Hope are bridesmaids, and holiest incense is burning on the altar.

"Wake now, my love, awake; for it is time;
 The rosy Morne long since left Tithon's bed,
 All ready to her silver coche to clyme;
 And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
 Hark! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr lutes,
 And carroll of love's praise.
 The merry larke hir mattins sings aloft;
 The thrush replyes; the mavis discant playes;
 The ouzell shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
 So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
 To this dayes meriment.
 Ah! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
 When meeter were that ye should now awake,
 T' awayt the comming of your ioyous make,
 And hearken to the birds' love-learned song,
 The dewy leaves among!
 For they of ioy and pleasance to you sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

"My love is now awake out of her dreame,
 And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmed were
 With dark-ome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beames
 More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere.
 Come now, ye damzels, daughters of delight,
 Helpe quickly her to dight:
 But first come, ye fayre Houres, which were begot,
 In love's sweet paradise, of Day and Night;
 Which doe the seasons of the year allor,
 And all, that ever in this world is fayre,
 Doe make and still repaire;
 And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian queene,
 The which doe still adorn her beauties pride,
 Helpe to adorne my beautifullest bride.
 And, as ye her array, still throw betwene
 Some graces to be seene;
 And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
 The whiles the woods shal answer, and your eccho ring.

"Now is my love all ready forth to come:
 Let all the virgins theretore well awayt;
 And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her preeue,
 Prepare your selves; for he is comming straye.
 Set all your things in seemely good array,
 Fit for so ioyfull day:
 The ioyfulst day that ever Sunne did see.
 Fair Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,
 And let thy hifull heat not fervent be,
 For feare of burning her sunshyny lace,
 Her beauty to disgrace.
 O fayrest Phœbus! father of the Muse!
 If ever I did honour thee aright,
 Or sing the thing that mote thy minde delight,
 Doe not thy servant's simple boone refuse;
 But let this day, let this one day, be mine;
 Let all the rest be thine.
 Then I thy soverayne prayes loud will sing,
 That all the woods shal answer, and theyr eccho ring

"Hark! how the minstrils gin to shrill aloud
 Their merry musick that resounds from far,
 The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud,
 That well agree withouten breach or iar.
 But, most of all, the damzels doe delite,
 When they their tymbrels smyte,
 And thereunto doe dauncé and carrol sweet,
 That all the sences they doe ravish quite;

The whyles the boyes run up and downe the street,
 Crying aloud with strong confused noyce,
 As if it were one voyce.
 Hymen, io Hymen, Hymen, they do shout ;
 That even to the Heavens theyr shouting shrill
 Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill ;
 To which the people standing all about,
 As in approvance, doe thereto applaud,
 And loud advance her laud ;
 And evermore they Hymen, Hymen, sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

“ Loe ! where she comes along with portly pace,
 Lyke Phoebe, from her chamber of the east,
 Aysing forth to run her mighty race,
 Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
 So well it her beseems, that ye would wene
 Some angell she had beene.
 Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
 Sprinkled with perle, and perling flowres atweene,
 Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre ;
 And, being crowned with a girland greene,
 Seem lyke some mayden queene.
 Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
 So many gazers as on her do stare,
 Upon the lowly ground affixed are ;
 Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
 But blush to heare her prayes sung so loud,
 So farre from being proud.
 Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayes sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

“ Tell me, ye merchants’ daughters, did ye see
 So fayre a creature in your towne before ?
 So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
 Adorned with beautyes grace and vertues store .
 Her goodly eyes lyke saphyres shining bright,
 Her forehead ivory white,
 Her cheekes lyke apples which the Sun hath rudded,
 Her lips lyke cherries charming men to byte,
 Her brest lyke to a bowl of creame in crudded,
 Her paps lyke lillies budded,
 Her snowie necke like to a marle towre ;
 And all her body like a pallace fayre,
 Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,
 To Honor’s seat and Chastitie’s sweet bowre.
 Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
 Upon her so to gaze,
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
 To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring ?

“ But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
 The inward beauty of her lively spright,
 Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
 Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
 And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
 Medusæ’s a mafeul hed.
 There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,
 Unspotted Fayth, and comely Womanhood,
 Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty ;
 There Vertue raynes as queene in royal throne,
 And giveth lawes alone,
 The which the base affections doe obey,
 And yeld theyr services unto her will ;
 No thought of things uncomely ever may
 Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.

Had ye once seene these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her praises sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your eccho ring.

"Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to receyve this saynt with honour dew,
That commeth in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She commeth in, before the Almightyes view:
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to the high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make;
And let the roring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throates,
The choristers the ioyous antheme sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their eccho ring.

"Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne,
Like crimsin dyde in grayne;
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar doe remaine,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band!
Sing, ye sweet angels, alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring."

No poet that ever lived had a more exquisite sense of the Beautiful than Spenser. Of profounder passion many poets have been blest or cursed with the power. His were indeed "thoughts that breathe," but not "words that burn." His words have a lambent light. Reading him is like gazing on the starry skies—or on the skies without a star—except perhaps one—the evening star—and all the rest of heaven in still possession of the moon. His love of woman's life is spiritual—yet voluptuous; and desire itself is hallowed, kindling at sight of beauty "emparadised in such sweet flesh." Nothing meretricious in the Lady of his Lays. Chaste as Dian the Creature of his bridal, his nuptial Hymn.

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and
smiles."

Such have been the love-lays of all great poets. They feel as men; but their imagination purifies passion; and Poetry, like Religion, hallows the mysterious union of the sexes, till marriage indeed seems a type of a holier union still, when our souls

"Of all this world's encumbrance have
themselves assoyled,"

and return to their native heaven.

Do you know that his other Prothalamion, or spousal verse, made "in honour of the double marriage of the two honourable and vertuous

ladies, the Ladie Elizabeth, and the
Ladie Catherine Somerset?" Oh!
if you do not, seek forthwith the
stream down which are seen floating
those two Swans. A stream it seems
so limpid-pure that it can be flow-
ing but along the skies.

"Paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the Meads adorn'd with dainty
gemmes,

Fit to deck Maidens' bowers,
And crown their paramours."

Yet is it flowing even in this our
world, which all who inhabit, alas!

have often—often felt to be a world
of woe. But there is not on this day
"one cloud to stain the blue serene
of heaven." No such thought—no
such feeling as Fear. Death is not
so much even as a dream. Life is
Love—and Love is Bliss—and Bliss,
like the shining sky,

"Doth seem immortal in its depth of rest."

Yes—'tis but an earth-born stream—
but has not poetry changed its waters
into the light and the music of hea-
ven?

"There, in a meadow, by the river's side,
A flocke of nymphes I chaunced to espy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks, all loose untide,
As each had bene a bryde;
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrayled curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,
And with fine fingers cropt full teateously
The tender stalkes on hye.
Of every sort, which in that meadow grew,
They gathered some; the violet, pallid blew,
The little dazie, that at evening closes,
The virgin lile, and the primrose trew,
With store of vermeil roses,
To deck their bridegroom's posies
Against the brydale-day, which was not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

"With that I saw two swannes of goodly hewe
Come softly swimming downe along the lee;
Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appeare;
Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near;
So purely white they were,
That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
To wet their silken feathers, least they might
Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre,
And marre their beauties bright,
That shone as Heaven's light,
Against their brydale day, which was not long;
Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

"Eftsoones the nymphes, which now had flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating on the cristal flood;
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,
Their wondring eyes to fill;
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre,
Of fowles, so lovely, that they sure did deeme
Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre
Which through the skie draw Venus silver teeme;
For sure they did not seeme
To be begot of any earthly scede,
But rather angels, or of angels' breede;

Yet were they bred of somers-heat, they say,
 In sweetest season, when each flower and weede
 The earth did fresh aray;
 So fresh they seem'd as day,
 Even as their brydale day, which was not long:
 Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

"Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
 Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
 That to the sense did fragrant honours yeild,
 All which upon those goodly birds they threw,
 And all the waves did strew,
 That like old Peneus' waters they did seeme.
 When downe along by pleasant Tempe's shore,
 Scattered with flowres, through Thessaly they streeme,
 That they appeare, through lilies plenteous store,
 Like a bryde's chamber flore.
 Two of those nymphes, mean while, two garlands bound
 Of freshest flowres which in that mead they found,
 The which presenting all in trim array,
 Their snowie foreheads therewithall they crownd,
 Whilst one did sing this lay,
 Prepar'd against that day,
 Against their brydale day, which was not long:
 Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

"Ye gentle birdes! the world's faire ornament,
 And heaven's glorie, whom this happie hower
 Doth leade unto your lovers' blissfull bower,
 Ioy may you have, and gentle hearts content
 Of your love's complement;
 And let faire Venus, that is queene of love,
 With her heart-quelling sonne upon you smile,
 Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to remove
 All love's dislike, and friendship's faultie guile
 For ever to assoile.
 Let endlesse peace your steadfast hearts accord,
 And blessed plentie wait upon your bord;
 And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,
 That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
 Which may your foes confound,
 And make your ioyes redound
 Upon your brydale day, which is not long:
 Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song."

In 1596, Spenser was in London; and then were published, as we have said, the last three books of the *Faery Queen*. Then, too, he presented to his sovereign the "View of the State of Ireland," which was first published in Dublin in 1633, from a manuscript in Archbishop Usher's library. In 1597, we find him in Ireland; and no doubt it was his intention to pass the rest of his life at Kilcolman. He was in high favour with the Queen, who, towards the close of 1596, recommended him to the Irish Government to be sheriff of Cork. But in October, the rebellion of Tyrone burst forth: Kilcolman was set on fire: Spenser and his wife fled; but one of his children perished in the flames. They found their way to London; and, on the

16th of January, 1598, in an inn or lodging-house in King Street, Westminster, died the Poet of the *Faery Queen*!

Till within three months of his death, we have seen that Spenser was a happy man. His own sorrows he must have had like the least-gifted of his fellow-mortals. But in his life we know of no great afflictions. Of his death, the circumstances lie hidden for ever. Camden has said that he returned to England, *poor*; "in Angliam *inops* reversus." Ben Jonson told Drummond that he died in King Street, (Thomas Warton mistakenly adding *Dublin*), "from absolute want of bread." Phineas Fletcher, in his *Purple Island*, (1633,) thus writes:—

"Yet all his hopes were crost—all suits denied;
Discouraged, scorned—his writings vilified;
Poorly (poore man) he lived, poorly (poore man) he died."

And Joseph Hall, 1713, laments,—

"Ah! me, that after unbeseeeming care,
And secret want which bred his last mis-
fare,

His relics dear obscurely tombed lie,
Under unwritten stones, that who goes by
Cannot once read, *Lo, here doth Collin lie!*"

The author of his *Life*, in the *Biographia Britannica*, says, "this admirable poet and worthy gentleman had struggled with poverty all his lifetime." And Pennant says, that in the anguish of his soul he composed his "*Cave of Despair*," in the first book of the *Faery Queen*! Perhaps written sixteen years before his death, when he was secretary to the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland. Hundreds have taken up the lament for the most unfortunate Spenser; and his fate has furnished a fertile subject for commonplaces on the woes of genius.

From all this confusion of error how easy to separate the truth! Camden says truly, he returned to England, *inops*. He never had been rich. The rebels burnt his house and furniture—drove away his live-stock, if there were any—and then he was poor. What little money he might have had, his travel and voyage to London eat up, and in that lodging-house his funds were low. But not one man in a million annually dies of absolute want of bread *even now*—not so many *then*—and that man could not have been Edmund Spenser. Ben Jonson was a wide talker over his cups, and part of his story to Drummond carries falsehood in its face. "He refused twenty pieces sent him by the Earl of Essex, and gave this answer to the person who brought them, that he was sure he had no time to spend them." That answer was not in Spenser's style. He was no misanthrope. The world had not used him ill, and he had reasons manifold to be in love with life. Had he been starving "from absolute want of bread," he would have accepted the bounty of his noble friend, who, with all his faults, knew how to honour genius—have said, "Give

us this day our daily bread," ate it, and given God thanks. If he knew he was himself dying, his Elizabeth was by his bedside, and his two children. "That he was sure he had no time to spend them!" vulgar—and worse, impious words—but his was the finest of spirits, and most religious. This, then, is a lie, else Spenser was an Atheist.

All the other fictions need no refutation. Mr Todd indignantly asks if it be credible that the noble family of Spenser could have neglected him, their glory, in his utmost need? Scarcely credible—if they knew he was dying of want. But weeks and months pass on over famished sick-beds, and when we hear death has been there, we hold up our hands and cry, "Wo is me!" Spenser may have wanted many comforts in his dying hours. Sad is it to think so. But either believe the whole story or none of it. Do not believe that he wanted bread, and that from Essex, the husband of her who had been the wife of Sidney, he refused with asperity or levity the means of purchasing it for himself, his wife, and his children. The people who kept the lodging-house would not have suffered him so to die, nor the other lodgers; not even had he been the obscurest stranger, nay, an outlaw under hiding; but unless he had forgotten in his delirium who he was, and his Elizabeth were *ashamed* to tell it, even "*apud diversorium in platea regia, apud Westmonasterium juxta Londoniam*," a loaf would have been forthcoming at any hour on the naming of the Poet of the *Faery Queen*.

But he died of a broken heart! And what broke it? The loss of his poor child? No father will believe that, no mother. God saved his wife from the fire—not a hair of her head was singed—and she bore away with her from the savage rebels two children in her arms. Her heart was not broken—why then her husband's? With a heart contrite for sin, God and Christ are well pleased—but not with a heart broken by their dispensations.

"I saw a lovely cottage girl,
She was four years old, she said;
Her face was bright with many a curl
That clustered round her head."

Such a cherub the flames may have

devoured; but many a parent has lost many children by water or fire, or fever swift as the sun-stroke, and by all worst deaths unspeakable and unimaginable, yet after many tranquil years have they gone down to the grave in peace. And could Edmund Spenser have found resignation so hard, that, covering his face, he refused sustenance, cursed God, and died! "Because that we have all one human heart," let us all feel assured that he died—with his Elizabeth's hand in his—grateful and trustful to the Rock of Ages.

His wife and children were not allowed to starve, though poorly off; and probably they remained under the care of Spenser's friends for a few years in London. In March, 1601, a petition was presented in their behalf, "in regard he was a servitor of that realme," by the Lords of the Privy Council in England, to Sir George Carew, Lord President of Munster. But we know not what was done for the widow. That she returned to Ireland seems certain; and friends she must have had there, for her two sons, Silvanus and Peregrine, grew up to man's estate in the condition of gentlemen; and Silvanus married Ellen Nagle, eldest daughter of David Nagle of Monanimy, in the county of Cork. The Nagles were a family of considerable consequence; and Smith mentions "Ballygriffin, a pretty seat of Mr

David Nagle, below which is the ruined church of Monanimy, with a large chancel, and in it a modern tomb of the Nagles." The grandson of the poet, Hugolin Spenser, after the restoration of Charles, was restored to so much of the lands as could be found to have been his great ancestor's. Peregrine Spenser, the son of the poet, and father of Hugolin, had had part of the lands of Kilcolman assigned to him by his elder brother, Silvanus; but, like his father, had been impoverished by the troubles of the times. It is pleasant to know, that though the family did not greatly flourish, yet they were not more unprosperous than their neighbours in that distracted province.

Essex ordered Spenser's funeral. The pall was held by some of the poets—*poetis funus ducentibus*, says Camden—and he was buried by the side of Chaucer. About thirty years after his death, Anne, Countess of Dorset, erected a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey. This is the inscription:—"HEARE LYES (EXPECTING THE SECOND COMMINGE OF OUR SAVIOUR JESUS) THE BODY OF EDMOND SPENSER, THE PRINCE OF POETS IN HIS TYME, WHOSE DIVINE SPIRIT NEEDS NOT OTHER WITNESSE THEN THE WORKS WHICH HE LEFT BEHINDE HIM. HE WAS BORNE IN LONDON IN THE YEARE 1553, AND DIED IN THE YEARE 1598."

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXVI. DECEMBER, 1833. Vol. XXXIV.

Contents.

SONGS OF CAPTIVITY. BY MRS HEMANS,	857
HYMNS OF LIFE. BY MRS HEMANS. NO. VII. FLOWERS AND MUSIC IN A SICK ROOM,	861
TO A LOVER OF AUTUMN. BY MISS E. M. HAMILTON,	865
LINES WRITTEN IN THE FIRST BLANK LEAF OF SHELLEY'S POEMS,	866
I SAW HER BUT ONCE,	867
MELODIES FOR MIDDLE AGE. NO. I.	ib.
THE SABBATH EVENING,	868
ST STEPHEN'S DAY. BY GEORGE TREVOR,	870
THE EPIPHANY. BY THE SAME,	871
MERRY ENGLAND,	ib.
THE RADICAL,	872
SUMMER EVE,	ib.
THE SKETCHER. NO. VI.	874
FRAGMENTS FROM THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.	
CHAP. V. OF THE RIOT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE POND, AND HOW THEY TRIED TO COZEN MARTIN ABOUT LETTING THE CHURCH FIELD,	890
CHAP. VI. OF THE PROCEEDINGS IN THE MATTER OF QUASHEE THE BLACK SERVANT, AND HOW THEY ENDED TO THE SATISFACTION OF NOBODY,	893
CHAP. VII. HOW JOHN'S RENTS BEGAN TO GET INTO ARREAR, AND OF THE MEETING OF DICK AND HIS FRIENDS AT THE YORKSHIRE STINGO,	898
FRANCE IN 1833. NO. II. EFFECTS OF THE REVOLUTION OF THE BARRICADES ON GOVERNMENT, RELIGION, MORALS, AND LITERA- TURE,	902
THE RETURN OF CLANEBOY,	929
RETRIBUTION,	953
THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. NO. V.	961

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A VOLUME OF
SACRED POETRY.
By FELICIA HEMANS.

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No. CCXVI.

DECEMBER, 1833.

VOL. XXXIV.

SONGS OF CAPTIVITY.*

BY MRS HEMANS.

ONE hour for distant home to weep,
Midst Afric's burning sands,
One silent sunset hour was given
To the slaves of many lands.

They sat beneath a lonely palm,
In the gardens of their Lord,
And mingling with the fountain's tune,
Their songs of exile pour'd.

And strangely, sadly, did those lays
Of Alp and Ocean sound,
With Afric's wild red skies above,
And solemn wastes around.

Broken with tears were oft their tone,
And most when most they tried
To breathe of hope and liberty,
From hearts that truly died.

So met the sons of many lands,
Parted by mount and main,
So did they sing in brotherhood,
Made kindred by the chain.

* These songs (with the exception of the fifth,) have been set to music by the author's sister, and are in the possession of Messrs Wiles and Co.

I.

THE BROTHER'S DIRGE.

In the proud old fanes of England
 My warrior fathers lie,
 Banners hang drooping o'er their dust
 With gorgeous blazonry.
 But thou, but *thou*, my brother !
 O'er thee dark billows sweep,
 The best and bravest heart of all
 Is shrouded by the deep.

In the old high wars of England
 Their noble fathers bled ;
 For her lion Kings of lance and spear,
 They went down to the dead.
 But thou, but thou, my brother !
 Thy life-days flow'd for me—
 Would I were with thee in thy rest,
 Young sleeper of the sea.

In a shelter'd home of England
 Our sister dwells alone,
 With quick heart listening for the sound
 Of footsteps that are gone.
 She little dreams, my brother !
 Of the wild fate we have found ;
 I, midst the Afric sands a slave,
 Thou, by the dark seas bound.

II.

THE ALPINE HORN.

The Alpine Horn ! the Alpine Horn !
 Oh ! through my native sky,
 Might I but hear its free notes borne,
 Once more—but once,—and die !

Yet, no ! midst breezy hills thy breath,
 So full of hope and morn,
 Would win me from the bed of death—
 O joyous Alpine Horn !

But *here* the echo of that blast,
 To many a battle known,
 Seems mournfully to wander past,
 A wild, shrill, wailing tone !

Haunt me no more ! for slavery's air
 Thy proud notes were not born ;
 The dream but deepens my despair—
 Be hush'd, thou Alpine Horn !

III.

O YE VOICES.

O ye voices round my own hearth singing !
 As the winds of May to memory sweet,
 Might I yet return, a worn heart bringing,
 Would those vernal tones the Wanderer greet,
 Once again ?

Never, never! Spring hath smiled and parted
 Oft since then your fond farewell was said;
 O'er the green turf of the gentle-hearted
 Summer's hand the rose-leaves may have shed,
 Oft again!

Or if still around my hearth ye linger,
 Yet, sweet voices! there must change have come!
 Years have quell'd the free soul of the singer,
 Vernal tones shall greet the wanderer home,
 Ne'er again!

IV.

I DREAM OF ALL THINGS FREE.

I dream of all things free!
 Of a gallant, gallant bark
 That sweeps through storm and sea,
 Like an arrow to its mark!
 Of a stag that o'er the hills
 Goes bounding in his glee;
 Of a thousand flashing rills—
 Of all things glad and free.

I dream of some proud bird,
 A bright-eyed mountain king!
 In my visions I have heard
 The rustling of his wing.
 I follow some wild river,
 On whose breast no sail may be;
 Dark woods around it shiver—
 —I dream of all things free!

Of a happy forest child,
 With the fawns and flowers at play;
 Of an Indian midst the wild,
 With the stars to guide his way:
 Of a chief his warriors leading,
 Of an archer's greenwood tree:—
 —My heart in chains is bleeding,
 And I dream of all things free!

V.

FAR O'ER THE SEA.

Where are the vintage-songs
 Wandering in glee?
 Where dance the pea-aunts-bands
 Joyous and free?
 Under a kind blue sky,
 Where doth my birth-place lie?
 —Far o'er the sea!

Where floats the myrtle-scent
 O'er vale and lea,
 When evening calls the dove
 Homewards to flee?
 Where doth the orange gleam
 Soft on my native stream?
 —Far o'er the sea!

Where are sweet eyes of Love
 Watching for me?
 Where, o'er the cabin roof,
 Waves the green tree?
 Where speaks the vesper-chime
 Still of a holy time?
 —Far o'er the sea!

Dance on, ye vintage-bands,
 Fearless and free!
 Still fresh and greenly wave,
 My father's tree!
 Still smile, ye kind blue skies!
 Though your son pines and dies
 Far o'er the sea!

VI.

THE INVOCATION.

Oh! art thou still on earth, my Love?
 My only Love!
 Or smiling in a brighter home,
 Far, far above?

Oh! is thy sweet voice fled, my Love?
 Thy light step gone?
 And art thou not, in Earth or Heaven,
 Still, still my own?

I see thee with thy gleaming hair,
 In midnight-dreams:
 But cold, and clear, and spirit-like,
 Thy soft eye seems.

Peace in thy saddest hour, my Love!
 Dwelt on thy brow;
 But something mournfully divine
 There shineth now:

And silent ever is thy lip,
 And pale thy cheek:—
 Oh! art thou Earth's, or art thou Heaven's?
 Speak to me, speak!

VII.

A SONG OF HOPE.

Droop not, my Brother! I hear a glad strain—
 We shall burst forth like streams from the winter-night's chain;
 A flag is unfurl'd, a bright star of the sea,
 A ransom approaches, we yet shall be free!

Where the pines wave, where the light chamois leaps,
 Where the lone eagle hath built on the steeps,
 Where the snows glisten, the mountain rills foam,
 Free as the falcon's wing, yet shall we roam.

Where the hearth shines, where the kind looks are met,
 Where the smiles mingle, our place shall be yet!
 Crossing the desert, o'ersweeping the sea,
 Brother, brave Brother! we yet shall be free!

HYMNS OF LIFE.

BY MRS HEMANS.

No. VII.

FLOWERS AND MUSIC IN A ROOM OF SICKNESS.

Once, when I look'd along the laughing earth,
 Up the blue heavens, and through the middle air,
 Joyfully ringing with the sky-lark's song,
 I wept! and thought how sad for one so young
 To bid farewell to so much happiness.
 But Christ hath call'd me from this lower world,
 Delightful though it be.

WILSON.

Apartment in an English Country-House.—LILIAN reclining, as sleeping, on a couch. Her Mother watching beside her. Her Sister enters with flowers.

Mother. Hush, lightly tread! still tranquilly she sleeps,
 As, when a babe, I rock'd her on my heart.
 I've watch'd, suspending ev'n my breath, in fear
 To break the heavenly spell. Move silently!
 And oh! those flowers! dear Jessy, bear them hence—
 Dost thou forget the passion of quick tears
 That shook her trembling frame, when last we brought
 The roses to her couch? Dost thou not know
 What sudden longings for the woods and hills,
 Where once her free steps moved so buoyantly,
 These leaves and odours with strange influence wake
 In her fast-kindled soul?

Jessy. Oh! she would pine,
 Were the wild scents and glowing hues withheld,
 Mother! far more than now her spirit yearns
 For the blue sky, the singing-birds and brooks,
 And swell of breathing turf, whose lightsome spring
 Their blooms recall.

Lilian (raising herself.) Is that my Jessy's voice?
 It woke me not, sweet mother! I had lain
 Silently, visited by waking dreams,
 Yet conscious of thy brooding watchfulness,
 Long ere I heard the sound. Hath she brought flowers?
 Nay, fear not now thy fond child's waywardness,
 My thoughtful mother!—in her chasten'd soul
 The passion-colour'd images of life,
 Which, with their sudden startling flush awoke
 So oft those burning tears, have died away;
 And Night is there,—still, solemn, holy Night,
 With all her stars, and with the gentle tune
 Of many fountains, low and musical,
 By day unheard.

Mother. And wherefore Night, my child?
 Thou art a creature all of life and dawn,
 And from thy couch of sickness yet shalt rise,
 And walk forth with the day-spring.

Lilian. Hope it not!
 Dream it no more, my mother!—there are things
 Known but to God, and to the parting soul,
 Which feels His thrilling summons.

But my words
 Too much o'ershadow those kind loving eyes.

Bring me thy flowers, dear Jessie ! Ah ! thy step,
 Well do I see, hath not alone explored
 The garden bowers, but freely visited
 Our wilder haunts. This foam-like meadow-sweet
 Is from the cool green shadowy river-nook,
 Where the stream chimes around th' old mossy stones,
 With sounds like childhood's laughter. Is that spot
 Lovely as when our glad eyes hail'd it first ?
 Still doth the golden willow bend, and sweep
 The clear brown wave with every passing wind ?
 And thro' the shallower waters, where they lie
 Dimpling in light, do the vein'd pebbles gleam
 Like bedded gems ? And the white butterflies,
 From shade to sun-streak are they glancing still
 Among the poplar-boughs ?

Jessy. All, all is there
 Which glad midsummer's wealthiest hours can bring ;
 All, save the *soul* of all, thy lightening smile !
 Therefore I stood in sadness midst the leaves,
 And caught an under-music of lament
 In the stream's voice ; but Nature waits thee still,
 And for thy coming piles a fairy throne
 Of richest moss.

Lilian. Alas ! it may not be !
 My soul hath sent her farewell voicelessly,
 To all these blessed haunts of song and thought ;
 Yet not the less I love to look on these,
 Their dear memorials ;—strew them o'er my couch,
 Till it grow like a forest-bank in spring,
 All flush'd with violets and anemones.
 Ah ! the pale brier-rose ! touch'd so tenderly,
 As a pure ocean-shell, with faintest red,
 Melting away to pearliness !—I know
 How its long light festoons o'erarching hung
 From the grey rock ; that rises altar-like,
 With its high waving crown of mountain-ash,
 Midst the lone grassy dell. And this rich bough
 Of honey'd woodbine, tells me of the oak
 Whose deep midsummer gloom sleeps heavily,
 Shedding a verdurous twilight o'er the face
 Of the glade's pool. Methinks I see it now ;
 I look up through the stirring of its leaves
 Unto the intense blue crystal firmament.
 The ring-dove's wing is flitting o'er my head,
 Casting at times a silvery shadow down
 Midst the large water-lilies. Beautiful !
 How beautiful is all this fair free world,
 Under God's open sky !

Mother. Thou art o'erwrought
 Once more, my child ! The dewy trembling light
 Presaging tears, again is in thine eye.
 —Oh ! hush, dear Lilian ! turn thee to repose.

Lilian. Mother ! I cannot. In my soul the thoughts
 Burn with too subtle and too swift a fire ;
 Importunately to my lips they throng,
 And with their earthly kindred seek to blend
 Ere the veil drop between. When I am gone—
 (For I *must* go)—then the remember'd words
 Wherein these wild imaginings flow forth,
 Will to thy fond heart be as amulets
 Held there with life and love. And weep not thus !
 Mother ! dear sister ! kindest, gentlest ones !

Be comforted that now *I* weep no more
 For the glad earth and all the golden light
 Whence I depart.
 No ! God hath purified my spirit's eye,
 And in the folds of this consummate rose
 I read bright prophecies. I see not there,
 Dimly and mournfully, the word "*farewell*,"
 On the rich petals traced : No—in soft veins
 And characters of beauty, I can read—
 "*Look up, look heavenward !*"

Blessed God of Love !

I thank thee for these gifts, the precious links
 Whereby my spirit unto thee is drawn !
 I thank thee that the loveliness of Earth
 Higher than Earth can raise me ! Are not these
 But germs of things unperishing, that bloom
 Beside th' immortal streams ? Shall I not find
 The lily of the field, the Saviour's flower,
 In the serene and never-moaning air,
 And the clear starry light of angel eye,
 A thousand-fold more glorious ? Richer far
 Will not the violet's dusky purple glow,
 When it hath ne'er been press'd to broken hearts,
 A record of lost love ?

Mother. My Lillian ! Thou
 Surely in *thy* bright life hast little known
 Of lost things or of changed !

Lilian. Oh ! little yet,
 For *thou* hast been my shield ! But had it been
 My lot on this world's billows to be thrown
 Without thy love—O mother ! there are hearts
 So perilously fashioned, that for them
 God's touch alone hath gentleness enough
 To waken, and not break, their thrilling strings !
 —We will not speak of this !

By what strange spell
 Is it, that ever, when I gaze on flowers,
 I dream of music ! Something in their hues
 All melting into colour'd harmonies,
 Waits a swift thought of interwoven chords.
 Of blended singing-tones, that swell and die
 In tenderest falls away.—Oh ! bring thy harp,
 Sister ! a gentle heaviness at last
 Hath touch'd mine eyelids : sing to me, and sleep
 Will come again.

Jessy. What wouldst thou hear ? Th' Italian Peasant's Lay,
 Which makes the desolate Campagna ring
 With "*Roma, Roma !*"—or the Madrigal
 Warbled on moonlight seas of Sicily ?
 Or the old ditty left by Troubadours
 To girls of Languedoc ?

Lilian. Oh, no ! not these.

Jessy. What then ? the Moorish melody still known
 Within th' Alhambra city ? or those notes
 Born of the Alps, which pierce the Exile's heart
 Even unto death ?

Lilian. No, sister, nor yet these.
 —Too much of dreamy love, of faint regret,
 Of passionately fond remembrance, breathes
 In the caressing sweetness of their tones,
 For one who dies :—They would but woo me back
 To glowing life with those Arcadian sounds—

And vainly, vainly !—No ! a loftier strain,
 A deeper music !—Something that may bear
 The spirit up on slow, yet mighty wings,
 Unsway'd by gusts of earth : something, all fill'd
 With solemn adoration, tearful prayer.
 —Sing me that antique strain which once I deem'd
 Almost too sternly simple, too austere
 In its grave majesty ! I love it now—
 Now it seems fraught with holiest power, to hush
 All billows of the soul, ev'n like His voice
 That said of old—“ Be still ! ”—Sing me that strain—
 —“ The Saviour's dying hour.”

Jessy sings to the Harp.

Oh ! Son of Man !
 In thy last mortal hour
 Shadows of earth closed round Thee fearfully !
 All that on us is laid,
 All the deep gloom,
 The desolation and th' abandonment,
 The dark amaze of Death ;
 All upon *Thee* too fall,
 Redeemer ! Son of Man !

But the keen pang
 Wherewith the silver cord
 Of earth's affection from the soul is wrung ;
 Th' uptearing of those tendrils which have grown
 Into the quick strong heart ;
 This, *this*, the passion and the agony
 Of battling Love and Death,
 Surely was not for *Thee*,
 Holy one ! Son of God !

Yes, my Redeemer !
 Ev'n this cup was thine !
 Foud wailing voices call'd thy spirit back :
 Ev'n midst the mighty thoughts
 Of that last crowning hour ;
 Ev'n on Thine awful way to victory,
 Wildly they call'd Thee back !
 And weeping eyes of Love
 Unto thy heart's deep cove,
 Pierc'd thro' the folds of Death's mysterious veil,
 —Sufferer ! thou Son of Man !

Mother-tears were mingled
 With thy costly blood-drops,
 In the shadow of th' atoning Cross ;
 And the friend, the faithful,
 He that on thy bosom,
 Thence imbibing heavenly Love, had lain ;
 He, a pale sad watcher,
 Met with looks of anguish,
 All the anguish in *Thy* last meek glance—
 Dying Son of Man !

Oh ! therefore unto Thee,
 Thou that hast known all woes
 Bound in the girdle of mortality !

Thou that wilt lift the reed
 Which storms have bruised,
 To Thee may Sorrow thro' each conflict cry,
 And, in that tempest-hour when Love and Life
 Mysteriously must part,
 When tearful eyes
 Are passionately bent
 To drink Earth's last fond meaning from our gaze;
 Then, then forsake us not!
 Shed on our spirits then
 The faith and deep submissiveness of Thine!
 Thou that didst love,
 Thou that didst weep and die;
 Thou that didst rise, a victor glorified!
 Conqueror! Thou Son of God!

TO A LOVER OF AUTUMN. (1830.)

BY MISS E. M. HAMILTON.

You blame me, sister, when I say,
 That Autumn makes me sad;
 But quicker still you silence me,
 For thinking Spring is glad;
 Does it not prove, howe'er we blame,
 We all are very much the same?

There is in every breast that lives
 A sadness of its own,
 That reason neither cures nor gives,
 Whose fountain is unknown;
 A something that we seldom tell,
 But that we cannot conquer well.

Why is the joyous Spring to thee
 A melancholy thing?
 And why does Autumn unto me
 Such gloomy feelings bring?
 Neither can answer, but we know
 We do not merely fancy so.

It may have been some single hour,
 That colour'd them to both;
 Some vivid moment's lightning power,
 That, growing with our growth,
 Made that to one for ever sad,
 Which to the other seems all glad.

Perhaps the heart was beating fast,
 With bliss too deep to say,
 When on a hawthorn bough we cast
 Our happy eyes away;
 Perhaps when tears were ill-restrain'd,
 That look on a dead leaf was chain'd.

We mark'd not *then* the hawthorn bough,
 Nor *then* the wither'd leaf;
 But they are felt intensely now,
 In silent joy or grief;
 Let us compassionately see,
 Man's spirit is a mystery! *

LINES WRITTEN IN THE FIRST BLANK LEAF OF SHELLEY'S POEMS.

TO THE READER.

PAUSE! and before another page you turn,
 Let Thought's soft music on your bosom steal,
 And sad, and solemnly—as when the urn
 Of some lost Friendship makes its lone appeal—
 Lay by all smiles, they mock the gentle brow
 Of him whose spirit sits beside you now.

Remember here you meet no modish songs—
 No courtly canto—languor-lulling lay—
 Nor sounding sentiments from hollow tongues
 That scoff the feelings they profess to sway:
 Remember that a martyr's heart was broken
 To prove the faith within this volume spoken.

To him sweet Poesy was no idle art—
 It was his breath and being:—its wild-flowers,
 Fed by the hot rain from his very heart,
 Yielded him odorous and enduring powers
 To publish Freedom's love-illuminated laws,
 And he went forth the Apostle of her cause.

The mild yet high Apostle! Ever strong
 In eloquence, which levin-like he hurl'd
 Against those pyramids of Fraud and Wrong,
 Whose lengthening shadows wither up the world!
 He lit his lamp at Truth's eternal sun,—
 Enough! the many warred against the one!

What boots it now? Fearless he fought the fight,
 And if he fail'd, the "Loved Athenian" fell,
 And all, like them, that ever taught the right!
 —But the bright time approacheth that shall tell
 If for man's weal he wore, with glorious pain,
 The prophet's robe and poet's wreath in vain:—

What boots it now?—Like April's precious cloud
 He scatter'd beauty on the earth, and past!
 Rome's splendid heavens fold—memorial proud!—
 Their purple curtains o'er his rest at last;
 Where Tully thunder'd—Brutus triumph'd, lie
 All of their fond adorer that could die!

For You who gently o'er this volume bendeth,—
 If deeply in your soul implanted springs
 That love of pure and passionate song which lendeth
 Creation half its gorgeous colourings—
 Fly to the green and shadowy solitudes
 That skirt blue brooks mid everlasting woods.

There steep your spirit in his lofty themes,
 Replete with rainbow pictures from above—
 And fervid melody, and starry dreams
 —The mortal pantings of immortal Love!
 Then, closing the bright Book, go forth agen,
 Burning, like him, to bless your fallen fellow-men!

Templemore, Tipperary.

HAROLD.

I SAW HER BUT ONCE.

I saw her but once—like the lapse of a stream
That catches the Lily-Queen's shadowless gleam;
I pass'd her,—unmingling she moved among crowds,
As the Evening-star's loveliness walketh the clouds.

I saw her advance—with enchanted surprise
I bow'd in the blue brilliant noon of her eyes,
Whose victorious refulgence forbade me to speak,
But Idolatry flash'd all I felt from my cheek!

I saw her depart—as the crowd hurried on—
Like the Moon down the ocean the Graceful was gone!
On my ear her adieu, with its dulcimer-swell,
Like the gush of cool waters, in melody fell.

I saw her no more—yet from that holy hour,
As essential as dew to the perishing flower
—As the cloudless Aurora to Night at the Pole—
Is the beam of her beauty and love to my soul.

Starry stranger! so dazzlingly distant—unknown—
And observed in thy luminous transit alone;
By what fiat supreme must thy brilliancy quiver
O'er the depths of my darken'd existence for ever!

Templemore, Tipperary.

HAROLD.

MELODIES FOR MIDDLE AGE.

No. I.

I ALMOST thought the days were past
Of those alternate hopes and fears,
Which did their "lights and shadows" cast
On other scenes, of other years,
And that the world would henceforth wear
The sober garb of worldly care.

I thought that, now, Life's sluggish stream
Was all too dark and cold to bear
Pictured, as in a Poet's dream,
The image of the bright and fair.—
In short, I thought that it was plain
I never should be young again.

For is there not "a certain age,"
When all that charm'd when life was new,
Is blotted from that dreary page
Which grows more dull, yet not more true,
And still in Fiction leads us on,
When all its gay Romance is gone?

I thought so once; but those dark eyes—
(With *them* we must of course begin.)
Those smiles, like cloudless, happy skies,
Worthy of martyrdom to win—
That lovely form, whose sylphlike grace
Vies with the witchcraft of that face;—
And more than all, those accents sweet,
Which of those brighter graces tell,
Where wit and truest judgment meet,
And gayest fancy loves to dwell—
Teach me that much may still survive
The wintry hand of—*Thirty-five.*

THE SABBATH EVENING.

THE breeze was light, the air was balmy,

The Sun was sinking to his rest,

And pure and peaceful was the calm

Which lay on Nature's tranquil breast.

Wafted on wings of gossamer,

Bright clouds were floating in the air,

And the warm sun's enamour'd glow

Hung nestling on their breasts of snow.

Beneath their thin transparent veil,

The silver moon rose faint and pale,

Half seen, half hid in purple haze,

And shrinking from the rival blaze

Which shot a thousand burning dyes,

Ruby and sapphire o'er the skies.

And lovely was the scene displayed,

Beneath that beauteous canopy,

In fair, though simple, garb arrayed,

Harmonious to the gazer's eye.

No mountains towering high to heav'n,

Round whose tall heads the lightnings
roll,

No barren rocks by tempests riv'n,

Spoke awe's stern language to the soul ;

But peace and plenty seem'd to dwell

In that sequester'd quiet dell.

I stood upon a verdant mound,

With beech and clustering hazel crown'd,

And far survey'd the prospect round.

O'er yellow fields of rip'ning corn

Skirted with green luxuriant thorn,

O'er waving wood and swelling hill,

And many a gentle nameless rill,

I gazed in silence—all was fair—

But fairest one dear village shone ;—

There was my home, my birth-place there,

There all I loved to muse upon.

Embosomed deep in bowering shade,

Which many a goodly elm bestow'd,

Or scatter'd down the varied glade,

Each humble cottage smiling stood.

And at my feet the temple lay,

Within whose walls I knelt to pray,

The morning of that summer's day.

It was the day when labours cease ;—

The day of holiness and peace,

Which gives the peasant of the soil

Sweet respite from his weekly toil,

The joys of tranquil ease to know,

And bless the hand from which they flow.

How oft amid the cares of life,

Its noise, its business, and its strife,

Does that sure hope of Sabbath rest,

Calm the tired limb and throbbing breast !

How oft has meek Contentment's child,

Found the lone hour of toil beguill'd,

So cheerily it pass'd away,

In thinking of the Sabbath day !

For then his simple soul is free

For exercise of piety,

Fervent in hope, subdued in fear,

And unassuming as sincere.

And then, oh then, 'tis his to prove

The precious joys of home and love,

Joys dear to every child of earth,

But sweetest by the rustic's hearth !

For some delight in slothful ease,

Some follow Wealth's or Glory's call,—

The peasant's luxuries are these,

His only wealth, his pride, his all !

IV.

And this had been the welcome dawn,

And now the wish'd for joys were giv'n :—

Each cottager that happy morn

Had paid his grateful vows to Heav'n ;

By the shrill bell's harmonious peal

Assembling in the house of prayer,

His past offences to bewail,

And seek the mercy proffer'd there.

And now beneath the setting sun,

The Christian's course of duty run,

Blithe mirth and harmless frolic meet,

And through the peaceful village street.

Beside his jasmine-tufted door

See yon grey patriarch, reading loud

Some moving tale of sacred lore,

The wonder of the list'ning crowd.

His wife is sitting at his side—

His children climb their father's knee—

Oh, where can happiness abide !

Unless in such a home it be ?

Can Guilt, I cried, can envious Pain

Pollute a scene so fair as this,

Or here does Innocence remain—

Sweet Innocence, and tranquil bliss ?

V.

Why fell you volume to the ground ?

Why droops the Sire ? why crowd they
round ?

That Sire had once a daughter fair,

With laughing eyes and flaxen hair,

Blithe as the merry bounding roe,

And spotless as the virgin snow.

And now she sleeps the tomb within,

Victim of treachery and sin !—

Perchance a passage in the book,

Perchance a word, or tender look,

Recall'd the memory of his child,

E'en so she spoke, e'en so she smiled !

VI.

Sweet Innocence !—oh ! 'tis a name,—

A lingering, flickering, flying flame,

A vision Earth shall never see,

A shadow of futurity !

And Happiness! a gorgeous prize,
Hung dazzling still before our eyes,
And ever seen, and ever sought,
And often grasped, but never caught!
For this the Warrior wades through
blood,

For this he braves the stormy flood,
And danger's thousand shapes defies,
But still the faithless tempter flies.
The votaries of Fame and Health,
The slaves of Pleasure and of Wealth,
All seek the port which none may gain,
All toil for bliss, but toil in vain,
And waste the narrow span of life
In fond pursuit and endless strife.

Yet well I ween that Patriarch grey
Has trod a surer path than they,—
And well I ween when life is o'er,
The phantom Hope shall cheat no more,
But Heav'n's own happiness shall prove
The Christian's blest reward above.
Oh! high and glorious is the meed,
And peaceful are the ways which lead
To that sure haven! joy shall come
A welcome guest to Virtue's home,
For she can scatter rose and gem
On sorrow's thorny diadem.
Then how can Man be led astray,
So mild a mistress to betray;
And at his soul's immortal price,
Buy Misery, the child of Vice?

VIII.

Musing I stood;—and as I spake,
I marked with pensive eye
Beside me in the tangled brake,
A wild-flower clustering high.
Its dark and glossy leaves were spread
In graceful arches round my head,
The twisted thorns among,
And scarlet fruit and purple bloom,
With rich festoons of sweet perfume,
The glittering branches hung.
Oh, who with steadfast gaze could view }
That tempting loveliness of hue,
Nor feel as very children do?— }
Yet many a step which once was light
Upon the village green,
But for that fruit which shines so bright,
Might still adorn the scene.

And many a brother who was fair
And pure as aught forgiv'n,
But for the smiles which Sin can wear,
Had been a saint in Heav'n!

* * * *

The sun had sunk behind the hill,—
The village revelry was still;—
When through the churchyard home I went
On solemn thoughts intent
Among the silent dead,
And felt, that in that very spot,
—A little time,—it matters not,
Hours, days, or years,—and I shall be
To others what *they* are to me,
And in as cold a bed!—
Upon that awful mystery
Of life and death I ponder'd,
And my weak spirit wonder'd
How things like these should be.

I sat upon a rustic seat,
And in the rank grass at my feet,
Within a floweret's germ,
There lay a little worm:
And in a silken cell,
The little worm did dwell,
Clothed in a scaly shell,
Without a sound or breath,
As motionless as death.—
Once in another form,
That cold and torpid worm,
Among the leaves around,
His food and pastime found.
And in another form,
That cold and torpid worm
Translated to the skies,
All beautiful shall rise,
Soaring on purple wing,
Companion of the spring.

The silent lesson did restore
My wavering faith which shook before;
And shadowed in the insect's span,
I read the fate of man.
Like him we live—like him we come
To the same cold and narrow home.—
And oh! when I arise like thee,
Blessed insect! may it be
Soaring on a wing as bright,
To the realms of endless light!

ST STEPHEN'S DAY.

BY GEORGE TREVOR.

Ho ! follow me ! follow me !
 Gather to the trump of God !
 Over land and over sea
 Flies my battle-shout abroad ;
 Bright my sword is gleaming,
 Wide my banner streaming.
 Full of faith and strong in heart,
 Brothers ! bear a brother's part !

By the symbol of your vows,
 By the grace which it imparts,
 By the Cross upon your brows,
 And the Spirit in your hearts,
 Seal'd of every nation !
 Heirs of Christ's salvation !
 In the name that bows your knee,
 Israel, up ! follow me !

Warrior ! tell us who art thou,
 Calling us to deeds of might ?
 Where the hand that on thy brow
 Placed that diadem of light ?
 Stranger ! speak thy story !
 What thy deeds of glory ?
 What thy claim on God's elect,
 Where thou wouldst their steps direct !

First of that bright host was I,
 Who for JESU gave their lives :
 CHRIST—who gave me strength to die,
 CHRIST this fame and glory gives.
 Still his Cross upbearing,
 Triumphs high declaring,
 All I summon—summon *thee* !
 Soldier of Christ ! follow me !

Faithful martyr ! now we know
 Why thy visage beams with light,
 Far as light thy words shall go,
 Gathering all her sons to fight.
 Spread thy banner o'er us !
 Blow thy trump before us !
 Warrior ! shout thine ancient cry—
 CHRIST ! our King ! our victory !

Lo ! we follow even to death,
 Helm'd* with life, in right array'd,
 Raise the shield of dauntless faith !
 Bear the Spirit's beaming blade !
 Christ is our reliance !
 Bid the Fiend defiance !
 Raise the Cross ! True Saint—we see !
 On ! we follow—follow *thee* !

* “ Having on the breastplate of righteousness . . . Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked ; and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.” —*Ephesians*, ch. vi. ver. 14, 16, and 17.

THE EPIPHANY.

BY GEORGE TREVOR.

Star of glory! brightly streaming,
 Welcome, oh! thou blessed star!
 Star that erst, serenely beaming,
 Led the wise men from afar!
 Thou their wandering footsteps leddest,
 Star of glory! Planet mild!
 Till thy heavenly light thou sheddest
 O'er the holy—blessed Child!

Holy Father! Thou who gavest
 Them that light and grace to see!
 Holy Son! oh, Christ, who savest
 All that look for light to thee!
 Holy Spirit! ever-pouring
 Grace on them that seek aright!
 Grant us, Lord, with hearts adoring,
 Still to walk with thee in light!

MERRY ENGLAND.

“MERRY ENGLAND!” what a picture do these simple words recall!
 Hamlets nestling in the shelter of the old ancestral hall;
 Tower and spire, and park and palace, halls whose hospitable door
 Never yet repell’d the weary, never closed against the poor.

Bands of yeomen brave and loyal, nobles courteous, frank, and free,
 Fearless rulers, firmly blending gentleness with dignity;
 Peaceful days, when old Religion, like a silver-circling band,
 Clasp’d alike round prince and peasant, bound in one accord the land.

In their pew beside their household, Squire and Lady duly seen,
 Blithesome looks at fair and market, lightsome dance on village green;
 Winter nights where kindly neighbours pass’d the harmless jest or tale,
 While the fagot’s cheerful crackle thaw’d the old October ale!

Ruddy children gaily whooping underneath the ancient oak,
 Hoary woods around them ringing to their father’s stalwart stroke;
 Sunny slopes, where busy sickles sparkled through the golden grain,
 And from darkening lanes at evening sportive laugh of maid or swain.

Still the land is fair as ever, still the sun’s departing glow
 Lies as bright on spire and turret, lingering there as loth to go;—
 But the sunshine of the spirit, trusting heart and open brow—
 Whither have they all departed? “Merry England,” where art thou?

See through yonder blazing city, riot, blood, and plunder rave;
 Europe’s saviour scarce escaping death from those he fought to save;
 Startled streets, whose mournful echoes render back the battle’s din,
 Flying crowds and charging horsemen! Peace abroad—but war within.

Where the faith that with a glory wreathed the Monarch’s sacred crown?
 Where the ties that link’d the lowly with the loftiest Peer’s renown?
 Where the reverence, deep and holy, which on lawn and ermine saw
 God’s own stamp, and in their wearers, loved Religion—fear’d the law?

Altars spurn’d and thrones insulted, order scoff’d at, laws defied—
 Factious subjects, dastard rulers, shifting with the shifting tide—
 Doubtful present,—darker future! Anxious heart and clouded brow,
 These are now thine alter’d features—Mournful England, such art thou!

THE RADICAL.

I've been for more than twenty years what snarling people call,
 For want of some more hateful name, a thorough Radical.
 I've paid my taxes grudgingly, and clamour'd at my fate,
 Which thus compels me to uphold a useless Church and State—
 A State, with luxury o'ergrown—a Church of pride and sloth;
 Why, if I could indulge my will, I would abolish both.
 I have attended every mob, and held that doctrine right
 Which in the people concentrates the sov'reignty of might.
 I've bid my auditors be bold, and shew the rich and great,
 That they alone can constitute the sinews of the State.
 I've rail'd against all nobles, as a selfish greedy race,
 Who study to enrich themselves by hunting after place.
 I have denounced the landlords as a close hard-fisted band,
 Who make bread dear by keeping up monopolies in land.
 I have described the magistrates as men who only draw
 A certain sum to violate, and not uphold, the law.
 I have condemn'd the Army, as a force that is maintain'd,
 By which the people's rights can be at any time restrain'd;
 Yet notwithstanding all the zeal and ardour I have shewn,
 I've not a shilling in the world that I can call my own.
 No dealings have my friends with me—I know no reason why,
 That they profess my sentiments, and are so very shy.
 There's not a tradesman who will give me credit for a day,
 For if he can't get paid at once, he takes his goods away.
 And thus neglected by my friends, and hated by my foes,
 There's little left for me to do but ponder o'er my woes.
 And wicked Tories laugh and say, I need not want for pelf,
 For he who thinks all others rogues, will die a rogue himself.

SUMMER EVE.

How sweet at summer eve,
 By grassy bank or cleve,
 At lazy length upon the soft turf thrown,
 To scan the silent solitudes,
 The peaceful outspread woods,
 And fields with golden flowers freshly strewn.

Haply we then may hear
 Come stealing on our ear
 Some wild unearthly melody,
 First in disorder'd notes,
 Like the strain that floats
 As o'er the harp-strings playful breezes die.

Then with a deeper tone,
 Fuller and fuller grown,
 It swells and falls, and swells and melts away,
 Then, as though hurrying back,
 Loth to forsake its track,
 Again we faint with joy to hear the magic lay.

Sooth, many a churl is found,
 Who ne'er hath trod such ground,
 And little reck of such wild minstrelsy,
 And of such legend deems
 As wandering madness' dreams,
 Or counts those pensive tones the leafy forest's sigh.

But we, whom fancy leads
Mid hills and flowery meads,
Flying the smoky haunts of hackney'd man,
Steadfast on Nature look,
And con her as our book,
And with familiar warmth her chastest beauties scan.

She, kindling to our love,
Gives us too well to prove
How fetter'd to this clay our spirits are ;
For while our souls upon
She pours each magic tone,
And fills with wizard harmony the air,—

Still our dull eyes are seal'd,
And round us unreveal'd
The airy minstrels lead their phantom choir,
While we entranced recline,
Taking no thought of time,
And mounting at each strain in fancy higher.

But, should a step intrude
On our deep solitude,
Sudden we start to weary life again,
And that strange minstrelsy
Is silent as the sky,
We list, and list to catch a note in vain.

But be intruder far,
Nor let us dream we are
The careful denizens of this rude earth,
The while with ravish'd ears,
And eyes mantling with tears,
Of wildest, noblest thoughts we hail the birth.

What though each banish'd scene,
Where earliest joys have been,
Return no more to cheer our blighted way,
Better thus, in rapt trance,
On shatter'd hopes to glance,
Than rear fresh piles again to meet the like decay.

OrieleNS16.

THE SKETCHER.

No. VI.

HE who has to manage the Four Elements, drives an unruly team, linked indeed together, but with very opposite propensities; one rearing with his head bolt upright in the clouds—one spurning the air with his heels, and plunging with his nostrils to the ground—one still as a pool, and the other ever running a heat. It has been seen in the last Number of *Magga*, that *Sketcher*, fired with the ambition of *Phaeton*, mounted the sky, and whirled away to the zodiac, descended in safety, and was kindly received by the blessed Earth on her most mossy cushion; fanned cool by her many waving branches, as naturally as if performed after frequent rehearsal at the Amphitheatre. *Pictor* and I were so pleased with the wood, that we made an appointment to meet on a certain day at the ferry, for the purpose of renewing our visit; and here we are at the foot of the woods, at the entrance to “*Nightingale Valley*.” We stood some time admiring a vessel that several boats were towing up the river. A sudden gleam shot rapidly across the scene, as if to greet and welcome home the jaded creature, as, wearily, with her white cordage bleached amid the toil and peril of other climes and wildernesses of waters, she suffered herself to be led to the haven. “She returns not willingly,” said *Pictor*; “she is passive indeed, but would break away from the rocks that frown above her, and the narrow bed in which she disdains herself to shew sign of motion. Willingly would she shake her wings to the breeze, and, with a stately bend, toss indignantly the muddy tide behind her, and be off like a soaring bird, slowly and stately, to the home of her affection, the ocean she has left. But she has no power.”

Sketcher.—It is the passiveness of the dolphin irretrievably caught, and out of his element.

Pictor.—Is she not like some young romantic ward brought back by her unromantic and obdurate guardians, without rest, and dishevelled, from her fruitless voyage of love to *Gretna*, reluctantly; all the

while sullenly meditating an early escape from the dull home and discipline to which they are leading her. There is no joy in her; there is a look of weariness, mistrust, and dislike about her; you never could compare her to the bee bringing home honey to the hive, or the swallow returning from over-seas to her well-remembered nest under the eaves.

Sketcher.—A vessel is a positively living and sensitive creature to the eye of poetical faith—“athing of life.”

Pictor.—Poetical faith! Does it not embrace all Creation? What is there real that we can view as real, independent of the mind’s colouring and the mind’s faith? No, every thing has its colour and character from this Faith, which alone stamps it with individuality and truth.

Sketcher.—And perhaps you would say that Poetical Faith is the best and great colourist, that bestows a moral harmony and propriety on all things—

Pictor.—And with a consciousness of this power, dares to soar into every region of created nature.

Sketcher.—But I am afraid we are soaring out of our element.

Pictor.—Our capacities cannot reach Realities; we make to ourselves appearances, and not all of us the same. The great Revelations of God are but demands upon a Faith which is not all ours, but which we partly borrow from above. There is a mystery in every thing and about every thing, that our minds may exercise and sport themselves withal, as a preparation of the faculties for the enlargement which is their ultimate destiny.

Pictor paused — and we walked some distance without speaking. Our path at first led us between trees of a somewhat wild growth, that so shot up and sent their upper branches across, as to conceal the character of the place we were entering, (and in this was the charm of expectation.) To the right, amidst a continuation of these trees, there was a small shady recess, formed originally by the wearing away of, and loosening, the larger

fragments of rock from the very base of the hill, that rose covered, and mostly hid, with foliage, and by a dip in the ground from the path. The masses of rock that had been cast off, were green with moss and light leafage; and the remains of a wall, covered with ivy, uniting with them, gave the idea of the spot having once been chosen by some recluse. It was in colour and form admirably adapted for "a little lowly hermitage;" but there was no water "that welled forth alway," to help the delusion. Few perhaps have ever sketched here—there is so little form, so little display of object to make shew; yet I have often sat down in the path and look'd into it; for it is a little world in itself, it is so unobtrusively complete, that I have thought it the more my own, as it escapes general observation. Curiosity to see what lies beyond the screen of trees is its protection from intrusion. Emerging from this screen of trees, we came to a small open space just large enough to shew us, on the left, high grey rocks, beautifully rising and crowned with trees, their height may be about 200 feet; though generally precipitous, they were broken here and there by ledges, from which young shoots shot out their foliage, and their boughs gracefully bent over the rocks below. To the right was the hill whose broken base, as I described, formed the little hermitage scene. This hill was more slanting, covered with underwood and a few larger trees, but contrasted with the opposite side by the entire absence of projecting rocks. The summits of each side are old encampments; that on the left exhibits still remains of extensive wall-work. The sketching ground described in my last, lay to the right. On the left, but at some distance, descending from the summit towards the river, is a very picturesque, though not large cavern; the spot is very secluded; I think this is seldom seen. The path led us across this short open space, where it passes among low brushwood, and soon away among the higher trees that enrich the ascent of the valley to the top. Where the path enters the brushwood, we stopped to look back. The view was striking, and in composition almost a picture.

You look back to the trees you have passed, and still near you—you can scarcely see light through them. The winding of the path into their shade is nicely indicated. On each side are the rocks and hill I have described, but the terminations of both; and from the rocky side, now seen in profile, there are very beautiful young graceful trees thrown out, beech and ash; the hill on the other side appears less covered at the point where it terminates to the eye, but directly above the tops of the trees, by which you enter, rises St Vincent's rock, about 300 feet from the river, which is between it and the spectator. This rock is finely coloured, is yellow or greyish, as the sky may affect it, but it is mostly seen light against the sky. Some way down is a cavern, now not at all accessible; in my childhood days I have been in it—but the attempt was dangerous, and the possibility of access has been judiciously removed. This cavern is called Giant's Hole. There is something wanting in the whole scene. You are too much shut in by a wall, as it were, and yet without positive confinement, to render that the complete character, for you have ample lateral escape by the course of the river. Here, however, the river is not seen, but there are no rounding and projecting rocks, that even appear to go across and unite with St Vincent's; and I make no doubt, here lies the defect of the scene. Somewhere nearer the spot where is the view I am taking, I recollect, some years ago there was a great monumental-looking stone, solitary, and directly in the way of the path, which wound round it. It gave a melancholy impression, and I am not sorry it is gone; I suppose the bank gave way, and it has been broken, and the pathway somewhat altered by the change. The scenery here is by no means of a melancholy cast, though called "Nightingale Valley;" and it always struck me, that the monumental-looking stone ill accorded with its character. You would not wish, in such a scene, to be reminded that the happy scene is shut out for ever from a former possessor or visitant now "under the cold stone."

Pictor.—Did not Nicolo Poussin

make a mistake of this kind in his Arcadia, which should have been a scene of happiness? Is there not a monumental inscription to this effect? "I too was an Arcadian."—Thus shewing the end of all things, just where poetical faith would persuade you things are to have no end.

Sketcher.—Yes, it is inconsistent—but not more absurd than the melancholy music, the bemoaning elegiac prose tune, with which Johnson describes his "Happy Valley." The words, including their arrangement, and the things they are meant to represent, any thing but agree. The painter and author must take care that the tone, the music of every piece, be agreeable to the subject. A green, yellow, melancholy, drizzly weeping Arcadia is no Arcadia at all. Now I took up this morning the "Prince of Abyssinia," and it struck me, an illustration of tone, or tune, if you like the term better, in painting, might be drawn from the melancholy music with which old Samuel drones out the description of his "Happy Valley," so I put the volume in my pocket. Hear the sombre Æolian. "From the mountains on every side, rivulets descended that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl whom nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream which entered a dark cleft of the mountain, on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise from precipice to precipice, till it was heard no more. The sides of the mountains were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers; every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass, or browse the shrub, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures, on another, all the beasts of the chase ~~frisking~~ ^{frisking} in the lawns; the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in

the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded."

Pictor. Enough, enough! yet how often do we hear this passage quoted as beautiful. But we know that it is no sketch from nature, for he never heard a waterfall making "a dreadful noise from precipice to precipice till it was heard no more." I have gone pretty far sketching, and never found one so civilly walking off, and holding his tongue when he was bid. There is not a frisk or bound in kid or beast, they do it as awkwardly as Samuel himself, under the tuition and fiddle of Bozzi. If in such a place there would be any bounding, frisking, and running, it would be to get away from some such a bore as Melac, a fellow that would carve his walking stick into a death's head, or *memento mori*. The whole scene must have been suggested by a drop-scene at a theatre, before that department fell into good hands.

Sketcher. Nor do I think it will be any excuse to say, the picture is the whole story, and therefore that every part should have the melancholy drone and dole. Here the Happy Valley was the picture, and, like Ariosto's description of Alcina's gardens, it ought to have been enticing, and fresh, sunny, and gloriously happy.

We were now among the higher trees, in our way up the pass, which became narrower, and of more gentle character. Near the top we turned suddenly to the right, and amidst fragments of rock, bound wit' fantastic roots, and moss-covered, we reached the green amphitheatre, the encampment, where, in my descent, described in my last, I found Pictor. We could not resist diverging into the first dell, (though we had determined the second to be our day's study.)—and there we stood awhile in silence to admire the beautiful rock. We then dipped lower down, and looked back upon it. The mass is very fine from this point of view, the trees growing out of the very rock near the summit, which is crowned again with others, all umbrageously shedding a green light below. The dark boles shoot up in most graceful rising, throwing out boldly their large branches to-

wards the centre of the scene, their more tender boughs towards the extremity of each branch most sweetly bending, and, as the sunbeams passed through the transparent leaves, apparently dropping emeralds upon the earth's bosom. Sky, it may be said, there was none, for the light only came through the entangling foliage of the trees, here close, and locking each other, but the light was warm and strong that was shed through one or two openings; it was like the light that beams through painted pane, arrested in its passage by the inward sanctity, and resting on the tranquil figure of some glory-painted saint. The eye did not long rest here, but followed the continuation of the rock towards its descent; the interchanging colours of green, and brown, and dark purple hue, blending with all the projections, and deep receding passages among ivy and dark holes, discovered amid dim rocks, supplied innumerable parts and detail, which the eye passed on to the fancy, and fancy to the storehouse of memory for future use.

Immediately before us was a larger accumulation of fragments of rock, but slightly covered with leafage as of recent fall. Pictor looked at this with some interest.

Sketcher. I should have been delighted to have been within the sight and sound, when that rent from the parent rock took place.

Pictor. I cannot but view it with a feeling of thankfulness for a mercy. You see that brown mossy stone with the branch of an upturn ash partly resting on it; all this "confusion worse confounded" must have passed over it. The day before this fell, I was making a large coloured sketch on that very stone, and I think there must be now some pencils of mine buried under the ruins; had I been there the succeeding day, it is hardly possible I should have escaped.

Sketcher. This comes of your poetical incantations. I shall indeed fear your company, if you can thus bring down the Fairy's house over our heads. There was a quarrel perhaps between your Echo and his sister Nun Silence, and they threw stones—But perhaps they would have spared you for your compliment.

"O gloriosi spirti degli boschi,
O Echo."

Pictor. The remembrance of this awakens in me a higher feeling than romance: it shewed me the power that could crush me as a worthless atom, and the mercy that can preserve me to fulfil the ends of my being.

Sketcher. I have received a letter from my old friend, Sylvanus the Happy: a letter of remonstrance. He is sadly afraid that a whole unhallowed and unhallowing crew will burst into this innocent domain, and haunt these woods with their ungen-

in maga. All Fairy-land, he says, will be enclosed, and subdivided by brick walls, and not so much as a flower-garden left for King Oberon. He adds, that hitherto he has hid in his bosom all knowledge of this scenery, and carefully concealed it from the press, lest it should be first vulgarized, and then destroyed. Now, I think your adventure and peril will be an excellent "preventive check." So Maga shall have it for my old friend's sake.

Pictor. Sylvanus the Happy!—I know him well. Many a day has he charmed me in these very woods with his discursive ingenious inventive talk. Old with the sage propriety of years, and young in the undying vigour of his bright fancy, goodness, kindness, benevolence, lie seated so within him, that all his thoughts pass their moulding and colouring before they find utterance in his tongue; and rapid are they too. Each discourse of his is a rosary, better than ever was blessed by Pope; and the bigger beads are but his patron saints,—genius and benevolence, keeping all together on the same string. The crow's feet about his eyes, that sparkle with the beams the fire of imagination within sends into them, seem rather the avenues for delight to enter,—lines delicately painted in by the hand of mirth, than the stronger marked passages and ruts wherein the vexatious pigmy, Care, drives to and fro his incessant wheels.

Sketcher. He is one—

"In quem manca nunt semper Fortuna."
With whom Fortune may run a tilt and she will.

He would never step out of his way to pick up a trouble; but if it jostled against him, he would take off his hat to it, entreat as much civility as possible, and bid it part company at its earliest convenience.

Pictor. We were a happy fraternity that were wont to visit these woods together. Two are no more; and we do not meet as we did.

Sketcher. Perhaps I have more cause to lament on that score than you. Now are we under the influence of the scene. The sky is darker; clouds are passing over our heads, and deepening the sombre tones, and the light is removed from the

young and playful foliage that shone out, making all that was sober the more recede: now all is more blended under one tone. To avert this, draw upon your memory for its more cheerful and refreshing stores, or on your imagination for objects less real, to "sickly o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Pictor. I will draw on both; (then searching his portfolio)—I always bring these old matters with me, as sketches made from nature, that I may again attach on the spot to their own locality. Here, then, is a description of our delight: sing it to what tune you please—

SONG.

Merry, merry we, at the greenwood tree;
For there is not a man of us all
That harbours a thought, but what he ought,
In a heart devoid of gall.

Merry, merry we, at the greenwood tree,
As ever were lark or thrush;
For we joke and we pun, and bask in the sun,
All brethren of the brush.

Merry, merry we, at the greenwood tree;
For we laugh, till each his head
Throws back on the sheen of the costly green
That Nature has widely spread.

Merry, merry we, at the greenwood tree;
The scholar go thumb his books—
The miser his bags and his gaudy rags—
We to our green, green nooks.

The king to his court, the soldier his fort—
The farmer go handle his beeves;
But merry, merry we, at the greenwood tree,
Under the twinkling leaves.

Fancy might have attributed a power of incantation to the rhymes; for sunshine returned, and touched every leaf with brilliancy again, and lighted up the whole scene with cheerfulness. Instead of crossing the ridge into the next dell, we preferred entering it from above, and therefore reascended. We sat upon the green edge, looking into the depth below us. For a while Pictor seemed absorbed in his recollections of past scenes and days. This, said he, waving his hand to the small space around us, was many a time our refectory. On one occasion, our

party being rather more numerous than usual, and having found some young culprits in the woods mischievously destroying, we took the whim of constituting one of the party master of the feast—king of the revels. We fixed upon our friend Rex. He was old enough to be sage, and sage enough to play the boy—of nice discriminating perception and sure taste. We regularly installed him; and I was poet on the occasion,—for which he made me his laureat. Here are the lines: they remind me of the man, as they do vividly of the scene—

Oberon's king in his fairy ring—
 But who shall be King of our company?
 Give him the staff that can wisely laugh
 Merrily, merrily, merrily.

(*All making obeisance.*)

Then fiat Lex, and vivat Rex—
 We bow to the sway of his royal hand;
 By title inherent, Viceroy, Vicegerent,
 And Lord-lieutenant of Fairy Land.
 (*Two last repeated.*)

And see his large brow unwrinkled now,
 And his eyes contract to their twinkling tone,
 As if Wisdom there was shutting out Care,
 And lighting the lamps of Mirth alone.

And his mouth has a play, as if it should say—
 Thus, thus I decree our greenwood law;
 Join all merry men of the rock and glen
 In the laugh till it shake your sides—ha! ha!
 (*Two last repeated.*)

Hark! the rocks around re-echo the sound,
 And proclaim him King of our company;
 And the trembling reed, and the veriest weed,
 Shall rejoice beneath his sovereignty.

Then fiat Lex, and vivat Rex—
 We bow to the sway of his royal hand;
 By title inherent, Viceroy, Vicegerent,
 And Lord-lieutenant of Fairy Land.
 (*Two last repeated.*)

"That, indeed," continued Pictor, "was a white day; blessed Nature never put her children to bed in happier moods than she did us, and gave her last most glorious maternal sunshiny smile at parting, as if she herself were more than ordinarily delighted with their merry gambols. How wonderful is it, that the Eye whose providence directs the motion of every world and system of worlds in the magnificent immensity of his scheme, should at the same time look down upon us poor few insignificant creatures, and in such sequestered nook as this provide for our happiness, by preparing and blessing all without and within us with gifts to bestow and capacity to receive!"

Sketcher. And not the least blessing, the power and privilege of being thankful,—the boon which gives zest to, and at the same time sanctifies, every pleasure.

Pictor. No one was better acquainted with Bird, the Academician, than yourself. Did he often accompany you to these woods?

Sketcher. No; but seldom. He would delight in them when here; but they had little real communion with his genius; he would not seek them for themselves. He was perhaps scarcely ever here without a party; and then it was for the party, to disengage himself even from art, for the sake of social mirth,—yet perhaps pleased that he was not totally disengaged from art; the bond here was one of light affection; demanded no care, no thought. He was a child in the liberty it gave him, and sported and coquetted with art, frisking it away into a thousand wild vagaries, like a child, ever more laughingly joyous as it is fugitive in pretended liberty from its smiling mother's arms, ever held out to receive back the sportive wanderer. He rambled about them, but not alone; he was no melancholy Jacques, but one of the merriest of the "copartners in exile."

Pictor. You knew him well.

• *Sketcher.* Perhaps few better. He was an interesting character in many

respects. Allan Cunningham has thought him worth "a life" among his British artists. And I cannot but regret that he did not think it worth his while to collect materials from those who *did* know him; there is little of Bird in the Life.

Pictor. The professional biographer has to deal with strange materials; they are either furnished by friends or enemies, and he cannot thoroughly depend upon them. If, on either side, he strip them of supposed exaggeration, the facts become his own invention; and to steer between opposite facts is not necessarily to go in the line of truth: For there are more roads than three a man may walk in the course of his life.

Sketcher. Allan Cunningham is a very amusing and original writer, but—and I do not know, as this world goes, that I do not like him the better for it—he is a man of prejudice and partiality. His Lives of Sir Joshua and Wilson created in me a distrust; what did that become when my poor friend's Life came out?

Pictor. Allan is certainly unfair to Sir Joshua; he evidently dislikes him for his courtly sedate dignity, his *ex-cathedra* air. There are no facts set down and proved to justify a charge of malignity against the President. Sir Joshua's remarks upon Wilson's Niobe were perfectly just. The composition speaks its own defects plainly, and justifies the critic. Heathen fable is of a classic, antiquated date, that suited not Wilson. But the worst is, the taking up hearsay from servants, to throw a charge of meanness on the President. This is unworthy a biographer; and I cannot but think the good Allan was herein a little forgetful of himself.

Sketcher. Yes; and there is something of this kind still more reprehensible in his Life of Bird. Twice in the work he brings the most heavy charges of meanness and hollow-heartedness against the citizens of Bristol, which he ushers in with quotations—base quotations—from Savage and Lovell; and really resting upon what? "Concerning the picture of the Death of Eli," says he, "a curious story was circulated." Forgetting, before he had written half a dozen lines, that it

was only a curious story circulated, he proceeds to state the whole as a fact. Now, it would have been but common fairness to have ascertained *the truth*, or to have passed the idle tale *sub silentio*. But, without entering into the little detail of circumstances, I will aver—and there is no one was more at the time acquainted with all the facts accompanying Bird's picture transactions than myself—that there is no truth in any statement that he was illiberally treated. That poor Bird himself might have sometimes thought so, I will not deny, for I have often combated the matter with him; but he was a singular man, sensitive and irritable on some points, and made to believe any thing by the excitement of his vanity. Flatterers might have persuaded him in five minutes, (I speak more particularly of the last few years of his life,) that he was not treated as he merited, and that his best friends were his enemies. It is very well to enlarge upon the patronage of art, and to be so unreasonable as to expect by the bare tirade to ingraft upon the minds of very honest, worthy, excellent men, a high feeling for art, and the liberal encouragement, which may be out of keeping with the whole scope and education of their lives. But it is nevertheless unjust and unreasonable. They are not princes and dukes, with leisure to cultivate their tastes to that point; nor have they generally the princely means. And many that bought birds, pictures, (and, observe, to their credit, *before* he was *known* and approved by *public* estimation,) were men whose means the world would not think very highly of. Some were poor; and be it recollected that it was, after all, in Bristol that his genius was fostered, brought out, for at first there it was of very humble pretensions. The fact is, more has been made of Bird's genius than was right to make of it; it was not of that commanding character to argue stupidity that it was not instantly acknowledged and bowed to. I loved the man, and for his genius; but yet *least* for his genius. I consider, and I speak with full knowledge of his life, that Bristol treated Bird fairly, honourably, and *liberally*. I know, in his latter days, when he was in

distress, and in a state of debility that afforded little hope of repayment, he asked a loan of £500 from a Bristol merchant, and it was instantly supplied to him without a question about security; and perhaps this Bristol merchant did not order a picture of Bird; perhaps he did not value his pictures; perhaps he thought Bird knew he did not value them; and I am not ashamed to maintain that there was really a more liberal, delicate feeling in the estimation of the man than the artist. He would not wound one whom he admitted to the familiar intercourse of his friendship by the display of patronage, and thereby creating in a sensitive mind a feeling of inequality. I am not saying that patronage always and necessarily is humiliating, for the artist should feel that he too confers; but where there could be no deception, and there was no pretence of admiration for his works, it was far more delicate, and according to true simplicity of character, to separate the artist and the man, the friend and the patron. A biographer should either sift hearsay tales, or not mention them. Their mention must make *some* impression; and when they are put in as it were in frontispiece, and as a tail-piece, there is a first and last impression, each agreeing and supplanted by no other, which remains, and therefore becomes part of the "Life," though resting on nothing surer than "a curious tale told," or at best "even credited far from Bristol." "Three hundred gentlemen of Bristol," says Allan Cunningham, "joined in the funeral procession of their favourite painter, and when the grave received his remains, they were so much affected with the sight of his son—a child of seven years old, who was there as chief mourner—that they requested leave to bear the expense of the interment. This Mrs Bird, with modesty and good feeling, declined. A colder tale is, however, told, and even credited far from Bristol. Those three hundred gentlemen, it is said, obtained, with much entreaty, Mrs Bird's permission to bury her husband with all the honours of the city, and at their own expense. The scene was splendid, and many were the external symptoms of public woe; but when all

was over, the undertaker presented his bill to the widow of the painter. If this story be true, the sarcasms of Savage and Lovell are merciful and kind; but I believe it rests on no sufficient authority." Then, have we not a right to ask the biographer why he did not sift out the authority? and does he think that this last salvo will not be taken for irony on his part? And observe, it is brought as an illustration of the truth of the sarcasms of Lovell and Savage, quoted in the earlier part of the life, and as even making their sarcasms mild and merciful. But this is not mild—it is merciless. How vexatious is it to see *illiberality* in those who ought to be *really* liberal, and who treat of the liberal arts! Now, to step a little out of the way, I have heard a very old gentleman, who was, I am sure, liberal, describe this Savage, whom he knew well, and entertained, and, I believe, assisted, as one it was impossible to serve, and whom no one could get out of his house, till he had exhausted all he could get within it, and among the rest the patience of the master of it.

Now the biographer has not only been careless, where attention ought to have been demanded, but he has been negligent in the most common facts. He tells us that Bird's father was a clothier by trade; that Bird, when a child, used to chalk the *furniture*, and "was continually in disgrace with the servant-maids of his father's house, who had to make use of their mops and scrubbing-brushes." Now, I have seen Bird's father when on a visit to Bird, who gave him an allowance and maintained him till his death, and I have heard Bird himself say, that his father was a common labouring carpenter, and such by appearance I should have judged to have been his condition—and as to the angry maid-servants, I do not suppose the father ever kept one. But take not my report only—here is a letter from his own brother. I will read it to you: "SIR,—I have sent you the information I promised concerning the late Edward Bird, R.A., the historical painter. He was born in Wolverhampton, on the 12th day of April, 1772. His father was a carpenter by trade. My brother served his ap-

prenticeship at Messrs Jones and Taylor's, painters and japanners. He left this town for Bristol in his 23d year, where he resided till his death. Yours, respectfully, T. BIRD."

Now, in addition to this, here is an extract of a letter from a gentleman of Wolverhampton:—"I find the father was a carpenter in a very small way, and lived in very humble premises at the bottom of the Horse Fair," &c. &c. Now I do not think my friend, my dear old friend Bird's memory gains any thing by this assumption of importance. The more humble his origin, the more his merits—the more he owed to his own successful efforts, and he did owe a good deal to them; he read, and as far as he could, educated himself, gave himself a taste, and, more still to his merit, lived to unlearn much he had acquired in early life. I knew him well, nearly from the day he came to Bristol, and, to the day of his death, was most intimate with him, and estimate him far more for what he really was, and did for himself, than as if he had had less to do, and had been petted with maid-servants to follow after him with their brushes. He had to acquire taste, and to unlearn much that was contrary to good taste, much that was unrefined. He was aware of this—and successful. But I have omitted to speak of the cold-hearted "Three Hundred Gentlemen of Bristol," that horrid frigid corps, fit only to stand ghastly and dip their feet in the sooty Acheron, a "grisly band" never to be passed over to Elysium. Alas, poor ghosts! they are very worthy gentlemen after all. Now you would, from Allan's "splendid scene," picture them in all the formal and expensive trappings of undertaker's woe, scarfs and hat-bands included. Three Hundred! all at the expense of the poor widow. Now I will venture to assert it is mere idle fable. The funeral was not costly, owing to the Three Hundred Gentlemen; and as to the widow paying, she really had no funds. Poor Bird's effects were not equal to the demands upon them, and the Three Hundred Gentlemen were extremely solicitous, not only not to infringe upon funds—that were not, by the by—but to raise funds for the benefit of the widow and children;

and to what extent they succeeded, the trustees who were appointed for the purpose can best tell, but I have never heard them say they were applied to by the biographer on the subject. Poor Bristol! slandered, from Savage the savage, to Allan the mild; despised as not worth preserving from conflagration, chosen as the scene of bloody rehearsal of the revolutionary tragedy—Poor Bristol! whose streets have been roaring and resounding with the yells of Radical frenzy—whose churches, whose cathedral, whose houses, whose sober citizens, whose priests, whose bishop, were doomed to the knife or the flames—what is there in you, that you should so differ from all other places?

Pictor. But, if the biographer has been unfortunate in his facts, is he correct in the conception of the character of the painter?

Sketcher. Certainly not—he is called a "wise and a prudent man," one who "loved good order in his family, and kept strict discipline amongst his children." Poor Bird! he was naturally one of the most amiable men living, but he was certainly neither wise nor prudent, nor the family disciplinarian. Affectionate-hearted to the utmost extent—kind-hearted, generous, benevolent. He always gave way to impulses, and they were always on the side of what was amiable, good, and virtuous. The story of his sending for the physician for the poor woman's child is quite in character, and he was not the one to tell of these things, or I should have heard it from himself. One story I have heard him tell, not for the part he played in it, but from the whimsicality of the position in which he found himself. I think it was in London, he saw a great crowd, and heard a great tumult; he hustled through it to see what it was. To his horror, he saw a man lying on the ground insensible, and the door of a house, from which he had been only partially ejected, jammed against his leg up to the knee. With great energy Bird fought among the crowd, procured assistance, and released the prisoner, and was laughed at by the rescued, for he had only saved his—wooden leg. Bird was naturally so amiable, that it was long ere his irritability and

sensitiveness had any injurious effect upon his mind; he was simple-hearted, and modest, but he had never any very great strength of character; and it is from that infirmity, rather than any extraordinary innate vanity, that success, unexpected success, and the flattery of friends, were too much for him. And of late years disease made sad havoc with every power within him; the vanity which, if not afterwards created, must have been very dormant the greater part of his life, was made active, at the very time he was less able to resist it—and it often made him peevish. His circumstances, so out of keeping with his merits, so often held up to his eye then willing to behold them, made him peevish. Yet even in his very last days, sometimes all his amiableness would break out in natural lustre, gentle, serene, affectionate; and as if ashamed of, and unequal from debility to a contrary conflict, I have often seen him then burst out into tears. Of the character of his genius his biographer speaks more justly—there he had his works before him; and he was not to be imposed upon by injudicious friends. It was, as he says, “a gentle fire.” His best scenes were those of the simple honest dealings and ways of more humble and common life. Where there was some sentiment, some moral good, moral beauty and simplicity of character to be displayed—such a scene was his Village Auction. There was poetry in all his pictures of this cast. They were subjects on which his mind delighted to think and talk; never was man loved innocence for its own sake more. That he left this style, and attempted grand and scriptural, was ever much to be regretted, though in some of these he made great, and to some extent successful efforts. Perhaps his *Death of Eli* was the best, and I will not refuse to take to myself my portion of the blame, for I did constantly instigate him to the attempts. My own taste and feeling did not lie much in the walk he had chosen; but I should have judged better, before I endeavoured to persuade him to relinquish it. Poor Bird! I saw the evil flattery was bringing upon him, and blighting his genius; and I fear I was too often, in my endeavours to correct its effects,

a thorn in his side. Yet I do not believe in the end he had one jot less sincere affection for me, and that in an intercourse of many years it was never interrupted. His weakness every way near his close became painful. I observed to him, when painting the Bishops, that he was wrong in the perspective of the Colleges—shewed him where he was wrong. He saw he was wrong—referred to his sketch, which he had gone to Oxford purposely to take—nothing could be more simple than the rectifying it. He did not see it, and shrank from the difficulty it presented to his mind, and in his restlessness took an expensive journey in company with some of his family, to make another sketch. He returned. The new and the old sketch were the same. He might as well have rectified the error at home—but he *could not* rectify it. I have seen him working at that picture, and paint in and out the same head, put down his palette and cry. But the man and his genius were not here—the latter had departed, the former was departing. This is not the record of his genius nor of the man, but of my affectionate lamentation over his decay. I loved the man—more than I admired his genius; not from the defect in his genius, for in and for its scale it was perhaps perfect, but from a defect in myself to see all its merits. Allan Cunningham speaks very justly of his works; mistaking *the first*, he should have said his second works, not his early; *they* shewed small promise of his actual power.—“The early works of Bird have an original and unborrowed air, which mark an artist who thought for himself. and sought the materials of his pictures in the living world around him, rather than in the galleries of art. In these he was eminently happy; and his very success was the cause of his after sorrow. A swarm of counsellors came round, who persuaded him that fame was the satellite of fashion, and induced him to forsake the modest path to permanent reputation, and follow the will-o'-wisp of pageant-painting, which led to the slough of despond, and to despair and the grave.” It is a mistake that counsellors persuaded him to this; his friends dissuaded him, but in vain. He was on a visit to

myself at Oxford, when the unexpected news arrived that the Prince Regent had bought his picture; and it was evident then that a revolution in his ideas would very probably take place. I cannot but think that he then conceived the ambition of being a more courtly painter. Well! shall I put the "Life" in my pocket?

While I had been giving this account, Pictor, who did not at first intend to sketch at this spot, finding the tale likely to be of some length, had begun a study of some broken ground, and a few leaves shooting out and curiously bending over into, and relieved by, the depth of the dell which we were about to enter. It was a beautiful study; the little flower and leaves had a sensitive cast about them, they looked enquiringly into the deep shade, as if somehow connected in interest with all below. This peculiarity did not escape Pictor, who repeated Wordsworth's creed;—

"And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."

We now entered the dell, and it was not long before we came upon a very striking scene, which, though having something in common with others described, was yet in reality very different. It is difficult to paint a picture in words, and perhaps the reader may think I have already tired his patience by the attempt. But Maga will admit no outlines; I have no help for it, therefore, but must do my best. Imagine, then, you are looking to the centre of the piece. You see down through a great depth of deep bluish-grey, yet blending with it so many colours, it is difficult to say what it is, but it is very dark, and perhaps blue-grey prevails; this shade gradually becomes lighter as it approaches the sides of the picture, and loses itself on the right, where it is approached by a golden light of distant illuminated trees. The right is one of these ridges that separate the dells from each other; it has its receding parts, out of which grow large trees, part of the stems of which only are seen throwing themselves out in various directions, but more or less tending to the centre. This ridge terminates abruptly in rock, of no great depth, perhaps twenty feet,

and is here broken into the foreground, which forms the passage through the dell. At the edge where the bluish depth described commences, is a fallen trunk stretching its length across, and gracefully throwing upwards the end towards the left; thus, in composition, uniting the two sides. But the line of the bank, or continuation of the foreground, runs down towards the left corner, over which, of a lighter colour, though falling into the deep grey, is a misty distance of wood, broken only by the stems of tall trees, that rise up boldly from it, and spread out their bending branches to the right; these are dark, but some light slender ones rise up, as it were seeking them, and insinuating their tendril-like boughs among the stronger branches, all dropping with thick foliage, but playfully and lightly edged. On the right there is a continuation of the rocky ridge into the central depth, where it is lost, but you see the continuation further marked by the tops of brown trees that evidently shoot from it below. Near the centre, the rock is rather abrupt, and out of it there grows a cluster of beautiful graceful trees, one of which rises up light through the whole shade; and nearly half way up its smooth and clean hole, it is strongly illuminated by a sun-light, the same which gilds the background over the ridge towards the right. This tree and the rock from which it grows, form the character of the picture; all else is excellent, but the more so, because it accords with that key to the sentiment. The rocks are just the colour to set off the greens, of which there is great variety, all set off appropriately in their different parts by the reds and greys of the rock. Imagine the whole overarched with foliage, the blue sky only seen dotted through it; and from the nearest rock in the very foreground, a great branch boldly thrown to the very centre of the picture, with its large leaves as it were dropping gold and verdure, dark-green, yet transparently illuminated at their edges. Moss-covered stones are thrown about, and luxuriant weeds and leafage growing, and springing, and bending all around.

Pictor. How luxuriant, how living and breathing, we may almost say,

are these trees; they are wonderful creatures!

Sketcher. You speak of them *con amore*, as if you had lived among the Potuans, and become enamoured.

Pictor. And who may be the Potuans?

Sketcher. Did you never see Nicholas Klimius's "*Voyage Souterrain*," a work originally written in Latin, wherein he gives his adventures after having slipp'd through a cavern in Norway, piercing the shell of this, into an interior world, where the inhabitants are "*Arbres Raisonnables*,"—trees endowed with animation, locomotion, and speech?

Pictor. But I understand the feeling in the conceit; and whilst among such trees as these, can easily adopt Wordsworth's belief of their enjoyment of the air they breathe. Who is there that has not seen woods of such singularly expressive beauty, and heard such sounds among them,

as to have a feeling that they were animate? Do not these very trees love to bend and lock, "*consociare ramos*," in sweet converse and gentle salutation?

Sketcher. Yes; and I dare say the Potuans could give excellent lessons in bowing and dancing.

Pictor. I protest I have often felt an awe of their presence in these very woods, and afraid to soliloquize aloud, lest they should hear.

Sketcher. And tell, too. I know some beautiful grounds, where was a magnificent larch, now departed, to which Garrick, who was a frequent visitor, always used to take off his hat and call her the Queen of the Woods. Now, what do you conceive to be the character of this scene?

Pictor. Shall I shew it you in rhyme? Here are some lines I once made near this spot; read them.

Sketcher reads—

Touch not the sweet guitar, Lady,
Under the greenwood tree;
Throw not the spell of thy voice, Lady,
Over the wild and free;
For it telleth how love in a scene like this,
Were all-sufficient for earthly bliss.

See where the pale rose twines, Lady,
Hear ye the wild-dove coo
Above in the fragrant woods, Lady,
That softest airs do woo?
All here is a charm to aid thy spell;
Lady, I fear to love too well.

In chambers of silk and gold, Lady,
Touch thou the sweet guitar,
Mid crowds and sparkling lights, Lady,
Thyself the brightest star.
Amid things too costly and rare for me—
O there I can listen and still be free.

You may be right, Pictor, and I believe you are. But the passion you will acquire here, if it be of this scene's characteristic, will be no common feeling, for it will have a high origin. This is above even Fairy Land. There must be no *enchantment* here, but an inspiration of holy thought and chastest love. Titania herself would become nervous here, and Oberon stand aghast like Cymon the clown. This is no scene for Ovid, and his *Metamorphoses*;

Apollo would be foot-bound at the very entrance. Dian herself would not be chaste enough, and her archery frivolous in the extreme. Where will you find a figure? You never will fall in love with her at first sight, she will have an awe about her will prevent that. Not that she must be *severe*; quite the reverse; simplicity itself, innocence, almost angelically personified in grace and sweetness and beauty—for beauty, pure, true, good beauty is awful, and requires,

and in due time inspires in you, an approaching divinely moral sense, ere you can love it; but when you do, it is with a devotion, an abiding patient love, that can endure, and make a present sadness sweet with hope—hope, that whatever befalls it here, it will finally bloom and be perfected in Heaven. For this is love's faith. The lady in "Comus" might have walked this wood, not Comus and his crew; they would be abashed, and shun it; and if there were no

exit, exercise their enchantment on themselves, and turn to the vilest creatures to hide them under stone and fern. The beauty to be met and to be loved herein, must be one of Raphael's simplest, divinest,—a St Catherine—who, though all sweetness, by her pure innocence would at first make you fear, or, as a Frenchwoman admirably expressed it, the picture caused her to "frissonner," to shudder. She must be such as Milton well imagined Eve.

" Her heavenly form
 Angelic, but more soft and feminine
 Her graceful innocence, her every air
 Of gesture or least action, overaw'd
 His malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:
 That space the Evil One abstracted stood
 From his own evil, and for the time remain'd
 Stupidly good."

Pictor. How like a picture of Raphael's! It is a beauty that attracts you to itself by inspiring into the mind its own purity, a sacred

thing, unapproachable but by preparation. Does not Satan, in Milton, not far from the passage you have quoted, thus describe it?

" She, fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods:
 Not terrible—though terror be in love
 And beauty."

What can be more simple, yet what more grand! This is not fiction allied to truth, but truth itself. The Spirit of Evil, not only checked, abashed, but influenced, abstracted from his own evil, *stupidly good*: His "fierce malice" overawed, for a moment dead; and, devoid of virtue, he is stupid—and even that stupidity, contrasted with the fierceness of his malice, is something of goodness. He is a brutal wretch, in the lowest pit and sink of degradation, upon whose heart this great truth comes not with conviction.

Sketcher. Brutal! the very beasts would be overawed. That is a worthy fiction which endows the Lion, noble beast, with instinctive love and awe of Virgin purity.—What think you of Spenser's Una?

Pictor. In that beautiful description in the Faërie Queen, the Poet,

in the space of a few lines, paints two exquisite pictures. There is Una, not devoid of dread, but her heavenly resignation unremoved. In this picture there is the ramping lion "rushing suddenly." This scene is perhaps somewhat too elegant and graceful for that representation, if it stood alone. The scene should not be so disturbed. This *landscape* ought to have the power of *the beauty*, to overawe every savage thing at the very confines, ere it enter, that it *cannot* enter. The other picture would well suit the scene—the beast subdued to gentleness.

Sketcher. The very gleam that now, as the soul of sunshine, is illuminating and blending all together, with subdued, yet hallowed light, reminds me of the passage.

" One day nigh wearie of the yrksome way,
 From her unhastie beast she did alight,
 And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
 In secret shadow, farre from all men's sight;
 From her faire head her fillet she undight,

And laid her stole aside. *Her angel's face*
As the great eye of Heaven shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place :
Never did mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortune'd out of the thickest wood
 A ramping lyon rushed suddainly,
 Hunting full greedie after salvage blood :
 Soon as the royal Virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have at once devour'd her tender corse :
 But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
 His bloodie rage assuaged with remorse,
 And with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force.

Instead thereof he kiss'd her wearie feet,
 And lick'd her lilly hands with fawning tong,
 As he her wronged innocence did weat.
 O how can beautie maister the most strong,
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
 Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long.
 Her hart 'gan melt in great compassion,
 And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection."

Though "still dreading death," she long marked his "proud submission." She was still of life and humanity to dread death; but the pure sanctity, dignity of her feminine heart, was undisturbed.

Pictor. If I make a picture of this scene, may I be pardoned the motive; and yet it is for a "proud submission?" I will daily for a week attend the cathedral service, and imbibe that purifying heavenly music that alternately melts the soul to gentleness, and lifts it to power.

Sketcher. I do not think any thing little or mean will be discovered in the composition of your pictures; but were you endowed with much less genius than you are gifted withal, after that preparation, the admission of littlenesses would be impossible.

Pictor. I think painters would be improved every way, by frequently attending that sweet subduing service of homage, of praise, and prayer. I ever come from it, as I hope, the

better man—so I think and trust, the better painter.

Pictor was now too busy at his work, or too meditative on the treatment of his future picture, to engage in further talk; and I, seeing him disposed to silence, left him for some time, to wander over my old haunts, and hastily visit the innumerable spots of peculiar beauty with which these woods abound. But it soon became painful to me: I had so often been amongst them with friends, some of whom are no more, and others separated,—and they had, from my very commencement, my first conception of the passion for art, so nourished and fostered that passion,—they had so often been my refuge from care, and scenes of happy social delight—that thoughts of past days and incidents crowded too vividly to my mind. And now to visit them with little hope that they would ever offer the same pleasure they had afforded, and, therefore, perhaps to see them for the last time, affected me exceedingly.

—"Oh! woods, when, when shall I be made
 The happy tenant of your shade?
 Here's the spring-head of pleasure's flood,
 Where all the riches lie, that she
 Has coin'd and stamp'd for good."

I returned to my friend Pictor, who had now completed his work. We resought the top of the dell, and turning to the right, wound our way

gradually through a gently undulating ground, edging the descent, among low trees, forming beautiful groups, and a scenery that reminded us of Gainsborough's sweetest pencil. We extended our walk to the farther projecting arm of the amphitheatre; and here we lay down upon the verdure, admiring the view before us. This point is the boundary of the Sketcher's domain, to the right from the entrance of the valley; and from this point there is a fine general view of the whole ground. It was now evening. The river was below us, winding towards the large city, but it was not strikingly distinguishable, excepting where, here and there, the sky was reflected in it; in other parts it partook of the hue of the rocks, that rose perpendicularly above it; just peering above the rocks, and towards their lower elevation, were seen a few of the houses of Clifton, like the watch-towers or out-ports on the extreme boundary, dividing the working world from the "Land of Faerie!" The sun was behind us, and low; consequently the whole bosom of the woods, which was here open to our view from its height to its lowest depth, was in shadow, which stretched across the river, and in part ascended the rocks on the other side, the higher parts of which were strongly illuminated; all this range of wood below and around us, as being formed of several dells, and terminated by the grey wood-crowned rocks of Nightingale Valley, had its receding parts and separating ridges, and in some places precipitous dips of grey rock, diversifying the whole, without destroying it as a whole, with great variety. There was no sound but that of a splash in the water below, which for a moment directed our attention to it. This was caused by a few boats towing a single merchantman, whose mast and rigging were scarcely distinguishable amid the hues of the rocks. We watched her progress until we lost sight of her at the turn of the river, at the edge of the wood, above which point was the extreme distance of the view—the hills of Somersetshire. Had we seen this view for the first time, we might, we must have thought it very striking; but

acquainted as we were that this wooded range, so sweeping, so greatly beautiful in itself, contained innumerable scenes, all choicest painter's studies, such as perhaps may be nowhere else found, so peculiar are they, the whole had a charm that the novelty of a first view could not have given it. There was in it "more than met the eye." To us it was as a magnificently ornamented casket, whose richest treasure was within. And as in the casket the jewels derive an infinite charm from being associated in idea with the beloved, by whose bosom they have been set off, and are therefore, as it were, still seen, though the casket be closed—so were the treasures within these woods made dearer by the recollections they conveyed, and, though hid by their own rich covering, still visible to the mind's eye.

The evening shadows had now ascended the higher rocks, and what remained of positive light upon them was of a deeper and mellowier hue. We lay watching, in contemplative silence, the gradual approach and stay of twilight. A few lights like stars were twinkling here and there, coming and departing, in the windows of the houses on the hill described. There was the deep hush and perfect repose of silence. At this moment a vapour was observed to rise from below, and spread itself over the valley; it hung upon the tops of the wood in wreaths, and as they disappeared, they were succeeded by new, that now evidently proceeded from some greater volumes that were thicker and more frequently discharged up the course of the river. A strange distant subterranean-like noise was now heard—it became more distinct, near—and blended with the splash of waters; black volumes of dense smoke were emitted and rolled before us underneath, and with a roar and hissing, and floundering, that was the more grand from the dense black smoke and curling vapour over all that announced the monster's approach. Soon the how of a steamer came in sight, and in an instant the whole body. It was as if some terrific monster dragon, vomiting forth fire and volumes of deadly suffocating smoke, were floundering his way

with his enormous paws, and majestic bulk, to retake possession of the thick woods and dens from which he had been driven by more powerful enchantment, or peril of some adventurous knight, or as if on his annual progress of terror and cruelty to the more distant regions of his dominion. The deck was crowded with figures dimly seen amid the smoke, all silent amid the roaring, and hissing, and thundering passage of the monster, as if they were the collected victims, the tributary offerings to the fiery dragon. There was something very grand in the scene; the wheels, the machinery, the cordage, the vessel itself was soon lost sight of—it was the “*Dragon horrible and stern.*” The air of enchantment thrown over the whole was complete; the vapour, the mystery, the noise, the imagined peril, all produced an excitement than which I recollect none more grand and stirring;

and we sat long in wonder, like two out of the “seven champions of Christendom,” forming resolution strange to buckle ourselves to adventure new; to rescue the distressed damsels, beautiful as angels—and more beautiful in their dishevelled sorrow—from the monster’s jaws.

But these things do not happen nowadays, and few can have the happiness to enjoy the vivid, the imaginary vision, as we did. We soon left our position,* descended immediately from the height, by a moderately steep descent to the river, and took our course to the ferry. And there we looked back upon the regions of beauty and enchantment with very different feelings,—Pictor, with a determination of renewing his visits and his studies; I, with something of a painful parting sorrow, yet praying they might ever flourish—“*Vivite sylvæ*” *Vivite—et Valet.*

This point commanded the spot where the proposed Suspension-bridge would have crossed the river. I confess myself enough of an Anti-Utilitarian to rejoice that the scheme is given up. These fine woods would certainly in the end be sacrificed to it, and be cut out into small patches for suburban *Villanous edifices*, and the phytnes of brick walls would be all we should have for this delightful free range. But the architect, or Mr Bonnet, who should have had a little more taste, has done or omitted. Steps and mangers, by way of *commencing their work*, always begin with destruction; so it is here. The cup of the rock, that something might be done, has been blown away, or pick-axed away, about ten feet from the summit. This is needless without an object. The Swiss Cottage erected does no great harm, if it did not by its position and enclosure prevent the visitor’s access to every point and station of this beautiful scenery.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

CHAP. V.

OF THE RIOT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE POND, AND HOW THEY TRIED TO
COZEN MARTIN ABOUT LETTING THE CHURCH FIELD.

WE left John and his household in a grievous taking just as the poor crazy old woman, Madam Reform, was shown up stairs to her room, and the set who had come in along with her had been stowed away, as they best might, in their new quarters in the House. It was pretty plain from their behaviour next morning, that many of them had never seen the inside of a decent one before; they snoozed on the sofas, spat about the floors, smoked on the benches, squirted tobacco on the walls, drank purl in the lobby, played chuck-farthing in the gallery; while the best names they gave each other when they met at commons in the hall, were knave, bankrupt, sharper, swindler, scoundrel, liar, cutpurse, and so forth. If Poor Allsop, who for his sins was *majordomo* at the second table, ventured to ask them civilly to hand him the beer, one fellow would hoot, another would whistle, a third would bray like a donkey, while a fourth would crow in his face like a cock.* Gray, however, contrived to put his high mightiness in his pocket, and to wink at all this; and though some of them scrupled not to tell him to his face that he was a grasping old raven, who thought of nothing but feathering his own nest, yet by such sly jobs and small pickings as he was able to spare from his own family, he contrived to keep them pretty smooth and serviceable, and could at any time make them eat their own words, or say that black was white, as Hum had done before them.

As for the poor crone herself who had been the cause of all this confusion, why she was soon so totally forgotten by all parties, that it is believed she was starved to death in her own room for want of the necessaries of life. Some affirm, though Gray never would confess the fact,

that she threw herself head foremost into the pond in the garden, and that her cap and garters were afterwards picked up, and are in Gray's possession. Be that as it may, from that moment to this she has never been heard of.

But now Gray began to feel, to his cost, the consequence of all this rioting and racketing he had kept up on the estate. It was all an excellent joke, the burning of hay stacks and breaking of threshing-machines, or, mayhap, dropping a lighted candle or a pound of gunpowder into a man's counting-house, so long as all this was done to "keep moving," and clear the way for him; but the fun began to look consumedly like earnest, when it went on as brisk as ever after he had fairly taken possession. Of this, Gray soon had a specimen, as ye shall hear. You remember the Ten Byn gate which he ordered to be put up at the entrance to the avenue, to keep out beggars and suspicious characters. Well, one evening he finds a set of ragamuffins howling and shouting about the gate, and trying to clamber over it and get into the policies. "Now," says he, "see how I'll talk them over, and send them about their business." So down he came in great state to the gate, had a hogstead of Whitebread's entire hoisted on the railings to them, and drank their healths with many fine words, telling them to go home quietly, sing God Save the King, and go to work as fast as possible; "for," said he, "depend upon it, those worthy gentlemen in the house, your own friends, you know—not to speak of myself—(here's your health again, gentlemen all—Donkey, hand me the tankard)—will look after your interests as if they were our own." But, instead of tossing up their caps as usual,

* Times, 28th and 29th June.

and bawling Gray for ever, they only laughed in his face, staved the porter butt, told him to go to the devil, and made a run against the gate, man and boy, till they made the hinges crack again, and Gray thinking the whole concern was going by the board, was off as fast as his legs could carry him. They did not, to be sure, get in this time, but they gave the gate an infernal shake; and, indeed, from the nods and winks which passed between them, and some of those within, who were pretending to clap their shoulders to it, it was clear that their friends inside were doing all they could to loosen the posts, split the hinges, and let in the whole crew of tatterdemalions without. Ever since that day the unlucky gate has been the mark against which Dick and his myrmidons have discharged all their filth. And the best surveyors think that after it has been bewrayed in this fashion for a month or two longer, 'tis odds but some two or three of the bars, or perhaps the whole rickety concern together, will give way on the first assault, particularly if Dick, which is like enough, can bring a pike or a crowbar to bear upon the hinges.

But if Gray had no sincere in his own neighbourhood, matters went still worse among the tenants on the other side of the pond; fellows always ripe for mischief, shaking hands with you one moment, and knocking you down the next; and who now, in consequence of the row which had been got up by Dan, and kept up by Gray, had become an absolute nuisance on the face of the earth. Now, since they had contrived to get Dan into John's house, nothing would serve them but turning out Martin, who held the living among them along with John's parish church, and putting in that profligate reptile Peter, who they knew would wink at any thing they did for half-a-crown; and as the speediest way to get quit of him, they began robbing and murdering about his doors, in hopes of frightening him and his parishioners out of the neighbourhood. Indeed, from the way they had been accustomed to hear Gray and his friends talk of Martin and his tithes, 'twas no wonder if they thought a little robbery and murder,

with a small sprinkling of rape and arson, all quite justifiable, and in the way of business.

So to work they went in a trice, and in a style which astonished even Gray himself. One day you would hear of Martin's cousin, the Vicar of Fudley, losing his breath or his life, I forget which, while travelling quietly over Crackskull Common; the next of some elderly gentleman being burned in his bed, for having given evidence against Tipperary at the last Sessions. If you sent for a barber, the chance was, that some desperado in a wraprascal, with a vizard on his face, would drop in, and slit your weasand, on pretence of shaving you; if you sat up later than usual to crack a bottle with a friend, Shilelah and Donnybrook would come dancing in, as merry as grigs, and blow out your brains, to the tune of the Groves of Blarney: three servants whom Martin sent to collect his dues were knocked on the head; not a farthing of tithes had he drawn for months; and but for the pittance served out to his curate from the buttery at John's, the poor man would have been starved to death long ago.

But what brought matters to a point, was Gray's finding that now John's rent could no more be recovered than Martin's tithe; for, thinking that the sauce which served for the goose could not be amiss for the gander, they told John's bailiff he might whistle for his rent, and be thankful they left him a mouth to whistle withal. "Lookye," said Manley, on hearing this impudent message—(Manley was a new servant in the house, and among the best of them, which is not saying much)—"this can't go on longer. In a fortnight more we shall have our own throats cut. Think of the murders these villains are committing."

"And not a stiver to be made of them neither," cried Gray, much moved.

"And the loughings of the poor cattle," said Allsop, with a tear in his eye, for his heart was as soft as his head, and he had a strange sympathy for the brute creation.

"Depend upon it," quoth Manley, "there's but one way of going to work. March down a strong body of constables on them at once. Ask

no questions, but lay hold of the first you meet. Up to the halberds with them—then clap them in the stocks for a month. Damn all *mittimus* and *quo warrantos*, say I. Thrash them first, and try them afterwards; then leave a gamekeeper or two by the waterside. Tell them to let it at any body they see in the streets after dark and I'll lay my life we shall have peace and quietness there in a short time. To be sure Dan and Dick will raise an internal outcry at first; but no matter, Old Arthur and Bobby, and their friends, will turn out to help us, for there is nothing they long for so much as to see a few heads broken. And, let me tell you, we shall all need their help in more ways than one ere long."

It was gall and assafoetida, as you may believe, to Gray, to have to ask any thing of his old enemies; but seeing it could not be helped, he put his pride in his pocket, and sent over a message to them, with his compliments, to say, that as they were special constables he hoped they would stand by him, and help him to keep the peace. To which Arthur and Bobby answered, that he might keep his compliments for those that liked them, but that as their names were still in the commission, they would certainly do their duty. So finding he was to be backed in this way, Gray took courage—marched down the *posse comitatus* one evening, and stealing round the edge of the pond, before Shilelah and his crew had any notion what they were driving at, they had caught the ringleaders, tied them neck and heels, drubbed them thoroughly, and sent them to the round-house. At first, indeed, the drunken villains could not believe they were in earnest, for Gray had winked at their pranks so long that they always had a notion he rather liked them; but when the staves began to ring somewhat smartly about their skulls, I wish you had heard the horrid oaths they swore that they would be revenged upon him. Dan, in the meantime, who is the most pitiful coward extant, was off like a shot at the sound of the first thwack, and the rest seeing him fly, soon took to their heels, and in an hour or two all was so quiet you would not have believed this was the same place

where those cursed villains were swaggering and fighting, burning and murdering, an hour before; and so thoroughly has this drubbing cooled them, that, ever since, that corner of John's estate has actually been quieter than his own neighbourhood.

One would have thought that Gray might have learned from all this, as well as what had taken place with Arthur, the set he had to deal with; and that it was from no dislike to Martin's preaching, who, poor fellow, did his duty faithfully, that all this clamour had been got up, but that, in truth, what they wanted was, to drive him out root and branch, lay hold of his property and his parishioners' hard cash, and get back the old rakehell's bonfire times under Peter, when they might drink, drab, or steal, at sixpence a-head weekly. But Gray was so sand-blind, that, by way of a plaster to Shilelah's broken head, nothing would serve him but he must give poor Martin a rap over the fingers in his turn. "To be sure," said he, "Shilelah's behaviour has been very indelicate, very riotous and ungentelemanly indeed; but, on the other hand, it's very hard that Peter, an excellent man, and a favourite with every body, should be kept living on in that hugger-mugger way, while Martin, whom nobody cares about, and who, to my certain knowledge, has been preaching at us every Sunday these twelve months past, should hold the living—a cool two hundred a-year, I'll be sworn, too much. Paring a hundred or two off his salary may teach him to keep a civil tongue in his head. Besides, it will please Dick and his people, and keep the wolf from our own door a little longer; for, in faith, what with the falling-off of last year's rents, and those confounded savings of yours, Allsop, which are all on the wrong side, I scarcely see how our own wages, not to mention John's other bills, which might lie over a little, are to be paid." Manley, who had rather more of common honesty about him, thought this was running rather fast. "But," said he, clapping his finger on his nose, after a time, "an excellent thought strikes me for making both ends meet. Martin, you know, can't let the Church Field at present; and, as he

can't use it himself, he makes nothing by it. Now, let's give him the power to let it. I warrant he'll get fifty pounds a-year for it from any tenant. We shall pocket that, and Martin shall be never the worse." Every one thought Manley a perfect conjurer, for this exquisite hocus-pocus device for filling their own pockets, without emptying Martin's; and, in fact, he was so proud of his project, that down he came, and taking Bobby by the button, began to open his mind to him, telling him how much he respected Martin, and would never see him wronged to the extent of a brass farthing; and thereon he unfolded to him the grand scheme about the Church Field. "But, bless me," said Bobby, with a stare, "don't it strike you, that the rent of the field belongs to Martin just as much as the rest of his salary? Why, suppose Squire Bull carries his new railroad through my field at Taunton, and so raises the value of it a hundred a-year, are you then to step in and pocket the surplus? If things are come to this pass, we must all look after our chattels incontinently. Dick, or I mistake him, is not the man to let the hint drop. See if he don't make you and all of us, by-and-by, dance to the same tune you are piping to Martin."

This answer of Bobby's was a poser, but things had gone too far now to allow them to draw back, and so it was resolved by Gray and the under servants, that Martin should be cozened out of his fifty pounds, though they said they would consider at leisure as to the best way of cheating him. And cheated he would have been, but that fortunately for Martin it so happened, that just at that time the upper servants who had been so sick of the new comers that they had seldom shewn their faces since, and

never exchanged a word with them, save when they had to look over their bills, took heart of grace, administered a handsome kick in the breech to that conceited wittol, Protocol, a lickspittle of Gray's, who had given them a saucy answer to a civil question about their treatment of John's wine-merchant, and gave Gray plainly to understand, that although for the sake of a quiet life they had borne a good deal, and might bear more, yet that if this heathenish juggle about Martin's surplus rent were persevered in, down they would come in a body, and have a fair trial whether he or they were to leave the house.

It was astonishing how soon this rebuff brought Gray and his fellows to their senses. All at once they found out that they had been in an entire mistake about the surplus rent. "My dear friends," said Manley, coming down to the Hall, "I beg you a thousand pardons, but these things will occur. A mere mistake of Allsop's as usual, a-pze upon him! But the fact is, we find now that not a stiver would be made by letting the Church Field.—Sorry to have given you all this trouble for nothing, but with your leave now we'll drop the subject." Some of them who had hoped to share in the plunder grumbled a little, and swore that now they cared not what became of Martin, and that this was the only sensible part of the proposal; but the greater part asked no questions, but said aye to any thing they were bidden. So for this time, no thanks to Gray, Martin got off; only it was determined that the next incumbent should be put on short allowance, and his tithes applied to pay servants' wages, or any bills on which a creditor might be threatening an execution.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE PROCEEDINGS IN THE MATTER OF QUASHEE THE BLACK SERVANT, AND HOW THEY ENDED TO THE SATISFACTION OF NOBODY.

GRAY and his brethren were certainly the most unlucky dogs upon earth, for no sooner were they out of one slough, than they were up to the neck in another. And who,

think you, was the cause of this new quandary, but Quashee the black servant!

This affair about Quashee, you must know, was an old story; and John's

father or grandfather, I forget which, had been but indifferent honest in the business. How they came by Quashee originally is not clear, and many say he was kidnapped; but be that as it may, old Squire Bull, finding that people talked about the blacky, and would ask disagreeable questions about his title to him, bethought himself how he might best get quit of him, and lose nothing, at the same time, by so doing. So one fine morning he walked over quietly to the house of a tenant of his, Old Kit Bamboo, and addressed him thus:—"I've been thinking, friend Bamboo, what an excellent thing you might make of Plantation farm yonder, in the west, if you would turn your hand to it. With your ready cash, and knowledge of farming, the money you might make is incalculable. Capital situation for a sugar manufactory; and as for a distillery, none like it in the neighbourhood. I'll let you the place at a fair rent; and harkye, you shall have Quashee, my black servant, to have and to hold into the bargain. You know Quashee—an excellent servant, and works like a tiger. Only observe," said he aloud, for he saw a little weazen-faced old fellow listening behind him, "You mustn't sell him to Nick Frog, nor to Esquire South, nor let him out of your own possession; my conscience would not permit that. And treat him kindly, too, poor fellow; though, between ourselves," continued he, dropping his voice again to a whisper, "a thorough basting once a-week or so will do him a world of good."

Bamboo, who was well to do in the world already, had no particular fancy for the scheme, but relying on John's word, a bargain was struck between them for Plantation farm at a very tolerable rent; and away marched Bamboo to his new farm, carrying Quashee and his wife along with him, and began digging, trenching, planting, and hoeing, from morning to night. For a time the sugar manufactory and distillery thrived famously; Bamboo paid his rent regularly, and was, besides, one of John's best customers. Quashee liked his master very well, for, as may be supposed, his master, for his own sake, took very good care of him; and the worst usage he met with was, that

Bamboo, who was a little peppery in his temper, would now and then come sharply across his shins with a cane, when he found him sleeping in the forenoon beside the sugar coppers, or drinking spirits from the still behind his back.

But as the devil would have it, who should come that way one day but Obadiah the field-preacher, a kind of baseborn relation of Martin's? He had once, indeed, been clerk in Martin's parish church, and having a strong nasal whine, used to chant the responses most sonorously. But by keeping company with Jack, Martin's brother, who played upon his weakness, his head got fairly crazed with vanity, and forthwith he threw his surplice and psalter in Martin's face, and set up as preacher himself. He roared in taverns and mason-lodges, spouted in market-places; a tub turned upside down, a sentry-box, or a sugar-cask before a grocer's door, would serve his purpose; nay, down he would go at times on his knees in the very kennel, and his talk was all of hell and damnation. Yet it was observed that he kept a sharp eye to the main chance. He would wind up his discourse in the twinkling of an eye, if any one dropped a shilling into his hat; and he had a strange hankering after rich widows, one of whom, by the way, he contrived to marry. Indeed, with all his sanctimonious airs, it was shrewdly suspected he had a month's mind to the women; and strange as it may seem, (for a more unshaven villain you never set eyes on,) they seemed to have a sneaking kindness for him. He was the greatest mischief-maker ever heard of; if he got into a family, he was sure to turn the house upside down, till in a few days you would find the husband and wife at sistycuffs, and the daughters pulling their caps, and all about this pestilent fellow Obadiah. With all this, as you may imagine, he was the most thorough hypocrite breathing. Though he pretended to hate Peter, they were found drinking together more than once at the sign of the Holy Poker, about the time when Peter got into John's house as aforesaid; and as for that atheist Dick, though Obadiah pretends not to speak to him in the street, he was seen walking arm in arm with him in the dusk of the

evening, the very night when some of Martin's silver spoons were carried off, and, in fact, every body knows they are really on the best of terms. Indeed, so that Obadiah got a share of the pie for himself, he never cared much though Old Nick should help him to it.

Now it so happened that among his other rambles, Obadiah had made his way to Plantation farm; and liking Bamboo's good cheer, (who, not knowing his tricks, was very kind to him at first,) he fairly contrived to sponge about the house so long, that at last Bamboo knew not how to get quit of him. And how, think ye, did the ungrateful villain reward him for his kindness, but by stirring up Quashee to rebel, who, poor wretch, was silly enough to believe any thing, telling him that he was cruelly abused, and that he had only to kick up an infernal row in the house, and threaten to cut Bamboo's throat, in order to get whatever he wanted.

All this time he was circulating the most awful lies among John's tenantry about Bamboo's treatment of Quashee. "Ah!" he would exclaim to some old lady, "poor Quashee hasn't seen a morsel of meat for three days. Let me carry him this leg of mutton, you'll never miss it." "Have you ever such a thing as a shilling about you?" he would say to another; "poor Quashee hasn't a rag to cover his nakedness." "For the love of Heaven," he would cry to a third, "lend me a tester to buy a plaster for Quashee's back."—But Quashee never saw the colour of the money; and what became of the leg of mutton, Heaven only knows.

At one time he would swear on the Evangel, that he had heard Quashee roaring out while his master flogged him with a cat-o-nine-tails, though he knew perfectly it was only Quashee's wife whom Quashee was drubbing, as he did occasionally, for the sake of domestic peace. At another time he would come in with a story of his having seen Quashee not able to stand with sheer fatigue, though the truth was, it was only with new rum, which Obadiah had been plying him with from the start to raise his courage, as he said, over proof. Now, though Gray and his friends knew perfectly what a humbug Obadiah was, and never believed a word he said, they had

seen this would be a good opportunity for throwing John and Arthur into a perplexity; so, without thinking that they were manufacturing a stick which would break their own sconces at last, they joined might and main in the cry which Obadiah and his crew had got up. None was so loud upon the subject as Buckram. For a time he would talk of nothing but Quashee from morning to night, maintaining that John must interfere immediately, and set Quashee at liberty, all for nothing. "And as for Bamboo, the old bloody-minded sugar-baker, he might go whistle for his price! He keep a slave, forsooth! Wasn't a nigger a man? aye, and might be a Lord Chancellor, too, for that matter!" And so on he would go for an hour together.

"But isn't it odd," some one would say, "that if he be starved and bastinadoed in that fashion, Quashee should look so sleek and comfortable as he does? It was only last week I saw him dancing Jiggery Boo before his master's door, and hang me if he be not as fat as an alderman." "Lord bless you," Buckram would reply, "a mere delusion. Dropsy! my dear sir, dropsy! all brought on by flogging and hard labour. He'll not live a month, depend upon it. The man's black in the face already."

'Twas in vain that Bamboo, who had no wish to raise a storm about his ears, if he could help it, proved before a justice, by the evidence of John's own overseer, that Quashee was in fact better clothed, housed, fed, and physicked, than half of John's own tenants were. For Obadiah so contrived to poison their ears with lies, through the newspapers and anonymous letters, that an apostle would not have driven it out of them, that Quashee was the most miserable and abused dog upon earth; and so every day the ferment among John's tenants, about this unchristian usage of Quashee, got worse and worse.

All this had taken place before Gray took the books in hand. But when once he and his friends had got snugly seated in the office, they began to wish they had left Quashee and Bamboo to manage their own matters, and would fain have given the go-by to all they had said or promised before. But this did not suit Dick and his brethren, who, as

they hated Gray now, even worse than Arthur himself, were determined so good a subject for tormenting him should not be lost sight of. So they took up the cry in their turn; and now you would see the strangest meetings openly taking place between Dick and Obadiah, at the Half in Half;—Dick chanting a ribald song on one side of the fire—Obadiah snivelling out a paraphrase on the other—and both toasting a long life and a merry one to Quashee, and immortal confusion to Bamboo!

Bamboo had taken the matter pretty coolly, till Madam Reform and her hangers-on had got possession of John's house; for old Muscovado and Molasses, and two or three of his friends, who were then in John's service, had a good deal to say with him, and did their best to fight Bamboo's battles in his absence. But now one and all of them had been turned out: the new folks would not hear of one of Bamboo's people being allowed to get near the house; and Bamboo began to see clearly that he was to be made the scape-goat for John's conscience, and that Quashee, on whose handiwork the sugar manufactory quite depended, was to be taken from him *volens volens*. So what with anxiety about the issue, and two or three bad crops after one another, he began to go back in the world at a sad rate. His bond, which formerly was as good as the Bank's, nobody would take; and, I believe on my conscience, if he had offered to make a present of his distillery to any one, no one would have thanked him for it.

Things, indeed, were now coming to such a pitch on Plantation farm, that, for the sake of getting out of this anxiety, Bamboo would have willingly given up Quashee for half his value. Quashee, who had been told by that artful dog, Obadiah, of what had been going on in John's house about him, got quite savage with impatience, and one night swallowed a bottle of rum, and made a run at Bamboo with a carving knife, which was with difficulty wrested out of his hands, and then running out, he set fire to the distillery, which was only got under after a puncheon or two of Bamboo's best spirit had been staved or consumed;

so that Bamboo and his family lived in fear of their lives with him. Gray and Drum would not have cared a jot to have taken Quashee from Bamboo at once, without allowing him a shilling for him. But some among the servants, who saw that Bamboo was too good a customer to ruin, and that this plan of taking a man's property from him without his leave, might come to be no joke if tried with themselves, stood out, and said, that though Bamboo must give up Quashee, he must be paid for him in some shape or other. So, as Manley had shewn himself such a conjurer in the matter of the Church Field, they all begged him to try his hand once more on a new plan; which he, being mighty conceited of his own skill, agreed to do at once. "Aha!" said he, "see if I don't bring you all off with a wet finger. I'll devise a scheme which shall satisfy Dick, please Obadiah, delight Bamboo's heart, and make Quashee sing for joy." So away he went to his own room, and locked himself in, and there he sat, pondering for an hour or two upon the matter. Bamboo sent a civil message, to ask whether he might speak to him for a moment before he made up his mind. "Get you gone," quoth he, through the key-hole; "would you disturb my meditations? You'll know all in good time." At last the door opened, and down he came, looking as if he were ready to burst with wisdom, and sending for Bamboo, he seated himself with great gravity in an arm-chair, and then pulling out three five-pound notes, he accosted him thus;—

"My master, John Bull, is a generous fellow—a very prince. Though he knows that you have no more right to Quashee than I have, he scorns to do an ungentle thing. Quashee you must give up—But here's a matter of fifteen pounds for you." (Here Bamboo's visage began to brighten up.) "Put it in your pocket—and you shall pay interest upon it in the meantime, till I call upon you for the principal. There now! that's doing the thing handsomely, is it not?"

You may fancy how Bamboo looked at this speech. At first he laughed outright, for he thought that the whole was a jest; but when he saw

that the man was in earnest, he began to bite his lips and fumble the head of his cane with such an expression that Manley saw he must come down a peg immediately; so he asked another day to consider the matter, telling Bamboo he would think of a new plan that should please him better. And to be sure the next day he came down with a sheet of parchment in his hand, all engrossed in a fair hand, and told Bamboo this was his ultimatum, and that if he, Bamboo, demurred about putting his name to it, he would leave him to the tender mercies of Dick and his friends, who would soon settle the question in their own way. The deed was entitled, "Articles of Agreement between John Bull, Esq., and Christopher Bamboo, Sugar Baker and Distiller, of Plantation Farm, West;" and it ran something in this fashion.

Imprimis, That the said Bamboo to receive from the said Bull the sum of twenty pounds sterling, money down; he giving up all claim to the services of the said Quashee after seven years from this date.

Secund, That Quashee shall be free and independent from this moment, but with this proviso, that for the next seven years he work as an apprentice to his master Bamboo, or any other person to be named by John Bull, as hard as ever.

Third, That although Quashee shall only work to Bamboo two days in the week, the said Bamboo shall pay him for the same, exactly as if he had wrought six.

Fourth, That Quashee shall be flogged as usual, but that John's overseer is to hold the horsewhip instead of Bamboo.

Fifth, That Quashee shall pay out of his savings, half-a-crown to the said overseer for his trouble in flogging him as aforesaid; and failing his paying such sum, the goods of the aforesaid Bamboo may be taken in execution for the same by writ of *distingas* and *venditioni caponus*.

Sixth, That, on the elapse of the seven years, the said Quashee is at liberty to starve, hang, drown, or otherwise make away with himself or others, as he thinks proper.

It was with great difficulty Bamboo continued to restrain himself at some of these clauses, which Manley

read with all the gravity and self-complacency imaginable; but knowing well he had no friend that would stand up for him, and that any thing was better than nothing, he thought it prudent to make the most of a bad bargain, and sign the agreement at once. "Well," said he, as he put his hand to it, "though it is not half his value, take him, and the devil go with him; but I'm mistaken if Quashee don't find Master Bull work ere long. The next time he gets a carving knife into his hands, John, or any one that happens to stand next him, mayn't come off so cheaply."

If Bamboo was but indifferently pleased at this conclusion, Dick and Obadiah were furious. Neither of these, of course, cared sixpence about Quashee, whom they would have seen stewed in a sugar copper, over a slow fire, with all the coolness in life; but the notion that Bamboo was to be paid for him after all, and that nothing was to come their way, drove them frantic. But of all the parties concerned, Quashee was the most confounded. His head being of the hardest at any time, and not having a great turn for nice distinctions, he could not be brought, for the soul, or rather, I should say, the body of him, to perceive that he had gained any thing by the change. And, in truth, it was no wonder if his ideas were a little confused on the subject. No sooner did he hear that the agreement with Bamboo was signed, than up he got one fine morning, and exclaiming, "Come, I'll take mine ease to-day, however," he stowed away a bottle of rum into his breeches pocket, and went strolling away up the path, singing "Possum up a Gum-tree," when, who should he meet but John Bull's new overseer, who came scack over his shins with an accursed horsewhip ten times longer than Bamboo's.—"What's that for?" cried Quashee, roaring like a rhinoceros; "am not I a free nigger—a man and a brother—eh?"

"O Lord, yes, to be sure," cried the overseer, giving him another tight cut over the shoulders—"free as air, no doubt of it! You're an apprentice now! Only, take up that hoe, and fall to work incontinently on that turnip field, or, by St Christopher,

your back and my horsewhip shall be better acquainted."

Quashee, poor wretch, felt quite dumbfounded at this unexpected turn; but, seeing there was no help for

it, he took up his hoe, and fell to work, though with a bad grace. But from that day to this he has never been able to make out the difference between a slave and an apprentice.

CHAP. VII.

HOW JOHN'S RENTS BEGAN TO GET INTO ARREAR, AND OF THE MEETING OF DICK AND HIS FRIENDS AT THE YORKSHIRE STINGO.

BUT a storm was brewing in John's own neighbourhood, which promised to be a more serious matter than the dispute about Quashee. John's estate, you must know, was managed in a somewhat whimsical guise, and his rents differently paid from those of some other squires in his neighbourhood. At first many of his tenants had sat almost rent-free; but as John got into debt, he was obliged by little and little to make it a bargain with them that they should pay him some petty customs on the articles they dealt in; and this, considering the open house John was obliged to keep, they thought but fair. But what with the long lawsuit about Louis Baboon's succession, and the two writs of ejectment against Esquire Nap, John's father's debts had run up to an amazing amount, and his bill of costs was fearful to behold. So, after mortgaging what manors he had left unencumbered, he was fain to borrow right and left upon his note of hand, and then, to pay the interest upon these loans, nothing was left him but to raise the petty customs upon his tenants; "for," said he, "if I'm to pay the cost of turning out that scoundrel Nap, for their behoof as much as my own, it's but fair, methinks, that they should bear part of the expense."

So he and his steward Billy, a determined dog, and a famous hand at book-keeping, went to work, clapping on a halfpenny here, a groat there,—now and then pretending, for the sake of appearances, to take off a farthing elsewhere,—till at last a man could hardly walk, ride, sleep, eat, drink, live, or die on John's estate, without having to pay for it. Nay, after he had clapped something on all their goods and chattels, he would fall on the strangest devices, for raising the wind. He would be seen walking about of a morning,

with a fellow carrying a pen and ink-horn at his button-hole, measuring the size of your house, or counting the panes in the windows, and then stepping in upon the owner, he would say, "Aha! my good friend, you've got a snug box here, I find. One that can afford to live in such a house as this, can afford to pay for it; so clap him down for 10 per cent against next quarter-day." "Extravagant dog," he would say to another, "to waste the blessed sun at that rate! Ten panes of glass in one window! Might not five serve your turn, sir, as well as ten, eh? Down with him for five per cent. But soft ye, what's this,—powder in his wig, too? Set down one per cent more for that." And then, when you came to pay your money, he would charge you with the stamp on your own receipt!

You may imagine there was some grumbling among the tenants at all this; though, as they saw that John could not otherwise keep up his credit, or pay the interest upon his bonds, which were mainly due to the tenants themselves; and as John gave them plenty of employment in return, and prices kept well up, why, they submitted to it with a better grace than you might have expected. Indeed, Billy's successors, and Arthur, in particular, had done their best by putting John's house-bills on a better footing, and taking off as many of these pestilent customs as they could, to stop their mouths on the subject: and 'tis odds but he would have cleared off the mortgages in time, and enabled John to hold his head on 'Change as high as ever, if he had been left to himself. Gray and the rest of his crew, however, as I told you before, did nothing but abuse him, swearing that he had not taken off sixpence in the pound, and bragging what wonders they would do if

they were in his place. Well, when they got in, they began to find that Arthur had nearly gone to the end of his tether, and that unless they were fairly to make a smash at once, and make John take the benefit of the act, little more could be done. Now every body knew, that of all the customs that John had laid on, there was none that the tenants so hated as that upon the window panes, which they swore was the most preposterous, pragmatical, unnatural, Mahometan invention that was ever thought of; and I verily believe, if Gray would have rid them of that, they would have compounded for the rest. But no! No sooner were Gray's friends in, than it was each for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. "Off with the dues on coals," cried Drum;—"Ditto on soap," cried Pullet;—"Shame that a man can't read his Times, without paying for John's leave," said Walter;—"Why, I should not so much mind that," said Bill, "if they'd let us have our beer gratis;"—and so on it went, every man thinking only of himself, and leaving the tenants to shift for themselves.

'Twas no wonder then that they grumbled and growled when John's bailiff came round to collect his dues, and if they had not known that John must be in the gazette immediately, if they refused payment, very likely they would have sent him away with a flea in his ear. But Dick, who longed of all things to bring John into the Gazette, having nothing to lose withal, and a chance of picking up something in the scramble, saw this was the very thing for his purpose; and to work he set forthwith to devise how they might stop payment of John's dues, and yet keep on the windy side of the law at the same time. Dick (who they say had been put up to the thing by an attorney, a brother of Buckran) came marching down with a hundred fellows at his heels, to a pothouse opposite John's gate, called the Yorkshire Stingo, where he made them a speech, quoting Milton, and shewing how nobody was bound to pay any thing which he did not find convenient, any law, statute, or custom notwithstanding. And at last, after having primed them well with these notions, they got so bold that they de-

termined to send up a message to Allsop, telling him they would see him damned ere they paid another sixpence for their sash windows. One or two of them, no doubt,—Stephen Lushy among the rest, contrived to sneak out of the room, when they saw that things were coming to this pass; but the rest gave three cheers, and Dick called for pen and ink, that they might draw up a round robin on the spot. "There, Jack," said Dick, shoving the paper across the table, "thou shalt be scribe. I'm no great hand at these pot hooks."

"Nor I either," said Jack. "I reckon Tom will do it better."

But Tom passed it to Jerry, and he to Joe, and he to Dick again; and for a time they could get nobody that could undertake it. At last, however, they found a mad doctor, named Sam, who made a shift, after much ado, to scrawl down something to this effect:—

Truckling Slaves, and Base Money-Getting Codgers,—These are to let you know that we see through your tricks. Your promises are all humbug. You are a set of the most arrant, pitiful, sneaking renegadoes extant. Why the devil don't ye turn out, one and all of ye, and make room in John's house for your betters? If he weren't an old idiot, he would have sent ye adrift long ago. As for those cursed customs on the sash windows, which you have been promising to take off these dozen years, off they come in spite of your necks. Not a stiver of them shall we ever pay from this moment, and if you or any of your bumbailiffs come round again to collect them after this notice, the Lord have mercy upon your souls, for we shall have none on your bodies. No more at present from your masters to command.

his
(Signed) DICK ✕ DOWNRIGHT.
mark.

In name of the Meeting.

If you had seen poor Allsop's face when this bloody-minded epistle was handed to him, you would have pitied him. He had just gone out to take a look at the dairy when it arrived, and the very look of the fellow who brought it was enough to throw

him into a cold sweat. He had pulled off his breeches, as he said, for the sake of air; he had a red night-cap on his head, and Allsop saw the end of a rusty knife sticking out under his coat; so that his hands shook so he could not for a long time find his spectacles. When he found them at last, he read the contents with a look of the most awful perplexity; he pattered over the leaves of his ledger, upset the red ink, gnawed his pen to pieces, and seemed at his wit's end. At last he sat down, as it were, in desperation, and wrote as follows:—

TO RICHARD DOWNRIGHT, Esquire,
&c. &c. &c.

Sir,—The drubbing which I have had the honour to receive at your hands, demands my warmest acknowledgments, and I beg to return the thanks of myself and my fellow-servants for the trouble you have taken. I shall do myself the honour of calling on you at the Yorkshire Stingo in half an hour, when I trust the business about the sash windows will be arranged to your entire satisfaction. I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect,

Your most obedient and
bewildered humble
servant,

ALLSOP.

Allsop, as you may imagine, had enough to do to screw his courage to the point of walking down and trusting himself among such a crew as the fellows at the Stingo were; and in fact when he made his appearance with his ledger under his arm, they received him with such shouts of laughter and yells of rage, that he almost dropped down outright. He then began in a faltering voice, to tell how he had taken a farthing off this and another off that, how he had distributed a ton of coals and a dozen cotton shirts among the poor, and how John, by his advice, had ordered a dose of rhubarb and castor-oil to be served out to them all round gratis! That it was a damnable heresy to refuse payment of John's customs, who, poor man, must go to pot immediately if he hadn't wherewithal to pay his interest; and that though he had almost turned his head with trying to find

out some substitute for this matter of the sash-windows, he could not for the soul of him hit upon any thing; "But," said he, "gentlemen, if it's the servant's pleasure to say he won't pay, it's the duty of the master to obey, and John's creditors must even look to their money as they best may. Take my word for it this once, that after next quarter ye shall hear no more about these cursed window-panes; only, in the meantime, you know, for the sake of appearances, we must pretend to collect them, and you shall make as if you paid; but if you will step into my office as you go down stairs, you shall have your money back and no questions asked, and the world shall be never the wiser!" Though poor Allsop went down on his marrow-bones to them, even this did not satisfy some of Dick's followers; who swore they would not trust him, knowing him to be as slippery as an eel, and that from that moment they would slap their doors in the overseer's face, or empty a wash-hand bason or worse upon him, if he came near them again; and, i' faith, one savage fellow, upon whom the overseer called shortly after, got the mob to join him in a rescue, so that when the sheriff's officer came to distrain the goods, they rolled him in the mud, broke his baton to pieces, and sent him home without his errand.

Heaven only knows what is to come of all this, for John's affairs are truly in a desperate way with these servants of his, as to whom you can hardly say whether they be greater knaves or fools, though, I reckon, a good deal of both. Nobody now believes a word they say; and as for management, they blunder every thing they lay their hands on. Not content with quarrelling with John's wine-merchant, as I told you, they have set him at loggerheads with his tea-merchant next; not a drop of gin was to be had for months for love or money, in consequence of their clapping up an obstruction before Nick Frog's wafthouse door; they allowed Esquire North to steal the turkeys, without ever thinking of setting the house-dog Dragon at him; and as for that upstart Philip Baboon, whom John used to hate as he did the devil, they have made the

poor old gentleman believe that that cunning scheming codger is his best friend upon earth, and now you will see them walking together arm-in-arm any morning by the side of the canal.

Gray, himself, they say, is getting quite superannuated, and has lost all his faculties except his pride and ill temper, which stick to him to the last. He keeps himself locked up in his room for days together, and, except two or three toad-eaters of his own, sees nobody, and knows little or nothing of the rack and ruin which he has brought on John's estate. The poor doting old body still pretends to laugh at Dick, and will say, that he would not mind to have a turn at quarter-staff with him yet; but some of his friends who know better, advised him to keep the house, telling him, that Dick has been practising of late like a Trojan; and that though Gaffer might have been a pretty fellow in his day, and a tolerable master of fence, as times went, he was no match for such a desperado as Dick at any time.

Of Allsop, ye have already heard enough; and as every body laughs at Allsop, I shall say no more about him.

As for Drum, I think he must have gone horn mad of late, for he has been playing off the strangest faucies imaginable. 'Twas but the other day John sent him off an errand to Esquire North, just to put a shilling or two in his pocket, and lent him his own pleasure boat for the trip, when, what, think ye, does the upsetting jackanapes do? "Why," says he, "as I'm descended from old King Coal, I think I may e'en carry my flag as well as my neighbours." So down in a trice came John's blue peter, and up went Drum's dirty three-striped pocket handkerchief in

its stead, and in that guise he went flaunting up the canal, to the astonishment of all beholders. And the best of the joke was, that though Drum had sworn a hundred times that he thought it a sin and a shame to take the law of any man for speaking his mind about him, the first thing he did was to indict the poor man who told the story about the handkerchief at the Sessions, besides publishing an abusive letter against him in the newspapers, with the view to prejudice the Justices against him. And after all, it turned out that all that Drum had to say for himself was, that he had taken out his handkerchief to blow his nose, when somehow it slipped out of his hand, and ran up to the masthead by mistake.

But the man I am most sorry for is poor Buckram, who was the only clever fellow of the set, but who, they say, will never be fit for any thing again. He sits with a tumbler of brandy and water under his table, and if you ask him a question, he will give you the most rignarole incoherent answers you ever heard; he is eternally calling names; nay, one evening lately, when he was maudlin, he actually went on his knees to some of the upper servants, to get them to accept a bill for him, at which they only laughed, and told him he might call with it again that day six months.

With all this you may think John's credit is sadly fallen. Many are beginning to think there must be a smash very soon, and so they are calling up their bonds, and putting the money into Jonathan's bank, which they think is more likely to stand a run than John's strong box.

Well—God bless the poor gentleman, say I, and send him a good deliverance from knaves and fools!

FRANCE IN 1833.

No. II.

EFFECTS OF THE REVOLUTION OF THE BARRICADES ON GOVERNMENT,
RELIGION, MORALS, AND LITERATURE.

THE chief features of modern France have been owing to the great changes produced during the first Revolution. It was then that the Aristocracy and landed proprietors were destroyed, the Church overturned, and the bulwarks both of regal power and public freedom irrevocably levelled with the ground. The Revolution of 1830, was but a prietorian tumult or jaiilzary revolt in comparison. It overthrew a ruling dynasty, and established a new family on the throne; but the great features of society remained unchanged; the present centralization of power in Paris was nearly as great under the elder branch of the House of Bourbon as the Citizen King, and the prostration of the provinces as complete under Napoleon as Louis Philippe.

Notwithstanding this, however, the character of the French Government, has been essentially changed by the Revolution of the Barricades. It possesses now a degree of power, vigour, and despotic authority, to which there has been nothing comparable since the days of Napoleon. The facility with which it overturned the great democratic revolt at the cloister of St Merri in June 1832, and at Lyons in November 1831, both of which were greatly more formidable than that of the Three Days, is a sufficient proof of this assertion. The deeds of despotism, the vigorous acts of government, which are now in daily operation under the Citizen King, could never have been attempted during the Restoration. Charles X. declared Paris in a state of siege, and issued an edict against the liberty of the press; and in a few days, in consequence, he was precipitated from his throne: Marshal Soult declared Paris in a state of siege, and still more rigidly fettered the press; and the act of vigour confirmed instead of weakening his Sovereign's authority. It is the daily complaint of the Republican press,

that the acts of Government are now infinitely more rigorous than they have ever been since the fall of Napoleon, and that the nation under the Restoration would never have tolerated the vexatious restraints which are now imposed upon its freedom. To give one or two examples from the newspapers lying before us.

"Yesterday evening, twenty-eight persons, accused of seditious practices, were arrested and sent to prison by the agents of the police. Never did tyranny advance with such rapid strides as it is doing at the present time."—*Tribune*, Aug. 20.

"Yesterday night, eighteen more persons, accused of Republican practices, were sent to prison. How long will the citizens of Paris permit a despotism to exist among them, to which there has been nothing comparable since the days of Napoleon?"—*Tribune*, Aug. 21.

"More barracks are in course of being erected in the neighbourhood of Gravelles. If matters go on much longer at this rate, Paris will contain more soldiers than citizens."—*Tribune*, Aug. 22.

If Charles X. or Louis XVIII. had adventured upon the extraordinary steps of sending state prisoners by the hundred to the Castle of Mount St Michael in Normandy, or erecting an additional prison of vast dimensions near Père la Chaise, to receive the overflowings of the other jails in Paris, maintaining 40,000 or 50,000 men constantly in garrison in the capital, or placing a girdle of fortified bastiles round its walls, the vehemence of the public clamour would either have rendered necessary the abandonment of the measures, or straightway precipitated them from the throne. All parties now admit that France possessed as much real freedom as was consistent with public order under the Bourbons; there is not one which pretends that any of that liberty is still enjoyed. They are completely at variance, indeed,

as to the necessity of its removal; the Republicans maintaining that an unnecessary and odious despotism has been established; the Juste Milieu, that a powerful Government is the only remaining barrier between France and democratic anarchy, and, as such, is absolutely indispensable for the preservation of order; but all are agreed that the constitutional freedom of the Restoration no longer exists.

An attentive observation of the present state of France is all that is requisite to shew the causes of these apparently anomalous facts;—of the tempered rule, limited authority, and constitutional sway of the Bourbons, in spite of the absolute frame of government which they received from Napoleon and the Revolution; and the despotic rigour and irresistible force of the present dynasty, notwithstanding the democratic transports which seated it upon the throne. Such a survey will, at the same time, throw a great and important light upon the final effect of the First Revolution on the cause of freedom, and go far to vindicate the government of that superintending Wisdom, which, even in this world, compels vice to work out its own, deserved and memorable punishment.

The practical and efficient control upon the executive authority, in every State, is to be found in the jealousy of the middling and lower orders of the rule of the higher, who are in possession of the reins of power. This is the force which really coerces the government in every State; it is to be found in the tumults of Constantinople, or the anarchy of Persia, as well as in the constitutional opposition of the British Parliament. The representative system only gives a regular and constitutional channel to the restraining power, without which society might degenerate into the anarchy of Poland, or be disgraced by the strife of the Turkish Seraglio.

As long as this jealousy remains entire among the people, and the fabric of government is sufficiently strong to resist its attacks on any of its necessary functions—as long as it is a drag on its movements, not the ruling power, the operations of the Execu-

tive are subjected to a degree of restraint which constitutes a limited monarchy, and diffuses general freedom. This is the natural and healthful state of society; where the people, disqualified by their multitude and their habits from the task of government, fall into their proper sphere of observing and controlling its movements; and the aristocracy, disqualified by their limited number from the power of effectually controlling the Executive, if possessed by the people, occupy their appropriate station in forming part of the Government, and supporting the Throne. The popular body is as unfit to govern the State, as the aristocracy is to defend its liberties against a democratic Executive. History has many instances to exhibit, of liberty existing for ages with a senate holding the reins, and a populace checking its encroachments; it has not one to shew, of the same blessing being found under a democracy in possession of the Executive, with the defence of public freedom intrusted to a displaced aristocracy. From the Revolution of 1688 to that of 1832, the annals of England presented the perfect specimen of public freedom flourishing under the first form of government; it remains to be seen whether it will subsist for any length of time under the second.

Experience, accordingly, has demonstrated, what theory had long asserted, that the overthrow of the liberty of all free States has arisen from the usurpation of the executive authority by the democracy; and that, as long as the reins of power are in the hands of the nobles, the jealousy of the commons was an adequate security to the cause of freedom. Rome long maintained its liberties, notwithstanding the contests of the patricians and plebeians, while the authority of the senate was unimpaired; but when the aristocracy, under Cato, Brutus, and Pompey, were overturned by the democracy headed by Cæsar, the tyranny of the Emperors rapidly succeeded. The most complete despotism of modern times is to be found in the government of Robespierre and Napoleon, both of whom rose to power on the democratic transports of a successful revolution. Against the encroachments of their

natural and hereditary rulers, the sovereign and the nobles, the people, in a constitutional monarchy, are in general sufficiently on their guard; and against their efforts, the increasing power which they acquire from the augmentation of their wealth and intelligence in the later stages of society, is a perfectly sufficient security. But of the despotism of the rulers of their own party,—the usurpation of the leaders whom they have themselves seated in the chariot,—they are never sufficiently jealous, because they conceive that their own power is deriving fresh accessions of strength from every addition made to the chiefs who have so long combated by their side; and this delusion continues universally till it is too late to shake their authority, and on the ruins of a constitutional monarchy, an absolute despotism has been constructed.

Had the first Revolution of France, like the great Rebellion of England, merely passed over the State without uprooting all its institutions, and destroying every branch of its aristocracy, there can be little doubt that a constitutional monarchy might have been established in France, and possibly a hundred and forty years of liberty and happiness formed, as in Britain, the maturity of its national strength. But the total destruction of all these classes in the bloody convulsion, and the division of their estates among an innumerable host of little proprietors, rendered the formation of such a monarchy impossible, because one of the elements was wanting which is indispensable to its existence, and no counterpoise remained to the power of the democracy at one time, or of the Executive at another. You might as well make gunpowder without sulphur, as rear up constitutional freedom without an hereditary aristocracy to coerce the people and restrain the throne. "A monarchy," says Bacon, "without an aristocracy, is ever an absolute despotism, for a nobility attempts somewhat the reverence for the line royal." "The Revolution," says Napoleon, "left France absolutely without an aristocracy; and this rendered the forma-

tion of a mixed constitution impossible. The government had no lever to rest upon to direct the people; it was compelled to navigate in a single element. The French Revolution has attempted a problem as insoluble as the direction of balloons!"

When Napoleon seized the helm, therefore, he had no alternative but to see revolutionary anarchy continue in the State, or coerce the people by a military despotism. He chose the latter; and under his firm and resolute government, France enjoyed a degree of prosperity and happiness unknown since the fall of the monarchy. Those who reproach him with departing from the principles of the Revolution, and rearing up a military throne by means of a scaffolding of democratic construction, would do well to shew how he could otherwise have discharged the first of duties in governments,—the giving protection and security to the people; how a mixed and tempered constitution could be established, when the violence of the people had totally destroyed their natural and hereditary rulers; and how the passions of a populace, long excited by the uncontrolled riot in power, were to be coerced by a senate composed of salaried dignitaries, destitute either of property or importance, and a body of ignoble deputies, hardly elevated, either in station or acquirements, above the citizens to whom they owed their election.

The overthrow of Napoleon's power by the arms of Europe, for a time established a constitutional throne in France, and gave its inhabitants fifteen years of undeserved freedom and happiness. But this freedom rested on an unstable equilibrium; it had not struck its roots into the substratum of society; it was liable to be overturned by the first shock of adverse fortune. As it was, however, it contributed, in a most essential manner, to deceive the world,—to veil the irreparable consequences of the first convulsion,—and make mankind believe that it was possible, on the basis of irreligion, robbery, and murder, to rear up the fair fabric of regulated free-

dom. We have to thank the Revolution of the Barricades for drawing aside the veil,—for displaying the consequences of national delinquency on future ages; and beneath the fair colours of the whited sepulchre, exhibiting the foul appearances of premature corruption and decay.

What gave temporary freedom to France under the Restoration was the prodigious exhaustion of the democratic spirit by the calamities which attended the close of Napoleon's reign; the habits of submission to which his iron government had accustomed the people; the terror produced by the double conquest of Paris by the Allies, the insecure and obnoxious tenure by which the Bourbons held their authority, and the pacific character and personal weakness of that race of sovereigns themselves.

1. The exhaustion of France by the calamities which hurled Napoleon from the throne, undoubtedly had a most powerful effect in coercing for a time the fierce and turbulent passions of the people. It is in the young that the spirit of liberty and the impatience of restraint is ever most fervent, and from their energy that the firmest principles of freedom and the greatest excesses of democracy have equally arisen. But the younger generations of France were, to a degree unprecedented in modern times, mowed down by the revolutionary wars. After seventeen years of more than ordinary consumption of human life, came the dreadful campaigns of 1812, 1813, and 1814; in the first of which, between Spain and Russia, not less than 700,000 men perished by the sword or sickness, while, in the two latter, the extraordinary levy of 1,200,000 men was almost entirely destroyed. By these prodigious efforts, France was literally exhausted; those copious bleedings reduced the body politic to a state of almost lethargic torpor; and, accordingly, neither the invasion and disasters of 1814, nor the return of Napoleon in 1815, could rouse the mass of the nation to any thing like a state of general excitement. During the first years of the Bourbons' reign, accordingly, they had to rule over a people whose fierce passions had been tamed by unprecedented

misfortunes, and hot blood drained off by a merciless sword; and it was not till the course of time, and the ceaseless powers of population, had in some degree repaired the void, that that general impatience and restlessness began to be manifested which arises from the difficulty of finding employment, and is the common precursor of political changes.

2. The Government of Napoleon, despotic and unfettered in its original construction, after the 18th Brumaire, had become, in process of time, the most arbitrary and powerful of any in Europe. Between the destruction of all ancient, provincial, and corporate authorities, by the successive revolutionary assemblies, and the complete centralization of all the powers and influence of the State in the Government at Paris, which took place during his government, there was not a vestige of popular power left in France. The people had been accustomed, for fourteen years, to submit to the *prefets*, *sous-prefets*, mayors, *adjoints*, and other authorities appointed by the central Government at Paris, and they had in a great degree lost the recollection of the intoxicating powers which they exercised during the Revolution. The habit of submission to an absolute Government which enforced its mandates by 500,000 soldiers, and had 500,000 civil offices in its gift, had in a great degree prepared the country for slavery. To the direction of this immense and strongly constructed machine the Bourbons succeeded; and it went on for a number of years working of itself, without the people generally being conscious of the helm having passed from the firm and able grasp of Napoleon to the inexperienced and feeble hands of his legitimate successors. Louis XVIII., indeed, gave a charter to his subjects: "*Vive la Charte*" became the cry of the supporters of his throne: deputies were chosen, who met at Paris; a Chamber of Peers was established, and the forms of a constitutional monarchy prevailed. But it is not by conferring the forms of a limited monarchy that its spirit can be acquired, or the necessary checks either on the throne or the populace established. France, under the Bourbons, went through the

forms of a representative government, but she had hardly a vestige of its spirit. Her people were composed of a few hundred thousand ardent citizens in the towns, who longed for democratic power and a republican Government, and thirty millions of peasants and workmen, who were ready to submit to any Government established by the ruling population of the capital. To coerce the former, or invigorate the latter, no means remained; and therefore it is that a constitutional monarchy no longer exists in France.

3. The consternation produced by the overthrow of Napoleon's throne, and the double occupation of Paris by the Allied troops, went far to uphold a Government which had risen up under their protection. While all the army and ardent patriots of the capital insisted that it had been surrendered by treachery in both cases, and could never have been conquered by force of arms, the astounding events produced a great and awful impression throughout France, which is far from being as yet eradicated. There are some calamities which remain long in the recollection of mankind. Volatile, susceptible of new impressions, and inconsiderate as great part of the French undoubtedly are, the successive capture of their capital in two campaigns sunk deep and heavily in their minds. It wounded them in the most sensitive part, the feeling of national glory; and excited a painful doubt, heretofore unknown, of the ability of the Great Nation to resist a combined attack from the Northern Powers. This feeling still subsists; it may have little influence with the young and warlike youth of the capital, but it is strongly impressed upon the more thoughtful and better informed classes of society, and is in an especial manner prevalent among the National Guard of the metropolis, to whom, even more than the regular army, the nation looks for the regulation of its movements. It was to the prevalence of this feeling that the existence of the Bourbon Government, during the fifteen years of the Restoration, was mainly owing; and so prevalent was it even on the eve of their overthrow, that the revolt of the Barricades originated with, and was long supported solely

by the very lowest classes; and it was not till the defection of the army, and the imbecility of the Government, had rendered it more than doubtful whether a revolution was not at hand, that they were joined by any considerable accession of strength from the educated or middling classes of society. The same feeling of secret dread at the Northern Powers still exists, notwithstanding the accession of England to the league of revolutionary Governments; and, whatever the republican party may say to the contrary, nothing is more certain than that the Cabinet of Louis Philippe has been supported in all its principal measures, and especially in the proclamation of a state of siege by Marshal Soult, and the pacific system with the Continental Powers, by a great majority of all the persons of any wealth or consideration in Paris, now in possession, through the National Guard, of a preponderating influence in the capital, and, consequently, over all France.

The circumstances which have been mentioned, contributed strongly to establish a despotic government under the Bourbons,—the only kind of regular authority which the convulsions of the Revolution have rendered practicable in France; but to counteract these, and temper the rigour of the Executive, there were other circumstances of an equally important character, which gradually went on increasing in power, until they finally overbalanced the others, and overturned the Government of the Restoration.

1. The first of these circumstances was the extreme national dissatisfaction which attended the way in which the Bourbons reascended the throne. For a monarch of France to enter its capital, in the rear of a victorious invader, is the most unlikely way that can be imagined to gain the affections of its inhabitants; but to do this twice over, and regain the throne on the second occasion, in consequence of such a thunderbolt as the Battle of Waterloo, was a misfortune which rendered the popularity of the dynasty out of the question. The people naturally connected together the two events; they associated the Republican sway with the tricolor flag and the conquest of Europe, and the Bourbon dynasty with the disas-

ters which had preceded their restoration: forgetting what was the truth, that it was under the tricolor that all these disasters had been incurred; and that the white flag was the olive branch which saved them from calamities, which they themselves had felt to be intolerable.

This general feeling of irritation at the unparalleled calamities in which Napoleon's reign terminated, was naturally and skilfully turned to account by the Republican party. They constantly associated together the Bourbon reign with the Russian bayonets; and held out the sovereigns of the Restoration, rather as the viceroys of Wellington, or the satraps of Alexander, than the monarchs either by choice or inheritance of the Franks. This prejudice, which had too much support from the unfortunate coincidence of Napoleon's disasters with the commencement of their reign, soon spread deeply and universally among the liberal part of the people; and the continuance of the Bourbon dynasty on the throne came to be considered as the badge of national servitude, which, on the first dawn of returning liberation, should be removed.

2. The abolition of the national colours by the Bourbon princes, and the studious endeavour made to obliterate the monuments and recollection of Napoleon, was a puerile weakness, from which the worst possible effects ensued to their government. To suppose that it was possible to obliterate the remembrance of his mighty achievements, and substitute Henry IV. and Saint Louis for the glories of the Empire, was worse than childish, and, as might have been expected, totally failed in its object. In vain his portrait was proscribed, his letters effaced from the edifices, his name hardly mentioned except with vituperation by the Ministerial organs; the admiration for his greatness only increased from the efforts made to suppress it; and of his, as the images of Brutus and Cassius at the funeral of Junia, it might truly be said, "*Viginti clarissimarum familiarum imagines antelatae sunt, sed præfulgebant Cassius atque Brutus, et eo ipso quod effigies eorum non videbantur.*"

The universal burst of public enthusiasm when the tricolor flag was

rehoisted on the Tuileries, and the statue of the Hero replaced on the pillar in the Place Vendôme, in July last, and the innumerable pictures and statues which have been exposed in every town and village of France since the prohibition was removed, demonstrates how powerful and general this feeling was, and exposes the enormity of the error which the Bourbons committed in endeavouring to bury it in oblivion. The tricolor flag was associated in the minds of the whole young and active part of the French population with the days of their glory; the white standard with the commencement of their humiliation. To compel them to adopt the one and abandon the other, was an error in policy of the most enormous kind. It was to perpetuate the feeling of national disgrace; to impose upon the nation what they considered as the livery of servitude; to debar them from openly giving vent to feelings which swelled their hearts even to bursting. The Revolution of July was less against the edicts of Polignac than the white standard on the dome of the Tuileries; and the Citizen King owes his throne mainly to the tricolor flag which waves above his head in that august abode.

3. The religious feelings of the exiled family, natural and estimable in persons exposed to the calamities which they had undergone, was undoubtedly an inherent weakness in the Government of the Restoration, to which their fall was in a great degree owing. From whatever cause it may have arisen, the fact is certain, that hatred at every species of religious observance is the most profound and inveterate feeling which has survived the Revolution. Not that the French are wholly an irreligious people; for in a numerous portion of the community, especially in the rural districts, the reverence for devotion is undiminished; but that the active and energetic class in towns, upon whom the centralization of power produced by the Revolution has exclusively conferred political importance and the means of influencing the public mind, are almost entirely of that description. To these men the sight of priests in their sacerdotal habits crossing the Place Carousel, and entering the royal apartments, was absolute gall and wormwood.

The Royalists had not discernment enough to see, that they might encourage the substantial parts of religion, without perpetually bringing before the public eye the obnoxious parts of its external ceremonial: they fell at once under the government of pious and estimable, but weak and ignorant ecclesiastics, who were totally incapable of steering the vessel of the State through the shoals and quicksands with which it was on all sides beset. Thence arose an inherent weakness in the Government of the Restoration, which went far to counterbalance the vast political authority which the centralization of every species of influence in the public offices in Paris had occasioned. They received a machine of vast power, and apparently irresistible strength, but the prejudice of the people at their political and religious principles was so strong, that they could not find the firm hands requisite to direct it.

4. The pacific and indolent character of the Bourbon Princes, and the timorous policy which they were constrained to adopt, from the disastrous circumstances which had preceded their accession to the throne, prevented them from reviving, by personal qualities, or brilliant achievements, any of that popularity which so many circumstances had contributed to weaken. A thirst for military glory ever has been the leading characteristic of the French people. A pacific and popular King of France is a contradiction in terms. The Princes who dwell most strongly in their recollection, Henry IV., Louis XIV., and Napoleon, were all distinguished either for their military achievements, or the great conquests which were effected in their reign. If a King of France were to possess the virtue of Aristides, the integrity of Cato, the humanity of Marcus Aurelius, and the wisdom of Solomon, and remain constantly at peace, he would speedily become unpopular.* The only regal activity which, in their estimation, can in some degree compensate the want of military distinction, is a decided turn for the embellishment of Paris. Napoleon's vast popularity, after his

external victories, was mainly owing to his internal decorations; the Pillar of Austerlitz and the Bourse almost rivalled, in public effect, the overthrow of Austria and the subjugation of Prussia. But in neither of these lines of activity was the Family of the Restoration calculated to acquire a distinction. They remained, partly from inclination, partly from necessity, almost constantly at peace; they languidly and slowly completed the great works undertaken by Napoleon, but commenced little new themselves; they neither pushed their armies across the Rhine, nor their new constructions into the obscurer parts of Paris. The Parisians could neither recount to strangers the victories they had won, nor point with exultation to the edifices they had constructed. They remained in consequence, for the whole fifteen years that they sat upon the throne, tolerated and obeyed, but neither admired nor loved; and the load of obloquy which attached to them from the disasters which preceded their accession, was lightened by no redeeming achievements which followed their elevation.

From the combination of these singular and opposing circumstances, there resulted a mixed and tempered Government in France, for the brief period of the Restoration, without any of the circumstances existing, by which that blessing can be permanently secured,—without either a powerful aristocracy, or an efficient and varied representation of the people. The machine of government was that of an absolute despotism, from the complete centralization of every species of influence in the public offices at Paris, and the total absence of any authority in the provinces to counterbalance their influence; but the Royal Family had neither the energy nor the qualities, nor the fortune, requisite to wield its irresistible powers. Nothing can be more extraordinary, accordingly, than the state of France under Louis XVIII. and Charles X. The Government were almost constantly declining in popularity; the republican majority in the Chamber of Deputies

* Mr. Burke was perfectly right when he said, that the restored monarch must be constantly in the saddle.

was, with some variations, almost constantly increasing; at last it rose to such a height as to choke up the wheels of administration, and render a *coup d'état*, or a resignation of the throne, an unavoidable alternative. But although the *Family of the Bourbons* was thus declining in influence, the *power of Government* was undergoing no serious alteration; no efficient checks upon the Executive, arising from the combination of the lasting interests of the State to coerce its encroachment, were growing up; the weakness of the throne arose from dislike to the reigning family, not aversion to the power with which they were invested. They were at last overturned, like the Sultans in the Seraglio, or the Roman Emperors on the Palatine Mount, by a vast and well-concerted urban tumult, seconded to a wish by the imbecility and weakness of the ruling Administration; and the vast machine of a despotic Government passed unimpaired into the hands of their more energetic assailants.

The Revolution of the Barricades at once put an end to the temporizing system of the Restoration, and drew aside the veil which, retained by Bourbon weakness, had so long concealed the stern features of despotic power. The fatal succession, bequeathed to France, by the sins and the atrocities of the First Revolution, was then apparent; the bonds, the inevitable and perpetual bonds of servitude, were exposed to public gaze. In all the particulars which constituted the weakness of the Restoration, and paralysed the machine of despotic government, from hatred at the hands which wielded it, the Citizen King had the advantage. The white flag had been a perpetual eyesore to the ardent youth of France, and the white flag was torn down: the tricolor had been the object of their secret worship, and the tricolor was displayed from every tower in France: the recollection of defeat had clouded the first days of the Restoration, and the first days of the Revolution of July were those of astounding triumph: the observance of Sunday and religious forms had exasperated an infidel metropolis, under a priest-ridden dynasty; and their successors allowed them to revel in every spe-

cies of amusement and license on the seventh day: the long continuance of peace had thrown into sullen discontent the ardent youth of the metropolis; and the establishment of a revolutionary throne promised, sooner or later, to bring about a desperate conflict with the legitimate monarchs of Europe. The prospect of the convulsions into which England was speedily thrown by the contagion of this great example, contributed not a little to fan this exulting flame; and in the passing of the Reform Bill, the French democrats beheld a lasting triumph to the Gallican party in this country, and an achievement which consoled them for the disasters of Trafalgar and Waterloo.

These combined circumstances completely restored the vigour and efficiency of the central authority at Paris over all France. In possession of a frame of government the strongest and most despotic of any in Europe, supported by the ardent and influential part of the population in the capital, fanned by the gales of public passion and prejudice, they speedily became irresistible. Every thing contributed to increase the power of Government. The public hatred at hereditary succession, which forced on the abolition of the House of Peers and the appointment of their successors by the Crown, demolished the last barrier (and it was but a feeble one) which the preceding convulsions had left between the throne and universal dominion. The public impatience for war, which made them bear without murmuring an increase of the national expenditure, on the accession of Louis Philippe, from 980,000,000 francs to 1,511,000,000 in one year, enabled the Government to raise the army from 180,000 to 420,000 men, and fan the military spirit through all France, by the establishment of National Guards. The Chamber of Deputies, thrown into the shade by the tricolor flag, and the Reviews in the Place Carrousel, was soon forgotten; its members, destitute, for the most part, of property, consideration, or weight in their respective departments, speedily fell into contempt; the Opposition was gained over or withdrew in despair from a hopeless cause; and a party which, under the

white flag, and the priestridden Government, had risen to a majority in the Legislature, was soon reduced to a miserable remnant of six or eight members. The debates in the Chamber have almost disappeared; they are hardly ever reported; all eyes are turned from the Legislature to the War-office; from the declamations of disappointed patriots, to the acclamations of brilliant battalions; from a thought on the extinction of public freedom, to the exhilarating prospect of foreign conquest.

It is this combination of a despotic Executive in possession of all the influence in the State, with the infusion of popularity into the *system of government*, which has enabled Louis Philippe, notwithstanding his extreme *personal* unpopularity, to carry through obnoxious and tyrannical measures never contemplated by Napoleon in the zenith of his power. One of the most remarkable of these, is the encircling Paris with fortified posts, or, as the Republicans call it, the project "d'embastiller Paris." To those who recollect the transports of enthusiasm with which the storming of the Bastille was received over all France in 1789, it must appear the most extraordinary of all things, that a Revolutionary Government should venture upon the step of constructing TEN BASTILES, many larger, all stronger, than the old one, around Paris, in such situations, as absolutely to command the metropolis, by enabling the Government, at pleasure, to intercept its supplies of provisions; yet this has been done, and is now doing. Vincennes, situated a league beyond the Barricade de Trone, is undergoing a thorough repair; and its cannon, placed within a regular fortification, will completely command the great road leading into the Fauxbourg St Antoine. Other, and similar fortresses, are in the course of construction, in a circle round Paris, at the distance of about two miles from each other, and a mile, or a mile and a half beyond the external barrier. When completed, they will at once give the Government the command of the rebellious capital; not a pound of

provisions can enter a circle inhabited by nearly a million of souls, but under the guns of these formidable fortresses. The plans were completed, the ground was all purchased, the works were going forward, when they were interrupted by the cries of part of the National Guard, in defiling before the King on the 29th July last. The Chamber of Deputies had in vain refused, in accordance with the wishes of the capital, a grant of money for the purpose; the Crown was going on of its own authority, and from its own funds. And though the undertaking has been suspended for a time from the cause above mentioned, excepting at Vincennes, which is rapidly advancing, Government openly announce their intention of resuming it next spring, when a majority of the Chamber will be won over to give it their support.

The most singular circumstance connected with the present political state of France, is the co-existence of a despotic military government, with a wild and intemperate republican press in the capital. This may appear incredible, but nevertheless it is certain that it exists; and it constitutes an element by no means to be overlooked, in considering its future prospects, because it may, in a moment, hurl the present dynasty from the throne, and elevate a new family, or different Executive, to the possession of its despotic powers. To give only a single example of the length to which this extravagance is carried, we select, by mere chance, an article which recently appeared in the *Tribune*.

"Those who place themselves in the current of political change should consider well whither it will lead them, before they embark on its waves. The authors of the Revolt on the 9th Thermidor,* were far from intending to extinguish public freedom; but, nevertheless, the reaction against liberty has been incessant since the fall of Robespierre, with the exception perhaps of the Three Days of July.

"It is in vain to say that it was Napoleon, or the Restoration, or Louis Philippe, who extinguished the freedom of France: it was the overthrow of Robespierre which was the fatal stroke. We

have never since known what liberty was, we have lived only under a succession of tyrants.

"Impressed with these ideas, a band of patriots have commenced the republication of the speeches of Robespierre, St Just, and Marat, which will be rendered accessible to the very humblest of the people, by the moderate price of a sous a-number, at which it is to be sold. We earnestly recommend the works of these immortal patriots to our readers. They will find every thing that philosophy could discover, or learning reveal, or humanity desire, or eloquence enforce, in their incomparable productions."—*Tribune*, Aug. 20.

Again, in the next number we read as follows:—

"The *soidisant* patriots of the day are in a total mistake when they pretend that it is an erroneous system of Taxation which is the root of the public discontents. This is no doubt an evil, but it is nothing compared to that which flows from a defective system of social organization.

"The tyranny of the rich over the poor is the real plague which infests society; the eternal source of oppression, in comparison of which all others are but as dust in the balance. What have we gained by the Revolution? The substitution of the *Chausée d'Antin* for the *Fauxbourg St Germain*. An aristocracy of bankers for one of nobles. What have the people gained by the change? Are they better fed, or clothed, or lodged, than before? What is it to them that their oppressors are no longer counts or dukes? Tyranny can come from the bureau as well as the palace:—There will be no real regeneration to France till a more equal distribution of PROPERTY strikes at the root of all the calamities of mankind.

"The principles of pure and unmixed democracy are those of absolute wisdom, of unwearied philanthropy, of universal happiness. When the rule of the people is completely established, the reign of justice, freedom, equality, and happiness will commence; all the evils of humanity will disappear before the awakened energies of mankind."—*Tribune*, Aug. 21.

When principles such as these, clothed in insinuating language, and enforced with no small share of ability, are daily poured forth from the Parisian press, and read by admiring multitudes among its ardent and impassioned population, we are led to examine how society can exist with such doctrines familiarly spread among the lower orders. But the

phenomenon becomes still more extraordinary, when it is perceived that these anarchical doctrines are in close juxtaposition to the most complete and rigorous despotism to which the people under successive Governments submit without any practical attempt at resistance; that the citizens who indulge in these absurd speculations are content to wait for hours at the Police Office, before they can go ten leagues from the capital, and go quietly to jail with the first *gens d'armes* who meet them on the road without their passports.

The truth is, that the French, during all the phases of the Revolution, as Napoleon remarked, not only never tasted one hour of real freedom, but never formed a conception of what it was. The efforts of the factions who for forty years have torn its bosom, have all been directed to one object, the acquisition of political power by themselves, without bestowing a thought on the far more important matter of diffusing general protection. The consequence is, that the exertions of the party in opposition are all directed to one object, the displacing of their adversaries from their places in administration, or overturning the family on the throne, without the slightest intention of remodelling the frame of government, so as to impose any effectual check on the Executive. If the Republican opposition were to succeed to the helm, they would probably push through such a change in the composition of the electoral colleges, as might secure for their party the pre-dominance in the Legislature, but they would make as few concessions to public freedom as was done by their predecessors Robespierre and St Just. The Police would still fetter the actions of every man in France; the *impôt foncière* would still carry off from thirteen to twenty per cent of every income from property; the Government officers at Paris would still dispose of every office in the kingdom, from the Minister at the head of the army, to the scavenger at the tail of the cleaning department.

The party in opposition, who long for the enjoyment of power and offices, has been immensely weakened by the result of the Three Days. The Royalists, indeed, are everywhere excluded from the slightest participation in the Government; but so

are they from any influence in the Legislature; and a miserable minority of twenty or thirty members, finds it quite in vain to attempt any struggle in Parliament. The great body of the popular party have got into office in consequence of their triumph: it may safely be affirmed that not less than 300,000 liberals are now the *employés* of administration. To give only one instance of the amazing extent to which the promotion of their partisans has taken place, there are 44,000 communes in France, and each commune has its mayor and adjoints.* There are thus 88,000 official magistrates of this description in the kingdom, and they were all on the Revolution, all filled from the Tuileries, filled with liberal *employés*. Thus the patriots of France are now very generally and comfortably ensconced in official situations; and it is utterly impossible, in consequence, to rouse them to any hostility to the ruling power. In this way the Republican party are, to a great extent, won over to the Government, and they can afford to allow the disappointed remnant of their faction to vent their discontent in democratic publications. This complete division of the liberal party, and secure anchoring of four-fifths of its members by the strong tenure of official emolument, which has followed the Revolution of July, is the true secret of the present strength of Government; for the discontented Royallists in the provinces, though numerous and brave, will never be able to throw off the central authority of the capital.

It is not to be imagined, however, from all this, that the Government of Louis Philippe is established on a solid foundation. No Government can be so, which is founded not on the great and lasting interests of the state, but its fleeting passions—which depends not on the property of the country, but the mob of the metropolis. The throne of the Barricades rests entirely on the armed forces of the capital. A breath may *unmake* it, as a breath has made. A well-concerted urban revolt, the defection of a single regiment, supported by a majority of the National Guards,

may any day seat a Consul, a General, or Henry V. on the throne. It has lost popularity immensely with the Movement party, comprehending all the ardent and desperate characters, by persisting in an anti-republican policy, and remaining steadily at peace. Its incessant and rigorous prosecution of the press, though inadequate hitherto to extirpate that last remnant of popular sovereignty, has exposed it to the powerful assaults of that mighty engine. The Sovereign on the throne, and the whole Royal Family, are neglected or disliked. A vigorous and successful foreign war would at once restore its popularity, and utterly silence all the clamour about the loss of freedom; but without the aid of that powerful stimulant, it is impossible to say how soon the present dynasty may be overturned, and a fresh race or Government be thrown up by another eruption of the revolutionary volcano.

But come what race or form of sovereignty there may, the Government of Paris will equally remain a perfect and uncontrolled despotism over France. This is the great and final result of the first Revolution, which should ever be steadily kept in view by the adjoining States. Let Henry V. or the Duke of Orleans, Marshal Soult, or Odillon Barrot, succeed to supreme power, the result will be the same. The bones of Old France have been broken by the vast rolling-stone which has passed over the State; New France has not the elements within it to frame a constitutional throne. The people must remain slaves to the central Government, because they have destroyed the superior classes who might shield them from its oppression. Asiatic has succeeded to European civilisation, and political power is no longer to be found independent of regal appointment. All superiority depends upon the possession of office; the distinctions of hereditary rank, the descent of considerable property, have alike disappeared; over a nation of Ryots, who earn a scanty subsistence by the sweat of their brow, is placed a horde of Egyptian taskmasters, who wring from them

* We are indebted to an able and eloquent contemporary, the Guardian and Public Ledger, for suggesting this addition to our illustrations of centralization in France.

the fruits of their toil, and a band of Prætorian guards who dispose at pleasure of their Government.

In one particular, little understood on the English side of the Channel, the similarity of the result of French regeneration to the institutions of Oriental despotism, is most striking. The weight of *direct* taxation is at once the mark and the result of despotic government. It is remarked by Gibbon, that the great test of the practical power of Government is to be found in the extent to which it can carry the *direct payments* by the people to the treasury; and that whenever the majority of imposts are indirect, it is a proof that it is compelled to consult the inclinations and feelings of its subjects. He adduces as an illustration of this profound yet obvious remark, (all profound remarks, when once made, appear obvious,) the excessive weight of direct taxation in the latter period of the Roman Empire. In Gaul, in the time of Constantine, the capitation-tax had risen to the enormous sum of nine pounds sterling for every freeman; an impost so excessive, that among the poorer citizens it could be made up only by several being allowed to club together to form one head. Sismondi, in like manner, observes, that the exorbitant weight of direct taxes was the great cause of the progressive depopulation of the Roman Empire. At this moment the burden of the fixed payment exacted from a Turkish pachalic, which is never allowed to diminish, and consequently with the decline of the inhabitants becomes intolerable, is the great cause of the rapid depopulation of the Ottoman Empire. In Hindostan and China, the proportion of the fruits of the soil which goes directly to the Government varies from 30 to 50 per cent.

Akin to this, the last and well-known result of despotic oppression,

is the enormous weight of the direct taxes in France. The tax on proprietors is fixed at present at 13 per cent; but this, oppressive as it would appear in this country, where the weight of democratic despotism is only beginning to be felt, is nothing to the real burden which falls on the unhappy proprietors. By the valuation or *cadaastre* made by the government surveyor, the real weight of the burden is liable to indefinite increase, and in general brings it up to 20, sometimes 30 per cent.* The valuation is taken, not from the actual receipt of the owner, but what it is *estimated* his property is worth; and as the smiles of Government are directed towards these official gentlemen nearly in proportion to the amount to which they can raise the valuation of their district, the injustice committed in this way is most extreme. We know many properties on the Garonne and Rhone, where, from the exorbitance of the valuation, the tax comes to 35 and 40 per cent on the produce. Its weight may be judged of by the fact, that this direct impost produces yearly 350,000,000 francs, or about L.14,000,000 sterling, which almost entirely comes from the landowners.† Now the income-tax of Great Britain during the war produced just that sum; and most certainly the *income* from all sources of the British Empire at that period was double the amount of that now enjoyed by the proprietors of France.‡ The result of this is, that the French landowners pay, on the whole, 20 per cent on the annual worth of their incomes. In forty years from the commencement of their Revolutionary troubles, the French have got nearly to the standard fixed on the Ryots of Hindostan, in the lightest taxed districts of India; and more than tripled the *taille*, which was held forth as an insupportable burden at

* From the infinite subdivision of land in France, and the continual change of hands through which it passes, it in fact belongs in property to no one individual, but to the Public Treasury, from the excessive weight of direct taxation and the duties on alienations of any kind.—*Domadieu*, 256.

† Dupin estimates the income of proprietors in France at 1,626,000,000 francs, or L.65,000,000, so that if 350,000,000 francs, or L.14,000,000 sterling, is taken from them in the form of direct taxes, the burden is as 14 to 66 on their whole income, or 21 per cent.—See *DURIN, Force Commerciale de France*, ii. 266.

‡ The income of official persons is taken at a different rate, varying from 6½ to 8 per cent; but it forms a trifling part of the direct taxation.

their commencement! Let them go on as they are doing, and in half a century they will again find the enormous capitation-tax of Constantine fixed about their necks. Thus the result of human folly and iniquity is the same in all ages and countries; and the identical consequences which flowed fifteen hundred years ago, remotely but surely, from the madness of Gracchus and the democrats of Rome in destroying the Roman aristocracy, is evidently approaching, from the corresponding madness of the French Republicans in extirpating the higher classes of their monarchy.

We have often asked the proprietors in different parts of France, why they did not endeavour to diminish or equalize this enormous burden, which, in the wine provinces especially, is felt as so oppressive? They universally answered that the thing was impossible; that they had memorialized Napoleon and Louis XVIII., the Chamber of Deputies and Peers, Villele and the Duc de Richelieu, but all to no purpose. The weight of the *impôt foncière*, the injustice of the *cadastre*, remains unchanged and unchangeable. Four or five millions of little proprietors, scattered over the vast expanse of France, a majority of whom have not L.5 yearly from their land, can effect nothing against the despotic central Government of Paris. They themselves say, that the direct burdens on the land are becoming so excessive, that the Sovereign is, as in Oriental dynasties, the *real proprietor*, and they are but tenants who labour for his benefit more than their own. Herein may be discerned the hand of Providence, causing the sins of men to work out their own punishment. If the French people had not committed the frightful injustice of confiscating the property of their nobles and clergy, they would now have possessed within themselves a vast body of influential proprietors, capable, as in England, under the old Constitution, either in the Upper or Lower House, of preventing or arresting the oppression of the central Government, and the enormous burden of 20 per cent directly laid on land would never have been permitted. But, proceeding as they have done by destroying all the in-

termediate classes in the State, and leaving only Government *employés* and peasant proprietors, they have cut away the shield which would have protected the poor from the vexation of the central authority, and left themselves and their children for ever exposed to its oppression. They imagined that by laying hold of the land of others, they would step into the comforts and opulence of separate property; but the wages of iniquity seldom prosper in the end, either in nations or individuals. They have fallen in consequence under an oppressive taxation, which has more than counterbalanced all the advantages of the spoil they have acquired; the sovereign has grown up into the real landowner, and the cultivators, instead of becoming the peasants of Switzerland, have degenerated into the ryots of Hindostan.

The effects of the Revolution of July on the RELIGION of France, is precisely the same as on its political situation. It has drawn aside the thin veil which concealed the effects of the irreligious spirit of the first convulsion, and displayed in its native deformity the consequence of unmooring the human mind from the secure haven of faith and virtue.

That the first Revolution was essentially irreligious in its spirit, that it destroyed not only the teachers and the property, but the very name of Christianity, is universally known. But in this, as in every other respect, the Restoration drew a veil over its ultimate and final consequences. The exiled family returned to the palaces of their fathers, with a profound sense of religion, rendered only the more indelible from the disasters which had preceded their restoration. By the combined effect of their authority and influence, a gloss was thrown over the infidel consequences of the first Revolution; the priests were reinstated in the smiles of Court favour; the Tuileries again resounded with the strains of devotion; religious observances were tolerably attended to; the churches were filled, if not with the faithful, at least with the ambitious, and promotion, dependent in some degree on attention to the ceremonial of the Catholic faith, drew multitudes to the standard of St Louis. Marshal Soult was to be

seen every Sunday parading to church, preceded by an enormous breviary; he cared not whether the road to power lay by the chapel of the Virgin, or the altar of the Goddess of Reason. Sunday, especially in the last ten years, was well observed in the great towns. Travellers perceived no material difference between the appearance of London and Paris during divine service. Literature, encouraged by this transient glance of sunshine, resumed its place by the side of devotion; the mighty genius of Chateaubriand lent its aid to the Holy Alliance, and poured over the principles of natural and revealed religion a flood of resplendent light; Michaux traced the history of the Crusaders, and the efforts for the liberation of the holy sepulchre, with an antiquary's knowledge and a poet's fire; Barante revived in the Annals of Burgundian Princes, the old and venerable feelings of feudal devotion, while Guizot, as yet untouched by the seductions of power, traced with admirable ability, to admiring multitudes in the French metropolis, the historical blessings of religious institutions. Almost all observers, misled by these appearances, flattered themselves, that the period of the reaction of the human mind against the principles of irreligion had arrived; that the reign of infidelity was drawing to its close; and that the French Revolution, nursed amidst the mazes of sophistry and scepticism, was destined to find refuge at last in the eternal truths of religion.

But this sudden extinction of evil and resurrection of good is not the order of nature. Infidelity, nursed for half a century, is not extinguished in a few years. The robbery of one-third of the national property from the service of the Church is not the way to secure the fruits of virtue: a *hiatus* of ten years in the religious education of the people, snapped asunder a chain which had descended unbroken from the Apostolic ages. These deplorable events were secretly but securely working out their natural consequences, through all the period of the Restoration. The general and profound hatred in towns at the very sight even of an ecclesiastic, was a certain indication of the great

extent to which the deadly weed of infidelity had spread. The Revolution of July at once tore aside the veil, and exposed to view the extraordinary spectacle of a nation in which the classes who concentrate almost the whole political influence of the State, are almost wholly of an irreligious character. This is to be ascribed chiefly to the long chasm in religious instruction which took place from 1791 to 1800, and the entire assumption of political power under Napoleon, by a class who were entire strangers to any kind of devotion. Such a chasm cannot readily be supplied; ages must elapse before its effects are obliterated. "*Natura tamen*," says Tacitus, "*infirmittatis humanæ tardiora sunt remedia quam mala, et ut corpora lente augescunt cito extinguuntur, sic ingenia studiaque opprresseris facilius quam revocaveris.*"

But to whatever cause it is owing, nothing can be more certain, than that infidelity again reigns the lord of the ascendant in Paris. It is impossible to be a week in the metropolis without being sensible of this. It is computed that from 60,000 to 80,000 individuals, chiefly women, or persons of the poorest classes, believe in the Christian religion. The remainder, amounting to about 800,000, make no pretension to such a faith. It is impossible by any external appearances to distinguish Sunday from Saturday, excepting that every species of amusement and dissipation goes on with more spirit on that day than any other. We are no advocates for the over rigid or Judaical observance of the day of rest. Perhaps some Protestant nations have gone too far in converting the Christian Sunday into the Jewish Sabbath, and preventing on it those innocent recreations which might divert the giddy multitude from hidden debauchery. But without standing up for any rigid or puritanical ideas, it may safely be affirmed that the *total neglect* of Sunday by nine-tenths of the people, indicates a fixed disregard of religion in any State professing a belief in Christianity. In Paris the shops are all open, the carts all going, the workmen all employed on the early part of Sunday; and although a part of them are closed

after two o'clock in the afternoon, it is not with the slightest intention of joining in any, even the smallest religious duty, that this is done. It is "pour s'amuser," to forget the fatigues of the week in the excitement with which it terminates, that the change takes place. At two o'clock, all who can disengage themselves from their daily toil, rush away in crowds to drink of the intoxicating cup of pleasure. Then the omnibuses roll with ceaseless din in every direction out of the crowded capital, carrying the delighted citizens to St Cloud, St Germain, or Versailles, the Ginguettes of Belleville, or the gardens of Vincennes; then the Boulevards teem with volatile and happy crowds, delighted by the enjoyment of seeing and being seen; then the gardens of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg, the Jardin des Plantes, and the Champs Elysées, are enlivened with the young, the gay, and the handsome, of both sexes, both rich and poor; then the splendid drive to the triumphal arch of Neuille, is filled with the comparatively few equipages which the two revolutions have left to the impoverished hotels of the capital. While these scenes of gaiety and amusement are going on, the priests in each of the principal churches are devoutly performing Mass before a few hundred old women, tottering ecclesiastics, or young children, and ten or fifteen Protestant Churches are assembling as many thousands to the duties of the reformed faith. Such is a Parisian Sunday; and such the respect for a divine ordinance, which remains in what they ambitiously call the metropolis of European civilisation.

As evening draws on, the total disregard of religious observance is, if possible, still more conspicuous. Never is the opera filled with such enthusiastic crowds as on Sunday evening;—never are the Theatres of the Port St Martin, the Boulevards, the Opera Comique, the Vaudeville and the Variétés, so full as on that occasion;—never are the balls beyond the barriers so crowded;—never is Tivoli so enlivening, or the open air concerts in the Champs Elysées thronged by so many thousands. On Sunday evening in Paris there seems to be but one wish, one feeling, one desire,—and that is, to

amuse themselves; and by incessantly labouring at that one object, they certainly succeed in it to an extent that could hardly be credited in colder and more austere latitudes.

The condition of the clergy over France is, generally speaking, depressed and indigent in the extreme. The Constituent Assembly, who decreed the annexation of the whole property of the Church to the State, and declared "that they intrusted the due maintenance of religion and the succour of the poor to the honour of the Great Nation," redeemed their pledge, by giving most of the incumbents of the rural parishes from L.48 to L.60 a-year. Bishops have 6000 francs, or L.240, yearly. The Archbishop of Paris alone has L.600. In some of the town parishes, the incumbents, from subsequent endowments or adventitious sources, have from L.200 to L.300 per annum; but, generally speaking, their income, in the richest parishes, varies from L.80 a-year to L.120; in the poorest, it is only from L.50 to L.70. It may safely be affirmed, that the clergy of France, taken as a body, are poorer than the schoolmasters of England and Scotland.

The effect of this is seen in the most striking manner in the appearance of the rural landscape of France. You generally, in the villages, see a parish church, the bequest to the nation of the pious care of their forefathers; but great numbers of these are in a ruinous or tottering condition. There is an evident want of any funds to keep them up. The most trifling repairs of a church, as every thing else in France, must be executed by the Government; and the Ministers of Louis Philippe seem to think that this is one of the articles upon which economy can best be practised. But a parsonage-house, or any sort of separate residence for the curé, is never to be seen. He is, in general, boarded in the houses of some farmer or small proprietor; and in habits, society, education, manners, and rank of life, is in no respect above the peasantry by whom he is surrounded.

It is not to be imagined from this, however, that the country clergy are either ignorant or inattentive to their sacred duties; on the contrary,

they are most assiduous in discharging them, and are, in general, justly endeared to their flocks, not only by an irreproachable life, but the most constant and winning attentions. It would be unjust to expect in them the high education, gentlemanlike manners, or enlightened views of the English clergy; or the more discursive but useful information which is to be met with in the manses of the Presbyterian ministers in Scotland. We must not expect to see either Hebers, or Copplestones, or Bucklands, or Alisons, or Blairs, or Robertsons, or Thomsons, or Chalmers's, in the modern church of France. The race of Bossuet and Fénelon, of Massillon and Bourdaloue, of Flechier and Saurin, of Pascal and Malebranche, is extinct. The church is cast down into an inferior class in society. No one would make his son an ecclesiastic, who could obtain for him a situation in a grocer's shop. But, in the present state of the country, it is perhaps as well that this is the case. The reformation of the corrupted higher orders in the towns, is out of the question; and if a priesthood, drawn from their ranks, were to be established, it would speedily draw to itself such a load of infidel obloquy, as would lead to its destruction. But the poor and humble parish priests are overlooked and despised by the arrogant Liberals in possession of office and power; and, like their predecessors in the apostolic ages, they are, unobserved, laying the foundation of a spirit destined, in a future age, to overturn the institutions of their haughty oppressors, and effect that real regeneration of society, which can be found only in the reformation of the morals and principles of its members.

The abject poverty of the rural clergy in most parts of France is a most painful object of contemplation to an English traveller. There is no sort of provision for them in sickness or old age; and when they are compelled, by either of these causes, to divide their scanty income with a more robust assistant, their condition becomes truly pitiable. In most cathedral churches is to be seen a box, with the inscription "*Tronc pour les malheureux prêtres*;" a few sous are thankfully received by the

religious teachers of the great nation. One of these boxes is to be seen on the pillars of Notre Dame; another under the gorgeous aisle of Rouen; a third in the graceful choir of Amiens; a fourth disgraces the generation who pass under the splendid portals of Rheims, and a fifth, that which points with deserved pride to the matchless Tower of Chartres.

A superficial observer who should judge of the religious state of France from the appearance of its great towns, would be far wide of the truth. It is a total mistake to suppose that devotion is extinct, or in the process of extinction among its country inhabitants. It is in the great towns that infidelity reigns triumphant;—it is among the young, the active, and the profligate citizens of despotic Paris, that religion is the subject of ridicule. It is true this class are now in the exclusive possession of political power; it is true several hundred thousand of them are dispersed over the mighty net which envelopes France in the meshes of the capital; it is true that they direct literature, and influence thought, and stamp its character upon the nation, in the estimation of foreign states: still they are not in possession of the mighty lever which directs the feelings of the rural inhabitants. As long as 48,000 parish priests, overlooked from their poverty, despised from their obscurity, contemptible to this world from their limited information, are incessantly and assiduously employed in diffusing religious belief through the peasantry, the extirpation of Christianity in France is impossible. Its foundations are spreading the deeper—its influences becoming more paramount in the uncorrupted provinces, from the total neglect into which it has fallen from the influential classes in the capital. It is impossible to enter any parish church in any part of the provinces, without being sensible that a large and increasing portion of the peasantry are strongly and profoundly impressed with religious feelings. In this state of things, the eye of philanthropy, without pretending to the gift of prophecy, can perhaps discern the elements brewing which are destined, in some future age, to produce another Revolution,—an insurrection

of the provinces against the capital, —a real regeneration of society, by the infusion of rural simplicity and virtue into urban corruption and degeneracy,—a termination of the convulsions, which commenced by casting down religion, in the triumph of the faith which gathers strength from misfortune. But whether this is to be the final result, or whether, as is perhaps more probable, the utter prostration of the internal liberties of the nation, through the consequences of the Revolution, is to lead to the loss of its external independence, and the regeneration of southern weakness by a race of northern conquerors; one thing is certain, and may be confidently prophesied, that France will never know what real freedom is, till her institutions are founded on the basis of religion, and that with the triumph of the faith which her Liberals abhor, and have cast down, is indissolubly wound up, the accomplishment of the objects which they profess to have at heart.

The *MORALS* of France are in the state which might be expected in a country which has broken asunder all the bonds of society, and despises all the precepts of religion. Pleasure and excitement are the general subjects of idolatry—money, as the key to them, the universal object. This desire for wealth is perhaps more strongly felt in Paris, and forms the great passion of life more completely, than in any other capital in Europe, because there are more objects of desire presented to the entranced senses which cannot be gained in any other way; and of the prevalence of this desire the great extent of its gaming-houses affords ample proof. But money is not the object of desire to the Parisian as to the Dutchman or Englishman, from any abstract passion for accumulation, or any wish to transmit, by a life of economy, an ample patrimony to his children. It is for the sake of present and immediate gratification; that he may go more frequently to the opera, or indulge more liberally in the pleasures of the *Ginguette*; that his wife and daughters may be more gaily dressed on Sundays, and their Tivoli parties be more brilliant, that money is so pas-

sionately coveted. The efforts made by all classes to gain a livelihood, and the prodigious obstacles which competition throws in their way, are perhaps greater in Paris than in any other metropolis of Europe. "*Quærenda est pecunia primum, virtus post nummos,*" is the general maxim of life. But still there is little accumulation of capital, comparatively speaking, within its walls. As fast as money is made, it is spent; either in the multifarious objects of desire which are everywhere presented to the sight, or in the purchase of *rentes*, or Government annuities, which die with the holders. The proportion of annuitants in France is incomparably greater than in England; and the destitution of families from the loss of their head, exists to a painful and unheard of extent.

Pleasure and excitement are the universal objects; the maxims of Epicurus the general observance. To enjoy the passing hour—to snatch from existence all the roses which it will afford, and disquiet themselves as little as possible about its thorns, is the grand principle of life. The state of Paris in this respect has been well described by a late enlightened and eloquent author—

"Paris is no longer a city which belongs to any one nation or people; it is in many respects the metropolis of the world; the rendezvous of all the rich, all the voluptuous on the face of the earth. For them its artists, assembled from every quarter of Europe, imagine or invent every day fresh objects of excitement or desire; for them they build theatres, and multiply indefinitely all the ephemeral novelties calculated to rouse the senses and stimulate expense. There every thing may be purchased, and that too under the most alluring form. Gold is the only divinity which is worshipped in that kingdom of pleasure, and it is indifferent from what hand it flows. It is in that centre of enjoyment that all the business of France is done—that all its wealth is expended, and the fruit of its toil from one end of the kingdom to the other brought to the great central mart of pleasure. The proprietor wrings the last farthing out of his soil—the merchant, the notary, the advocate, flock there from all quarters to sell their capital, their revenue, their virtue, or their talents, for pleasure of every description, which a thousand artists pourtray in the

most seducing colours to a nation famishing for enjoyment. And it is from that corrupted centre that we are told the regeneration of the state, the progress of independence and liberty, is to flow.*

As pleasure and excitement are thus the universal objects, it may readily be conceived what facilities are afforded in the French metropolis for their gratification. The gaming-houses, accordingly, are innumerable; and above a third of the children born within the barriers are bastards.† But those who look for excitation of that description, will not find in Paris any thing approaching to the open and undisguised profligacy of London. There is nothing in its public places approaching to the saloons of Drury Lane, or the upper circles of Covent Garden; the Strand and Regent Street at night are infested in a way unknown even in the Boulevards Italiens, or the Rue de Richelieu. The two Revolutions have organized licentiousness. Having become the great object of life, and, as it were, the staple commodity of the capital, it has fallen under the direction of the police. *Bien-séance* and decorum are there the order of the day. The sirens of pleasure are confined to a few minor theatres, and particular quarters of the town; they abound in every street, almost in every house; but they can openly ply their vocation in appointed districts only. Even the Palais Royal, the cradle of both Revolutions, has been purged of the female anarchists who were their first supporters. This is certainly a very great improvement, well worthy of imitation on the British side of the Channel. Youth and timidity are not openly assailed as they are in English great towns, and, though those who seek for dissipation will meet with it in abundance, it is not, willing or unwilling, thrust down their throats. It is possible, in the Quartier de l'Université and remoter parts of Paris, for young men to pursue their studies, infinitely more clear of temptation than either at the London University or King's College.

But while these advantages must be conceded to the organization and

arrangements of the French police on the one hand, it is not the less certain, on the other, that all these fair appearances are merely skin-deep, and that under this thin disguise is half concealed a mass of licentiousness probably unprecedented in any modern state. Certainly, never since the days of the Roman Emperors, was pleasure so unceasingly pursued by both sexes, as it is now at Paris; or such efforts made to heighten natural desire by forced excitement, or talent and art so openly called in to lend their aid to the cause of licentiousness. Profligate books and prints exist everywhere; but in other capitals, they must be sought after to be found, and where they are, their character and appearance shew that they are meant for the brutal classes, or the higher orders in their moments of brutality, only. But in Paris the case is the reverse. The treasures of knowledge, the elegance of art, the fascination of genius, are daily and hourly employed in the cause of corruption; and of them may truly be said, what Mr Burke falsely affirmed of the old French manners, that "vice has lost half its deformity by having lost all its grossness." The delicacy and beauty of these productions, as well as their amazing number, prove that they find a ready sale with the higher as well as the lower orders. They have discovered the truth of the old maxim, "*Ars est celare artem.*" Voluptuousness is more surely attained by being half disguised; and corruption spreads the more securely, from having cast aside every thing calculated to disgust its unhardened votaries. The arts of lithography and printing go hand in hand in this refined and elegant system of demoralization; the effusions of genius, the beauty of design, the richness of colouring, are employed together to throw an entrancing light over the scenes of profligacy, and the ordinary seductions of a great capital, heightened by all that taste or art can suggest to stimulate the passions—emblematic of the mixed good and evil which has resulted from these great inventions, and the

* General Donnadicu, 270—271.

† Dupin's *Force Commerciale*, p. 40.

prodigious force they have given to the solvents of vice in one age, as well as the hardening principles of virtue in another.*

It is observed by Montesquieu, that honour, as the national principle, is more durable in its nature than either virtue or religion; and the present state of Paris, contrasted with the military character of the French, affords a strong confirmation of the observation. The incessant pursuit of pleasure by both sexes, has in every age been the grand solvent which has melted away the principle of military virtue; and the reason is obvious, because those whose chief object is selfish gratification cannot endure the fatigues and the privations attendant on military exploits. There cannot be a doubt that this destroying principle is in full operation in the French capital; but though it has completely eaten through the safeguards of religion and virtue, it has hitherto left undecayed the passion for military distinction. The extraordinary strength which this principle has acquired in modern Europe in general, and France in particular, from the feudal institutions, and the great developement which it received from the wars of the Revolution and the triumphs of Napoleon, have to all appearance withstood the enervating influence of a corrupting ingredient which proved fatal to the courage of Greece and Rome; but it is not the less certain that it will ultimately sink before its influence. It is by not elevating our minds to the slow progress of all such great changes, that we are at all misled on any occasion as to their progress, or the effect on public fortune of the principles of decay, which spring from the progress of private corruption. The alteration, like the decline of the day in autumn, is imperceptible from day to day; but it becomes quite apparent if we contrast one period or age of the world with another. Compare the age of Regulus or Scipio, with that of Constantine or Honorius; or that of the Lombard League with the present pusillanimity of the Italian people; and the

prostration of national strength by the growth of private selfishness is obvious to the most careless observer. The French Revolution is not destined to form an exception to the general law; its fortunes will be ultimately destroyed by the effects of the poisoned source from which they sprung; the conquests of its authors will be lost by their inability to conquer themselves. Both Revolutions have begun in the Palais Royal, the very focus of corruption from every part of France; and through every stage of their progress, both have given unequivocal proofs of their impure origin. Let the friends of religion and virtue be of good cheer; no institutions founded on such a basis were ever yet durable; the French Revolution began in the haunts of profligacy, and they have spread in it the seeds of mortality which will bring it to the grave.

Next to sexual profligacy, gaming is *par excellence* the grand vice of Paris; and it, like every other principle of evil, has made rapid and fearful progress since the Three Days. No attempts whatever are made to restrain it; on the contrary, it is taken under the safeguard of the police, and a tax levied on its profits, as on those of prostitution, which constitutes a considerable part of the municipal revenue. The prodigious number of suicides which occur in Paris, amounting on an average to above one a night, frequently to a great deal more, chiefly spring from the despair produced by the inordinate passion for this vice. Unlikewise generally occurs in England, it exists equally among the poorest as the richest classes; their hells are open for the sows of the labourer or the francs of the artisan, as well as the Napoleon of the officer or the rouleaux of the banker. They are to be met with in every street; they spread their devastating influence through every workshop and manufactory in Paris. This perilous vice, like that of sexual profligacy, is the natural result of a successful Revolution; of the demolition of all restraint on the passions which has arisen from silencing the voice of

* * Some of these productions are now generally to be seen in the towns of Britain; they first appeared during the frenzy of the Reform Bill. It is curious to observe, how invariably social disorganization and private corruption go hand in hand.

religion, and the bounty offered to instant excitement, by the uncertainty in regard to the future which the destruction of all the institutions of society inevitably produces.

In one particular, however, the French capital offers a pleasing contrast to every considerable town in the British isles. Drunkenness, though considerably more prevalent than formerly, does not exist in France to an extent at all comparable to what it does in England; and hence the manners of the lower orders, notwithstanding all the anarchy of the Revolution, are not half so coarse and brutal as in our great manufacturing towns. In truth, the extraordinary progress of this frightful vice in Great Britain, since the reduction of the duty on spirits and the abolition of the beer tax,* is one of the most woful circumstances in our social condition, and which, if not rapidly checked by a proper set of fiscal regulations, promises soon to plunge our labouring classes into a state of depravity unparalleled in any Christian state. Drunkenness, if seen in public at Paris, is at once punished by the police; and the prodigious number of civil and military employes who are to be met with in every street at night, renders it impossible for the inebriated to indulge in those disgraceful brawls which then disgrace every English city. The abstinence from this vice depends chiefly on constitutional causes, the warmth of the climate, which renders the excitement of intoxication not so desirable as in northern latitudes; but much is to be ascribed also to the happy custom of levying a heavy duty (a franc a-bottle) on wine imported into the metropolis,—a burden which banishes intoxication in a great degree to the outside of the barriers, and confines it to the days when a walk to those remote stations can be undertaken by the working classes. Would that a similar burden existed on all spirits imported into the towns in Great Britain!

The state of LITERATURE, especially those lighter branches of it which exhibit the faithful picture of the public feeling and ideas, is equal-

ly instructive since the Three Days. It is difficult to convey to an English reader, unacquainted with the modern French novels, any adequate idea of the extraordinary mixture which they exhibit; and they present perhaps the most convincing proof which the history of fiction affords, of the indispensable necessity of fixed principles in religion and virtue to restrain the otherwise inordinate flight of the human imagination.

It was long the fashion with the apologists of the Revolution to assert that public morals had improved during its progress; that the license and profligacy of the days of Louis XV. and the Regent Orleans would no longer be tolerated; and that with the commencement of higher duties and the growth of severer principles, the licentiousness which had so long disgraced the French literature had for ever disappeared. The present state of French novels may shew, whether a successful Revolution, and the annihilation of all the fetters of religion, is the way to regenerate such a corrupted mass. Having lost nothing of former profligacy, having abated nothing of former infidelity, they have been tinged by the fierce passions and woful catastrophes which arose during the first Revolution. Romance has now become blended with sensuality; German extravagance with French licentiousness; the demons of the air with the corruptions of the world. The modern French novels are not one whit less profligate than those of Louis XV., but they are infinitely more extravagant, wild, and revolting. To persons whose minds have as yet been only partially shaken by the terrible catastrophes of a Revolution, it is hardly conceivable how such extravagant fictions should ever have entered the human imagination. They are poured forth, however, with unbounded profusion by their modern novelists, and passionately read by a generation whose avidity for strong emotions and vivid excitement, whether from terror, astonishment, despair, or licentiousness, seems to know no bounds.

The limits of an article such as this

* Nothing ever gave us more pleasure than to observe from a late Parliamentary return, that, since the slight addition to the duty on spirits in 1830, the manufacture of the fiery poison has declined in Scotland, 1,300,000 gallons yearly.

embracing such a variety of objects, though few more important, forbid us from attempting what we intended, and possibly may hereafter resume—an analysis of some of these extravagant and detestable, though often able and powerful publications. Suffice it to say, that the basis of almost the whole of them is adultery, or other guilty and extravagant sensual passion; and they generally terminate in suicide, or some such horrid catastrophe. On details of this description they dwell with minute and often coarse avidity; but it is by no means with such passions that they are solely filled; they have also borrowed largely from German fiction and extravagance, from Catholic legends and superstition, from feudal manners and oppression, from chivalrous adventure and exploits. They form what may be styled the *Romantic Licentious School* of Fiction. Murders and robberies, rapes and conflagrations, the guillotine and the scaffold, demons and guardian angels, confessors and confidants, Satan and St Michael, ghosts, wizards, incest, sensuality, parricides, suicides, and every kind of extravagance, are thrown together in wild confusion; but the general result is ruinous to every species of regular or virtuous conduct, and may be considered as affording a specimen of the frame of mind in which the victims who are shortly after stretched out on the Morgue, rush from the gambling-houses in the Palais Royal, to drown the chaos of contending passions in the waters of the Seine.*

The dramatic pieces which have sprung up since the Three Glorious Days, afford the same extraordinary picture of the confusion of ideas, feelings, and emotions, in which the French youth are involved since they pushed out to a stormy sea without either compass or rudder. They almost all turn upon adultery, incest, or some such elegant and chastened depravity; but of the chaos of extravagance, fiction, allegory, vice, and horror which they present, it is im-

possible to convey any idea. Some of them, particularly “*La Reine d’Espagne*,” have been hissed from the stage, as too bad even for a Parisian audience. From others, as “*La Tentation*,” the most obnoxious scenes, in one of which a rape was represented almost before the eyes of the spectators, have been dropped out. But still they are in general so extravagant, indelicate, and licentious, that it is impossible to speak of them in terms of sufficient reprobation; and the most respectable writers of France, of the Liberal school, regard them with a degree of horror even surpassing that which they excite in the mind of an English spectator. “If its literature,” says Salvandy, “is to be regarded as the expression of national character, not a hope remains for France. It is stained with every species of corruption; its fundamental principle is to attack every sentiment and interest of which the social order is composed. You would suppose that it was resolutely bent on restoring to France all the vices which it had imbibed at the close of the last century. A sort of dogmatic cynicism has invaded all its departments. If, on the strength of a name of celebrity, or the daily eulogies of the press, you venture to a theatre, you see represented scenes where the dignity of the one sex is as much outraged as the modesty of the other. Everywhere the same sort of spectacles await you. There is a class which they keep as yet behind the curtain, contenting themselves with announcing atrocities which the public are not yet prepared to bear. Romance has already given the example of this depraved species of composition. The muse now makes use of obscenities, as formerly it did of passion. What is to follow when tragedy and romance have exhausted their brief career, God only knows. When they have ceased to illuminate these hideous orgies, the lights of literature will be extinguished.”†

To give some idea of these extra-

* So monstrous have these extravagances become, that they have excited the attention even of the steadiest apologists of the French Revolution; and the *Edinburgh Review*, in a recent Number, has borne the candid testimony of an unwilling witness to the demoralizing effects of their favourite political principles. See *The Late French Novelists*, in No. 116 of the *Edinburgh Review*.

† Salvandy, *Seize Mois des Revolutionnaires*, 408.

ordinary productions which now are represented with such prodigious success at the Parisian theatres, we shall give an abstract of two of the most unexceptionable, and, at the same time, the most popular pieces which have appeared at the opera since the Revolution of July, "*La Tentation*," and "*Robert Le Diable*." We have selected the most delicate which fell under our observation; the pieces represented at the minor theatres could not be borne even in the decent guise of an English description.

The first of these, which, in splendour of decoration, exceeds anything yet represented even in that most splendid of European theatres, turns upon the well-known legend of the Temptation of St Anthony; but it is so altered and varied to admit their varied and extravagant corruptions, that it is hardly possible to recognise in it the simple tale which has been so often immortalized by the pencil of Teniers.

The piece opens with the Saint reposing on his pallet at the gate of a solitary chapel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and crowds of pilgrims of both sexes arrive at the shrine to offer up their vows; after which, they join in festive amusements, and the *danses* *es*, arrayed as peasant girls, dance round the anchorite with such graceful motions, that he is tempted to indulge in a little waltz with the fairest of these daughters of Eve. Shortly after, when they have retired, a young woman of extraordinary beauty comes alone to the shrine; dazzled by her charms, and encouraged by the opportunity which the solitude of the situation afforded, he forms the design of seduction, and is endeavouring to carry his intentions into effect, when she flies to the chapel of the Virgin, and shrieking, implores her powerful aid to ward off impending destruction. Instantly the powers of heaven and hell appear. Astaroth and his legions of devils, in a thousand frightful forms, rise from the earth, and strive to obtain the mastery of the falling Saint and endangered virgin; while, high in the clouds above, the angels of heaven appear to throw their shield over suppliant innocence. At length a truce is formed between the contending powers; the condition

of which is, that the Saint is to be surrendered to the powers of darkness, to be by them subjected to all the temptations which can endanger human virtue, and if he falls under any one, he is to be abandoned soul and body to their dominion; but if he proves victorious, he is to be borne aloft to the regions of light. The decorations of this scene are of the most exquisite description; the angels in the clouds are placed in the attitudes portrayed in Raphael's and Correggio's celestial choirs in the St Cecilia at Bologna and the St Jerome at Parma; and a mellow light thrown over the heavenly group, in so ravishing a manner, as to produce an indelible impression on the mind of the spectator.

The next act opens with the convocation of the powers of darkness in the infernal regions, to consider the measures they should adopt, and review the force they could command in the great undertaking in which they are engaged. This leads to a grand review of the powers of Hell, in which the whole strength of the opera and the whole fancy of the artist are put forth. The legions of devils, arrayed in every possible garb of extravagance, descend an immense stair, ascending to the top of the theatre, on the left hand, and march before Astaroth in such numbers, that it is no exaggeration to say that three or four hundred persons, splendidly dressed, are on the stage at the same time. Yet even here French conceit is curiously manifested, and these legions of the infernal spirits, in naked or savage attire, are preceded by regular *pioncers*, with their shaggy beards, and axes on their shoulders, precisely as in the reviews on the Place Caroussel! When the review is concluded, the infernal conclave, distrustful of their success by open force, resolve to carry on the war by more insinuating means, and it is determined to tempt the Saint by means of a young woman of their own creation, gifted with every beauty and charm which can entrance the senses, all which are to be employed to seduce his virtue. A cauldron appears, the devils in succession throw in some attractive or malignant ingredient, and shortly the Siren steps forth, and comes for-

ward to give token of her attractive powers, by dancing and waltzing before the spectators. At the first representation, she arose from the cauldron and danced in a flesh-coloured silk dress, tight to the shape, meant to represent absolute nudity; but she is now arrayed in a slight muslin robe, which throws a thin veil of decency over her beautiful form.

In the third act, the Saint is subjected to the double trial of famine and the Siren. The scene is transported to the gate of a Palace in a desolate country, created by the devils for the purposes of their temptation; near the gate of which a crucifix appears, rising out of the drifting snow. St Anthony approaches, and falls down in supplication at the foot of the cross; his strength is exhausted; his limbs fail; his wallet does not contain a single crust of bread. Astaroth appears, followed by the Siren whom he has created, at the gate of the castle; tutored by him, she descends, approaches the Saint, and employs all her art to subjugate his resolution. She offers to bring him food in abundance from the palace, to spread a couch of down for his wearied limbs, to clothe in rich garments his shivering frame, to abandon herself to him, if he will surrender the crucifix which hangs round his neck, and abjure his faith; but the resolution of Saint Anthony is immovable. While he lies shivering and starving at the foot of the cross, a sumptuous feast is prepared before his eyes by the cooks in the palace; the savoury flavour comes over his fainting senses; he sees it carried up to the banquet hall, where Astaroth and his devils are feasting and rioting in luxurious plenty, and crawls to the gate to implore a crust of bread to assuage the intolerable pangs of hunger; but is sternly refused, unless he will consent to part with the cross, in which case he is offered the most luxurious fare. He still remains firm to his faith, and while drenched by showers of snow, and starving of hunger, hears the wild and frantic revelry which proceeds round the well-covered boards, from the brilliantly lighted rooms of the palace. Struck

with such heroic resolution, the Siren is melted. She is awakened by the efforts of the Virgin to a sense of virtue; she secretly supplies him with provisions from the infernal abode; and the Daughter of Perdition is won over to the league of Heaven by an act of charity. Instantly the black spot on her breast, the mark of reprobation, disappears, and her bosom regains its snowy whiteness. Astaroth and the infernal legion issue forth, frantic with rage at the failure of their design; they cast out their unworthy creation; the palace, with all its treasures, is consigned to the flames, into which they plunge, leaving the Saint and his lovely convert alone in the wilderness of snow.

Baffled in this design, Astaroth and his league next assail the Anchorite in a different way. The scene changes in the next act to the interior of a magnificent Haram, where the Saint and the converted maiden are surrounded by all the pomp of Eastern luxury. The sultanas and ladies of the Seraglio are seated round the walls, and the whole strength of the opera is again called forth in the entrancing dances which are there employed to captivate the senses. Astaroth causes Miranda, the maiden of his creation, to dance before the Sultan; captivated by her beauty, he throws her the handkerchief; while at the same time Astaroth endeavours to persuade the Saint to murder the Sultan, on the specious pretence of setting free the numerous slaves of his passion; Miranda seizes the dagger, exclaiming that she alone should perpetrate the deed of blood; the Sultan is alarmed; the guards surround the hermit and the maid, who throw themselves from the windows of the Seraglio into the sea, while the demons are swallowed up in a gulf of fire.

In the opening of the last act, the Anchorite is seen reposing on the grass with the maiden beside him; the demons surround him during his sleep, but cannot pass the holy circle which guards the innocent. When he awakens, he finds himself enveloped on either side by legions of devils in every frightful form, and a circle of Sirens whose dance round him with the most voluptuous movements. Meanwhile As-

taroth has seized Miranda, and "l'a rendue victime de sa brutalité et l'a frappé;"* the Anchorite is on the point of yielding to the seductions of the Sirens who surround him, when Miranda, extricated from the arms of Astaroth, rushes forward and throws the beads and cross she had removed from him over his neck. His reason is restored, he regains the dominion over his passion. Astaroth plunges his dagger in the breast of Miranda in despair at the total failure of his prospects. St Michael and the angels descend from Heaven; a desperate conflict ensues between the powers of light and darkness, in the close of which Astaroth and his demons are overthrown, and the Saint and Miranda are borne aloft through the clouds into the bosom of the heavenly host.

"Robert le Diable" is founded on a different series of adventures, but the same contest of the powers of this world with those of hell. The first act opens on the shore of the harbour of Palermo, where Norman knights, under the shade of acacia trees, celebrate their mistresses, their wines, their games. Robert and his friend Bertram are seated together, when a minstrel arrives, leading a beauteous maid, his affianced bride. Robert asks him for news; he recounts the story of Robert le Diable, who was the son of Bertha, a noble maid of Normandy, who had yielded to the seduction of a demon, in the form of a handsome stranger. Unknowingly he is reciting the tale to Robert himself, who, in a transport of rage at the narrative, is on the point of plunging his dagger in his bosom; when he is restrained by his friend Bertram, who prevails on him to respite the minstrel for an hour. Meanwhile he promises the handsome *fiancée* to his chevaliers; but when she is introduced to be surrendered to their desires, he discovers in the maid, Alice, his beauteous foster-sister, the bearer of the testament of his mother, who on her deathbed had besought her to convey her last instructions to her beloved son. Robert, in return, recounts to Alice his

love for the fair Princess Isabella of Sicily, whom he was on the point of carrying off from her parents, when he was assailed by the Knights of Sicily, and only rescued by his friend Bertram. At this juncture, Bertram approaches; Alice involuntarily shudders at his sight, from the resemblance which he bears to the paintings of Satan combating St Michael, but having recovered from her alarm, undertakes to convey a letter from Robert to the Princess Isabella.

The next act opens with the Princess in the interior of the Palace of Palermo, bewailing the loss of the faithful Robert, and her unhappy fate, in being compelled to wed the Prince of Grenada, contrary to her inclinations. Young maidens, the bearers of petitions, are introduced, among whom is Alice, who insinuates into her hand the letter of Robert. She consents to see him. He is introduced, and clothed by her attendants with a splendid suit of armour to enter the lists against the Prince in a tournament, where her hand was to be the prize of the victor. A herald appears and defies Robert, in the name of the Prince, who eagerly accepts the challenge. Bertram, who is Satan in disguise, and had clothed another demon with the form of the Prince of Grenada, smiles at the success of his projects, to win over the soul of Robert to perdition. The tournament takes place; Isabella, by her father's orders, puts on his armour on the Prince of Grenada, but when the trumpets sound, she looks in vain for his beloved antagonist. Robert, restrained by the powers of hell, cannot appear. He is for ever disgraced; Bertram beholds his schemes rapidly approaching their maturity.

In the third act, Bertram, pale and agitated, emerges from a cavern, the council-hall of the infernal powers: He is tormented with anxious thoughts, for he has learned the *arrêt* of Fate, that his power over Robert terminates if he is not devoted to the powers of hell before twelve o'clock that night. There is not a moment to lose. He casts his eyes on Alice, who had come to that soli-

* This, though still in the programme of the piece, was found to be revolting, and is now omitted.

tude to meet her betrothed minstrel; the demon is seized with passion, and strives to seduce her, but is repulsed with horror. She hears, however, the choir of hell in the cavern invoking the name of Robert, and perceives that Bertram is Satan in disguise. By the threat of instant death, he compels her to promise secrecy. At this juncture Robert enters, overwhelmed with horror at his involuntary failure to appear at the tournament: Alice in vain approaches to warn him of his danger; bound by her vow of secrecy, she is compelled to retire, leaving Robert alone to his satanic confidant. Bertram then informs him that his rival, the Prince of Grenada, had availed himself of the aid of the infernal powers; and that he never could overcome him till he had taken from the tomb of Saint Rosalie, in a neighbouring ruin, a green branch, the charmed wand which would render the lover of Isabella all-powerful. Misled by the perfidious advice, Robert enters the cavern which he is told leads to the tomb, and immediately a scene of matchless beauty succeeds.

The theatre represents a ruined monastery, through the lofty desolate arches of which the moon throws an uncertain light. Many old tombs are scattered about on the broken pavement, on the top of which the marble figures of ancient worthies are seen. In the midst of them is the sepulchre of Saint Rosalie, with a branch of cypress in the hand of her marble effigy. Bertram arrives: he conjures up the shades of all the nuns who had been interred in the abbey, condemned "*en punition d'une vie trop profane*," to rise to aid in seducing Robert into the accomplishment of his promise. Instantly the spirits rise out of their narrow beds; the marble figures, which reclined on the monumental slabs, step forth from every part of the pavement; a hundred nuns appear dressed in their robes of white, and slowly moving forward through the gloom, surround the bewildered knight. Gradually they seem to be reanimated by the breath and the passions of life; they join in dances at first slow and mystical, which insensibly warm into grace and voluptuousness. They exert all their attractions to induce Robert to ad-

vance and seize the fated branch. Seduced by so many charms, he approaches the sepulchre, but starts back on seeing in the marble image of the saint a resemblance to his mother; the nuns, in encircling bands, renew their efforts to entrance his senses; he yields at length, and seizes the branch. Instantly the spell is broken; the spectres sink into their graves; the figures, late so beautiful, and animated, freeze again into lifeless marble, and the knight remains alone with the branch, while the sacred walls resound with the wild yells of the demons at the completion of their victory.

In the fourth act, Isabella, surrounded by her maidens, is represented at her toilet distributing her marriage gifts to six young women who were to be married at the same time that she espoused the Prince of Grenada. Robert appears with the green branch; its magical powers overwhelm all her attendants with lethargic slumbers; the knight approaches, and makes himself known to the Princess; in the midst of her transports, she learns by what means he had obtained the green bough, and conjures him to cast away the infernal wand; overcome by love and remorse, he breaks the branch; the attendants instantly awaken; astonished at the appearance of their lady in the arms of a stranger knight, they call in the men-at-arms; Robert is seized, and Isabella swoons away.

In the last act, Robert, and Bertram appear in the vestibule of the Cathedral of Palermo; the knight recounts that he had fought the Prince of Grenada, and been vanquished by him. Bertram assures him that this fatality is owing to his fatal imprudence in breaking the branch, and that his only hope of success is to be found in subscribing an instant compact with the powers of darkness. At the moment when he is about to comply, strains of religious music are heard from the choir, which thrill through the heart of the wavering knight, and recall him to purer sentiments. In despair at his failure, Bertram reveals his name and character: he is Robert's father, the demon who had seduced his mother; and he informs him, that, unless he signs the irrevocable deed before twelve o'clock, he loses

him for ever; if he does, he forthwith becomes the husband of Isabella. Robert exclaims, "L'arrêt est prononcé, l'Enfer est le plus fort," and is just going to sign, when Alice, his foster-sister, rushes in, places in his hand the Testament of his mother, in which she conjures him to shun the demon who had ruined her; he is again shaken. A desperate struggle ensues between Alice and Bertram, heaven and hell, in which Robert is about to yield, when twelve strikes; Bertram, with a frightful yell, descends into a gulf of fire; the veil of the sanctuary is withdrawn, Isabella appears in the choir, where she receives the now disenthralled Robert, while an aerial choir celebrates the triumph of the Most High.

There is one circumstance very remarkable in these theatrical pieces, which have had so prodigious a run at the Opera, that each of them has been represented above a hundred times. Though they originate in the most licentious capital, and are exhibited to the most corrupted audience in Europe, yet they both terminate in the triumph of virtue over vice,—of resolution over temptation,—of the graces of heaven over the powers of hell. This, in such circumstances, is very remarkable. The excitements to the senses in both are innumerable; the situations and incidents such as never could have been figured but in a licentious capital; but still the final result is the triumph of virtue, and the impression made upon the spectator on the whole decidedly favourable to its cause. Hypocrisy, says Rochefoucault, is the homage which vice pays to virtue: it would appear that the sentiments of devotion, and the admiration of integrity, are so strongly implanted in the human mind, that many ages of corruption must elapse before they can be wholly extirpated. The French have still so much of both lingering in their imaginations and their associations at least, if not in their conduct, that the open disregard of them cannot be as yet tolerated in the higher theatres. Centuries of degradation, however, similar to that in which, from the result of the Revolution, they are now placed, will work out this melancholy change, even in the country of

Fénélon and Bossuet. The modern Italian drama frequently represents the hero of the piece suffering under the agonies of fear; and poltroonery is tolerated on the stage by the descendants of the Romans and Samnites.

Another circumstance which is well worthy of observation in the romantic licentious literature and drama of France, is the frequent use which is made of the imagery, the language, and the characters of the Catholic religion. Even the Roman Calendar, and the legends of the saints, are diligently ransacked to furnish stories and situations calculated to satisfy the avidity of the Parisian public for strong emotions. It would appear that the Parisians are now placed at that distance from religious belief, when they can derive pleasure from the lingering recollections which it awakens, without being shocked by the profanity to which it is exposed. They look upon religious impressions and the Catholic traditions, as the English regard the fairy tales which amused their childhood, and derive a transient stimulus from their being brought back to their recollection, as we do from seeing Bluebeard or Cinderella on the stage. Religion is as frequently the engine for moving the imagination now, as classical allusions were in the last age. The French are in that stage of corruption, when they class religious imagery, and the early traditions of Scripture, with the Gothic superstition of the middle ages,—with drawbridges, knights, giants, and chivalry,—and are delighted with their representation, as we are with the feudal pictures and ancient imagery of Sir Walter Scott. The frequent introduction of religious characters and traditions in the modern works of imagination in France, affords decisive evidence that they have passed from the region of belief into that of imagination; from subduing the passions, or influencing the conduct, to thrilling the imagination, and captivating the fancy. A people who entertained a sincere and practical regard for religion of any sort, never could bear to see its incidents and characters blended with hobgoblins and demons,—with the spectres of the feudal, or the mythology of the classic ages.

This extraordinary change in the lighter branches of French literature is almost entirely the result of the Three Glorious Days. The romantic school of fiction, indeed, had been steadily growing up under the Restoration; and accordingly, the dramatized tales of Sir Walter Scott had banished in all but the Theatre Français, the works of Racine and Corneille from the stage. But it was not till the triumph of the Barri- cades had cast down the barriers of authority and influence, and let in a flood of licentiousness upon all the regions of thought, that the present intermixture of extravagance and sensuality took place. Still this grievous and demoralizing effect is not to be ascribed solely or chiefly to that event, important as it has been in scattering far and wide the seeds of evil. It is not by a mere prætorian tumult in the capital that a nation is demoralized; Rome had twenty such urban and military revolutions as that which overthrew Charles X. without experiencing any material addition to the deep-rooted sources of imperial corruption. It was the first Revolution, with its frightful atrocities and crying sins, which produced this fatal effect; the second merely drew aside the feeble barrier which the Government of the Restoration had opposed to its devastation. In the present monstrous and unprecedented state of French literature is to be seen the faithful mirror of the state of the public mind produced by that convulsion; of that chaos of thoughts and passions and recollections, which has resulted from a successful insurrection not only against the Government, but the institutions and the belief of former times; of the extravagance and frenzy of the human mind, when turned adrift, without either principle or authority to direct it, into the stormy sea of passion and pleasure.

The graver and more weighty works which were appearing in such numbers under the Restoration, have all ceased with the victory of the populace. The resplendent genius of Chateaubriand no longer throws its lustre over the declining virtue of

the age: the learning and philosophy of Guizot is turned aside from the calm speculations of history to the turbulent sea of politics. Thierry has ceased to diffuse over the early ages of feudal times, the discriminating light of sagacious enquiry: the pen of Barante conveys no longer, in clear and vivid colours, the manners of the fourteenth to the nineteenth century: Thiers, transformed into an ambitious politician, strives in vain, in his measures as a Minister, to counteract the influence of his writings, as an historian: the fervent spirit of Beranger is stilled; the poetic glow of Lamertine is quenched; the pictured page of Salvandy is employed only in portraying the deplorable state of social and moral disorganization consequent on the triumph of the Barricades. Instead of these illustrious men has sprung up a host of minor writers, who pander to the depraved taste of a corrupted age; the race of Damas's, and Latouches, and Janins, men who reflect like the camelion the colours of the objects by which they are surrounded, and earn, like the opera-dancer, a discreditable livelihood, by exciting the passions or ministering to the pleasures of a depraved and licentious metropolis.

Thus, on all sides, and in every department of government, religion, morals, and literature, is the debasing and pernicious influence of the Revolution manifesting itself; the thin veil which concealed the progress of corruption during the Restoration, is torn aside; government is settling down into despotism, religion into infidelity, morals into licentiousness, literature into depraved extravagance. What is to be the final issue of these melancholy changes, it is impossible confidently to predict; but of this we may be well assured, that it is not till the fountains of wickedness are closed by the seal of religion, and the stream of thought is purified by suffering, that the disastrous consequences of two successful convulsions can be arrested, or freedom established on a secure basis, or public felicity based on a durable foundation.

THE RETURN OF CLANBOY.

ON an afternoon in midsummer, 1333, a party of native Irish, issuing from the northern forests of Tyrone, crossed the river Bann into Antrim. They were of the clan Aodh-Buidh,* or followers of Yellow Hugh O'Neill, a prince expelled some years before from his kingdom of Dalaradia, on the western confines of which they were now arrived. The appearance of the cavalcade, however, bespoke no intention of a hostile inroad for its recovery, and at that time there was little prospect of success attending on such an attempt; for by the vigorous government of William De Burgh, third Earl of Ulster, then stationed with a strong force at Carrickfergus, the county of Antrim had been placed in a state of security such as it had not before enjoyed since the days of the great De Courcy. The Bann, a broad and beautiful stream, and at that time the limit of the English Pale, flowed between ancient forests on either side halfway from Toome to Coleraine; and so intricate were the paths, and close the underwood, that save when fording the placid expanse of the river, little could be distinctly seen of their unwonted traversers. A youth on horseback, the splendour of whose dress proclaimed one of the family of O'Neill himself, had led the way, dashing down the bank, and plunging with a burst of white spray into the water, while warnings and directions, shouted after him by his outstripped companions as they beheld him from the wood behind, bearing up and struggling against the current, told that this was his first passage of an unknown and perilous ford. He was followed by a hurrying troop of horsemen, at the head of whom a grave and middle-aged person, in a dress half clerical, half lay, spurring through the shallows of the true track with little difficulty, ascended the nearer bank, where, reining in his impatient charger, O'Neill was eagerly gazing at every thing around him, and in a

tone of affectionate care, rebuked him for his recklessness.

"Prince," said he, "the life of an O'Neill was not given to be cast away upon the running waters. Here are pools and currents that have swept down man and horse, and one step to either side might have carried thee amongst them."

"Pardon me, pardon me, for giving thee alarm, good Loughlin," said young O'Neill; "but trust me there are rivers as deep, and fords as dangerous in Tirconnell, yet has white Fingall borne me from Ballyshannon to the Black Valley, and never put hoof to bridge. And this is Dalaradia," he cried, striking the but of his hunting spear against the greensward, and gazing at bank and tree, and at the river at his feet, and the sky overhead—"Dalaradia! my father's right, my brothers' and my own inheritance, and I am here at last!—I would I had a fairer view of the country: ho, Loughlin, let us on to the open hills," and they gave their horses head, and ere the dull beat of the hoofs upon the grass had died away, were hidden behind the thick green veil of the foliage. Presently appeared a smaller party on foot, shaggy and nimble kerns, with mats of their own plaited hair for head-pieces, and long mantles, fantastically fringed and braided, flung over their yellow linen doublets and close trowsers of deerskin. These led greyhounds and wolf-dogs in leashes, and bore tent-poles and hatchets, which, with the panuiers borne by three sumpter-horses, shewed that the strangers purposed pitching their camp for some time wherever they might stop. They followed in the track of the horsemen at a pace that took them almost as quickly out of sight, and the river had hardly smoothed itself after them, till the salmon shot past again, and the wild swan came down from his island, the rustling of his feathers the only sound between the forests, save when a sudden plunge told that the

Which afterwards lapsed into the present Claneboy.

otter had slid out again from his hiding-place, or when the wood-pigeon, that had wheeled aloof from the strange aspect of men, cooed murmuring from her reclaimed nest upon the overhanging ash once more.

When the strangers next emerged from the forest, it was upon the hills to the north of Connor. As they rose into view of the open country beneath, O'Neill's eye glanced with restless admiration over the scene.

"And is it," he exclaimed, pointing down the rich valley of the Mayne,—“is it from such an inheritance as this that we have been driven to the bleak ravines of Slieve-Gallen, and the thickets of Killeightra? Oh, Loughlin, had I known what a fair country was ours by right, I had never staid so long contented in Tirconnell. I thought it a desolate tract of moorlands and morasses, fit only to be dwelt in by those hungry strangers who are glad of any spot of ground, however miserable.”

“Alas, Prince,” said his companion, “thou hast never seen an English army, nor an English stone castle. One of the wattled shielings of Tirconnell could be fired and consumed over the heads of its inmates in shorter time than thou couldst pick a single corner-stone from the keep of Cragfergus; and, for an armed knight of their nation, thou mightst as well shower thy blows upon the armourer's anvil.”

“Bones of Saint Murus !” cried the youth; “and if he were as impenetrable as a pillar of flint, strength of men and horses could overturn him! and for their redoubted castles, when did they ever build such a cromlech as I see on yonder knoll, where the altar top is as broad as the shield of Fin MacCoul, and every standard stone would sink a ship.”

“Think not that I magnify our enemies to excuse ourselves,” replied his companion; “but their tower battlements have even such stones heaved higher than the rath of Ughlogael, upright from the ground; and one of their ships would hold an hundred such leathern baskets as thou hast seen on Lough Erne and the Blackwater—floating castles they are, with tall trees for masts, and armies of men and horses in their holds.”

“I have seen ships,” said O'Neill,

“I have seen ships on Lough Swilly, and Tanists of the great Clan Donnell sailing in them over the waves of the open sea; but though these strangers had ships like our castles of oak, and castles like our mountains of rock, I have learned, Loughlin, among the shielings of Tirconnell, to trust to myself, my kinsmen, and our noble allies, for the maintenance of our ancient state and freedom against both.”

“Think not, I again pray thee,” replied the other, “that I would make our enemies terrible in thine eyes, either to excuse ourselves, or to daunt thee; but trust me, thou art over-confident in the strength of unaided arms. The English are as wise and powerful as they are covetous, and while united to oppose invasion of their robberies, will ever be triumphant as they have been; and this thy royal father well knoweth, when he holds council all year round in his mountain castle, leaving the war within their pale to shrewd clerks, Brehons, and Erenachs like myself, who have wrought their government more mischief in one day than centuries of unequal war could have accomplished. Have we not already in times past stirred up both Lacys to rebellion; won over the MacMorough and O'More to our alliance of late in Leinster, Fitz-Thomas in Desmond, and, in Ormonde and Kilkenny, the stout Lord Tipperary? And have not I here within a year drawn Bermingham and Maudevill, nay, the very cousins of William De Burgh himself, to abandon their allegiance, and turn Irish as ourselves?”

“For which,” replied O'Neill, “if I have heard aright, Walter hath already perished miserably in his imprisonment at Cragfergus, while Richard and Hubert still lie in the deepest dungeon of Norburgh, awaiting the Earl's mandate for life or death. Their sister, Lady Gyle, the widow of Sir Richard Mandevill, is stirring all Ireland in their behalf; and all, as I have heard, in vain.”

“All this I know,” rejoined the Erenach, or lay abbot, for such his words and habit had shewn him to be; “I know that in Dublin and London, the defection of these nobles has struck such a terror into the councils of the English, that letters command-

ing the cruelties exercised upon these unhappy gentlemen, have been sent to all the Lords of the Pale; and that whether he will it or no, William must execute the law, without regard to blood or kindred; but it is from this same cruelty, and from this ungrateful compulsion to its exercise, that we hope the best. Thinkest thou Earl William will sign the death-warrant of any gentleman for living as a noble spirit prompts him, and not reflect that when he perchance may increase his own retinue by a butler more, or raise his own walls by a foot of battlement higher than may seem good to some timorous tyrant of the council, he also may be proclaimed a rebellious traitor, and a *Merus Hibernicus*? But that I fear thine open fierceness, I could disclose such a plan as would make thee well contented with our peaceful policy."

"Let me be no party," said O'Neill, "in any concealed designs. I will defy the traitor to his face, if you list to trust your quarrel in my hands; if not, I am privy to nothing save the accommodation of the cosheries."

"Be it so," said the Erenach gravely; "thou shalt have store of pleasures at the English Court, without tilting at the Earl."

"Ho, Loughlin," cried the impatient youth, while he struck his spurs into his horse's flank, and making him spring high into the air, threw out his right hand expanded, as if to grasp the long line of highlands that lay before them,—"*Ho, Loughlin*, these are brave mountains! they look not like other hills; they are broad, swelling, and rolled together like a wave of the sea, or an army of good warriors! How name you that great one that rises over all like the ship among the waves, or the king's presence on the ridge of battle?"

"That," answered the Erenach, "is the great Mount Slemish. We shall be on its summit ere sunset, and I will then shew thee the whole land of Dalaradia from Mourne to Rathlin."

They pursued their way along the vale of Broughshane, through thick woods that for a time hid every thing else from their view; and were almost under the western precipices of Slemish before they beheld its huge wedge-like bulk piercing the blue sky

overhead. Slemish is one great joint of that spine of mountain that runs between the vale of Glenwhirry on one side, and that of Broughshane on the other, heaved over its fellows so high, and so abruptly, that to the eye of one standing on its highest point, the platform of its summit is alone visible, like a green island underfoot, floating a thousand feet above the middle of the county Antrim, for from that point neither base nor side can be seen, but all around, from Louth upon the south, to the hills of the Causeway upon the north, and from the mountains of Argyshire and Galloway upon the east to the western highlands of Derry and Tyrone, every thing lies under the view as on a map. The rock of which it mainly consists, rests upon a green sloping and smooth base, rising suddenly out of the hollow of the hills on either side, and in itself a mountain.

Rounding the southern shoulder of this, our travellers came upon a fountain, springing out of the green sward, beside a great stone which seemed to have come down at one bound from the brow of the precipice above, for it was sunk half way in the earth, and overhanging, as if arrested by the depth of the first dint it had made in the soil. Under this they halted; the horsemen dismounted, and till the arrival of the kerns, who although on foot were not far behind, occupied themselves in cleaning their horses and accoutrements. Presently the kerns came up, bearing willow withes and rushes, which they had cut in the holms by their way, and all were soon busily engaged in pitching their camp. Two circles were marked out, one on either side of the great stone, round each of which they sunk certain of the tent-poles alluded to, at equal distances, and having brought the ends of these together under caps prepared to receive them, speedily wattled the spaces between, and thatched them all over with rushes, so that to one coming suddenly in sight of their dark green pyramids, it might have seemed as if two trimmed yew-trees had all at once sprung up beside the fountain. So soon as these works had been put in progress, O'Neill and his preceptor ascended the mountain. The Erenach often stopped and breathed

himself upon the steep and dizzy ascent, but O'Neill betrayed no further symptom of fatigue than a deeper glow upon his cheek, and a fuller expansion of the plaited tissue on his breast. He had thrown off his mantle and high cap, and now stood on the middle and highest peak of the summit, the rays of the declining sun deepening the yellow of his garments into flaming orange, and graining the auburn bands of his hair with a waving radiance like gold, as the wind blew it out round his deep-flushed and animated features. The Erenach ascended to the foot of the little pinnacle on which he stood, and gazing, blessed the glorious boy in his heart. "The very sun crowns him with a brighter light," he exclaimed mentally, "there is a glory on him from heaven!" O'Neill stood wrapt also in a trance of admiration, but it was of the noble prospect spread everywhere at his feet.

"Stand by my side, good Loughlin, I pray thee," he said at length, "and tell me how all these lakes and mountains around us are named; for I here see loughs and countries I never dreamed of till now."

"Let us look northward first," said the Erenach, "before the cloud falls between us and the top of Knock-Laide, for a storm is rising from that old country of the giants,"—and pointing out successively the various objects on the northern horizon—the Causeway mountains, the watch-hills of Fairhead and Lurgedin, and the Isle of Isla; and eastwardly, the Mull of Cantire, the Isle of Arran, the Crag of Ailsa, and the Carrick mountains; he told him the names of their possessors, and the wars or wonders for which each was celebrated; then turning more southwardly, directed his eyes to the lough of Carrickfergus, distinguishable at intervals, down past the steep shoulders of the mountains between. "The strangers have their castles," said he, "all along its nearer shore, close under this broken line of hills. First stands the great stone keep of Cragfergus, with the lesser castles of Machnecoole and Kilroute; next, under yonder precipices—they are scooped into caverns, in which I have seen the kings of three nations assembled—have they their town of Coole and Castle by the fords

at Belfast; beyond, the forests of the Lagan stretch far into the territory of Kilultah; then come the low countries of the Macgennis and O'Hanlon, but these we cannot see for the intervening heights of Devis, although their southern boundary of Mourne rises over all, mountain on mountain, cutting the horizon as with the teeth of a saw. To the west Lough Neagh flames like a sheet of gold, and the hills of Tyrone and Coleraine are hardly visible through the bright veil of the sunlight. But come, now, and let us look down upon the spot we have left." He led O'Neill to the southern verge of the precipice, whence all that side of the mountain was visible. "Is not this a strange and solemn scene, Prince?" said he, "this lonely hollow at our feet, this black rock on which we stand, these wooded wildernesses all around, and that solitary well-spring in the midst, rising unwearied and silent, and sliding down the same smooth path from century to century?—Knowest thou who wandered these woods and mountains, climbed those rocks, and drank of these blessed waters eight centuries ago?"

"I know not," said O'Neill, "unless perhaps a herd of wild boars or a troop of wolves."

"Oh holy and blessed Patrick!" exclaimed the Erenach, "was it for this that the visions came to thee by night, and the voices of the male infants crying out of the forest for redemption? that the scene of thy prayer and fasting should be deserted and forgotten, that the people of thy choice should be made vagabond like Cain!"

"Nay," said O'Neill, "I knew not that the good saint had been a mountaineer of Dalaradia."

"Knowest thou the song of Fiech of Slibtha?" said the Erenach.

"From beginning to end," answered O'Neill; "I learned it of Callough Moyle, my grandfather's bard."

"What says he in his 16th and 17th stanzas?" said his preceptor.

O'Neill repeated the Irish of the following.

"By the fountain that never knows
drought or decrease,
He nightly sang an hundred psalms,
In service of the King of Angels.

Then went he to sleep on the bare rock, His covering round about, a damp mantle, His pillow of rest, the bark of the forest tree."

"And what sayeth his own epistle, when he tells how the love of God increased within him day by day in his captivity?" questioned the Erenach.

O'Neill paused for an instant to recollect, then repeated the passage—"et in sylvis et monte manebam, et ante lucem excitabar ad orationem, per nivem, per gelu, per pluviam; et nihil mihi sentiebam, neque ulla pigritia erat in me."

"These are those woods," cried the Erenach, "this is that mountain, and yonder well-spring is that fount.—Hear me, Prince,—we stand on the most blessed ground in Europe—in the cradle of the church—in the nursery of kingdoms, in the very womb and navel of western Christendom! for here it was, even in this wild and lonely rock of Slemish, that God raised up the reclainer of the Pagan; and here I make a vow—and I call these hills and waters and these eternal rocks to be a perpetual witness against me—that through good and evil, through honour and dishonour, through life and death, I will devote myself to the sacred cause of this thy thrice blessed land's recovery!"

O'Neill stood apart, astonished and in silence, while the other knelt and prayed; and neither spoke, till at length the Erenach having arisen, the Prince turned himself again to the wonders at his feet. But he had not long looked till he cried suddenly, "Cast thine eyes over this hill beneath, good Loughlin:—what takest thou that glittering and glancing among the hazel copse to be?—Ha! there goes a stranger horseman; and by the Lamp of Kildare, two gallant-mounted ladies by his side!—and see now where their train draw out from the wood, and take to the open country—Bones of Murus, 'tis a rare sight on these deserted hills!" So saying, he flung himself down the nearest pathway, hurrying to join his men below, while the graver Erenach followed by a more circuitous but safer road.

When O'Neill came again in sight of his men, they were clustering round the tents like bees before the

hive; for a bugle note from the party just descried from above, had reached them before the strangers were yet risen into their view. Many were the enthusiastic exclamations that the appearance of their Prince swinging from rock to rock down the face of the precipice, called forth.

"Behold the young eagle of Claneboy," cried his bard Turloch Gorme—"he stoops from his eyrie of Slemish like the young golden eagle."

"Like a sun-beam from the cloud—claimed Brian Roe standard-bearer."

"Like the bright sword from its sheath," responded Rorie Duff his armourer.

"Ring round him, sons of Hy-Nial!" shouted another kern, with hair like light flame and eyes like coals of fire, as he put a long twisted horn to his mouth, and made the rocks re-echo in reply to a second blast sounded over the hill, as the Prince stood before them. "Sheathe your skenes, my loving friends," he said; "I have seen the strangers from above, and they rather crave our shelter from the storm that already is fast rising out of the north, than violence or discourtesy." At that moment the party alluded to rose over the hill—two ladies and one knight, with an attendant train of half a dozen troopers. They came down at a hand gallop, till the clump of dark figures round the green tents caught the elder lady's eye.

"Draw up, brother," she exclaimed, "these are no friends of ours; I know the red cloak of their leader—they are the *li-bry* from Coleraine. Draw up, Sir Robert; and do thou, Aylmer Waide, ride out and ask the knaves if they be for peace or war."

"Stay," cried the Knight, "their leaders are advancing—let me meet them half-way. Noble kinswoman and Lady Honora, your palfreys are fleet, and if we should come to blows with these rascal kerns I pray you hold back out of arrow-range, and keep us ever between you and their battle." So saying, he spurred forward, attended by the tall man-at-arms, and met O'Neill with his preceptor in the middle of the intervening hollow.

"What greeting have you, sirs, for the noble Lady Cyle de Burgh on

her kinsman's hills of Antrim?" he enquired in a loud voice.

"Health and peace to that noble lady, and all good greetings to her valiant brother-in-law Sir Robert Fitz-Martin Maudevill," answered the Erenach in good English, as he advanced, and held out his hand, which the Knight shook warmly, exclaiming, with a face of glad recognition—"What! our sometime chaplain of Coleraine! right welcome thou art to our Pale, thou and all thy good company. But which of the Princes of the West have we here honouring our hills?" he enquired, looking at O'Neill, who could only perceive by their faces that terms of goodwill had been established, for, save Latin, he spoke no other but his mother tongue. The Erenach, in the different languages, made each acquainted with the name and rank of the other, and the Knight acknowledged the courteous salute of the Prince with an obeisance almost as deep as he would have bestowed on an Englishman of the blood royal; then ordered the soldier to bring the ladies and their troop forward without fear. As they approached, he rode up to them, and addressed the Lady Gyle.

"Dear kinswoman, we have fallen among our best friends. This is that pious and trusty churchman Father Loughlin Phelimy, thy poor Walter's tried advocate in all his perils; and this is the youngest of the Princes of Claneboy."

Before Sir Robert had done speaking, the lady had dismounted, and given both her hands to the Erenach, while tears burst from her eyes, and she was hardly able to articulate her thanks and greeting for emotion.

"Forgive my weakness, good my father," she said, "but I have to-day ridden from Muckmore to Connor, and from Connor to Gilgorm, soliciting abbot and bishop in my hapless brothers' behalf, and I have not looked on the face of one true friend till now, and I cannot but weep to think of it."

"Take comfort, noble lady," said the Erenach; "while there is life there is hope. Earl William cannot have so lost the nature of humanity as to put an unjust law in execution thus rigorous on his own blood relation;

but, alas! why do I measure Red Richard's successor by the simple and kindly rule of our own nature?—When did the cold tyrant ever shew any touch of generous spirit, any spark of frank nobility? But let me pray you, does your fair daughter still shew her love for us, by gracing our tongue with the sweet voice I so well remember since when she was a child in Omagh; although, by my troth, her form and face have astonished me with a beauty never imagined before."

"Honora still loves the Irish," said the lady; "but, God wot, she must forget the language of her grandmother within our cousin's Pale; else would thy rebellious tongue be clipt out, child,"—and she drew her daughter forward,—"and thy dumb services bestowed upon some lackey of the Earl, as I am assured happened to a gentlewoman of good birth in Connaught. Nevertheless, let us venture for once—tell the good father in his own tongue how much thou art bounden to his friendship."

Honora, in Irish, reiterated the thanks that her mother had already given. O'Neill, who, all the while, had been gazing at the fair stranger, no sooner heard her pronounce the well-known accents, than he accosted her, delighted to find one with whom to converse without an interpreter. Just as he was expressing his hope that they would rest within his rude camp before proceeding farther on their journey, heavy drops of rain began to fall, and the whole party made a simultaneous movement towards the shelter; but before they could reach the little encampment, at a distance of about a quarter of a mile from which the conference had taken place, the darkness had shut in on every side, and the sun was set. As they drew up before the green-arched doorway, the mountain above seemed already blended with the dim cloud, where the precipice caught the lurid light that was still struggling through the upper tract of air. A sheet of lightning fell all at once from the sky:—the rocks started out from the darkness, a white and sudden apparition, and the loosened crash of the thunder broke over and around them at the same moment, with the harsh splintering of crags, and the re-

boundings of a thousand echoes. Half blinded by the blast, O'Neill could only see a figure by his side rise high into the air, as a shriek pierced his ears, even through the deafening battery of the thunder. He stretched out his arms instinctively; they received the falling Honora, as her horse flung her with a plunge from the height to which he had reared in his terror. She was unhurt, but he had borne her in his arms into the tent before she recovered from her fright. There was a minute's strange confusion outside; horses unmanageable and dispersed, riders run away with, kerns and troopers mingling execrations and aves, and driving together into the choked passage of the farther tent; while the Knight and the Erenach by turns commanded, exhorted, struck, and doubly confounded their respective servants. The Lady Gyle alone sat unmoved; she had seen her daughter borne in, in safety, and waited patiently till a trooper, having secured his own horse, assisted her to dismount. At the next moment she beheld O'Neill with Honora at the rude door. She embraced and kissed her child, and they all entered the tent. The interior presented an unexpectedly comfortable aspect. A drapery of cloaks lined the sides to the height of a man's head, and a boss of rushes rose all around under a carpeting of the same material; while on a natural hearth-stone, round which the tent had been so contrived that it should occupy the exact centre, there was already blazing a cheerful fire of wood, the smoke from which found exit by unseen apertures in the roof. There was no table, but on the ground were ranged wicker baskets, with bread and sodden venison, kept from oozing through by green leaves interposed; and horns rimmed and tipped with silver lay beside. As Lady Gyle, clasping her daughter, sat down upon the rustic couch, another blaze of lightning flashed even through the close thatch of the tent, and the prolonged thunder broke again in clapping reverberations overhead, imminent and tremendous; and as the stunning roar rolled momentarily away, the rain followed like a waterpout upon the roof, and

the gurgling of incipient torrents became already audible in the mountain gulleys above and below. The Knight and Erenach rushed in, although hardy and brave men, both routed by the fury of the storm; for the thunder and rain seemed shaken out of a falling firmament, and forked flashes of fire were streaming off the precipices of the mountain, and sending fragments of rock smoking and rumbling down the stony hollows of its sides, and tearing their way far into the woods below, with the groaning dint of battered trunks of trees, and the loud smashing of snapt and crushed branches. All stood for a time in silent expectation of their cover being torn from its foundations by a rolling crag, or scattered and consumed around them by a thunderbolt; but after crashing round the sky overhead for a time, the storm gradually rolled southward in less deafening rattles, and sank at length into a heavy and intermittent growl over the hills beyond Glenwhirry. But the rain still poured from the torn clouds over Slemish, and the gurgling of the sudden rills was now risen into a hoarse roar of torrents leaping down every channel, and mingling their solid waterfalls in the seething cauldrons of the little river, now known by the name of the Misty Burn, the dashing and foaming of which came with a melancholy moan out of the distance, like the heavy continuous breaking of the sea waves on the shore. The party in the tent, meanwhile, had recovered from their first dismay, and finding the rush thatch impervious to the rain, as the strong framework had resisted the concussions of the thunder, were beginning to feel the enjoyment of comfort within doors, contented with bad weather heard without; but as they sat and listened, and distinguished the several torrents raging on either side, and hemming them against the impassable cliffs of the mountain, they perceived the impossibility of proceeding farther on their journey, until the waters should abate, not only immediately around them, but also over the numerous fords that still lay between them and Carrickfergus. This necessity alone must have reconciled the Lady Gyle and her

party to remaining for that night in the camp on Slemish, but there seemed to be other considerations which made the necessity be rather embraced than submitted to. She had already talked long and earnestly with the Erenach and Knight of her brothers and their wrongs, and still had new plans to suggest, and other injuries to complain of; to Honora had been assigned, by O'Neill's ignorance of English, the seemingly not unpleasing task of sustaining a conversation with him in his native tongue; and the men in the further tent, pleased with their good cheer and lodging, were well content to remain with the kerns all night, even crowded as they were, rather than face the dark and flooded country. The storm had died away, the evening meal was over, a bright fire blazed in the middle of the reclining party, and the deep counsels of the Erenach and lady were at an end. O'Neill and his fair guest bent over a chess-board, which glittered with gold and silver inlaying upon the purple carpet between them; for the young Tunist had brought with him not only the materials of field-sports, but also those of whatever refinement of domestic accomplishment the Court of his guardian of Tirconnell could produce; his visit to the English settlement having been designed as much for experience of worldly intercourse as for any special object of diplomacy. As they reclined opposite one another, almost mingling their bright curls, the observant mother could not but perceive that the eyes of the Prince were oftener fixed on the face of her daughter than on the movements of the game, and that a furtive glance

at her companion had more than once escaped from the downcast lids of Honora herself. The Erenach also sat with his looks fixed on the youthful pair, but his earnestness soon sank into abstraction; and although his eyes were still full upon them, he seemed to contemplate other scenes and other actors in the vacancy between.

At length, after a decisive move, O'Neill raised his head—"Lady," said he, "thou hast planted thy castles, and advanced thy knights and bishops round my last retreat. I am doomed to play the conquered king in game as in earnest. Wouldst thou again drive me beyond the Pale, or rather hear my hard touch some mountain notes upon the harp?—I have here a harp strung by the hands of the last minstrel of Tara."

Honora preferred the music, and a summons was sent for the harper from the farther tent. He entered, bearing the instrument, a rich and beautiful piece of workmanship, and took his seat between the folds of the drawn curtain, which hung across the rude doorway.

"Turlogh," said the Prince, "singest thou any of the lays of these hills of Dalaradia?"

"I can sing the Tears of Glancey," replied the harper, "the Groans of Gilgorm, and the Parting from Slemish, or the Con's Flight to Tyrone."

"'Tis a mournful catalogue," said Lady Gyle suddenly, "but the Parting from Slemish I would fain hear. I trust we shall sing a merry enough parting to-morrow, to make amends for its dolefulness."

The harper addressed himself to his task, struck a few notes, and in a rich and mellow voice began,—

THE PARTING FROM SLEMISH, OR THE CON'S FLIGHT TO TYRONE.

My Owen Bawn's hair is of thread of gold spun;
Of gold in the shadow, of light in the sun;
All curled in a coolon the bright tresses are—
They make his head radiant with beams like a star!

II.

My Owen Bawn's mantle is long and is wide
To wrap me up safe from the storm by his side:
And I'd rather face snow-drift and winter wind there,
Than lie among daisies and sunshine elsewhere.

My Owen Bawn Con is a hunter of deer,
He tracks the dun quarry with arrow and spear—
Where wild woods are waving, and deep waters flow,
Ah, there goes my love with the dun-dappled roe.

My Owen Bawn Con is a bold fisherman,
He spears the strong salmon in midst of the Baun ;
And rock'd in the tempest on stormy Lough Neagh,
Draws up the red trout through the bursting of spray.

My Owen Bawn Con is a bard of the best,
He wakes me with singing, he sings me to rest ;
And the cruit 'neath his fingers rings up with a sound
As though angels hap'd o'er us and fays underground

They tell me the stranger has given command
That crouched and cowering shall cease in the land,
That all our youth's tresses of yellow be shorn,
And bonnets, instead, of a new fashion worn ;

That mantles like Owen Bawn's shield us no more,
That hunting and fishing henceforth we give o'er,
That the net and the arrow aside must be laid
For hammer and trowel, and mattock and spade ;

VIII.

That the echoes of music must sleep in their caves,
That the slave must forget his own tongue for a slave's,
That the sounds of our lips must be strange in our ears,
And our bleeding hands toil in the dew of our tears.—

O! sweetheart and comfort ! with thee by my side,
I could love and live happy whatever betide ;
But *that* in such bondage wouldst die ere a day—
Away to Tir-oen then, Owen, away !

IX.

There are wild woods and mountains, and streams deep and clear,
There are loughs in Tir-oen as lovely as here,
There are silver harps ringing in Yellow Hugh's hall,
And a bower by the forest side, sweetest of all !

XI.

We will dwell by the sunshiny skirts of the brake,
Where the sycamore shadows glow deep in the lake ;
And the snowy swan stirring the green shadows there,
Afloat on the water, seems floating in air.

XII.

Farewell, then, black Slemish, green Collon adieu,
My heart is a-breaking at thinking of you ;
But tarry we dare not when freedom hath gone—
Away to Tir-oen then, Owen Bawn Con !

XIII.

Away to Tir-cán then, Owen, away !

We will leave them the dust from our feet for a prey,

And our dwelling in ashes and flames for a spoil,—

'Twill be long ere they quench them with streams of the Foyle !

"Alas, alas !" cried Lady Gyle, as the harper raised his hands from the still vibrating chords, "it was by listening to the lays of such tempters that all the unfortunates of my house have been beguiled ; and yet I cannot hear the complaint of oppression, or the longing for liberty, without dreaming myself of the free hill-side and of the merry-men at call ; of royal state and authority, of gallant huntings and festivals, of embassies and high councils, and silvan courts and camps, and all the pomp of arms and royalty." Her looks kindled as she spoke, and while her eyes sparkled with the fire of ambition, and her brow expanded, a smile of conscious dignity spread triumphantly over her features. Although the mother of Honora, whose age might have been eighteen, Lady Gyle was still a fair and noble-looking woman, and as she sat between the dim-seen figures of the Knight and Erenach, there was something startlingly bright in the sudden flashing of her eyes, and revelation of her neck and arm from the falling cloak, for she had stretched out her hand as if to grasp an imaginary sceptre. "But wo is me !" she exclaimed, relapsing into a deeper dejection from her temporary excitement, "why do I talk of freedom or honour while chains are on the limbs of Richard and Hubert, and the clay of the churchyard upon Walter's breast ?" She burst into tears, and Honora went over to her, and taking her hand sat down by her side, heartily sympathizing in her sorrow, yet glad to escape the embarrassment of again meeting the eyes of O'Neill ; for while the harper had been singing, she could not help twice owning their appeals at those passages of the song which applied so closely to their own situation, that neither could restrain a glance at the other. O'Neill, a fisher and hunter like the fugitive Owen, wore his long and bright hair plaited in a band, or coolun, while on his upper lip the crom-méal, or moustache, had already ga-

thered its browner defiance of the statute, although he seemed but little older than the fair being by his side ; the cloak which he had thrown off was the prohibited mantle, and the language he used was every syllable proscribed. In short, there wanted nothing to make the song perfectly appropriate to him and to Honora, but that they should be lovers ; and how long its application might be marred by that deficiency, it would have been difficult for either to have told.

"Thou wilt learn to-night to sleep upon a bed of rushes, lady," said he, vising to retire with natural politeness, when he saw the grief of her mother, "and to pillow thy head upon a soldier's cloak."

"Ah !" she replied, "what would we not have given for such a bed on the night when O'More burned Dunsinane, and drove us forth with our cousins of Mortimer to seek a shelter in the forest ? But in such a pavilion as this," she added, looking round, "methinks we need hardly envy Lady Ulster in her east e of stone."

She looked down blushing, for O'Neill's eye seemed to say, "Come, and live always with me in such a home."

But Mandevill and the Erenach were already withdrawing, and without venturing to meet her eyes again, he also retired to the farther tent, where, wrapping themselves in their mantles, they all three lay down side by side with their men. With the return of day, comparatively few traces of the storm were visible around the encampment on Slémish. The torrents had shrunk to the rivulets from which they had arisen, and the rivulets were trickling down the sides of the mountain, scarce seen in the bottoms of their deep channels. Even the little river was clearing its diminished waters between its banks ; and save for the pools that still remained in the hollows adjacent, and here and there a red scar where the land had been stripped by a more impetuous sweep of the stream, the

face of the open slope between the mountain and the woods looked as bright and cheerful in the sunrise as if it had been visited by nothing heavier than the dews of summer. But across the lower country, that was partially revealed through the end of the valley, there was a glittering of the sunbeams on a sheet of water like a lake, where the spent floods of all the surrounding hills had exhausted themselves. The young leaves of the woods again rustled crisply in the wind, and even where a tree had been torn up or a branch broken down, the waving boughs that had escaped wove a green and shining veil over the half-seen calamity; so that when the inmates of the nearer tent came to their door, and looked down the mountain hollow, they could hardly believe it the same scene they had beheld under the descending storm the night before. And in the eyes of each other, as gazed an increase of fresh beauty seemed to have been imputed to the Lady Honora and her young host, although the evening image that each had left upon the other's memory had seemed fair beyond addition or beauty in numberless dreams over night.

O'Neill and the Brenach stood ready to give the morning salutations to their guests, along with Maderavill, who had already prepared the horses for proceeding on their journey. With the gladness of the times, the Prince advanced and kissed the cheek of each, but as he withdrew his lips from the scarcely impressed down of Honora's, a burning blush suffused her brow and neck, and was answered by as deep a crimson on his own. Again the Lady Gyle and the Brenach fixed their eyes upon the pair, and exchanged looks of intelligence; but the churchmen did not seem to contemplate the chances of their mutual admiration being matured into a serious attachment with the same complacency as the fond mother, who already in imagination beheld her daughter's brow encircled with the asion of an Irish princess; for, whatever power of negotiation might have been deputed to the legate of the exiled government, the disposal of the Prince's hand in marriage, or the sanction of his own disposal of it, had *not* been

intrusted. He had ripened the disaffection of the lady and her kinsman, so that they were only withheld from casting off their allegiance by the almost hopeless chance of still obtaining a pardon for their relatives, and in their defection he had secured that of the numerous and powerful families of which they were, next to Earl William, the heads; but he foresaw that the accession of even such strength would be ungrateful if coupled with a connexion disapproved of by the haughty house of O'Neill. Nevertheless, he could not refuse the invitation pressed on him and the Prince, to accompany the stranger party to their common place of destination; and accordingly, unwilling as he was, he found himself, after the morning meal, by the side of the elder lady, while the Prince and Honora rode behind, deeply engaged in constant conversation. They had twice sunk out of sight of Slieve Donard, while crossing the broad valleys that lay upon their route, and had risen again into view of it when the blue hills of Down became visible over the last ridge of lands between them and the coast. The sun was still far from the mid arch of the sky, as they at length beheld the broad arm of the sea that lay beneath. A fresh breeze had curled the offing into a dark rough blue, while the shoal water on either side of the lough lay in stripes of pale green and purple, shifting and mingling as the shadows of the clouds swept rapidly across; the summer sun and the dewy air shewed every thing in the fresh clearness of the morning; and sails at sea, and castles and houses on shore, with their magnificent amphitheatre of hills and woods, cornfields and pastures, burst all at once upon the astonished O'Neill. The first object that fixed his eyes was the great square keep of Carrickfergus, where it stood out from the beach, dusk in its own huge shadow against the glittering belt of the sunlight on the water.

"Bawn of Tara, what a tower!" he exclaimed, "fair gossip, is it all of stone?"

"Stone to the foot of the flag-staff, Sir Tanist," replied Honora; "and all these lesser towers before the gate, with their red-tiled roofs and fantastic parapets, are cas-

ties of stone also. Alas ! I have not been within these walls since I was a child, but I well remember their solid strength, and the giddy terror to look down from their battlements."

"And these ships, truly they *are* floating castles—sailed they across all that wilderness of waters?" he said, half unconsciously; and then smiling at his own simplicity, prevented a reply by again questioning—"And tell me, lady, whose are those courts and turrets between us and the great castle, where I see some of the roofs bright red, like the others, and some as blue as the sea water?"

"That," said Honora, "is the Priory of Holy Cross, where we will lodge thee to-night in a chamber roofed with slate, and floored with polished oak. The Prior is my mother's kinsman, and we use his house as our own."

They continued to converse, Honora explaining all the novelties of the scene, until they arrived at the Priory. Here they found a spacious range of apartments prepared for their reception, for the building was at that time the most extensive religious house in the north. Lady Gyle had scarce allowed time for the common greetings to the Prior, ere she laid before him the long catalogue of her grievances, and unrolled the numerous petitions and memorials for their redress, that she had procured on her journey. "And now, worthy Richard," she said, "take thy staff and let us to the Castle, for I have made a vow that I will neither eat nor sleep till I have told Earl William as much as I have now told thee. Come, for I see his grooms parading their horses at the gate, as if he intended a journey. Come thou also, good father," she added to the Erenach.

"Alas!" said he, "my advocacy would but increase their guilt in his eyes; yet I will wrap one of the brotherhood's cloaks around me, and go down in your train, that I may see and hear this youthful governor, of whose wisdom fame has been so loud; for I also will soon have difficult matter to deal in with him."

He drew on a friar's gown above his dress, and having pulled the cowl over his face so as to complete his disguise, followed the lady and her companion to the Castle. They

passed the portcullis and barbican, and in the middle of the square met Earl William, armed at all points, and equipped for a journey, descending from the keep. Lady Gyle advanced—he started in amazement, but held out his hand to welcome her. "No, William—no," she said; "I will not touch the hand that cast chains upon a dear brother."

"Noble kinswoman," said William, "thou art wearied from thy journey; let me lead thee to my Countess, who will see to thy refreshment and lodging here in our castle."

"Oh, William, William!" she exclaimed, "I can hardly look at the walls you ask me to enter. Was it not in the dungeon of that keep that Walter lay in your fetters, winter winds piercing him through the open grates above, and the chill damps turning his bed to rottenness beneath, till Death came at last and set him free? And do you ask me to share your hospitality within them? No!—Under your roof I cannot go, earl; but here, in the open light of day, I will tell you, and I call the heaven and earth, before whose face you have done this injustice, to witness, that my brothers have been belied by traitors, betrayed and foully wronged by you, and others your accomplices. Look at these names," she cried, unrolling a voluminous parchment, "pious churchmen or noble gentlemen all; look at this enrolled flower of your Pale, and read their declaration." She put the writing into his hands, and stood pointing to every clause as he gave it a careful and calm perusal.

"Noble Gyle," he said, when he had read it, "there is both truth and reason here. My cousins have done much good service in trying times; but, alas! so did Fitz-Thomas and the Lacys, before they fell away from their allegiance; and so do many now, who, if not deterred by constant example, would also turn their arms from honourable service to traitorous rebellion. For, day and night, the subtle Irishman ceases not to instigate us all to the kingdom's ruin and our own disgrace; and nothing save the stern exercise of the laws by men rigorous to inflict, and patient to endure, can longer withhold us from total disaffection. Our nobles

have so long been left to their own wild wills, using the authority of kings and judges, each in his castle; and our gentry and yeomanry have, by their feuds, been so accustomed to turbulence and bloodshed, that they have long since begun to hold our English laws to be intolerable, and would rather take the mantle of the kern, and, like the savages, compound with the Brehen for the blood they may have shed, than retain the decent habits, names, and responsibility of civil subjects. It is known to all how the kingdom has, by these means, been reduced to the extremity of misery—how no man's life, these ten years back, has been safe outside the walls of his castle—how burning and pillage have frightened the husbandman from his fields, and the artisan from his factory, while many of those who were sometime honest men, seeing nothing for their portion but to be driven up and down before the outlaws, have either fled beyond sea, or desperately joined their persecutors. And now when at length, by the enforcement of the laws, and the exertions of the Council, peace is again beginning to let the earth yield its increase, and just government is once more extending its protection to all within the Pale, behold these my unhappy kinsmen, forgetful of their birth, their duty, their bond of past services, ungrateful for bounty's numberless, and mad in impetuous ambition, have given another triumph to the barbarian, and, I fear me much, must soon give another example to ourselves. Nevertheless, I will make no delay in laying these applications before the Council; for I am but a servant—a servant of others, older and more powerful; and as they command, so must I, at peril of my life, if need be, execute. Dear lady," he continued, for Gyle was now in tears, and it was a strange sight to see her spirit so subdued before the youthful severity of her kinsman, for William, though high in trust and reputation, was but one-and-twenty—"Dear lady, feel for me also. Tarry to-day with my Countess; or, if thou canst not enter our doors, let me commend thee to the care of the good Prior till my return; for I am summoned thus hastily, as thou seest, to quell another deadly dispute and insurrection of White and

Savage, in the Ardes. And, Prior, there has come an embassy from the Irishry to Holy-cross. Entertain them honourably and freely at my charge till this tumult is settled. I would I could wait to treat with them, for I have heard of some designs whereof I would fain show them the vanity; but thou knowest that a rising of the Savage brooks no delay."

He sprang upon his horse, and, with the long attendant troop, wheeled out of the arched gateway, then struck along the beach towards the distant fords at the mouth of the Lagan. Lady Gyle stood for a minute after he was gone, with her eyes fixed on the ground, and her hand pressed upon her forehead, then took the arm of the Prior, and slowly and sorrowfully returned to the Priory. Of all the standers-by during the Earl's speech, none, however, had departed with more confused and disappointed feelings than Loughlin Phelim. His designs on William, whatever they might have been, were apparently rendered quite abortive, for he thenceforth seemed rather to dread than desire a conference; and so far did their disarrangement operate on his future conduct in other respects, that he did not afterwards evince any wish to check the attachment of O'Neill and Honora. Thoughtful as he had been before, he now became doubly so—spent much of his time in prayer, and seemed to be a man who either had asked, or was about to seek, every thing on the chance of some desperate chance. That day, and the next, and the next passed in constant expectation of William's return; but messenger after messenger brought daily news of unexpected difficulties and farther delays; and day after day the Erenach regretted not having sent on yesterday for instructions from Tyrone, till at length, by sunrise on Saturday, a messenger arrived with the positive assurance that the Earl would be at Carrickfergus in time for next morning's matins. The Erenach no sooner received this intelligence, than he departed in haste to the encampment on Slenish, and by noon the green tents had disappeared; and Saint Patrick's well flowed in a solitude as unbroken as on the eve of their erection. But on the hill-top, and on all the eminences of

a western aspect from thence to Devis, there had arisen piles of turf and fagots before sunset; and close beside, scarcely distinguishable from whatever cover the long grass or heather might afford, had couched down a kern, with a slow fire of peat by his side. Meanwhile, at the Priory, although Lady Gyle still kept her chamber in excessive grief, Sir Robert Mandevill had provided all gaieties for the entertainment of O'Neill. There had been huntings and hawkings in the mornings, games and dances at night; and the Prince, delighted with every thing, would have been completely happy, had not her duty kept Honora almost constantly with her mother. But on the Saturday morning there issued from the Priory gates a cavalcade, at the head of which appeared the Lady Gyle herself, accompanied by the Knight, her kinsman, while, amid the waving of plumes and glittering of gay habits and housings, might be seen the young Irishman, beside his eminently graceful and lovely friend. They crossed the hills that lie behind the town, and pursued their game till the middle of the afternoon; but long ere then they had broken into different parties, drawn asunder by the diverse course taken by their hawks and hounds. The chase was now over, and the hunters were straggling home in groups of twos and threes. Some had descended the southern side of the Knockagh, or Hill of the White Thorn, and were winding their way along the strand at its base, where the sea-breeze came fresh and cool from the ebbing tide; others, having climbed the shoulder of Sliev atruc, were hurrying to screen themselves among the steep and hazelly banks of the Woodburn; while a third party, having taken the northern route, were descending from the commons by Lough Mourne.

There is scarce a more dreary and ominous pool on all the face of Ireland than this:—dark, deep, level with its bare margin, its monotonous aspect unbroken by the shadow of any thing save the clouds, at a preternatural height above the neighbouring sea, and the subject of traditions obscure and fearful, it now lay, even under the sun of June, and in the midst of the country's sum-

mer pride, a dismal and melancholy blot upon the bosom of the mountain. The party who had chosen this forbidding route accorded well with its aspect; they were the Lady Gyle, and her kinsman, with the Erenach, who had joined them as if by appointment; for they had early separated from the rest of their party, and without partaking in any of the pleasures of the chase, had been riding up and down in the way towards Slernish, till met by him a little time before. They rode slowly along the banks of the lake, engaged in earnest consultation; the Erenach apparently urging something very repugnant on the lady; for they frequently stopped, while her gestures betrayed excessive emotion, and her colour went and came like the shadows sweeping over the water before them. They had already traversed the whole circuit of the little lough, and the Erenach, with a face of angry disappointment, seemed preparing to withdraw from the conference, when a horseman was seen coming at full gallop over the bare table-ground between them and the town. Mandevill rode out to meet him; he delivered a breathless message, and the Knight returned to where his relative, with her face averted from the Erenach, sat trembling from excitement, flushed and indignant; while the irritated legate, biting his lips and breathing hard, played with his reins and dagger, (for he was now armed,) and scowled askance at the unoffending water.

"Ill news—ill news, sister," cried Sir Robert. "A messenger is at the Castle with writs for the execution, directed to William as Constable of Norburgh. He came by Armagh and Kilultah, and so missed the Earl, else they were now no better than dead men."

"May Heaven pity me!" exclaimed the miserable lady, and became deadly pale.

"So sure as William comes home to-night, he will sign and seal their death-warrant," said Loughlin Phelimy. "What say you now to my offers, lady?"

"Are you *sure*," said Lady Gyle, in a voice so low as hardly to be heard even in the calm of the sultry air—"Are you *sure* that you can

make good what you have offered?"

"I pledge my life to you," replied the Erenach, "that I will fulfil all I have promised."

"Then," said Gyle, slowly, while she raised her face that was as white as ashes, "*I agree*. Sir Robert, thou wilt stand by us?"

"To the last drop of my blood," replied the Knight; "and now let us hasten to find Honora and the Prince, and conclude the first part of our compact."

They put their horses in motion towards the town at a rapid pace, as if they dreaded to pause in what they had undertaken. On the road near Woodburne, they met a groom leading the two horses which those they were in search of had ridden at the hunt, and, enquiring of him, were told that Honora and her companion were together in the glen. All three immediately dismounted, and proceeded up the ravine in search of them. Let us now return to the party mentioned as taking their way over Slievatruie.

Among them had been Honora and O'Neill, and ere they reached the waterfall, they were accompanied by but one attendant. As they rode on, the banks became so precipitous, that, fearful of trusting their horses on the insecure footing, they were obliged to hold their course for the greater part along the exposed sunny head of the hill. The languid form of Honora, as she bent to each step of her palfrey on the rude and uneven road, betrayed her exhaustion. O'Neill cast his eyes wistfully upon the river, where it appeared glaucing between the tree tops, clear and cool below.

"Lady," said he, "if thou wouldst but trust thyself to my guidance down this bank of furze and hazel, I would place thee safe on yonder broad stone beneath the rowan-tree, where the coolness of the shadows and the breath of the running water will soon refresh thee. Meantime this groom shall lead our horses on before us to the Priory."

"In truth," replied Honora, moving her ungloved hand through the almost impalpable air as she spoke, "I would give my merlin's best crimson jesses and varvels of silver

to dip but my fingers' ends in that dimpling pool."

O'Neill leaped from his horse, and gave the reins to his attendant. "See," said he, "here is a path by which I can lead thee to its very brink; the bank is here less steep, and the trees grow more closely. Sweet lady, let me aid you down, for I also am sighing to change this fiery sky for the coolness of the shadows;" and he did sigh deeply as he assisted her to dismount, and led her, supported on his arm, down the steep pathway from stem to stem and rock to rock, till they gained at length the deep and stony channel of the river. Against the broad crag he had pointed out, the stream took a sweep, rising in an unbroken swell almost to its surface at one side, and sliding off at the other in a gurgling gush that melted and dimpled far into a gravelly pool below. Honora sank, panting, on the seat of stone, and dipped her hands over its edge till the water bubbled up round her white and polished wrists. She looked at her small fingers as they twinkled through the glaucing eddy, for she felt an even deeper glow upon her cheeks and forehead since she had descended from the sunshine into these silent and unseen depths of the glen. O'Neill stretched himself along the bank at her feet, and, laying aside his cap, layed the flashing water over his neck and brows, and they also glowed with a purpler light under its fluent crystal; he then undid the scarf by which his bonnet was slung, and for a moment sunk his face in its folds. When he raised his head, he met the dark lambent eyes of Honora bent upon him with an interest that their sudden aversion could not conceal. There was mutual embarrassment till he broke the silence now become painful.

"How pleasant," said he, "how cool and grateful this water is to my brows! The cold steel of a helmet rim were not more refreshing to my wearied temples."

"Alas! Prince," replied Honora, "canst thou here, in this peaceful and lovely glen, think of arms and battle?"

"Ah, sweet lady," said he, "the lovelier the laud the more we mourn

its loss, and long for its recovery. The lovelier the daughters of the stranger," he added, "the more we long to win them also, each with her hills and castles, and her presence like a burst of sunshine in the valley."

"Nay, nay," hastily said Honora; "thou hast been arming for some trial of poetic prowess under the discipline of thine old bard of Sleemish. If thou dost assail me with weapons so fearful, I shall fly the encounter."

"Trust me, fair Honora," said O'Neill; "I lie here thinking less of either fair speech or merry conceit of compliment, than of losses and wrongs, and the hopeless sorrow of seeing that these are wellnigh as irretrievable as those are beyond my power to redress. I would to God," he said, passionately, "that I had either never been born my father's son, or that when I did come to visit our ancient kingdoms, it had been with the weapons of war in my hands, and its sternness in my heart, that I might not have been thus unmanned by living with the stranger, till I love his daughter better than our own—better, Honora, than all my hopes of sovereignty or honour."

A deeper blush than ever covered Honora's face and neck, while she replied, as though she had understood him generally, "Shame on thee, Prince, to deprecate the love of any—We have been commanded to love even our enemies."

"And couldst thou, Honora, love an enemy of the English?" said O'Neill, fixing his blue eyes ardently upon her beautiful countenance.

"With all Christian kindness and good-will," she replied; and there was a tone of conscious expectancy in her voice, and the lawn trembled over her fluttering bosom;—"with such love that I would have them forget their wrongs, and come and live among us like brothers and sisters," she added; but ere she said so much, O'Neill had taken her hand, and told all she had anticipated.

"Honora," he said, after the first confusion of her mingling pleasure and timidity had subsided, "I have confessed my love for thee before

I have told what, alas! thou shouldst have known before I had claimed any place in thy thoughts. I am son of the O'Neill; but as he and his kindred may sanction my marriage, so and so only will I enjoy the rights of my birth. I will not conceal from thee that Loughlin Phelimy did, on the day after our first meeting, warn me that they would hesitate to sanction this; but I have other kinsmen in the west. I would be well content, for mine own part, to forego my claims to any share of sovereignty, and live an unknown chieftain under the O'Donnell, so that thy presence might atone for the absence of all others' splendour, while thy love would supply a hundredfold the loss of any kinsman's affections."

"I care not for power or splendour," said Honora; "but thou wert made for honour and dominion, and it shall not be my hand that will take the crown from thy head."

"I will back to Tyrone to-night," cried O'Neill; "and if my father yields not to my entreaties, we will fly together, Honora, to Tirconnell or to Donegal, or to my cousins in Inis Owen."

"Alas," she said, "thou knowest not whither to fly!—Come to us, Phelim—come within our Pale, and be a fellow-subject of our King!—But woe is me, I know not how long I may myself be an English subject! My mother is incensed against their laws; my uncles are suffering imprisonment, and threatened death at their hands; I know not what to say. Alas, I only know that I have now a dearer solicitude than ever!"

O'Neil' clasped her to his breast as she made the avowal, and had pressed her cheek and lips with kisses that were not avoided, when her mother and the Erenach, with Sir Robert Mandevill, appeared at a little distance, making their way along the rocks by the side of the little river's channel. The lovers rose in confusion; but Honora did not shrink from O'Neill's side as her mother approached.

"Here will be little preparation necessary," said the Erenach, and advanced before the lady to where they stood, she with downcast face, but he with eyes fiercely fixed on the intruders.

"How now, Sir Prench?" cried he; "what make you here unbidden?" But he stopped short to perceive a smile of satisfaction upon Loughlin's countenance, while Lady Gyle's, through all its mournfulness, expressed a fond pleasure.

"Dear children," said the Erenach, offering a hand to each, "we have come to make you as happy as loving hearts can desire. We have seen you plighting your troth, and have come to lead you to your bridal—if ye will, within an hour."

"Tis all good sooth he tells thee, love," said Gyle, who now stood by her astonished and incredulous daughter, while she parted the curls from her brow, and kissed her forehead; but tears were falling on Honora's face as she said so.

"Oh, not so soon, dear mother, not so soon," cried the amazed girl; but O'Neill had taken her hand, and reluctance and denial were melting in its pressure.

"Deare t Honora," he whispered, "Loughlin has full power from my father; he consents, and there is no fear. Let us be happy to-day, we know not what to-morrow may bring. Let us on to the Priory, at least," and he led her forward, while she, blushing and smiling through her tears, and still clinging to her mother, yielded herself into their hands, and ere she had ceased to weep, was placed upon her palfrey, with her bridegroom by her side, upon the way to Bely-cross. They alighted at the door of the chapel, and entered: Honora threw herself upon her mother's neck, as Gyle undid her plumed head-dress, and smoothed down her hair; Mandevill yoked the aisle impatiently, and O'Neill, grasping the Erenach by the arm, drew him aside, and "Loughlin," said he, "how is this? hast heard from Aodh Foye?"

"Clanchy will bless the marriage," replied the other, emphatically; and O'Neill returned to lead his bride to the altar.

Early next morning, fresh horses were at the gate of the Priory, and the bridal party were again mounted. "We give thee a weary beginning to thy honey-moon, Princess," said the Erenach, as they turned their horses' heads towards the road; "but thou shall have rest in Muckamore, where

none will be in danger—it were unsafe to tarry longer here."

"But this is not the nearer way to Muckamore," said Honora, for her mother and Sir Robert, who led the party, had now passed the castle, and were riding by the same path that William had taken to the fords.

"Thy lady-mother hath chosen this way, rather than the other," was the reply, and the Erenach spurred forward to join her. After an hour's ride along the western shore of the lough, passing White Abbey and Bencoolle, they took their way between the woods and the broad beach, for the tide had now ebbed far off the black and muddy banks that lie along the mouth of the Lagan. As they advanced, the ground became low and marshy, overrun with osiers and coarse sedge, and skirted towards the water with flats of still blacker sleet, among which the river lay in the reaches of a gloomy furrow, discoloured, silent, and monotonous.

"The fords should be passable now," said Mandevill; "I see the top of the low-water mark."

"They will wait for the turn of the tide," said the Erenach; "the current of the river is too strong till checked by the counter flood." By this time their path had led them to the river's edge, where the water seemed shallower, and a rude road was laid upon the soft banks at either side. O'Neill and his bride both uttered exclamations of astonishment as they drew up. Each had been so wholly engaged with the other, that till now they had paid little attention to aught else, although Honora had once expressed surprise at their going so far southward; but when they found themselves at the boundary of Down, both rode up to their conductors, and questioned whither they were going.

"We do not cross," said the Erenach, in reply to O'Neill, "we wait the arrival of friends;" while Gyle turned at her daughter's expressions of amazement, with a face so expressive of anguish, that Honora could scarce restrain a cry of alarm.

"Dear mother," she exclaimed, "thou art unwell; let us dismount, and we will spread a cloak for thee to lie down upon."

"No, no, child, we must not dismount," replied her mother, and

there was a bitterness of agony in her voice that betrayed even greater suffering than her looks; "but," she added faintly, looking towards the Erenach, "were it not well that we should ride on till they come?"

"No, lady," said he, "we must keep together. Sir Robert, I heard the sound of horses' hoofs beyond the bank. Cross over now, and fail not. Prince, look to thy bride; and thou, dear lady, keep a good heart," he added to Gyle, whose agitation was becoming momentarily greater.—"Hah," he continued, "they come!—now then for the cause of the red hand!" and spurred forward to the water's edge. As he spoke, a party of horsemen appeared upon the opposite bank, and drew down to the ford. Lady Gyle averted her eyes, and sunk her face upon Honora's breast.

"Oh, I am sick, sick at heart!" she said.

"Dear mother," cried Honora, "here is a sight will make thee well again; yonder is my brother Robert behind the Earl. Look, look how tall he has grown since Christmas!" But Gyle did not raise her head. "And there is good Sir John Logan. How Robert Fitz-Martin whispers them, and wrings their hands! See, they are coming now. Oh Phelim, my mother is fainting!" she exclaimed, as the head of the miserable lady sunk lower and lower on her bosom; but O'Neill shouted aloud, and drew his sword, for a cry of "*Lamh dearg abao!*" suddenly rose on all sides, and from the sedge and thickets there started up a dozen kerns, and rushed towards the river. "Merciful God, they are murdering the Earl!" screamed Honora, as she saw him drop from his saddle, Robert Fitz-Martin drawing his sword all bloody from his side, Robert Fitz-Richard and Sir John Logan striking at him as he fell and the Erenach and kerns engaged in deadly combat with his servants. As the cries of "Treason," and "murder," and the shouts of the assailants, mingled with the plunging of men and horses in the water, and the clashing of weapons above, rose into the undistinguishable din of battle, Lady Gyle raised her head, and sat erect with a firm brow

and compressed lips, gazing at the scene, while Honora, clinging to O'Neill, with prayers, tears, and locked embraces, held him back. His first impulse had been to strike in with his own people; then to arrest the hands of the murderers, and call off his men; but all had been the work of an instant, and he now sat indignant, but irresolute, while the attendants of the Earl, disheartened by the death of their leader, and the desertion of their captains, yielded before the aggressors, and fled in all directions. The two Sir Roberts, spattered with blood and the black soil thrown up by their horses' feet, galloped from the scene of their dishonourable victory to where Lady Gyle still continued gazing at the spot where William had fallen. Fitz-Richard embraced his mother with affectionate ardour, and turned to kiss his sister, but Honora shrunk from him and exclaimed, "Off, traitor! I touch not the hand of a murderer."

"Thou doest me wrong, Honora," cried he, "thou doest me foul wrong—I was his prisoner, not his squire; and I tell thee I had been a headless corpse ere morning, had I not struck that blow for life and liberty."

"Oh, Robert, thou hast done that which will bring down tenfold ills upon us all," she said, yielding him her hand mournfully; "but if it was for liberty you struck, brother, who that has known bondage, can blame thee.—And for what hast thou stained thy hands in this young and noble gentleman's blood?" she said to Fitz-Martin.

"To save thine uncles' lives, niece; had he lived till night, they had been dead men ere eight-and-forty hours," answered Fitz-Martin.

"And for other reasons, which thou shalt learn anon, daughter," added Gyle, smiling faintly through all her bitter suffering. As she spoke, the Erenach was seen recrossing the river above, from the pursuit. "And here comes one who, I doubt not, will satisfy even thee," she said, pointing to him; but although his horse made towards them, it was soon evident that it was not by direction of the rider, for the reins trailed with a little track of foam

through the water, and a cry arose that the Erenach was wounded.

"He holds both his hands upon his side," cried the lady; "Ah! I see the broken shaft of an arrow between his fingers! Ride down, Sir Robert, and thou, son, ride down and aid him hither." But O'Neill had already started out to his assistance, and a kern had reached him, and was supporting him on the saddle before even he arrived.

"Prince," said the wounded man as he slid heavily into their arms, "I am hurt to death; grant me thy pardon that I may die in peace."

"I forgive thee, Loughlin," said O'Neill, "I forgive thee freely, although it was unworthy our house to set upon a brave gentleman, at odds and unawares." Loughlin made no reply, but groaned and turned his face to the ground. By this time all the party had approached, and were gathering round the spot where he lay bleeding and ghastly among the discoloured rushes; he heard the rustling of their footsteps, but could not raise his head to look around.

"Is the Lady Gyle amongst you?" he enquired, in a low voice.

"I am here," she answered, "let me essay my skill to draw the ærow."

"Touch it not," he said, "else the life that is fast going will have left me ere I can ask thy forgiveness for what I have this day done."

"Thou hast not played us false, Priest?" said Fitz-Martin, sternly.

"Sir Robert, I am a dying man," replied the Erenach; "vex me not now with upbraidings. If I had lived," he said, with a moment's returning energy, "all had been well. I came hither to draw William into revolt. I saw and heard him, and despaired of success. Let no man blame me for then seeking his death. I have done that good service, and therein I am satisfied. But, lady, to engage thee and thy kindred in this adventure—and without that aid it could not have succeeded—thou well knowest what I have promised to perform."

"And if thou hast deceived us in any title," cried Mandevill, "I will burn thee on a slow fire!"

"Knight," said the dying man, "I have done thee wrong, but I have

done greater wrong to others who are now silent."

"What *hast* thou done, unhappy man?" asked Gyle: he made no answer, and seemed suffering great bodily pain; the question was repeated.

"I have deceived you," he said, with a groan of anguish, "*Claneboy knows not of our agreement.*" All stood in the consternation of sudden despair. "Had I lived," he repeated, "all would have been well; but, as it is, without one to play out the part in which I am thus stricken down, you will be but the fools of my policy, the deluded tools of my ambition." Fitz-Martin struck his brow with his gauntleted hand, and would have done violence to the apparently dead body, (for the Erenach had drawn out these words with almost the last gasps of parting breath), had he not been restrained by Fitz-Richard and O'Neill.

The eyes of Honora and her bridegroom had met, as they looked up in their first hopelessness, and they had mutually derived from that silent conference a power to bear whatever might happen; but Lady Gyle and her kinsman seemed utterly despairing. In the midst of the confusion of the rest, while some cried that the English were coming down upon them, and others urged to flight, they still sat upon their horses, or stood around the dying man. His lips moved again, and he tried to sign with his hand. Gyle, who was nearest to him, stooped, with strong abhorrence marked on her countenance, to hear his hardly distinguishable accents; but she had not listened to more than the first imperfect sentence, till her face assumed an expression of interest, and she bent her head lower and lower, till at length, holding up her hand to warn those around to silence, she knelt down by his head, and, till the limbs stiffened before her, and the death-rattle choked the last syllable, continued to catch every word he uttered with the most intense eagerness.

"Poor wretch," she said, as she rose and remounted, "he meant not to have deceived us in the end; even now, he would in some sort atone for what is done, by teaching us what to do. Dear children, forgive me

also, for I have helped, alas! ye know how unwittingly, to bring you into this trouble; but, trust me, I will not desert you now, since that is done which cannot be undone, and all must use our remaining chances for the best."

"What chances now remain?" cried Fitz Martin. "What chance have we now of land or liberty, or even of life, in Cluneboy, drawn, as they are by us, into a war and an alliance against their knowledge, and, I doubt not, against their will?"

"Ride by me, Sir Robert," replied Gyle; "and thou, Sir John Logan, hear also what I have to propose."

She rode forward with the two Knights; and Honora and O'Neill, uncertain what might be their fate, but contented in enduring it together, drew the scattered kerns around them, and, followed by a lamenting band, bearing the dead Erenach on a bier of branches, took their way after the elder leaders, along with the liberated and exulting Fitz-Richard. They directed their course over the heights of Devis and Donegor, and, as they came in sight of the distant Baun beyond, the noon-day sun shone upon their counsels still mournful and uncertain, but far from the despair of their first consternation on the confession of the Erenach.

On that evening the headquarters of the Clan Hugh Boye swarmed with retainers of the numerous chieftains of Iais Owen, Tir Connell, Oriel, and Oirthier. The O'Dougherty, O'Donnell, O'Hendon, MacMolton, and others of less note, had been invited to a solemn conference in the Castle of Aodh, the exile king of Dalradia. O'Neill's fortalice, although built for a temporary refuge, and admitting no stone into its structure, save those on which the numerous fires burned, was, nevertheless, an extensive and imposing pile. Huge trees had been felled from the surrounding forests, and sunk so deep, for the main timbers of the walls, as to defy the most violent storm that ever swept from Slieve Gallen above, down to the expanse of Lough Neagh that lay beneath. The interstices had been closely wattled and covered over all with plaster of grey loam, wrought into rude mouldings round the doorways and narrow win-

dows. The roofs on the meaner parts of the building were of straw, or rush thatch; but over the great hall all was of massive planked oak, that glistened in the sun with a thick varnish drawn from the pines around. The whole was surmounted by a watch-tower, rising full fifty feet from one end, and supporting a flag-staff, whence the red band waved out on its ground of white far above the green tops of the highest trees. In the open space that sloped away on every side to the verge of the forest, temporary huts had been erected, and some hundred kerns and galloglasses might be seen lying about their sunny sides, or busily engaged in games and feats of strength upon the field. Here and there a horn still went its round among a circle of a dozen together, shewing that the evening meal was just finished. In the court immediately before the Castle, there was a better sort of galloglasses, with some iddlemen or esquires, still busied in directing the quartering of men, and stabling of horses; while, among piles of arms and armour, two war chariots stood opposite the gates, with the gilded harness not yet removed from their poles.

Crowds of butlers were hurrying to and fro among the lower buildings, where the banquet was still going on, and bearing ale and honey-vine from the cellars to the great hall, where the chiefs themselves were assembled, each seated upon a boss of rushes covered with a cloak, before a separate table, with his butler behind him, and his sword-bearer by his side. The walls were here hung with tapestry of crimson fringe, festooned between the timbers, each of which rose like a trophy, sustaining its load of silvan and military decorations. At the upper end of the hall, upon a raised platform, stood three huge candles, formed of rushlights, bound together to the full thickness of a man's body, and nothing less than ten feet in height. Every one was supported by two butlers, whose office was to feed the pith with oil as fast as the flame consumed that in which it had been originally steeped, and to guard against danger to the wood around from a body of flame so great and high as rose from each, and filled the hall

from end to end with intense amber light. Of all the assembled chieftains, Aodh O'Neill himself was, by his yellow head, the tallest. He stood up at his table, a horn of mead in his hand, and, as he rose into the light of the torches, which the height of the platform had hitherto shaded from him, the brazen flash of his head in the sudden glare caught every eye.

"He rises like a comet in the night," whispered Callough Moyle to the MacMahon's harper at the foot of the hall.

"Like bright iron from the furnace when the sword is to be hammered that shall consume the stranger," responded the bard of the Bear's children.

"Royal and noble Princes," began the yellow King, in a voice that filled hall and passage even to the outer doors, "famous Chieftains and worthy Knights, who have this day done honour to our poor retreat here among hills which we can hardly call our own, I pledge you, one and all, and pray you, of your loving kindness, that you would now assist our councils with your wisdom and advice. You have all seen how the false Englishman, with spiteful and malicious perseverance, ceases not to make daily some farther encroachment on the little that has been left to us. But why need I speak of wrongs that all have felt from year to year? What say you, Princes of Leath Con—shall we endure this longer, or fall upon their settlements with united arms?"

This chieftain after chieftain gave his voice for peace or war, as each was more or less acquainted with the real power of the English. Various plans were proposed, and had been debated, when question arose of the extent to which English defection might be reckoned on in case of a general rising. Many families were named, and among the most considerable, the De Burghos of Galway and Mayo, who had already assumed the Irish patronymic of MacWilliam, or sons of the renowned Sir William De Burgh, a warrior of the preceding generation.

"Of these we have assurance," said O'Neill, "and of their kindred of the north I should ere now have

had intelligence, but that my messengers delay, I know not why, in Dalaraia."

"For the northern De Burgh I am here to answer," said a figure separating from the crowd at the foot of the hall.

The stranger was enveloped in a cloak, but the voice was that of a woman, and the face, when in advancing she removed the hood that had concealed her features, was that of Lady Gyle. All were mute in astonishment. Aodh advanced, took her hand with natural courtesy, led her to the upper end of the hall, and drank to her health; but it was plain that all this was half involuntary. Gyle dropped the cloak from her shoulders, passed her hand over her brow, and for a moment looked up as if seeking strength to bear the scene she had ventured into; then took the silver goblet that was handed round the gazing assembly, and said—"King Aodh, and ye, Princes and Gentlemen—I pledge the health of all with unfeigned good-will. I am here an unbidden guest; but the grand-daughter of an O'Brien need not fear, methinks, to come among the Princes of Ireland in their council. I have come, noble Aodh, to answer for our house; that as we were weary of the pride of Richard the red, so are we now ready to rebel against the tyranny of William the cruel, who has already slain and imprisoned his own kinsman, confiscated their estates, and scorned the applications of his own Peers, and of Holy Church herself, on their behalf. Princes, and I will say kinsmen, for our house has mixed blood with the nobility of Ulster, as often in happy wedlock as in honourable battle, we have, by this severance of the English tie, through the keen cruelty of our leader, become the natural friends and allies of our nearest protectors; and to whom, save to the Chiefs beyond the Pale, shall the revolted Englishman look for protection? I am here, a weak woman, to plead the cause of many, and you may well wonder that the cause of such a family should rest in hands so feeble. Alas! my Lord is long dead, my son is a tender youth, my brothers are slain or captive, my

noble kinsmen of Mandevill are themselves at feud with Claneboy. I alone am left to dare peril and hardship in our children's behalf, and I have travelled hither, Princes, to urge you to take back your own, and to admit us partners of your dangers and alliance."

She paused; a hum of approbation rose on all sides, and she continued—

"What service do you crave of us, Princes? We are fewer than we have been, but never were we yet so well disposed."

"Seize upon Cragfergus Castle," said a south-country chieftain, "while we overrun Lecaile, and so cut off their communication with Leinster."

"The castle is strongly garrisoned," she replied; "we are too few to essay it."

"Yet," said a voice in the crowd, "although the boar's lair be unspoiled, we slew the wild boar to-day in the wood."

"Ha!" cried Aodh, "the closed eyes of William were truly a gladder sight than even the open gates of his castle. I had not sought his alliance had I known, Princes, of your rising, or of thy friendship, lady—Thy kinsmen are ever by him—he is our worst enemy."

"Let me not disguise it," said Gyle, but she faltered as she spoke; "we do offer you freedom from that pest and scourge of your nation. But much as we long to prove ourselves trusty and prompt allies, we would not shed blood in the quarrel without full assurance of protection in defeat—and blame me not, Prince, that I stipulate where life and fortune are at stake—neither will we without also equal and just recompense in success."

"Ask what thou wilt," cried Aodh, "that service gains it;" but his sons Neale More, and Brian, and all the younger chieftains, murmured, and there were expressions of disgust heard among many of the elder Tanists.

"We will buy no man's blood," said Brian Ballagh.

"Let the assassin look for accomplices among the Scot," cried Neale; "we have neither Bruce nor Kirkpatrick in Tyrone."

"Be silent," cried Aodh sternly,

"I would that we had even such brave men in the place of vain and irresolute boys. I tell thee, lady, thou hast named the price of what thou listest to ask. This William is a worse than Comyn; and the man that makes him sure, shall be a better Baron than ever was Kirkpatrick. Say what thou demandest, lady." But the colour came and went upon Gyle's cheek; she covered her face with her hands, and burst into passionate weeping.

"Rash and unmannered boys," cried Aodh to his sons, "your insolent taunts shall not pass unpunished." And he took the lady's hand, and strove to soothe her with kind words and apologies; but Gyle's tears flowed faster and faster, and she sobbed aloud. Those who had reproached her, already blamed their own harshness, and the sons of O'Neill joined their father's entreaties that she would forgive them.

"Oh my Lords, my Lords," she cried, forgetting, in her agony, all forms of address and prearrangement of action, "I do not deserve these reproaches! I cannot longer bear your unworthy thoughts of me. My Lords, the Earl is already slain!"

She had no sooner made the avowal than the shame of her former apparent hypocrisy again assailed her; and amid the confusion that her intelligence had created, she again hastened impatiently to justify herself—"Oh, hear my story," she implored with uplifted hands; "judge me not till I have told what brings me to this degradation. King Aodh, I have been wrought upon by thy name; 'twas thy legate who deceived me. Let me but speak and I will tell all." She dried her tears and continued—"Thy legate sought to tamper with William; he saw that his designs were hopeless, and strove to bribe us to the attempt that has been accomplished. He offered us in thy name, for a reward, all the lands of Dufferin, with oblivion of all ill-will to my son and kinsmen of Mandevill; all the lands of northern Dalaradia, from Clough to the sea, to my imprisoned brothers, and them he engaged to set free from Norburgh within six days; and to confirm the compact, Aodh, he offered us, in thy name, the hand of thy youngest son

in honourable marriage with my only daughter."

"Villain!" cried Aodh, "I never authorized him—and thou hast been duped, lady?"

"I call God to witness," she replied, "that I spurned his bribe, rich as it was, with scorn:—but, my Lords, there came a messenger from the council with orders for my brother's death without delay, and William had to ride from Aides next morning to sign them."

Aodh's brow that had cleared up at first on her reply, fell again, and he sternly questioned, "What then, lady? Is the son of a hundred kings married to *thy* daughter?"

"My daughter," replied Gyle, *kindling* at the imputation of inferior birth, and now unchecked by the consciousness of dissimulation—"my daughter shrinks not from comparison of ancestry with even thee. Her great forefather, Charlemagne, was Emperor of nations and countries, out of which as many kingdoms of Claneboy as the King of Claneboy can boast lineal ancestors, might have been taken, without stinting a horse, in his hundred stables, of one pile of barley. Her ancestors by the side of her noble father, were barons of Normandy, whose vassals led each as many men to their standard as half the muster-roll of thy people;—and her great-grandfather was the O'Brien, at whose footstool kings of such nations as thine have knelt and done their homage."

"Thou bravest it well, lady," said Aodh, "well and boldly—but we of the Tanistry wed not our Princes thus rashly to the daughters of Saxon Knights."

"Oh, had I but a little longer concealed the truth," cried Gyle bitterly; "had I tempted thee with offers of a service to be performed, as our miserable deceiver counselled me to do with his dying breath, and as he would have done himself had he lived to finish what he began; had I bidden thee to kindle thy warning fire on Slieve Gallen, and shewn thee an answering light on every hill in Antrim, as I was prepared by him to do, and as I should have done; had I but shewn our strength, and stipulated for its exercise, I could have gained whatever I desired. But I am a weak woman, Aodh, and I could not

stand before an assembly of men, and bargain for the price of infamy. My daughter *is* the bride of thy son, but she brings thy nation a richer dower than ever did the wife of an O'Neill before. Alas, alas, Honora, thou hadst little thought of what would be thy marriage portion!"

"And Phelim, lady," said Aodh, "did my son know of thy compact?"

"He knew not," she replied, "*he* knows not even now the peril I encounter for his sake:—he and his bride await thy determination in security; if they receive not thy pardon ere morning, they will have fied far beyond thy displeasure. I only am here, a weak, widowed, outlawed woman—I and one trusty kinsman, who has shared my fortunes in peace and honour, and is willing now to share them in danger, and, if need be, in death. Stand forth, Sir Robert Fitz-Martin Mande vill, and shew this ungrateful Prince the testimony on thy sword."

Ere she had finished, Mande vill advanced into the hall, holding in his hand the sword with which he had slain the Earl—"Behold the blood of the tyrant!" he exclaimed, and struck the point of the weapon into the ground; it quivered from the stroke, and shook the red crust that had still adhered to it in flakes upon the floor. The boldness of the action, and the sight of an enemy's heart's blood scattered at their feet, joined to the spirit with which Gyle had already won the respect and pity of all, raised such a triumph of stern admiration, that the whole hall rung with acclamations, and Aodh, whether it was that he could not resist the universal voice, or that he really sympathized with it, advanced and extended a hand to each.

"Noble lady, and valiant sir," said he, when the tumult had abated, "Claneboy knows how to honour constancy and courage; and if I were forgetful of the worth of this service, I would well deserve the reproaches which thou, lady, hast not made altogether unprovoked; but forgive the anxiety of a father for his son, of a King for one of the Princes of his people. Sir Robert, this good sword has healed the quarrel it caused last summer; thou shalt have all my legate promised thee—I will make good the pledges of my name in all things."

"Oh noble Aodh," cried Gyle, "it was neither for land nor for lordship that we consented—rescue my brothers, and we care not for the woods of Dufferin."

"By the staff of Murus," cried O'Neill—and all of his name, at the great household oath, bowed—"I will have them in possession of their lands within three days, else will I raze the walls of Norburgh stone from stone. And, lady, for thy daughter, she must be worthy any Prince in Ireland, else were she not thine; I would fain see her as Phe-lin's bride: where hide they?"

"We left them in Clan Conkein," said Gyle—and her voice now faltered as much from joy, as it had done so shortly before from shame and sorrow—"they think that we are at the abbey of Coleraine, to procure them shipping for Scotland; for pardon from thee they do not hope, and had they known the peril of this adventure, they had not easily parted with me. Sir Robert will lead thy messengers to *their* concealment, but, Aodh, after I have seen thee bless our children, the abbey of Muckamore shall be *mine*."

"We will rouse them ere sunrise," cried Aodh, "and that with a joyful summons; and now, Princes of the North, who rides with me to-morrow to the rath of Donegor?"

On every side the assembled chieftains offered themselves; some drew their swords, some shouted their war cries; the bards answered from the hall, and the kerns, with their bagpipes, from the court-yard; the neighing of horses, and the rushing and trampling of troops, filled the whole space from forest to forest, and all was the tumult of preparation thenceforth till midnight.

The watchfires on the Antrim hills, in answer to the flame upon Slieve

Gallen, were still burning red in the obscure dawn, when there arose a sound of rattling arms and trampled thickets among the deepest of the western forests of the Bann, and presently from among the displaced boughs of the underwood, there thronged a dark multitude of horse and footmen, and poured down like another river on the fords. The sun had risen, and the fires were undistinguishable in the broad light of day, but the living stream still swept from bank to bank of the choked and swollen river, for its waters rose against the dense array of kerns and galloglasses as against a builded mound, and split by their limbs into a thousand currents, gushes, and eddies, with the noise and tumult of a rapid. In a chariot surrounded by spears, and almost overcanopied by waving banners, habited in the robes of an Irish Princess, crowned and unveiled between her mother and husband, sat Honora, while Aodh Boye and his other sons riding by the chariot side, gazed with unconcealed admiration on their lovely kinswoman—lovely through all the sufferings of watching and fatigue. Along with them rode Fitz-Martin, Fitz-Richard, and Sir John Logan, for all the English concerned in William's death had fled together to Clan Conkein, and all had been received into the favour and protection of O'Neill.

It was long till the Bann resumed its quiet flow after that passage; when the nation of O'Neill had crossed, the wilder outlaws of the west followed; tribe after tribe swept back upon the astonished and defenceless English; and although a speedy retribution overtook the murderers of the Earl, Antrim did not, for full four hundred years, recover from the *Return of Clunchboy*.

RETRIBUTION.

A MAY-MORNING ON Ulswater and the banks of Ulswater—commingled earth and heaven. Spring is many-coloured as Autumn; but Joy, instead of Melancholy, scatters the hues daily brightening into greener life, instead of daily dimming into yellow death. The fear of Winter then—but now the hope of Summer; and Nature rings with hymns hailing the visible advent of the perfect year. If for a moment the woods are silent, it is but to burst forth anew into louder song. The rain is over and gone—but the showery sky speaks in the streams on a hundred hills; and the wide mountain-gloom opens its heart to the sunshine that on many a dripping precipice burns like fire. Nothing seems inanimate. The very clouds and their shadows look alive—the trees, never dead, are wide-awakened from their sleep—families of flowers are frequenting all the dewy places—old walls are splendid with the light of lichens—and birch-crowned cliffs up among the coes send down their fine fragrance to the Lake on every bolder breath that whitens with breaking wavelets the blue of its breezy bosom. Nor mute the voice of man. The shepherd is whooping on the hill—the ploughman speaking to his team somewhere among the furrows in some small late field, won from the woods; and you hear the laughter and the echoes of the laughter—one sound—of children busied in half-work-half-play—for what else in vernal sunshine is the occupation of young rustic life? 'Tis no Arcadia—no golden age. But a lovelier scene—in the midst of all its grandeur—is not in merry and majestic England—nor did the hills of this earth ever circumscribe a pleasanter dwelling for a nobler peasantry, than those Cumbrian ranges of rocks and pastures, where the raven croaks in his own region, unregarded in theirs by the fleecy flocks. How beautiful the Church Tower!

On a knoll not far from the shore, and not high above the water, yet by an especial felicity of place gently commanding all that reach of the

Lake with all its ranges of mountains—every single tree—every grove—and all the woods seeming to shew or to conceal the scene at the bidding of the Spirit of Beauty—reclined two Figures—the one almost rustic, but venerable in the simplicity of old age—the other no longer young—but still in the prime of life—and though plainly apparelled—in form and bearing such as are pointed out in cities, because belonging to distinguished men. The old man behaved towards him with deference but not humility; and between them too—in many things unlike—it was clear—even from their silence—that there was friendship.

A little way off, and sometimes almost running, now up and now down the slopes and hollows, was a girl about eight years old—whether beautiful or not you could not know, for her face was either half-hidden in golden hair, or when she tossed the tresses from her brow, it was so bright in the sunshine that you saw no features, only a gleam of joy. Now she was chasing the butterflies, not to hurt them, but to get a nearer sight of their beautiful gauze wings—the first that had come—she wondered whence—to waver and wanton for a little while in the spring-sunshine, and then, she felt, as wondrously, one and all—as by consent—to vanish. And now she stooped as if to pull some little wild-flower, her hand for a moment withheld by a loving sense of its loveliness, but ever and anon adding some new colour to the blended bloom intended to gladden her father's eyes—though the happy child knew full well, and sometimes wept to know, that she herself had his entire heart. Yet gliding or tripping, or dancing along, she touched not with fairy foot one white clover-flower on which she saw working the silent bee. Her father looked too often sad, and she feared—though what it was, she imagined not even in dreams—that some great misery must have befallen him before they came to live in the glen. And such, too, she had heard from a chance whisper, was the belief of

their neighbours. But momentary the shadows on the light of childhood! Nor was she insensible to her own beauty, that with the innocence it shrouded combined to make her happy; and first met her own eyes every morning, when most beautiful, awakening from the hushed awe of her prayers. She was clad in russet, like a cottager's child; but her air spoke sweetly of finer breeding than may be met with among those mountains—though natural grace accompanies there many a maiden going with her pinner to the well—and gentle blood and old flows there in the veins of now humble men—who, but for the decay of families once high, might have lived in halls, now dilapidated, and scarcely distinguished through masses of ivy from the circumjacent rocks!

The child stole close behind her father, and kissing his cheek, said, "Were there ever such lovely flowers seen on Ulswater before, father? I do not believe that they will ever die." And she put them in his breast. Not a smile came to his countenance—no look of love—no faint recognition—no gratitude for the gift which at other times might haply have drawn a tear. She stood abashed in the sternness of his eyes, which, though fixed on her, seemed to see her not—and feeling that her glee was mistimed—for with such gloom she was not unfamiliar—the child felt as if her own happiness had been sin, and retiring into a glade among the broom, sat down and wept.

"Poor wretch, better far that she never had been born!"

The old man looked on his friend with compassion, but with no surprise; and only said, "God will dry up her tears."

These few simple words, uttered in a solemn voice, but without one tone of reproach, seemed somewhat to calm the other's trouble, who first looking towards the spot where his child was sobbing to herself, though he heard it not, and then looking up to heaven, ejaculated, for her sake, a broken prayer. He then would have fain called her to him, in a gush of love; but he was ashamed that even she should see him in such a passion of grief—and the old man went to her of his own accord, and bade her,

as from her father, again to take her pastime among the flowers. Soon was she dancing in her happiness as before; and, that her father might hear she was obeying him, singing a song.

"For five years every Sabbath have I attended divine service in your chapel—yet dare I not call myself a Christian. I have prayed for faith—nor, wretch that I am, am I an unbeliever. But I fear to fling myself at the foot of the cross. God be merciful to me a sinner!"

The old man opened not his lips; for he felt that there was about to be made some confession. Yet he doubted not that the sufferer had been more sinned against than sinning; for the goodness of the stranger—so called still after five years' residence among the mountains—was known in many a vale—and the Pastor knew that charity covereth a multitude of sins—and even as a moral virtue prepares the heart for heaven. So sacred a thing is solace in this woful world.

"We have walked together, many hundred times, for great part of a day, by ourselves two, over long tracts of uninhabited moors, and yet never once from my lips escaped one word about my fates or fortunes—so frozen was the secret in my heart. Often have I heard the sound of your voice, as if it were that of the idle wind; and often the words I did hear seemed, in the confusion; to have no relation to us, and to be strange syllablings in the wilderness, as from the hauntings of some evil spirit instigating me to self-destruction."

"I saw that your life was oppressed by some perpetual burden; but God darkened not your mind while your heart was disturbed so grievously; and well pleased were we all to think, that in caring so kindly for the griefs of others, you might come at last to forget your own, or, if that were impossible, to feel, that with the alleviations of time, and sympathy, and religion, yours was no more than the common lot of sorrow."

They rose—and continued to walk in silence—but not apart—up and down that small silvan enclosure overlooked but by rocks. The child saw her father's distraction—no un-

usual sight to her—yet on each recurrence as mournful and full of fear as if seen for the first time—and pretended to be playing aloof with her face pale in tears.

“That child’s mother is not dead. Where she is now I know not—perhaps in a foreign country hiding her guilt and her shame. All say that a lovelier child was never seen than that wretch—God bless her—how beautiful is the poor creature now in her happiness singing over her flowers! Just such another must her mother have been at her age—she who is now an outcast—and an adulteress.”

The pastor turned away his face, for in the silence he heard groans, and the hollow voice again spoke:—

“Through many dismal days and nights have I striven to forgive her, but never for many hours together have I been enabled to repent my curse. For on my knees I implored God to curse her—her head—her eyes—her breast—her body—mind, heart, and soul—and that she might go down a loathsome leper to the grave.”

“Remember what He said to the woman,—‘Go and sin no more!’”

“The words have haunted me all up and down the hills—his words and mine—but mine have always sounded liker justice at last—for my nature was created human—and human are all the passions that pronounced that holy or unholy curse!”

“Yet you would not curse her now—were she lying here at your feet—or if you were standing by her death-bed?”

“Lying here at my feet! Even here—on that very spot—not blasted, but green through all the year—within the shelter of those two rocks—she did lie at my feet in her beauty—and as I thought her innocence—my own happy bride! Hither I brought her to be blest—and blest I was even up to the measure of my misery. This world is hell to me now—but then it was heaven!”

“These awful names are of the mysteries beyond the grave.”

“Hear me and judge. She was an orphan; all her father’s and mother’s relations were dead, but a few who were very poor. I married her, and secured her life against this heartless and wicked world. That child was born—and while it grew

like a flower—she left it—and its father—me who loved her beyond light and life, and would have given up both for her sake.”

“And have not yet found heart to forgive her—miserable as she needs must be—seeing she has been a great sinner?”

“Who forgives? The father his profligate son, or disobedient daughter? No; he disinherits his first-born, and suffers him to perish, perhaps by an ignominious death. He leaves his only daughter to drag out her days in penury—a widow with orphans. The world condemns, but is silent; he goes to church every Sabbath, but no preacher denounces punishment on the unrelenting, the unforgiving parent. Yet how easily might he have taken them both back to his heart, and loved them better than ever! But she poisoned my cup of life when it seemed to overflow with heaven. Had God dashed it from my lips, I could have borne my doom. But with her own hand which I had clasped at the altar—and with our Lucy at her knees—she gave me that loathsome draught of shame and sorrow;—I drank it to the dregs—and it is burning all through my being—now—as if it had been hell-fire from the hands of a fiend in the shape of an angel. In what page of the New Testament am I told to forgive her? Let me see the verse—and then shall I know that Christianity is an imposture; for the voice of God within me—the conscience which is his still small voice—commands me never from my memory to obliterate that curse—never to forgive her, and her wickedness—not even if we should see each other’s shadows in a future state, after the day of judgment.”

His countenance grew ghastly,—and staggering to a stone, he sat down and eyed the skies with a vacant stare, like a man whom dreams carry about in his sleep. His face was like ashes—and he gasped like one about to fall into a fit. “Bring me water,”—and the old man motioned on the child, who, giving ear to him for a moment, flew away to the Lake-side with an urn she had brought with her for flowers; and held it to her father’s lips. His eyes saw it not;—there was her sweet pale face all wet with tears—almost

touching his own—her innocent mouth breathing that pure balm that seems to a father's soul to be inhaled from the sinless spirit of love. He took her into his bosom—and kissed her dewy eyes—and begged her to cease her sobbing—to smile—to laugh—to sing—to dance away into the sunshine—to be happy—and Lucy afraid, not of her father, but of his kindness—for the simple creature was not able to understand his wild utterance of blessings—returned to the glade but not to her pastime, and couching like a fawn among the fern, kept her eyes on her father, and left her flowers to fade unheeded beside her empty urn.

“Unintelligible mystery of wickedness! That child was just three years old the very day it was forsaken—she abandoned it and me on its birth-day! Twice had that day been observed by us—as the sweetest—the most sacred of holidays—and now that it had again come round—but I not present—for I was on foreign service—thus did she observe it—and disappeared with her paramour. It so happened that we went that day into action—and I committed her and our child to the mercy of God in fervent prayers—for love made me religious—and for their sakes I feared though I shunned not death. I lay all night among the wounded on the field of battle—and it was a severe frost. Pain kept me from sleep, but I saw them as distinctly as in a dream—the mother lying with her child in her bosom in our own bed. Was not that vision mockery enough to drive me mad? After a few weeks a letter came to me from herself—and I kissed it and pressed it to my heart—for no black seal was there—and I knew that our Lucy was alive. No meaning for a while seemed to be in the words—and then they began to blacken into ghastly characters—till at last I gathered from the horrid revelation that she was sunk in sin and shame, steeped in the utmost pollution of unimaginable guilt.

“A friend was with me—and I gave it to him to read—for in my anguish at first I felt no shame—and I watched his face as he read it, that I might see corroboration of the incredible truth, which continued to look like falsehood, even while it pierced my heart

with agonizing pangs. ‘It may be a forgery,’ was all he could utter—after long agitation; but the shape of each letter was too familiar to my eyes—the way in which the paper was folded—and I knew my doom was sealed. Hours must have passed, for the room grew dark—and I asked him to leave me for the night. He kissed my forehead—for we had been as brothers. I saw him next morning—dead—cut nearly in two—yet—had he left a paper for me, written an hour before he fell, so filled with holiest friendship, that oh! how, even in my agony, I wept for him, now but a lump of cold clay and blood, and envied him at the same time a soldier's grave!

“And has the time indeed come that I can thus speak calmly of all that horror! The body was brought into my room, and it lay in its shroud—such as that was—all day and all night close to my bed. But false was I to all our life-long friendship—and almost with indifference I looked upon the corpse. Momentary starts of affection seized me—but I cared little or nothing for the death of him, the tender and the true, the gentle and the brave, the pious and the noble-hearted; for her, the cruel and the faithless, dead to honour, to religion dead—dead to all the sanctities of nature—for her, and for her alone, I suffered all ghastliest agonies—nor any comfort came to me in my despair, from the conviction that she was worthless—for desperately wicked as she had shewn herself to be—oh! crowding came upon my heart all our hours of happiness—all her sweet smiles—all her loving looks—all her affectionate words—all her conjugal and maternal tendernesses—and the loss of all that bliss—the change of it all into strange, sudden, shameful, and everlasting misery, smote me till I swooned, and was delivered up to dreams in which the rueful reality was mixed up with phantasms more horrible than man's mind can suffer out of the hell of sleep!

“Wretched coward that I was to outlive that night! But my mind was weak from great loss of blood—and the blow so stunned me that I had not strength of resolution to die. I might have torn off the bandages—for nobody watched

me—and my wounds were thought mortal. But the love of life had not welled out with all those vital streams; and as I began to recover, another passion took possession of me—and I vowed that there should be atonement and revenge. I was not obscure. My dishonour was known through the whole army. Not a tent—not a hut—in which my name was not bandied about—a jest in the mouths of profligate poltroons—pronounced with pity by the compassionate brave. I had commanded my men with pride. No need had I ever had to be ashamed when I looked on our colours, but no wretch led out to execution for desertion or cowardice ever shrunk from the sun, and from the sight of human faces arrayed around him, with more shame and horror than did I when, on my way to a transport, I came suddenly on my own corps, marching to music as if they were taking up a position in the line of battle—as they had often done with me at their head—all sternly silent before an approaching storm of fire. What brought them there? To do me honour! Me, smeared with infamy—and ashamed to lift my eyes from the mire. Honour had been the idol I worshipped—alas! too too passionately far—and now I lay in my litter like a slave sold to stripes—and heard—as if a legion of demons were mocking me—loud and long huzzas; and then a confused murmur of blessings on our noble commander, so they called me—me, despicable in my own esteem—scorned—insulted—forsaken—me, who could not bind to mine the bosom that for years had touched it—a wretch so poor in power over a woman's heart, that no sooner had I left her to her own thoughts than she felt that she had never loved me, and opening her fair breast to a newborn bliss, sacrificed me without remorse—nor could bear to think of me any more as her husband—not even for sake of that child whom I knew she loved—for no hypocrite was she there—and oh! lost creature though she was—even now I wonder over that unaccountable desertion—and much she must have suffered from the image of that small bed beside which she used to sit for hours perfectly happy from the sight of that

face which I too so often blessed in her hearing, because it was so like her own! Where is my child? Have I frightened her away into the wood by my unfatherly looks? She too will come to hate me—oh! see yonder her face and her figure like a fairy's, gliding through among the broom! Sorrow has no business with her—nor she with sorrow. Yet—even her how often have I made weep! All the unhappiness she has ever known—has all come from me; and would I but let her alone to herself in her affectionate innocence—the smile that always lies on her face when she is asleep would remain there—only brighter—all the time her eyes are awake; but I dash it away by my unhallowed harshness, and people looking on her in her trouble, wonder to think how sad can be the countenance even of a little child! O God of mercy! what if she were to die!”

“She will not die—she will live,” said the pitying pastor—“and many happy years—my son—and yet in store even for you—sovereignly as you have been tried—for it is not in nature that your wretchedness can endure for ever. She is in herself all-sufficient for a father's happiness. You prayed just now that the God of Mercy would spare her life—and has he not spared it? Tender flower as she seems, yet how full of life? Let not then your gratitude to Heaven be barren in your heart—but let it produce there resignation,—if need be, contrition,—and, above all, forgiveness.”

“Yes! I had a hope to live for—mangled as I was in body, and racked in mind—a hope that was a faith—and bitter-sweet it was in imagined foretaste of fruition—the hope and the faith of revenge. I knew that he would not aim at my life. But what was that to me who thirsted for his blood? Was he to escape death because he dared not wound bone, or flesh, or muscle of mine, seeing that the assassin had already stabbed my soul? Satisfaction! I tell you that I was for revenge. Not that his blood could wipe out the stain with which my name was imbrued, but let it be mixed with the mould, and he who invaded my marriage-bed—and hallowed was it by every generous pas-

sion that ever breathed upon woman's breast—let him fall down in convulsions, and vomit out his heart's blood, at once in expiation of his guilt, and in retribution dealt out to him by the hand of him whom he had degraded in the eyes of the whole world beneath the condition even of a felon, and delivered over in my misery to contempt and scorn. I found him out;—there he was before me—in all that beauty by women so beloved—graceful as Apollo—and with a haughty air, as if proud of an achievement that adorned his name, he saluted me—*her husband*—on the field,—and let the wind play with his raven tresses—his curled love-locks—and then presented himself to my aim in an attitude a statuary would have admired. I shot him through the heart.”

The good old man heard the dreadful words with a shudder—yet they had come to his ears not unexpectedly, for the speaker's aspect had gradually been growing black with wrath, long before he ended in an avowal of murder. Nor, on ceasing his wild words and distracted demeanour, did it seem that his heart was touched with any remorse. His eyes retained their savage glare—his teeth were clenched—and he feasted on his crime.

“Nothing but a full faith in Divine Revelation,” solemnly said his aged friend, “can subdue the evil passions of our nature, or enable conscience itself to see and repent of sin. Your wrongs were indeed great—but without a change wrought in all your spirit, alas! my son! you cannot hope to see the kingdom of heaven.”

“Who dares to condemn the deed? He deserved death—and whence was doom to come but from me the Avenger? I took his life—but once I saved it. I bore him from the battlements of a fort stormed in vain—after we had all been blown up by the springing of a mine; and from bayonets that had drunk my blood as well as his—and his widowed mother blessed me as the saviour of her son. I told my wife to receive him as a brother—and for my sake to feel towards him a sister's love. Who shall speak of temptation—or frailty—or infatuation to me? Let the fools hold their peace. His

wounds became dearer to her abandoned heart than mine had ever been, yet had her cheek lain many a night on the scars that seamed this breast—for I was not backward in battle, and our place was in the van. I was no coward, that she who loved heroism in him should have dishonoured her husband. True, he was younger by some years than me—and God had given him pernicious beauty—and she was young—too—oh! the brightest of all mortal creatures the day she became my bride—nor less bright with that baby at her bosom—a matron in girlhood's resplendent spring! Is youth a plea for wickedness? And was I old? I, who in spite of all I have suffered, feel the vital blood yet boiling as to a furnace—but cut off for ever by her crime from fame and glory—and from a soldier in his proud career covered with honour in the eyes of all my countrymen, changed in an hour into an outlawed and nameless slave! My name has been borne by a race of heroes—the blood in my veins has flowed down a long line of illustrious ancestors—and here am I now—a hidden disguised hypocrite—dwelling among peasants—and afraid—aye, afraid, because ashamed, to lift my eyes freely from the ground even among the solitudes of the mountains, lest some wandering stranger should recognise me, and see the brand of ignominy her hand and his—accursed both—burnt in upon my brow. She forsook this bosom—but tell me if it was in disgust with these my scars?”

And as he bared it, distractedly, that noble chest was seen indeed disfigured with many a gash—on which a wife might well have rested her head with gratitude not less devout because of a lofty pride mingling with life-deep affection. But the burst of passion was gone by—and, covering his face with his hands, he wept like a child.

“Oh! cruel—cruel was her conduct to me—yet what has mine been to her—for so many years! I could not tear her image from my memory—not an hour has it ceased to haunt me—since I came among these mountains, her ghost is forever at my side. I have striven to drive it away with curses, but still there is the phantom. Sometimes—beautiful

as on our marriage day—all in purest white,—adorned with flowers—it wreathes its arms around my neck—and offers its mouth to my kisses—and then all at once is changed into a leering wretch, retaining a likeness of my bride—then into a corpse. And perhaps she is dead—dead of cold and hunger—she whom I cherished in all luxury—whose delicate frame seemed to bring round itself all the purest air and sweetest sunshine—she may have expired in the very mire—and her body been huddled into some hole called a pauper's grave. And I have suffered all this to happen her! Or have I suffered her to become one of the miserable multitude who support hated and hateful life by prostitution? Black was her crime—yet hardly did she deserve to be one of that howling crew—she whose voice was once so sweet, her eyes so pure—and her soul so innocent—for up to the hour I parted with her weeping, no evil thought had ever been hers—then why, ye eternal Heavens! why fell she from that sphere where she shone like a star? Let that mystery that shrouds my mind in darkness be lightened—let me see into its heart—and know but the meaning of her guilt—and then may I be able to forgive it; but for five years, day and night, it has troubled and confounded me—and from blind and baffled wrath, with an iniquity that remains like a pitch-black night through which I cannot grope my way, no refuge can I find—and nothing is left me but to tear my hair out by handfuls—as, like a madman, I have done—to curse her by name in the solitary glooms, and to call down upon her the curse of God. O wicked—most wicked! Yet He who judges the hearts of his creatures, knows that I have a thousand and a thousand times forgiven her, but that a chasm lay between us, from which, the moment that I came to its brink, a voice drove me back—I know not whether of a good or evil spirit—and bade me leave her to her fate. But she must be dead—and needs not now my tears. O friend! judge me not too sternly—from this my confession; for all my wild words have imperfectly expressed to you

but parts of my miserable being—and if I could lay it all before you, you would pity me perhaps as much as condemn—for my worst passions only have now found utterance—all my better feelings will not return nor abide for words—even I myself have forgotten them; but your pitying face seems to say, that they will be remembered at the Throne of Mercy. I forgive her.” And with these words he fell down on his knees, and prayed too for pardon on his own sins. The old man encouraged him not to despair—it needed but a motion of his hand to bring the child from her couch in the cover, and Lucy was folded to her father's heart. The forgiveness was felt to be holy in that embrace.

The day had brightened up into more perfect beauty—and showers were sporting with sunshine on the blue air of Spring. The sky shewed something like a rainbow—and the Lake, in some parts quite still, and in some breezy, contained at once shadowy fragments of wood, and rock, and waves that would have murmured round the prow of pleasure-boat suddenly hoisting a sail. And such a very boat appeared round a promontory that stretched no great way into the water, and formed with a crescent of low meadow-land a bay that was the first to feel the wind coming down Glen-coin. The boatman was rowing heedlessly along, when a sudden squall struck the sail, and in an instant the skiff was upset and went down. No shrieks were heard—and the boatman swam ashore—but a figure was seen struggling where the sail disappeared—and starting from his knees, he who knew not fear, plunged into the Lake, and after desperate exertions brought the drowned creature to the side—a female meanly attired—seemingly a stranger—and so attenuated that it was plain she must have been in a dying state, and had she not thus perished, would have had but few days to live. The hair was grey—but the face though withered was not old—and as she lay on the greensward, the features were beautiful as well as calm in the sunshine.

He stood over her awhile—as if

struck motionless—and then kneeling beside the body, kissed its lips and eyes—and said only “It is Lucy!”

The old man was close by—and so was that child. They too knelt—and the passion of the mourner held him dumb, with his face close to the face of death—ghastly its glare beside the sleep that knows no waking, and is forsaken by all dreams. He opened the bosom—wasted to the bone—in the idle thought that she might yet breathe—and a paper dropt out into his hand, which he read aloud to himself—unconscious that any one was near. “I am fast dying—and desire to die at your feet. Perhaps you will spurn me—it is right you should—but you will see how sorrow has killed the wicked wretch who was once your wife. I have lived in humble servitude for five years—and have suffered great hardships. I think I am a penitent—and have been told by religious persons that I may hope for pardon from Heaven. Oh! that you would forgive me too! and let me have one look at our Lucy. I will linger about the Field of Flowers—perhaps you will come there and see me lie down and die on the very spot where we passed a summer day the week of our marriage.”

“Not thus could I have kissed thy lips—Lucy—had they been red with life. White are they—and white must they long have been! No pollution on them—nor on that poor bosom now! Contrite tears had long since washed out thy sin! A feeble hand traced these lines—and in them a humble heart said nothing but God’s truth. Child—behold your

mother. Art thou afraid to touch the dead?”

“No—father—I am not afraid to kiss her lips—as you did now.— Sometimes, when you thought me asleep, I have heard you praying for my mother.”

“Oh! child! cease—cease—or my heart will burst.”

People began to gather about the body—but awe kept them aloof; and as for removing it to a house, none who saw it but knew such care would have been vain, for doubt there could be none that there lay death. So the groups remained for a while at a distance—even the old pastor went a good many paces apart; and under the shadow of that tree the father and child composed her limbs and closed her eyes, and continued to sit beside her, as still as if they had been watching over one asleep.

That death was seen by all to be a strange calamity to him who had lived long among them—had adopted many of their customs—and was even as one of themselves—so it seemed—in the familiar intercourse of man with man. Some dim notion that this was the dead body of his wife was entertained by many, they knew not why; and their clergyman felt that then there needed to be neither concealment nor avowal of the truth. So in solemn sympathy they approached the body and its watchers; a bier had been prepared; and walking at the head, as if it had been a funeral, the Father of little Lucy, holding her hand, silently directed the procession towards his own house—out of the FIELD OF FLOWERS.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

No. V.

WE have past a disturbed and disturbing day in the noise of the worky world: and yet were we discharging duties, and therefore not unhappy in the tumult tossing like a sea. In our own barky we stood at the helm, like Palinurus or Tom Cringle; and how she bored the wind's eye with her bowsprit, like Ulysses blinding the Cyclops! But the wind fell with the sunset, and we dropped anchor in the Bay of Peace, lying in everlasting lull, almost in the very heart of the solitary Isle of Palms.

How figurative! People will be calling us poetical; and to tell truth, we are on friendly terms with Apollo as well as Neptune. But we are not afloat now—we are in a brown shore-study—and feel that a house is not a ship. A Four-storied how different from a Four-decker! It has no crew. Only ourselves, Peter, and our housekeeper—in place of “twice four hundred men.” But hush! sigh! An open port-hole. Only look at the waves of the carpet! Why—there is beginning to be rather too much swell—and we shall be getting sick. How they dash against the walls, like surf on a rocky lee-shore! Shushie, sleepless on watch, has shut the wind's window; all instantly is loun; and out from his chink in the chimney nook, issues Mus, and sitting like a squirrel, with paws at his mouth, pretending to be nibbling, receives with a smile the crumbs from his master's table. No importunate pauper he—yet penury will beg in spite of pride, and a Christian will fear to deny, thinking on those poor fishermen!

Here we sit wifeless; yet we can marry ourselves to the loveliest lady in the land. We have been married for twenty years! Our family are Flowers. Aye, sing away our soul to heaven, our own sweet Saint Cecilia; delicate thy harp-touch, our own Dora, the gloom-gladdener; and as for thee, our Agatha, thy laughter, like suppressed sunshine, how beautiful when break-

ing out at last beneath that dark cloud of hair!

Lord of the impassioned soul, Imagination! 'tis thus we draw from thy golden urn the lustre of delight and love to colour life, else how wan! The lustre fades; but the spirit it visited still keeps green, like a spring-touched meadow that smiles in the absence of the gracious sun, nor doubts that in sparkling showers he will soon return.

The house is disenchanted of wife, sons, and daughters—and Peter and Shushie having left it—to take tea with a friend—here are we—all by ourselves—poor fellows—single Christopher North! No companion but our Double on the wall. And is *he* a true picture of *Us*? Is *that* the shadow of *this* substance? Why, he has horns on his head like Moses, and a mouth like a Mammoth. Let us rise against him—aye 'tis indeed our Eidolon—the shade of the dream of a dream! Gone like death.

Commend us to candles—four in the pound. Gas, they say, is cheaper; but we are not old Elwes. We scorn the miser's argument. Gas, they say, is lovelier; but all light is lovely, and like a Shetlander, we admire Wick. Gas, they farther say, is magnificent; but what have we to do with magnificence in this our humble tenement? Our parlour is not Pandemonium, nor, let the wicked world say what it will, is Christopher Old Nick. Yet is he one of the Sons of the Morning—and of the Evening; and you may call him either Lucifer or Hesperus. Here are we, with a candle in each hand, hunting our shadow round the room—and through the key-hole this inoment has it vanished like a ghost.

'Tis pleasant, verily, to take up your taper's green coil, and having borrowed from the charitable clear-coal-fire, or drawn upon him at sight a peritwinkle of cheerfulness, so to apply the lithe illumination, that on a sudden rises first one and then another living star! We love an ever-varying, unequal, yet no uncertain light. It grows so gradually dim,

that you forget, perhaps, you are not reading or writing or musing in the twilight, and look up to see what change has been wrought among the sunset clouds. There you observe two candles—or it may be, only one; with wick or wicks as long as your forefinger, hanging their heads as if about pensively to expire. You snuff him, and he is Jupiter—you snuff her; and she is Venus. And by the planetary light you compose a poem.

By the planetary light are we again admiring the beauties of the Greek Anthology. How more than easy to write—how impossible not to write No. V. for *Maga*, about all those Attic Flowers! How difficult to avoid a Supplement to the Appendix! For here are “the repeated strains” of *Sappho* and *Simonides*; and one young man succeeds another singing the famous *Sword-Song*. *Danaë* is indeed delightful; but she must sing her lullaby to *Perseus* in their ark, for another month or two drifting on the stormy seas. Then shall we welcome them both to shore; meanwhile leaving them in the hands of *Jove*. The car of *Venus*, too, must, for a moon, be invisible in clouds; and a veil hung before the shrine of *Pallas*. But the clouds will dispart, and the veil be withdrawn, and then the Flight of *Doves*, and the myrtle-wreathed Vengeance of the Deliverers.

One table—our circular—covered with editions of the Anthology—another table—our oblong—with letters thereanent, from choice spirits—bright boys at school, bright men at college, time-honoured dignitaries among the scholars of England. These Articles—this Series—which have given such general delight—are not—Heaven bless ye—written by Us. They are composed by themselves—and to them we may apply a charming new version by Mr Trevor, of an epigram, of which we have ere now given several charming versions,

Ah! beautiful flux of the bee,
Thou dwelling self-built in the air!
Ah! cells of wax how plastic ye,
Whose walls your own glad tenants rear.

A blessing without price to man—
That needs no sickle, bill, nor hoe;

The gracious things but ask a pan,
Wherein their plenteous sweets may flow.

Oh! blessings on you, busy bees!
That aye ethereal nectar pour;
On light wings roam, and roaming seize
Your dewy food from every flower.

Might we not liken ourselves to *Aristæus*? We have several exquisite versions, by the by, of that exquisite passage; and wonder when we may be able to approach *Virgil's Georgics*. We lift up our silver cymbals, and making them meet in molten music, a bee-swarm settles on a golden bough, pendent almost to the mossy greensward. All we have then to do is to hive the emigrants into a new bower—empty on Monday—by Sunday full of “honey in the honey-comb.”

Look into that glass window and you see them at work. There—that is a cunning contrivance of ours for cutting off a pale-yellow slice—without hurting a wing; is it not sweet, without being too luscious? Rich as it is, can any liquid be purer? Not even dew.

Δούκει μὲν ἡ Σελήνη
καὶ πλειάδεις, μισοῖ δὲ
νοκτεῖς, πύρα δ' ἐσθ' ἔστ' ὀζῶ.
Ἐγὼ δὲ μὴ καὶ λῶθω.

The moon has set, and o'er the seas
Throw their last glance the *Pleiades*;
The weary night is waning fast,
The promised hour is come, and past—
Yet sleepless and alone I lie,
Alone—Ah! false one, tell me why!

Has not *Sappho* met there with a *Minnesinger* after her own heart!

But we bid Bees begone, and welcome a loftier image. We are *Choragus*, and marshal dance and music. Sometimes we lead the peaceful pomp; but oftener, standing aloof, we make our signals, and instantly arises solo or choral strain.

“And now 'tis like all instruments,
Now like a lonely lute;
And now 'tis like an angel's song,
That bids the heavens be mute.”

Or may we not call ourselves a *Magician*—a *Necromancer*? We wave our hand and the dead appear. That doubtful glimmer of human form—what—who is it but

the melancholy phantom of Mimnermus—graceful even in the shadowy decay of old age, revisiting the glimpses of the moon, ghostlike, and

on his lips one of his own earth-born laments, complaining of the ills of life, all vanished now, and dreamt of with vain regrets in Hades!

C. C. C.

Oh! what is life, and what is joy, without the wealth of love?
 May I have yielded up my breath, when these no longer move,
 The lurking fondness, all so shy, sweet gifts, and dear embrace—
 How soon the flowers of youth are snatch'd from man and woman's race!
 And when old age with all its pains has come upon our frame,
 Old age, that makes the ugly and beautiful the same,
 What evil cares come round the heart, and wear it all away!
 'Tis no delight to look upon the brightest sunny day—
 The little children hate us then, and women but despise,
 So sad a thing the Gods have set old age before our eyes.

We have a way of sounding in soliloquy lines we love, like the sea, in tide-flow, making music to himself on solitary shores. The mouse has got accustomed to it, and keeps eating away at small bits of cheese, as if there were nothing else in the wide world worth attending to, while

we are *poluflosboioi-thalassying* it to the inspirations of Simonides or Mimnermus. Here is that latter bard again—and our friend, the Reverend Charles Hoyle, author of the *Exodiad*, has made him speak as good English as he ever did Greek.

Like blossoms which the sun's creative ray
 And florid Spring have foster'd into day,
 Our May of Youth, a stranger yet to pain,
 And new to pleasure, wantons o'er the plain,
 While the dark *Parcæ* watch our every breath,
 And weave the fatal web of age and death.
 A gay, but transitory course we run
 Of youth, departing with the summer sun:
 This past, the season comes of care and strife,
 When death is better than the drags of life.
 Sorrow, in various forms, on all descends,
 Disaster, poverty, or loss of friends:
 One with protracted hope and vain desires
 For children longs, and as he longs expires;
 Another groans in sickness; sufferers all,
 Condemned alike, to drink the cup of gall.

Old Simonides—old Mimnermus—old Theognis—old Solon—old Anacreon—old Sophocles—old Pindar—old Hesiod—old Homer—and old Methuselah! What mean we by the word *old*? All these men are old in three lights—they lived to a raven age—long long ago—and we heard tell of them in our youth. Their glory dawned on us in a dream of life's golden prime—and far away seems now that dawn, as if in another world beyond a million seas! Oh! in that use of the word *old*, far from our souls is all thought of dotage or decay. Old are those great Poets as the stars are old; their Poetry is the heaven in which are seen shining, for ever young, all the most ancient spiritual orbs of Song.

In our delight, too, we love to

speak of old Venus, and of old Cupid—of old Eve—and old Cleopatra—old Helen—and old Dalilah—and old Psyche, though her aerial wings are as rainbow-bright as the first hour she waved them in the eye of heaven.

How full of endearment "old boy!"—"old girl!" Old Christopher North—old Maga! To our simplest sayings age seems to give a consecration which youth reveres. And if true it be, "that out primal duties shine aloft like stars," and that blameless pleasures grow like flowers round our feet, why may not our hand, withered somewhat, it may be, but yet unpalsied, point out aloft to heedless eyes single light or constellation, or lily by herself or in groups unsuspected along the wayside of our mortal pilgrimage?

Age like ours is even more loveable than venerable; and, thinking on ourselves, were we a young woman, we should assuredly marry an old man. Indeed, no man should marry before thirty, forty, fifty, or sixty; and were it not that life is so short, soon enough at threescore and ten. At seventy you are sager than ever, though scarcely so strong. You and life love each other as well as ever; but 'tis unpleasant sailing on Windermere or Lochlomond with your bride, to observe the Man in the Honey-Moon, looking at you with a congratulatory grin of condolence, to feel that the old villain will smile over your grave in the September or Harvest Moon, the season of Kirns, when the viol is heard in every farm, and the bagpipes are lowing like the cattle on a thousand hills. Fain would he insure his life on the Tipperary Tables. But the enamoured annuitant is haunted with visions of his own Funeral, deploying in a long line of chariots—one at the head of all armed with scythes—through the city into the wide gates of the Greyfriars. Lovely is his bride in white, nor less so his widow in black—

“In weeds as beautiful as flowers;”

and then in mixed colours portentous of a great change. Sad too to the Sage the thought of leaving his first-born as yet unborn—or if born, haply an elfish creature with a precocious countenance, looking as if he had begun life with borrowing ten years at least from his own father—auld-farrent as a Fairy, and gash as the Last of the Lairds.

Oh! lad of the lightsome forehead! Thou art smiling at Us; and for the sake of our own Past, we enjoy thy Present; and pardon the contumely with which thou silently insultest our thin grey hairs. Just such another “were we at Ravensburg.” *Carpe Diem* was then our motto, as now it is yours; “no fear lest dinner cool,” for we fed then, as you

feed now, on flowers and fruits of Paradise. We lived then under the reign of the Seven Senses; but Imagination was their Prime Minister, and Reason, as Lord Chancellor, had the keeping of their consciences, and they were kings, not tyrants—we subjects, and not slaves. Supercilious as thou art, Puer, art thou as well read in Greek as we were at thy flowery age? Art thou fit to be a Contributor to our Anthology? and the question brings us back to old Simonides! Dull folk say we ramble in our articles—but the True Sun smiled on our Morning Monologue, and we recognise with kindness the noticeable hand. For sake of such spirits we sometimes dream our silent way even through the noisy world. And dreamers are with dreamers spiritually, though in the body apart; nor wandering “at their own sweet will,” think they whence they come, or whither they go, assured by delight that they will reach their journey’s end—like a bee, that in many a musical gyration goes humming round men’s heads and tree-tops, aimlessly curious in his joy, yet knowing instinctively the straight line that intersects all the airy circles leading to and fro his hive in the garden and the honey-dew on the heather hills.

Poets never die. True is the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. The Genii drop the dust, and become Thoughts and Feelings immortal in spiritual shrines. The tenderness—the purity—the serious and solemn sweetness of Simonides—of Sophocles—of Virgil—all survive. “Thou art not dead, my Lycidas,” is a line sublime from the soul’s sense of its immortality.

We have not room for the Greek—but scholars know where to find it; and such of our readers as are not scholars in the sense we now use the word, may depend on the fidelity of our prose translations. Hear Simonides.

LITERALLY. BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Oh my son, the loud-thunderer Jove has the end
Of all things that exist, and ordains them as he will;
Nor on ephemeral human beings does the mind
Depend,—but we ephemeral mortals xerily live
Just as God hath destined each.
But Divine Hope nourishes with beauties, all
Rushing-on-to an impracticability; a day some
Wait-for to arrive, others the revolution of years;

But there is no one of mortals that thinks not, that a new (year)
 Will have itself (*be*) friendly to him in wealth and good things.
 But unenvied old-age gets-the-start-in seizing him
 Before the object come : miserable sicknesses some
 Of mortals waste away : some by Mars subdued,
 Pluto sends under the dark earth.
 Some agitated on the sea by a storm,—
 By many purple waves of the deep
 Perish,—nor could they live any longer ;
 Others by a wretched fate prepare-for-themselves a strangling-cord,
 And voluntarily leave the light of the sun.
 Thus nothing (*is*) without evils ! but myriads
 To mortals (*are there*) fates, and ineffable calamities,
 And afflictions.

F. T. PRICE (NOW OF BRIGHTON.)

My son, the thunderer Jove hath the events
 Of all things in his hands, and his high power
 Doth so dispose them as his will directeth.
 The mind of man is nought ; from day to day
 We live indeed—but which of us can tell
 What end the Gods may have in store for him ?
 Still Hope, sweet smiling Goddess, bears us up,
 Though planning things impracticable ; some
 Plot for to-morrow, some for future years,
 And each one hopes that the new year may come
 With wealth and goodness loaded to his arms.
 One hated age o'ertakes, ere yet the goal
 Be reach'd, another terrible disease.
 Some by the pow'r of bloody Mars o'ercome,
 Into her dark cold bosom earth receives.
 Some on the sea, when roar the hurricanes,
 And dash and foam the countless waves of Ocean,
 Unable to sustain their fury, die.
 And other wretches hang themselves—and lose,
 By their own sinful act, the light of day.
 Nothing is free from evil—every man
 Hath endless ills and woes untold to bear.
 But yet methinks, would they but hear my words,
 They would no longer love the evil thing,
 Nor would a thousand griefs torment their souls.

GEORGE TREVOR.

All things that are and all their issues lie
 In Jove's right hand, who thundereth on high ;
 All he disposeth after his own will,
 No counsel taketh he from human skill ;
 But dawning day by day we mortals live,
 Nought knowing of the end that God may give.
 Still godlike hope—aye clad in many charms,
 With dreams of things unborn each bosom warms.
 Some sanguine wait but for the coming day,
 Some till revolving years have pass'd away.
 No man but fancies each new year a friend,
 Whose steps much wealth and all good things attend ;
 But oft perchance long ere its term be come,
 Chill lifeless age untimely seizeth some,
 Others with deadly pains diseases blight.
 And some, to Mars devoted, fall in fight,
 And deep in Pluto's gloomy mansions mourn.
 Others at sea all tempest-tost are borne.
 Who, in the blue deeps, where no arm can save,
 For dear life struggling, find at last their grave.

And some their wretched necks in halters bind,
And self-doom'd leave the light of heaven behind.
Thus none escapeth ill, but myriad woes
To mortal man, with all untold-of throes,
And plagues belong : oh ! then by me be taught,
Nor be our minds with constant ills distraught,
Nor yet let sorrow seize us whilst we flee from thought.

WILLIAM HAY.

Jove, the loud thunderer, hath the end of all
Determined, when and how it shall befall.
Nor aught herein can human will avail,—
Man's fleeting thoughts, like fleeting man, are frail,
And *we*, the feeble children of a day,
Blindly grope on as Heaven ordains the way,
Fed by that goddess Hope's delusive dreams,
In all our mad, impracticable schemes.

Some by a single day their wishes bound :
Some think that years must bring a blessing round ;
Some that the next, whene'er this year is past,
In wealth and blessings will excel the last ;
And while in dreams the promised good they clasp,
Grim Eld starts in, and tears it from their grasp.
Some the sad victims of diseases are ;
Some fall subdued by all-destructive war.
And thus the easy prey of death are found,
When Aëtes grasps and thrusts them under ground.
Some on the purple billows, tempest-toss'd,
While struggling wild, are swallow'd up and lost.
Some dare to fix the strangling noose, and flee
The sun's bright beams,—supreme in misery !
The evil is evil : —all life's sorrow there ; —
its countless,—its unutterable woes.

You remember that we gave various versions of a few fine lines of Simonides on Virtue. They are obscure ; and not one of their many readings is without its difficulty—not even our own. An ingenious correspondent—whom we named Nemo, because we know he is Somebody—thinks our translations of the strain less accurate than usual, and cannot feel satisfied that the possible has been achieved, when six lines of Greek are “done” into a dozen of English. He is right ; and he amends, we think, as well as points out a defect. His version breathes a calm and lofty spirit.

They say that Virtue doth aspire

To dwell on high and pathless steep,

And there a bright celestial choir

Around her constant vigil keeps ;

Nor is she seen by mortal eyes,

Unless, through toil that gnaws the soul,

He, who would be her votary, rise

To manhood's pure and perfect goal.

We should like to write the Life of Old Solon. True, Old Plutarch has done it well ; and the two Great

Johnsons, Ben and Sam, thumbed and dog-eared all his Lives. It might serve us for a text-book ; yet we should devise another Method and another Order. Our work should explain the philosophy of his laws ; and in that exposition would be made visible the very soul of the Athenian state. The Life of Solon we desire to see followed by the Life of Alfred. They were Poets as well as Sages—and sung with fire. Hay has promised to give us a translation of the whole Elegy—here is part of it from our own prose pen, and from his quill and that of Price. Price has done it well, with simplicity and strength ; but in ours and Hay's you find a truly Homeric simile, which Fitzjames has stopped at ; Homeric in its spirit, but rather confused—as it seems to us—in its construction. Indeed, Solon seems to hold the common rules of syntax in considerable contempt, if our edition of him may be in aught believed ; our prose version has given us more trouble than may appear on the rough face of it—and we have weighed

every word. Hay will have some difficulty, we suspect, in finishing him, for his healthy hide is tanned by sun and storm, and forms a natural armour. This very contempt of the usual forms of language smells

of a remote and venerable antiquity; and with the exception of his hatred of his enemies, he seems to be a very good Christian sort of Heathen. What right have grammarians to impose their laws on lawgivers?

LITERALLY. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Beautiful children of Mnemosyne and Olympian Jove,
Ye Muses the Pierides, hear me praying.
Happiness from the blessed Gods grant me, and from all
Men always to have a good reputation.
Thus to be sweet to my friends, bitter to my foes,
Revered by those, to these terrible to look-upon.
And I long-for to have wealth, but to possess it unjustly
I wish not: for punishment afterwards altogether (comes.)
But the wealth which the Gods give (*I long for*)—which comes upon a man
Firm from the lowest foundation to the summit.
(*The wealth*) which men regard,—by oppression, not honourably
Comes, and though persuaded by unjust actions
Falls-to-their-share reluctantly, and is quickly mixed-up-with vengeance.
The beginning is by little, like (*that*) of fire,
Trifling at first, but ends mournfully:
For the decays of contumely are not of long-duration to mortals.
But Jupiter looks-upon the end of all; and suddenly,
As the clouds forthwith hath scattered the wind
Of-3, ting,—which (*wind*) of the many-bidlowed ill-fated ocean
Having shaken the foundations,—along the wheat-bearing earth
Having devastated the beautiful works, comes to the Gods' lofty seat
The heavens, and again makes the firmament to be serene,
And the sun's strength along the fat earth shines
Beautifully, and no longer can one see any of the clouds.
—So (*vindicta*) is the vengeance of Jove, nor towards every one,
Like a mortal man, is to be pitied-against.

C. P. RICHES.

Ye daughters of Mnemosyne, and Father Jove, sooth,
O Muses of Pieria, give ear unto my pray'r;
I pray you by the Gods who in Olympus have dominion,
Vouchsafe to me; prosperity and all men's good opinion.
Make me beloved of my friends, and dreadful to my foes,
An object as of fear to these, so of respect to those.
Wealth too, by honest means and just, O grant me to procure,
Not wrongfully, for vengeance overtakes the evildoer.
The wealth which from the Gods doth flow, how greatly it is used
To strengthen those who have it from the necks unto the head.
But the wealth which men regard is not the price of upright deeds,
But to the works of evil, though unwillingly, succeeds.
Mixed with them misery still comes as heretofore it came,
In its beginning trifling, in the manner of a flame,
But in its end disastrous 'til, for never in the land
Shall the evil-doers tarry, nor their evil doings stand.

WILLIAM HAY.

Ye Muses of Pieria, offspring fair
Of Jove, and of Mnemosyne,—my prayer
Receive:—may lasting happiness from heaven,
Renown from men,—to me be ever given.
Sweet to my friends, and bitter to my foes,
Dreaded by these, may I be loved by those.
And I would pray for wealth—without the slime
That sticks to filthy lucre got by crime,
For wealth which heaven will bless, a fortune raised
And crown'd in strength, because on honour based

The wealth which men pursue,—oppression's lure,
Which deeds of foul injustice oft procure,
Can never prosper!—but the withering blight
Of righteous vengeance soon must there alight
Like fire,—which, small at first, is quickly found
Spreading in flames and wailings all around.

Not long the deeds of wicked men shall last :
Jove sees the end : and as the vernal blast
Uplifts the many-billowed, boundless deep—
Vexing the ocean,—and with furious sweep
Sends desolation o'er the fertile plain,
Then heavenward flies,—dispels the clouds,—again
All is serene,—and the sun's glorious might
Spreads o'er the laughing earth his blessed light :
Such is Jove's vengeance : *He will not* be mocked,
Nor like a mortal, easily provoked.

Our attention has been kindly turned by Mr Keen, an elegant contributor to Mr Merivale's Garland, to "a singularly fine little poem, the only one given to Æsop, in the Anthology." It is what he calls it ; and we enclose the excellent version he has sent us, among some of our own, for we like to be social, even on a melancholy

theme ; and the delightful Old Fabulist, the Merry and Wise, who set our souls a-thinking and our hearts a-feeling in boyhood, by moral lessons read to them in almost every incident befalling in life's common paths, is solemn as Simonides' self, in this his sole surviving elegiac strain.

LINE FOR LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL. ÆSOP. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.
How can any one, oh life, flee thee without death?—for innumerable are thy
Distressing afflictions, (which) it is not practicable either to flee, or to bear.
Yet sweet are thy beauties in nature, earth, sea,
Stars, and the orbs of the moon and of the sun.
But all things else are fears and vexations ; and if a man should receive any
Blessing, out-of-it-he-receives a Nemesis in-return.

BENJAMIN KEEN.

How shall man 'scape the innumerable ills
That crowd his path, and render life a burthen
Too wearisome to bear ; there's but one refuge—
He that would flee from suffering must die,
For life is suffering, and life's cure is death.
The earth, the sea, the radiant orb of day,
The star-bespangled sky, the moon's soft lustre—
These are all beautiful—the rest is Fear
And Sorrow, and if aught of good may seem
To bless thy lot, count it not happiness ;
For vengeful Nemesis is still at hand
To claim a dreadful reckoning of woe.

DELTA.

Oh, Life, how can we fly thee,
Save through the gates of Death?
For cruel, countless are the ills
Encompassing thy path,—
Impossible for any one
Either to suffer,—or to shun!

Yet beautiful is Nature
In star, in earth, in sea,
In silver moon, and golden sun—
Nought else from care is free ;
And if with light Man's spirit burns
A while,—then deeper gloom returns!

WILLIAM HAY.

Oh Life, by all thy countless woes,
Where, where shall man oppress'd
Lie down in peace, and find repose?
The grave—sole place of rest.
The sorrows which he cannot bear,
And cannot flee, will slumber there.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

What weary woe! what endless strife
Bringst thou, to mortal men, oh Life!
Each hour they draw their breath.
Alas! the wretches all despair
To flee the ills they cannot bear,
But through the gates of Death.

Yet beautiful exceedingly
Are all the works of God—
The starry heavens, the rolling sea,
The earth,—tine own abode ;
Blest are they all, and blest the light
Of sun by day, and moon by night.

Yea happy all,—all blest,—but this
To man alone is given,
Where'er he tries to catch at bliss,
To grasp the wrath of Heaven ;
For his are ever-vexing fears
And bitter thoughts,—and bitter tears.

Even in translation are not all these lines very impressive ? In the original they are much more solemn. They are not querulous, yet full of lamentation. We see in them not a weak spirit quarrelling with fate, but a strong spirit subdued by a sense of the conditions on which life has been given ; conditions against which it is vain to contend, to which it is hard to submit, but which may yet be borne by a will deriving strength from necessity, and in itself noble by nature. Nor, dark as the doctrine is, can we say it is false. Intellect and Imagination may, from experiences, have too much generalized their inductions, so as to seem to themselves to have established the Law of Misery as the Law of Life. But perhaps it is only thus that the Truth can be made available to man, as it regards the necessity of Endurance. It is not wretchedness ; but the weak seeks to support itself by the belief that it is really so ; holding that creed, it has no excuse for itself, if at any time it is stung to madness by misery, or grovels in the dust in a passion of grief ; none, if at any time it delivers itself wholly up, abandoning itself to joy, and acts as if it trusted to the permanence of any blessing under the law of Mutability. The Poet, in the hour of profound emotion, declares that every blessing sent from heaven is a Nemesis. That particular response inspires awe. A salutary fear is kept alive in the foolish by such sayings of the wise. Even to us—now—they sound like a knell. Religion has instructed Philosophy ; and Fate is now God. But all men feel that the foundations of Faith are laid in the dark depths of our being, and that all human happiness is mysteriously allied with pain and sorrow. The most perfect bliss is ever awful, as if we enjoyed it under the

And yet how beautiful art Thou
On Earth and Sea—and on the brow
Of starry Heaven ! the Night
Sends forth the moon Thee to adorn ;
And Thee to glorify the Morn
Restores the Orb of Light.

But all things else are Pains and Fears ;
And drench'd perpetually in tears ;
The darkness render'd worse
By gleams of joy—and it by Heaven
Some blessing seemeth to be given,
It soon becomes a Curse.

shadow of some great and gracious
wing that would not long be de-
tained from heaven.

It is not for ordinary minds to attempt giving utterance to such simplicities. On their tongues truths become truisms. Sentiments, that seem always fresh, falling from the lips of moral wisdom, are stale in the mouths of men uninitiated in the greater mysteries. Genius colours common words with an affecting light, that makes them moral to all eyes—breathes into them an affecting music, that steals into all hearts like a revelation and a religion. They become memorable. They pass, as maxims, from generation to generation ; and all because the divinity that is in every man's bosom responds to the truthful strain it had of yore itself inspired. Just so with the men we meet on our life-journey. One man is impressive in all his looks, and words, on all serious or solemn occasions ; and we carry away with us moral impression from his eyes or lips. Another man says the same things, or nearly so, and perhaps with more fervour, and his looks are silver. But we forget his person in an hour ; nor does his voice ever haunt our solitude. Simonides—Solon—Isop!—why do these lines of theirs assure us they were Sages ? The same sentiments are the staple of many a sermon that has soothed sinners into dreamless sleep.

We do not despair of saying something ourselves, some day or other, not unworthy of Simonides. Till then, do not scorn the superficial. A man who has been nearly drowned in the Peat-bog, is not to be despised on shewing his head above water to the servants of the Humane Society. That is scarcely the image ; but the sailor who has been wrecked on the

sea, delights to *païde* in the barn among the mionows. We take refuge even in ocular deception from despair. Over buried beauty, that once burned with the same passion that consumed us, we build a white marble tomb, or a green turf grave, and forget all we ought to remember—all profounder passion—while gazing on the epitaph of letters or of flowers. 'Tis a vision to our senses, with which Imagination, as often the slave as the sovereign of the senses, would fain seek to delude Love. And 'tis well that the deception prospers; for what if Love could, as with an earthquake, bid the burial-ground give up or disclose its dead? Or if Love's eye saw through earth as through air? And that the coffin melted like a cloud! What if this planet—which men call Earth—were at all times seen and felt to be a cemetery circling round the sun that feeds it with death, and not a globe of green, animated with life—even like the dewdrop on the rose's leaf, in which millions of invisible creatures are wantoning in bliss born of the sunshine and the vernal prime?

Are we tiresome? Then lay aside *Maga*. Yet even a sermon is not useless; the few last sentences are almost always luminous, like stars rising on a dull twilight; the little flower that attracted *Park's* eyes when he was fainting in the desert, was to him beauteous as the rose of *Sharon*; there is solemnity in the shadow of quiet trees on a noisy road; a churchyard may be felt even in a village fair; a face of sorrow passes by us in our gaiety, neither unfelt nor unremembered its uncomplaining calm; and sweet from some still house in city stir, is

"The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise."

The oldest and best Inscription is that on the *Afar-tomb* of the *Three Hundred*. Do you remember it? Here it is—the *Greek*—Three *Latin* and eighteen *English* versions. Start not—'tis but two lines—and all *Greece*, for centuries, had them by heart. She forgot them, and "*Greece* was living *Greece* no more."

Ως ἡ ἀρχὴ ἀνέστη Λακεδαιμόνιος τῶν τριῶν
Κατὰ τὴν αὐτὴν ἀνὰ πρῶτον αἰῶνα.

LITERALLY. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Oh! stranger! report to the Lacedæmonians that here
We lie—having obeyed their laws.

CICERO IN TUSC. QUEST.

Dic, hospes, Spartæ nos te hic viuisse jacentes
Dum sanctis patriæ legibus obsequimur.

LAUREN. VALLA.

Nos Lacedæmoniis rebus hic, peregrine, jacentes
Exhibito illorum vocibus obsequio.

STRAB. INTERP.

Dic Lacedæmoniis hæc, hospes, parte jacere,
Dum intorum rigidis jussibus obsequimur.

GROTIUS.

Nos hic esse sitos Spærtæ dic, quaesumus, hospes,
Dum tacimus prompto corde quod ipsa jubet.

W. L. BOWLES.

Go, tell the Spartans, thou who pass'st by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie.

HODGSON.

Stranger! to Sparta say, her faithful band
Here lie in death, remembering her command.

WILLIAM HAY.

Stranger! tell Sparta here her sons are laid;
Such is her law—and we that law obey'd.

WILLIAM HAY.

Stranger! tell Sparta how her sons lie here;
She will'd it so—to us her will was dear.

WILLIAM HAY.

Stranger! let Sparta know her sons could die
As Sparta bids, for here our bodies lie.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Stranger ! tell Sparta here her sons are laid,
Her great commandment having all obey'd.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Stranger ! tell Lacedæmon here we lie,
All having died even as she bade us die.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Tell Sparta that to us her law was dear,
And that her dutiful children slumber here.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Tell Lacedæmon that our tomb ye saw,
And that we died obedient to her law.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Stranger ! tell Sparta we her sons be here,
Who knew how best her order to reverse.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Stranger ! tell Sparta, we her sons reverse
Our mother's law, and therefore all be here.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Stranger ! tell Lacedæmon that in our land
We to our country kept our plighted faith.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Tell Sparta, that thou sawest our sepulchre,
And that we each obedient unto her.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Go, stranger, and to Lacedæmon tell,
How we obey'd—here buried where we fell.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Tell Sparta, that obedient unto her
We lie here in one common sepulchre.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Tell Sparta, stranger, that thou sawest the spot
Where we repose who ne'er her law forgot.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Tell Sparta, stranger, to the law she gave
Here we her sons be buried in one grave.

Bowles's is best—and we believe is perfect. Our Twelve are taken—not selected—from Forty-eight we did one sleepless night in bed—sitting up—supported by pillows, like a man about to dictate his last will and testament. Please to do Fifty better by March.

Perhaps that Inscription does not so profoundly affect you as it does us; if so, we engage to touch your heart to the quick—to the core—by six Epitaphs of a different kind of character, but, if we mistake not

greatly and sadly, as beautiful as any words ever engraven on stone. We have resolved to print but little Greek in this article; but we have compared the versions with the original (do so too) and found them “warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires.” The two first—from Mr Merivale's Collection—are by one of his accomplished sons—the two next are by Wingham and Hay—and the two last by D. M. P., who persists in initials, though equal in taste and power to the best among the chosen band.

EPITAPH ON TWO AGED PRIESTESSES.

DIOTIMUS. CHARLES MERIVALE.

Two aged matrons, daughters of one sire,
 Lie in one tomb, twin-buried and twin-born;
 Clino, the priestess of the Graces' quire,
 Araxo, unto Ceres' service sworn.
 Nine suns were wanting to our eightieth year;
 We died together—who could covet more?
 We held our husbands and our children dear;
 Nor death unkind, to which we sped before.

EPITAPH ON A FLUTE-PLAYER.

BY THE SAME. CHARLES MERIVALE.

Man's hopes are spirits with fast-fleeting wings.
 See where in death our hopeful Lesbus lies!
 Lesbus is dead, the favourite of kings!
 Hail, light-winged hopes, ye swiftest deities!
 On his cold tomb we carve a voiceless flute;
 For Pluto heeds not, and the grave is mute.

ANTIPATER THESSALONICENSIS. FRANCIS WRANGHAM

To his loved daughter, on his dying bed,
 Antigones these fond words uttered:
 "Bright maid, my own dear girl, thy distaff ply—
 Support and solace of thy poverty.
 But shouldst thou wed, thy mother's life explore,
 And emulate—'twould form thy husband's surest dower."

PAUL THE SILENTIARY. WILLIAM HAY.

Oh! many a tear from hearts by anguish torn,
 Around thy tomb our streaming eyelids pour'd;
 A common son, a common friend, we mourn
 In thee too much beloved, so much deplored.
 Harsh, heartless Fate no pity had nor ruth,
 Alas! alas!—nor spared thy tender youth.

THEOCRITUS. D. M. P.

Thine early death, ah! brave Eurymedon,
 Hath made an orphan of thine infant son;
 For thee, this tomb thy grateful country rears;
 For him, she bids thee calm a parent's fears:—
 Secure thy rest among the Heroes take—
 He shall be honour'd for his father's sake.

ON THE SAME. D. M. P.

Give proof, oh! stranger, as thou passest by,
 Dost thou regard the good man's memory—
 Or holds the base for thee an equal claim?
 Speak then these words, or silence be thy shame:
 "Place to the tomb, that lightly lies upon
 The sacred dust of loved Eurymedon."

Such epitaphs make us love the ancients. They were the slaves of sin; and we are too often shocked to see them not only unashamed of that worst of all slavery, but emblazoning it in their poetry, their philosophy, and their religion. But in inscriptions like these are recorded the tenderest and noblest sympathies; and as our eyes fall upon them, after the lapse of thousands of years, we do indeed feel how

One touch of Nature make the
world kin."

All eyes have been awed by the sublimity of the Inscription on the Tomb of the Great Sacrifice. Simonides expressed in it the principle of the patriotism of a whole people; and the passion was thenceforth consecrated by praise. Genius, profoundly feeling, immortalized Virtue, acting gloriously; a voice from that tomb, not loud but low, proclaimed the law of the land; the ear heard it, the eye saw it in the silent letters; Leonidas was still alive; unfaded were the flowers in the long hair of the Three Hundred on the day of battle adorned for death.

Nothing can be more touching than the sentiment of the epitaphs—especially of the first one—on Eurymedon. It soothes at once the shade of the man and the hero. We love as well as admire the Worthy; and are made almost to forget for a moment his glorious fall in the field which the lines commemorate, in the thought of his weeping house. To his country he bequeathed his sole orphan-boy, and she records with pride and gratitude her acceptance of the sacred bequest. In words—to our ears, at least—how simple and solemn, how sweet, and yet how sublime!

Sublime! you will not allow that? Then deny it. But our heart-strings are easily thrilled; we call every sentiment sublime that elevates; and there is, to our feeling, a touch of sublimity even in those other epitaphs—on the Aged Priestesses—the Musician—the Good Father—and the Youth all-deplored. There is at least much tenderness, and of a kind that makes us love the Greeks.

But there is a class of Epigrams, Epitaphs, Inscriptions, of a peculiar kind, on which we have yet scarcely

touched, and from which 'twould be easy to make such selections as might enable us to build a lofty Article. We mean Epigrams on Poets. Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, Sophocles, Menander, Sappho, Anacreon—and the rest. Genius loves Genius. In life, jealousy, envy, and some strangely complicated passions, "hard to be called," but seen, be evil dashed bitterness into the cup by Poets pledged to Poet, and quaffed by both to Apollo and the Nymph. In death, the memory of a brother bard is drunk by some great survivor either in solemn silence, or with a Lament that is a Hymn. Shakspeare being well dead and buried, Milton could afford to be sublime on the "endless monument" built by the Swan in men's "wonder and astonishment." Poets, remember, are but men—though the noblest; and while they are themselves unassured of immortality, they strive sometimes to close the wide gates of their capacious hearts against the access of admiration of illustrious living worth, of the same kind as their own, and working for the same reward—the praise of all time. Sometimes—we say—God forbid we should say—always, but all pride is unjust, and perhaps most, the Poet's pride in his genius, and in his fame.

It should so often have stooped to "lick the dust." Not to kiss the dust on an admired brother's tomb, but to lick it from the feet of a Patron with a garter round his knee, or a star on his breast! 'Twas a fine fashion, a hearty custom, in a former age, which we may now almost call the olden time, for Poets to preface a brother's "New Poem" with commendatory verses—letters of recommendation to all that loved the Muses. But it was when a Poet died that the full streams of sympathy flowed. Not a single thorn then on the path to his grave—not even in the bloom of roses over which softly and soundlessly went the wheels of his hearse. Into his sepulchre dropt tears and elegies; and the first moonlight whitened the wan monumental marble of the

Dear Son of Memory—great Heir of
Fame

And whom shall we select but Anacreon? He by universal feeling

was hailed the sweetest Minnesinger of Greece. Sappho's was a soul of fire; and had she not dared the Leucadian cliff, she must have perished self-consumed. Better perhaps—for all parties—that she did not die in her bed. Her genius was so great that it intensified the poetry of passion not only into the fever but the fainting-fit of animal desire, without being gross. The boiling blood was human; yet it seemed a heat divine born in the spirit to pervade the flesh. Who calls her addresses indelicate? Appetite in them is such as might be "to a radiant angel linked;" desire in them is such as might have inspired Leda at sight of that celestial Swan; in them passion is itself enjoyment, and life swoons away in blissful love. Anacreon fell into no ecstacy at sight or touch of his deep-bosomed maid; but delighted to kiss her lips, he wreathed her hair with roses, then snatched his lyre and sung to it a gladsome song to Venus, or haply to Bacchus. Mirth and joy accompanied all his loves; and his dreams

were sometimes of disappointment, but never of despair. Gentle, and gay, and graceful, whether crowned with ivy or myrtle; in his poetry the stream of life flowed smooth and clear along banks of lilies and roses; boys and girls dancing in the glades, and dewy the stars looking down on flowers, bowers, and paramours. But we are forgetting ourselves; our attention was to select some of the best Epigrams—with versions—on the Telam Sage—and here they are—beginning with Simonides. We must give the Greek—and all scholars, we are sure, will be charmed with Mr Price's Latin versions, in some of which he seems to us to have been even more than usually felicitous; nor less with those of Mr Nedloh, whose fine scholarship, we hope, will illumine many a future article. Of the English versions—(excepting of course our own—but not wishing you to except them)—we pronounce them all beautiful in their different styles—gems in the crown of Maga.

ΣΙΜΩΝΙΔΗΣ.

Ὀΐτος Ἄνθρωπον, τὸν ἐφίλειτο

Ἵρμιοντιλόν, πάτριος τίμωρος ἐστὶ Τεός.
Ὁς Χαρίτων φρεσίν τε μέλει, τινὲς νύτ' ὅς τις ἔστι
Τὸν γὰρ ἐμὲν ἐς Τυφάρ' ἔβαρσε

Μοῦνος ὅς ἐν Ἀχέρειοντι βαρύνει
λαίτωρ

Ἡελίον, λελύτ' ἐν Τάρτ' ἔβαρσε
Ἀλλ' ὅτι τὸν χαρύνεται μετ' ἡμέ-
ραι, τὸν Σμερδία θυγατέρα λελύ-
Μολώτ' ὅς ἐν Ἀχέρειοντι βαρύνει
ἐκείνῳ

Βάρεβρον οὐδὲ Τυφάρ' εἰνασιν ἐν Ἀδέρ

GROTIUS.

Vitulum, domi mundus, Anacreonta Ca-
mpane

Muneribus condit patria terra Teos:

Cuius amena pueri spiritus et nectar amo-
rum

Fit fumidis eammina de pueris.

Nunc Acheronte dolet solus sibi, non quia,
sunt

ad inferni nubila, sole caret,

See quia nunc juvenum delectat corda Me-
vistosus

Dulcis, et incendit Smerdia Thrac alios.

Nulli tamen cantus obliuia: bubitos illi
Bland, nec in Ditis sede silente silet.

LITERALLY. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Anacreon by means of the Muses,
A deathless singer, this tomb in his native Teos hath received;
Who, songs breathing of Graces, breathing of Cupids,
Adapted to the sweet longing of the young,
And alone is he vexed in Acheron, not that leaving
The sun, he hath reached there the mansions of Lethe;
But that with the youthful,—the graceful Megista,
And the Thracian Smerdia, his loves, hath he left,
But not unmindful is—he of delightful—as honey song, but still that
Lyre (of him), not even though dead hath-he lulled-asleep in Ades.

H. NEDLOH.

Conditur hic, Mavis semper memorabile nomen,
In patrio vates Teius ille solo.
Cui Charitum ludi, mollesque Cupidinis ignes,
Cui juvenum dulcis conveniebat amor.
Nunc queritur—non quòd solis liquisse nitorem
Cogitur et nigras incoluisse plagas—

Sed quia ludentem juvenili in flore Megisten,
 Sed quia Smerdaum Thræa reliquit amans.
 Attamen haud Mææ vel nunc oblitus, eandem
 Barbiton in Srygiâ tangit, ut ante, domo.

F. T. PRICE.

Hic vatem, Musæ cui morte curare dederunt,
 Hic habet in proprio Teia terra sinu;
 Quem Charitum spirare melos, spirareque Amoris,
 Ipse puellarum fecit amœnus amor.
 Ast, Acheronte dolet—sed non dolet ille relictum
 Solem—in Lethæis incidit ille domos;
 Ast inter juvenes pulchrum superesse Megisten,
 Et quia Thraciæ Smerdis amore caret.
 Nec cessat cantare, neque inter Tartara vocem
 Mellitam citharæ conticuisse sinir.

F. T. PRICE.

The Bard Anacreon, for whom
 The Muse gives tune which never
 dieth,
 Sleeping within the silent tomb,
 Here in his Teos' bosom hath.

His was the song the Grace lov'd,
 And Cupid's self was pleas'd to hear
 him;
 In virgin souls young love it mov'd,
 And could to virgin hearts endear him.

For the first time in death he's pain'd,
 Not that the joys of life have left him,
 For Lethe's cup, so lately dram'd,
 Of memory hath quite bereft him;

But that Megiste lives above,
 Whose beauty used his soul to madden,
 And Thracian Smerde's ardent love
 Is here no more his heart to gladden.

Yet still of all he used to know,
 He hath not lost a single number,
 Nor even in death will he allow
 His harp a single hour of slumber.

GEORGE TREVOR.

Anacreon's bones this tomb contains,
 Here in his native Teios lying,
 But he, the bard of many strains,
 Survives with us in song undying.

For still he tuned his flowery lay,
 All wing'd with Loves and wing'd with
 Graces,

To every joy that sheds a ray
 On sweetest youth's unclay'd embraces.

For this, for this, of life bereft,
 In Acheron he only weepeth;

Not for the sun that he hath left—
 Not that in Lethe's halls he sleepeth;

But, ah! that he no more may see
 Megiste's graceful charms, he mourneth;

Shut out of Thrace, he mourns for thee,
 And that dear joy that ne'er returneth.

Still he forgets not Music's breath,
 Still thinks upon her honied numbers,
 And breathing still, despite of death,
 His harp in Hades never slumbers.

R. (FROM MERIVALE'S SPECIMENS.)

Behold where Teos shrouds her minstrel son,
 The deathless bard, the lost Anacreon,
 Whose raptur'd numbers, wing'd with soft desire,
 Did all the Graces, all the Loves inspire.
 For this alone he grieves within the grave;
 Not that the sun is dark on Lethe's wave,
 But that Megiste's eyes he may not see,
 Nor, Thræssa! still look wistfully on thee!
 Still he remembers Music's honied breath,
 Still wakes his lyre beneath the house of death.

WILLIAM HAY.

The deathless bard, to every muse so dear,
 Lies buried in his native Teos here—

Anacreon,—whose lays, all lays above,
 Breathing the Graces,—breathing every Love,
 Were sweetest harmonies whene'er he sung
 His loving longings for the fair and young.
 And now by Lethe's stream in realms of night,
 He sighs no more for heaven's most gracious light,
 But for the graceful loves he left behind,—
 Megista fair, and Smerdia ever kind.
 And still his strains in homied accents flow,
 Nor sleeps his lyre among the shades below.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

On earth immortal by the Muses made,
 Here in his tomb Anacreon is laid
 Within his native Teos; he bequeathed
 To youth's sweet longings many lays that breathed
 Of Graces and of Cupids, and alone
 This vexes now his soul in Acheron,
 Not that for him the sun doth shine no more,
 On him a wanderer upon Lethe's shore,
 But that from graceful young Megista raft
 And Thracian Smerde—all his loves are left!
 Yet not of them unmindful, still respire
 His songs in Ades, nor there mute his lyre!

ANTIΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

Θάλλοι τετρακόρυμβος, Ανάκρεον, ἀμφὶ σὲ κιστὸς,
 ἄβρᾶ τε λιμῶναν πορφύρεων πετάλα·
 πηγῇ δ' ἀργινόντος ἀναθλιβοῖντο γάλακτος,
 εὐώδεις δ' ἀπὸ γῆς ἡδὺν χέουσιτο μέθυ,
 ὅφρα καὶ τοι σκοδιὴ τε καὶ ὅστ' αἶα τέρεψιν ἄρῃται,
 εἰ δὴ τις φθιμένους χρεῖμπεται εὐφροσύνα,
 ὃ τὸ φίλον εἰρέξας, φίλε, βάρβιτον, ὃ σὺν αἰοιδῇ
 πάντα διαπλώσας καὶ σὺν ἔρωτι βίον.

LITERALLY. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

May the thrice-clustered ivy, oh, Anacreon, flourish around thee,
 And the soft leaves of purple meadows.
 May fountains of white-milk up-press-themselves out,
 And sweet-smelling luscious wine from the earth pour-itself,
 In order that thy dust and bones may bear away delight,
 If indeed any cheerfulness approach the decayed (*dead*),
 Oh, thou beloved one! the beloved lyre that fondlest, oh! (*thou that*) with song
 And with love didst through the whole of life voyage.

F. T. PRICE.

Te circum vigeant hederarum, Teie, Corymbi,
 Purpurei et prati mollia dona rosæ;
 Lactis et exsiliant albentes undique fontes
 Et fluat e terra dulce oleatque merum;
 Deliciisque tui cineres tuæque ossa fruuntur,
 (Gaudia defunctis siquæ adisse queant)
 O qui dilexti citharam et qui tempus amoris
 Omne dicavisti carminibusque tuum.

F. T. PRICE.

In clusters may the ivy spread,
 Anacreon, around thy tomb,
 And every flower that decks the mead,
 Above thine hallowed ashes bloom.

That once again thy shade may know
 The joys thy soul was wont to treasure,
 If even in the shades below
 There be a taste for mortal pleasure.

May milky fountains sweetly shine,
 In showers of dazzling whiteness there,
 And from earth issuing rills of wine
 With balmy perfume fill the air,

Thou, dear old man! by whom the lyre
 Was loved and cherish'd to the last;
 And in gay song or soft desire
 Whose every hour of life was past.

H. NEDLOH.

Te præ flore-ant hederæ cum fronde corymbi,
 Te præ purpureus serâ resâtât a-er,
 Cuncta præ-mant expressi flumina lacis,
 Flumina eductæ terra det ipsa mari,
 Ut tibi pervadat ciceres atque ossa voluptas,
 Lactitæd manes siqua venire queat.
 Cui tibi, lyra cura fuit—comitesque fuerunt
 Navigio vitæ cernen amarique teæ.

H. NEDLOH.

Around thee let the ivy with berries be crown'd,
 Around thee let the meads with bright verdure abound;
 Let the milk in white streams, O Anacreon, shine,
 Let the earth ever pour thee its sweet-smelling wine—
 For thy bones and thy ashes these pleasures shall bloom,
 If such pleasures as these ever reach to the tomb.
 Thou art he who was fond of his dear harp, and long
 Through a happy life voyaged with Love and with Song.

D. M. P.

May greenest ivy, clustering round,	Let milk, from fountains ever flow,
Oh! Bard of Love, thy grave o'er-sha-	And fragrant wine, Earth's sweetest trea-
dow,	sure,
And every floweret grace the ground,	Gush forth, thine ashes to bedow,
That blows on purple bank or meadow!	And soothe thy rest with dreams of pleasure.

For oh! if bliss can reach the dead,
 Thine, dear Anacreon, bliss should be;
 Whose blameless hours were brightly sped
 By Music, Love, and Minstrelsy.

THOMAS MOORE.

Around the tomb, O bard divine!	Taus—shade of him whom nature taught
Where soft thy bow'd brow reposes,	To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure—
Long may the deathless ivy twine,	Who gave to love his warmest thought,
And Summer pour his waste of roses.	Who gave to love his fondest measure—
And many a fount shall there distil,	Thus—after death, if spirits feel,
And many a mil refresh the flowers;	Thou mayst, from odours round thee
But wine shall gush in every rill,	streaming,
And every fount yield milky showers.	A pulse of fresh enjoyment steal,
	And live again in blissful dreaming.

DEITA.

Around thee may thick-clustering ivy spread,
 Anacreon, and soft bloom of purple mead;
 From conscious earth founts of white milk distil.
 And luscious wine pour forth, a fragrant rill;
 That pleasure still may hover o'er thy head.
 If cheerfulness, indeed, may reach the dead.
 Oh! thou beloved one! that o'er the lyre,
 Thy fondling, breath'd thy spirit's warm desire,
 Making life's voyage, all low cares above,
 One bright extended dream of song and love.

ROBERT BLAND, (SENIOR.)

Grow, clustering ivy, where Anacreon lies;
 There may soft buds from purple meadows rise;
 Gush, milky springs, the poet's turf to lave.
 And, fragrant wine, flow; joyous from his grave!
 Thus charm'd, his bones shall press their narrow bed,
 If aught of pleasure ever reach the dead.
 In these delights he sooth'd his age above,
 His life devoting to the lyre and love.

GEORGE TREVOR.

Anacreon! Anacreon! thick ivy o'er thee grow,
 With all the softest flowers that in the purple meadows blow!
 May fountains fair of purest milk for ever gush around,
 And springs of pleasant-smelling wine flow sweetly from the ground!
 For sure thy bones and ashes still shall take delight in these,
 If any yet among the dead a glimpse of pleasure sees.
 Ah! dear to us! ah! thou to whom the harp was passing dear,
 Who, full of song, and full of love, through life didst ever steer!

F. G. (ASSEMBLY HOUSE, LEYTONSTONE, ESSEX.)

May clustering ivy twine around thy tomb,
 And purple meadows shed their richest bloom;
 My gushing streams of foaming milk arise,
 And wine, sweet-scented, where Anacreon lies.
 So may his dust—if in our dust remain
 Of feeling aught—be steep'd in bliss again.
 Dear Bard! to whom the lyre was ever dear!
 Well-skill'd through life with love and song to steer.

WILLIAM HAY.

Anacreon,—around thine honour'd tomb
 May clustering ivy berries ever bloom,
 Soft meadow-flowers put on their purple glow,
 And snow-white milk from welling fountains flow:
 And may the earth for thee, in streams profuse,
 Pour forth the vine's most fragrant, luscious juice;
 That, if a joy can reach the shades below,
 Thy bones and ashes still may pleasure know.
 Loved friend of the loved lyre! the bard who steer'd
 His course through life, by love and music cheer'd!

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

May clustering ivy, and the purple bloom
 Of meadows, ever flourish round thy tomb,
 Anacreon! May gushing fountains flow
 Of milk, and earth-sprung wine in fragrance glow,
 That even thy very bones may feel delight;
 If joy indeed can reach the realms of night!
 Oh, Bard beloved! who lov'd the lyre so well,
 And cheer'd with Love life's voyage—Fare thee well!

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

Εἴης ἐν μακάρεσσιν, Ἀνάκρεον, εὖχος Ἰόνων
 μήτ' ἱερὰν κάμων ἀνίστασθαι λύρας
 ὑγρὰ δὲ διεκροῦναι· ἐν ὕμνοις ἅλιν αἰδοίς,
 αἰδύσσαν λιπαρῆς ἀνδρὸς ὕπερθε κόμης,
 ἢ πρὸς Εὐρυπύλῃν τετραμμένος· ἢ Μεγιστῇ,
 ἢ Κίονα Θρηκὸς Σμερδαίῳ πλόκαμον,
 ἢ δὲ μίτῳ βλύζον, ἀμφιβροχὸς ἑμάτα Βάκχῃ,
 ἄκρητον ἑλίσσον νεκτάρ ἀπὸ σολιδων.
 τρισσοῖς γὰρ, Μῦσαισι, Διονύσῃ, καὶ Ἑρῳτι,
 πρέσβυ, κατ' ἐπιείσθη πᾶς ὁ τοῦ βίωτος.

LITERALLY. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Mayst thou be amongst the blest, oh! Anacreon,—boast of Ionians,
 Apart from neither beloved revelries, nor the lyre:
 And mayst thou sing softly, with eyes beaming meltingly,
 Waving a flower (*garland*) on thy glossy hair,
 Whether turning thyself towards Eurypyle, or Megista,
 Or the braided ringlets of Thracian Smerdia:
 —Overflowing with delightful wine, having thy garments soak'd with Bacchus,
 Squeezing out powerful nectar from thy stole.

For to these three,—the Muses, Bacchus, and Cupid,
Old man, thy life was poured-out.

F. T. PRICE.

*Inter cæcicolas, quem jactat Ionia prolem,
Sis sine nec dapibus, nec sine, Teie, lyrà.
Luminibus vero madidis decorantia cantes,
Et quatias, nitidas florea sarta comas;
Versus in Eurypylen, dulcemve Megistea, Thracem
Vel ciconum ornatum Smerdia more caput.
Dulce merum fundens, Baccho simul ebria vestis
Dum quæque unmixto nectare ruga madet.
Nam tribus hisce, senex, Musis, Bacchoque, et Amori,
Ad tumulum cæcis dedita vita tua est.*

F. T. PRICE.

Lord of Ionic Song divine, May heaven, Anacreon, be thine; But not without thy strain of fire, Nor, Soul of Song, thy magic lyre. O, singing there mayst thou be seen, Glistening thine eye with rapture's sheen, And shaking, as the numbers flow, The flowery wreath that shades thy brow, In dalliance with Eurypyle; Or may Megistes play with thee,	Or the young Smerdis, Thracian fair, The maiden of the lovely hair; Then may the flowing bowl be thine, Thy very garments dripping wine; And in thy cheek may every seam Be channel to a nectar stream. The Muses, Bacchus too, and Love— (The God all other Gods above)— Thou hast but lived, old man, to please This Triad of Divinities.
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DELTA.

Mayst thou be with the Blest, oh! Bard, the boast
Of Teos, nor be loved revelries,
Nor be the lyre apart; and mayst thou sing
Softly, as erst, with eyes of melting light,
And a flower-garland in thy glossy hair;
Whether unto Eurypyle be given
Thy soul — Megiste—or the braided curls
Of Thracian Smerdis;—with delicious wine
Overflowing, with thy robes in Bacchus steep'd,
Squeezing out potent nectar from thy store:
For to these three,—the Muses, Love, and Wine,
Thy life, old man, was pour'd out lavishly.

WILLIAM HAY.

Ionia's boast, Anacreon, with the blest,
Mid festive song, be now thy place of rest.
Soft be thy harpings,—while thy melting eye
Dissolves in love, and beams with ecstasy—
Under thy glossy hair's flower-waving wreath,
While turning round the tender tale to breathe,
Or to Eurypylé, or Megista fair,
Or Thracian Smerdia with the braided hair.
May Bacchus overflow thee, steep thy soul,
While drops of nectar trickie down thy stole;
Since to these three,—the Muses, Love adored,
And Bacchus fair, thy cup of life was pour'd.

D. M. P.

Oh! be thy place where youth immortal smiles,
Thou glory of the fair Ionian isles,
Anacreon! There thine own enchanted lyre
Attend thee still, and jocund mirth inspire!
There, while thine eyes glance liquid light for ever,
And freshest flowers above thy bright locks quiver,

Still may thy songs break forth in melody,
 As turn thy looks to fond Eurypyle,
 Or seek Megiste's answering smile to move,
 Or the soft curls of thy last Thracian love !
 And wine be there, thy flowing cups to crown,
 Fast o'er thy careless garments trickling down,
 —For they—the Nine, the God of Wine, and Love—
 Who shared thy life, should bless thy soul above !

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Boast of Ionia ! Bard she loved the best !
 Denied nor mirth nor music 'mong the blest,
 Still mayst thou softly sing with melting eyes,
 And garland thy smooth locks with flowery dyes !
 Whether Eurypyle, or Megiste, thou,
 Or Thracian Smerde with the braided brow,
 Turnest to woo, with spirit steep'd in wine
 Still sweet, while thy stain'd robes with purple shine,
 Nectar press'd from their folds. Thy life above,
 Old man ! flow'd to the Muses, Bacchus, Love !

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

Ξαῖνε, τάφον παρά λιτόν Ἀνακρείοντος ἀμειβων,
 εἴ τι τοι ἐκ βιβλίων ἤλθεν ἐμῶν ὄφ-λος,
 σπείσον ἐμῇ σποδῇ, σπείσον γένος, ὃ φρα κεν οἶνω
 ὁσια γυῖν' ἴσῃ τάρμα νοτιζομένα,
 ὡς ὁ Διανύσιοιο λελασμένος ἔποτε κόμος,
 ὡς ὁ Φιλακρῆτε σύντροφος ἀρμονίης,
 μηδὲ καταφθιμένος Βάκχῃ διχα τέτον ὑποίτω
 τὸν γενεῇ μερόπων χῶρον ὀφειλόμενον.

LITERALLY. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Oh, stranger ! while passing by the simple tomb of Anacreon,
 If ever any benefit came to thee from my writings,
 Pour out (*libations*) to my ashes, pour out delight, that with wine
 My bones moistened may rejoice ;
 As, having been initiated into the orgies of the revelries of Bacchus,
 As having been the fellow-nursling of strong-wined harmony, (*reverses in a manner
 steeped in wine*),

I will not, even though dead, endure to dwell apart from Bacchus,
 In that place destined to the generation of men.

F. T. PRICE.

Advena, præteriens mea tenuia busta, quid usis
 Venerit è libris si tibi forte meis ;
 Huic cineri liba, liba merum, ut hæc mea rursum
 Delicias habeant ossa rigata mero.
 Sic, dedit auriculis cui gaudia carmen Iacchi,
 Sic, inter vinum ductus et harmoniam,
 Ne, post fata licet, patiar sine numine Bacchi
 Hæc loca debetur queis genus omne virum.

F. T. PRICE.

O, stranger, whosoe'er thou art,
 Whose steps this humble tablet mea-
 sure,
 If e'er my song hath warm'd thine heart,
 Or giv'n thy breast one thrill of plea-
 sure,

Above mine ashes racy wine
 In unrestrain'd libations pour ;
 Thus may that joy again be mine,
 So well beloved in days of yore.

Thus may the bard whose raptured ear
 Hath drunk the choral strain divine,
 Whose dream of life from year to year
 Hath flown mid revelry and wine :

O thus, which other men await,
 May he escape the bitter doom—
 To bear, from Bacchus separate,
 The sober silence of the tomb.

WILLIAM HAY.

Pass not, my friend, Anacreon's simple grave,
 It e'er my song thee aught of pleasure gave :
 Pour wine libations, that the joyous rite
 My very bones may moisten with delight.
 The mystic revelries of Bacchus taught,
 A bard, whose notes with powerful wine were fraught,
 In this last home of man I cannot dwell
 Without the jolly God I loved so well.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

O stranger ! passing by this simple stone,
 It sweet the singing of Anacreon
 Was ever to thine ear, these bones of mine
 Delight by bathing them in joy and wine !
 Well I the mysteries of Bacchus knew,
 And how to steep my harmonies in hue
 Like the strong grape's ! And now I loathe the abode
 Destined for all—wad out mine own dear God !

ANTIPATΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ.

Εὐδαίς ἐν φθιμύνοισιν, Ἀνάκρειον, ἐσθλὰ πονήσας,
 εὔδαι' ὅ' ἡ γλυκερὴ νυκτιλάλος κιθάρα,
 εὔδαι' καὶ Σμύρῃς, τὸ Πύτων ἔαρ, ὃ' τὴν μελισσῶν,
 βάρβιτ', ἀνέκχεα νεκτάρ' ἐκέρμονον.
 ἡϊτίων, ἄρ' ἔρωτος ἔφυς σκοπος· ἐς δὲ σε μάθων
 τοῦτα τε καὶ σκολιῶς εἶχεν ἐκβοήσας.

D. M. P.

Thou sleepest, Anacreon, in the silent shades—
 Sleepest thy sweet harp of nightly serenades ;
 And she, who bloom'd the Spring of thy desire,
 Sleepest with the master of that well-won lyre ;
 — She, for whose loveliness that lyre so long
 Pour'd the pure nectar of harmonious song.
 Thou wast the mark for young Love's archery—
 His bow and shafts seem'd only bent on thee.

•GEORGE TRIVOR.

And thou in death, Anacreon,
 Ah ! pleasant Poet, sleepest !
 And sleeps the harp that quaver'd on
 So gay when night was deepest !

And Smerde sleeps, to thee the spring
 Of ever-budding pleasures,

For whom that harp's melodious string
 Like nectar pour'd its measures !

Oh ! thou hadst room for every joy
 That love hath e'er imparted ;
 And still at thee the Archer boy
 His twisted arrows darted.

ΔΕΡΝΙΔΟΥ.

Ἰδ' ὅς ὁ παρ' ἐσθλῶν ἐκ μέγιστος Ἀνacreon
 Ἰδ' ὅς ὁ παρ' ἐσθλῶν ἐκ μέγιστος Ἀνacreon
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GROTIUS.

Anacreonta cernis, ut victus moro,
 Senex vacillat, et sibi vestem trahit
 Pedes ad imos : alterum de calceis
 Adhuc retentat, alterum jam perdidit,
 Manuque tractans ebrua testudinem
 Pulehrum Bathyllum cantat aut Megisteā.
 At tu, Lyce, ne cadat, serva senem.

P. T. PRICE.

En ! ebrius ut senex Anacreon
 Vacillat, atque pauperem totam trahit
 Pedes ad usque ; calceumque, en ! unicum
 Adhuc tuetur, alterumque perdidit ;

Hec ! voce cantat increpans testudinem
 Centē Bathyllum vel Megisten candi-
 dum.—
 Senem tuetur, Bacche, ne forsan cadat.

P. T. PRICE.

See! how the old tippler, Anacreon, reels,
With his dirty old gown trailing down to his heels;
Why, he has but one slipper, the other, I vow,
He has lost in his drunkenness—hark to him now!
Woe, surely he strikes his harp's magical strings
To Bathyllus, or else to Megistes he sings.
(Oh! who could resist such a musical call?)
Support the old boy, Bacchus, don't let him fall.

H. NEDLOH.

En! ebrioso quàm senex Anacreon
Gradu vacillat: tracta quàm vestis fluit
Adu'sque talos: alterum de calceis
Achue reservat, alterum deperdidit—
Et nunc Bathyllum dexterâ puisans
chalybeo
Et nunc Megistem concinit pulcherri-
mum—
O Bacche serva, ne cadat, serva senem.

ΛΕΩΝΙΔΟΥ ΤΑΠΑΝΙΝΟΥ.

Πρῆσθον Ἀνακρείοντα χεῖρ' αὖν σεσάλευμένον
αἶνον
Θάλασσαν δὲν ὡς τὸν ἑρμῆν ἐπὶ τῇ δὲ δαί-
'Ως ὁ γέροντα λελύγαν ἐπὶ ἡμῶν ἐν ἑσπέρῃ
ἐσθλῇ
'Αχρεὶ καὶ ἀτραχάδων ἐλκεται ἀντιχρῆ-
στον
Δισσάν' ὁ δὲ βυλῶν τὰν μὲν μίαν, αὖ μὲν
πλὴν
'Ως τιν' ἐν δὲ ἐσθλῇ φανερὸν ἄρα πίνει
Μέλαι δ' ὅτ' ἐν βάθρῳ λαλῶν ἐξέμεινεν ἰὲ Μιγιστῶν,
Αἰὼρον παλάμῃ τανυσεσπῶτα χεῖρας
'Αλλὰ πάτερ Διόνισι, φίλῳ προσέειπ' οὐ γὰρ
ἐοικέν
'Εκ Εὐκλείου πωπτεῖν Βακχιακὸν ἔργον.

WILLIAM QUAY.

See on this rounded pedestal
The old Anacreon crown'd
With garlands, while his senses
In floods of wine are drowned.

His swimming eyes are twinkling
With sparks of soft desire,
While at his ankles dangling
He drags his loose attire.

And like a man wine-stricken,
One buskin hath he on

H. NEDLOH.

See how the old Anacreon reels
And straggles from his cups all mellow,
His cloak is trailing at his heels,
One shoe is on, but where's the fellow?

Behold! he strikes his lyre to sing
Bathylla and Megistes fair:
Now, Bacchus, now protection bring,
Of thy old vot'ry, pray, take care.

GROTIVS.

En ut Anacreion mense se verset ad orbem,
Luctatus multo tu gida membra mero:
Lunoibus madidis ut et huc tuatur et illuc,
Et vestem talos detrahat usque sibi.
De geminis domino perit jam calceus alter,
Alteri rugosum claudit aluta pedem.
Ipse gravis capta testudine d' flet amores,
Sive Bathylleos, sive Megisteicos.
Lapsantem, Leneae, tene, rogo: nam sit ini-
quum,
Si Bromii famulus concedat ob Bromium.

A foot so old and shrivell'd:
The other buskin's gone.

And in his hand upraising
His harp, he softly sings
Bathylla, or Megista,
Or the pains which loving brings.

Protect him, father Bacchus;
'Tis neither meet nor fair,
A Bacchanalian votary
Should fall, from lack of care.

CHARLES MERIVALE.

Come, see your old Anacreon,
Now, seated on his couch of stone,
With silvery temples galled,
He quaffs the rich wine rosy-red;
How, with flush'd cheek and swimming
eye,
In drunken fashion from his thigh
He lets his robe unheeded steal,
And drop and dangle o'er his heel.

One sandal's off; one scarce can hide
The lean and shrivell'd foot inside.
Old Anacreon—hark! he sings
Still of love to th' old harp strings!
Still, Bathylla, still, Megiste,
How he kiss'd ye, how he kiss'd ye!
Gentle Bacchus, watch and wait,
You must watch and hold him straight;
Hold him up; for if he fall,
You lose your boldest Bacchanal!

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Upon this rounded pedestal behold Anacreon placed !
 Fill'd full of wine, as if in life, and with a garland graced ;
 The old man he looks swimmingly around with amorous eyes,
 And drags about his ankles his garments as he hies ;
 O! his two buskins on; you see, like a drunkard he hath tint,
 And the other—what a shrivell'd loot, grimace ! is got in't.
 He needs must sing too ! lifting up his love resounding lyre,
 For Bathylla or Megiste hath set his soul on fire.
 Fly, Father Bacchus, to his aid—or you'll be blamed by all—
 Shame to your Godship 'twere to let such votary get a fall.

We have seen many hundred versions of one and all of the Odes attributed to Anacreon; and some scores are clever—Cowley's *Cicada* is in itself exquisite—and most of Moore's are as charming as can be; but not one of them all—the *Teian Sage*. Anacreontics are commonly as hard as plum or cherry stones. They should be mellow as grapes—a ripe bunch that seems one budding grape—green or purple—and that melts in the mouth cool as snow congealed of dew in the clime of Hours. We shewed a specimen or two sometime in summer—and a few still brighter and balmy shall grace our Spring exhibition. But let us leap a few centuries, and pass an hour with *Meleager*. Here is his celebrated *Heliodora's Garland*—and his no less celebrated *Zenophile's Garland*. Six lines each—no more—so we shall venture to quote the Greek. And first, *Heliodora*.

Breathed there ever a man with soul so dead as not to love flowers? Beautiful are they all to our eyes, from the daisy—which *Ebenezer Eliot*, with a fine proud feeling of appropriation, calls the "*People's Flower*"—and a dear little radical it is—up—or down—which you will—to the rose-royal that blooms in the gardens of kings. Gentlemen proceeding towards *Tyburn* used to wear a bouquet in their breast; so we believe did the *Haugman*; and so still do some of our great law-officers, *Chancellors*, *Attorney-Generals*, and *Lord-Advocates*—link-boys too, and sweeps. 'Tis pleasant to see an urchin, with a lily or a rose pinned to his grimy garb, step on the hearth and then up the chimney. Even a *Gilmerton carter* may be seen "in the season of the year" with a posie; perhaps a wall-flower from *Craig-Millar*, or what think ye of a violet? No heart so rude as

to be insensible to the beauty of flowers. They seem so happy and so harmless. True, so are butterflies; but then butterflies are alive and waver—without the aid of wind—of their own accord—up and down the air. The living motion sets boys and clowns against them, who tear off their wings and laugh to see them crawling in the mire like slugs. Flowers are torn too, and dropt or flung away; but not while they continue to look glad—that is, fresh and fair. As soon as they begin to fade, they seem to have but an indifferent scent—a bad such—and without compunction, do we fling the shrunk rose like a leathsome weed away, displeased or indignant with it for perishing!

We love Flowers because, having no life, they have no sin, and yet are more beautiful than sin. But creatures so fair deserve to have life, and we give it to them—to the lilies of the field—calling them the children of nature—and then envying them the dews and sunshine! But what a fine spiritual life is theirs—communicated to them by the breath of our delight! Like faint music! Our good—our best emotions only can settle on Flowers; and thus even the plainest and more ordinary of the Family are—like the brightest of the sisterhood—emblematical of the amiable, the blameless, and the beautiful.

We love, at proper times and in proper places, even an artificial flower. An *epique*-full is sometimes superb. In a ball-room none else will do—and where all beside is artificial, why not the flowers? Yet 'tis painful to observe them so self-collected and composed, and 'twould be a relief to see them, and the cheeks of their wearers, change colour. A flower is pledged, by the very tenure of its existence, to

bloom itself away in a short time, on a Virgin's head. The Virgin is pledged, too, not to be an Evergreen. Absurd, a rustle of scentless violets on a wig.

The Greeks, though a most ingenious people, had no idea of paper hyacinths and narcissuses. They were all poets—and how could a poet moralize on the transitory bloom of a painted flower perennial as its parent pasteboard? That sensitive, fanciful, and imaginative people saw a touching charm in the fading garland. They felt that the bright eyes beaming beneath it would grow dim too, and therefore they worshipped them with the more passionate adoration. But what would Meleager have said to a lady with artificial flowers, false ringlets, and a glass eye? He has left us no such Epigram.

We could fill a whole Magazine with passages from Greek poetry on crowns and perfumes. Does not Sappho say—

“Come, gentle youth, and in thy flowing locks
With delicate fingers weave a fragrant crown
Of anætic anise; for the Gods
Delight in flowery wreaths, nor lend an ear
Propitious to their suit, who supplicate
With brows unbound with sweetly-smelling flowers.”

In Athenæus there is a long discourse on the several sorts of crowns, and the flowers of which they were composed; and an old poet of Halicarnassus there cited sings thus:—

“The Zephyrs and the Graces wove her garment,
And deck'd it with the sweetest flowers that Spring,
Exuberant with gentle showers, brings forth;
Such as adorn the Hours, the yellow crocus,
The purple hyacinth, violet fresh and moist,
Sweet-scented rose, the lily's fragrant cup,
Narcissus, too, whose odours fill the air.
Venus preserve with never-fading grace
A garment so divinely wrought.”

And again, from the same poet, (*MSS. penes me*)—

“The ever-smiling Venus, and the nymphs
That form her happy train, their foreheads bind

With garlands of the choicest flowers that grow
On the sweet-smelling bosom of the earth,
Breathing and dropping odours—as they move,
The Graces join in mirthful song, the while
Old Ida's lofty summit, crown'd with springs,
In quick vibration echoes back the strain.”

Have you forgotten the origin of the Naucratic crown? In the twenty-third Olympiad, Erostratus arrived at Paphos, in the Isle of Cyprus, where he bought a small statue of Venus, about a span high, of ancient workmanship, intending to take it with him to Naucratis. As he neared the Egyptian shore, he was overtaken by a sudden tempest, and knew not whither the vessel was driving; so addressing their prayers to their statue of Venus, the crew supplicated the goddess to preserve them from danger. Venus immediately filled the space around her statue with most odoriferous myrtles, which spread over the ship the most delightful fragrance, and this, too, at the moment when, from excessive sickness, they had lost all hope. The sickness ceased—the weather became calm—they soon discovered where they were, and arrived safely at Naucratis. Erostratus immediately jumped on shore, with the statue and the myrtles which had so wonderfully blossomed, and went to deposit them in the Temple of Venus. He offered a sacrifice to the goddess, and consecrated to her the statue; he then invited his friends to an entertainment, which he gave in the Temple, and presenting to each a myrtle crown, it had at once the name of the Naucratic Crown given to it.

The Carian's crown, you know, is of osier; and we could quote a charming epigram of Nicenetus, in which he wishes himself crowned with one, and lying among the zephyrs in the rural glades, far from the city noise. People's heads ached of old after a bouze as they do now, and they used to bind a fillet tight round the temples, as a remedy against the fumes of the wine. From that practice they soon came to crowns of ivy, whose large etiol leaves

were most refreshing, and so too was the scent, faint and sweet; in a short time the use of these crowns was forgotten, and they were worn merely as ornaments. But the myrtle and rose crown was the richest and most graceful, and, 'twas thought, at the same time, that the myrtle had an astringent quality to dissipate the fumes of wine, and that the rose, by its agreeable odours, moderated the pain of the head, while it enlivened and refreshed the senses. The custom of wearing chaplets at their banquets, prevailed among the Jews as well as the Greeks and Romans.

“ Let us fill ourselves with costly wine and ointments,
And let no flower of the Spring pass by us;
Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they are withered.”

Book of Wisdom.

The ancients were particularly curious in the preparation and use of unguents, insomuch that every member had its peculiar species of perfume. Thus Antiplanēs—

“ In a rich vessel, burnish'd o'er with gold,
Her hands and feet she bath'd, with unguents sweet,
From Egypt brought; her cheeks and snowy breast

Breathe a Phœnician perfume; while her arms
Fragrant with odours of sweet mint; her hair
And arch'd brows with marjoram; and her knees,
And lofty neck, are redolent with th' essence
Of sweetly smelling thyme.”

The Athenians, above all, held perfumes in highest esteem; and Masarius, who is the speaker on this subject, in Athenæus, in quoting a passage from the *Εισοικίζομένη* of Alexis, says the unguents mentioned there, are not to be compared with those in use at Athens. What a poetical perfumer!

“ He did not, as the ancient custom was
In good old times, from alabaster box
With unguents fill'd, perfume his welcome guests;
But he let loose four pigeons, not alike
Scented, but each a different odour gave.
These, as they flew in circles, shed around
Delicious fragrance, from their dropping wings,
Upon our garments, and the scented floor,
With carpets richly covered.”

But we beg Meleager's pardon* for having kept him so long waiting; though the time must have been to him momentary along with his Heliodora.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Ἡλέξω λευκοῖαν, πλέξω δ' ἀταλάνης ἡμῶν ῥόδον,
Νάρκισσον, *πλεξέω, καὶ τὴν γελάντην κρινά,
Ἡλέξω καὶ κρόκον ἥδ' ἐπιπλεξέω σ' ἰάκινθον
Ἡγοφρέην, τλέξω καὶ φιλέρωστα ρόδα,
Ὡς ἂν ἐπὶ νηοτάφῳς μνησθῶσι τοῦ Ἡλιόδωρος
Ἐπὶ τλίσεσθαι γυναικὸν ἀνδροφάνη τέφρῳ.

LITERALLY. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

I will twine the white-violet, I will twine along tender myrtles
The narcissus, I will twine also the laughing lilies,
I will twine also the sweet crocus. I will twine on (these) the hyacinth
Purple, I will twine roses agreeable-to-lovers,
So that on the temples of Heliodora with-the-perfumed-locks
A garland may flower-spread her beautifully-curled hair.

JOS. SCALIGERI.

Et plectam violas, et myrtis suavis addam
Narcissum, jungam lilia hiulca simul,
Nectam suave crocum, texam vaccinia flore
Purpureo, plectam suavia texta rosa,
Et madidæ unguento tibi floribus undique inumbret,
Heliodora, tuas plecta corolla comas.

(?)

Connectam violas, connectam mollia myrta,
Narcissum, et patuli lilia hiulca sinu;

*Malantesque crocos, et purpureos Hyacinthos,
Insuper et vernæ florea sarta rosæ.
Ut tibi ab unguento caput, Heliodora, fragranti
Spiret odoratis apta Corona comis.*

IANI STEPH. VERBES. L. 2. ep. 85.

*Et violam, et myrtum, et narcissi germina plectam,
Et canum patulo liliolum calice,
Flagrantesque crocos, et suave rubentem Hyacinthum,
Et quæ Pæstanus sarta colonus habet:
Tempora quo dominæ, Syria stillantia nardo,
Spargat odoratis blanda Corona comis.*

GROTIIUS.

*I'lectam ego narcissum, plectam Cythercia myrta,
Albaque formosis lilia cum violis;
Cumque croci foliis Hyacinthum suave rubentem:
Adnectam tenere suavia texta rosæ.
Lætius unguento spirantis ut Heliodora
Aspergat pulchro flore Corona coma.*

J. H. MÉRIVALE.

*I'll wreath the white violets—with the myrtle shade
Bind soft narcissus—and amidst them braid
The laughing lily; with whose virgin hue
Shall blend bright crocus, and the hyacinth blue.
There many a rose shall, interwoven, shed
Its blushing grace on Heliodora's head,
And add fresh fragrance, amorously entwining
Her cluster'd locks, with spicy ointments shining.*

WILLIAM HAY.

*The violets so fair with soft myrtles I'll entwine,
And smiling lilies pure, with narcissuses combine,
And in the bouny wreath sweet crocuses inshrine,
And all to be a garland for Heliodora's hair.*

*And the bluish purple hyacinth in the' garland I'll compose,
And the flower of flowers which lovers choose, the tender budding rose,
Which, like my Heliodora, its opening beauty shews,
And all to be a garland for Heliodora's hair.*

*And the ringlets of her hair when with the garland bound,
Will fill the smiling air with odours all around—
From every sweetest flower which can anywhere be found,
And all to be a garland for Heliodora's hair.*

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

*I'll twine white violets, with soft myrtles too
Narcissus twine, hyacinth of purple hue
Twine with sweet crocus, laughing lilies twine
With roses that to lovers hopeful shine;
So that on Heliodora's perfumed head
A wreath her beauteous ringlets may flower-spread.*

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

*I'll frame, my Heliodora! a garland for thy hair,
Which thou, in all thy beauty's pride, mayst not disdain to wear;
For I with tender myrtles white violets will twine,
White violets, but not so pure as that pure breast of thine;
With laughing lilies I will twine narcissus, and the sweet
Crocus shall, in its yellow hue, with purple hyacinth meet.
And I will twine with all the rest, and all the rest above,
Queen of them all, the red red Rose, the flower which lovers love.*

On Heliodora's temples so balmy and so bright,
 On Heliodora's brow composed of incense and of light,
 The many-hued harmonious crown shall such a lustre shed,
 One glory flowers and locks shall seem round her celestial head.

We beg you to look well at the Greek, and you will see that much depends on the frequent repetition (four times) of the verb *πλέω*—I will twine. In the first of our two versions—which occupied us—nor are we ashamed to tell it—two hours—we give ourselves credit for having contrived in six lines to “twine” four times; and while it is very literal, it is not, we think, inelegant. But send us a better—pray do now. Merivale, as usual, is very graceful; but he has chosen—or been obliged to vary the verb—using “wreath,” “braid,” “bind,” “blend.” Hay has prettily changed the cast of the composition—having had Burns's beautiful “Posie” in his heart. In two of the Latin versions the difficulty is grappled with, but not overcome; and in two it is given the go-by; but all four are good. Our second version is more free—but we preserve the “twine,” as well as the thread of our discourse, and we cannot help admiring the lines. Nobody else seeming to be at hand to praise us, we do so ourselves, and, we flatter ourselves, with delicacy and judgment.

The feeling of the Greek lines is tender, and the expression perfect; but we cannot say more of the feeling than that it is a natural tender-

ness, inspired by the mingled breath of Heliodora and her garland. The tenderness is mixed, too, it may be said, with pride and homage. Meleager does the thing gracefully: we see his figure in an imposing posture as he fixes the wreath on her head. But compare the courtier with the clown—Meleager with Burns. By the banks of every stream in Coila had bold bright Bobby walked with his arm round some sweetheart's waist, and helped her to pull the primrose or the hawthorn—

“In many a secret place,
 Where rivulets danced their wayward round,
 And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
 Did pass into her face.”

The Scot surpasses the Greek in poetry as well as passion—his tenderness is more heartfelt—its expression is even more exquisite; for the most consummate art, even when guided by genius, cannot refine and burnish by repeated polishing the best selected words, up to the breathing beauty that, warm from the fount of inspiration, sometimes colours the pure language of nature. Lady! we appeal to thee—while we place THE POSIE on thy bosom.

THE POSIE.

O love will venture in, where it daurna weel be seen,
 O love will venture in, where wisdom aince has been;
 But I will down yon river rove, among the wood sae green,
 And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
 For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer;
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when J'ho'bus peeps in view,
 For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou;
 The hyacinth for constancy wi' its unchanging blue,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
 And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
 The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu' wi' its locks o' siller grey,
 Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day,
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away;
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

'The woodbine I will pu' when the evening star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear;
The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

In one of Mr Merivale's notes—allusion is made to Dr Aikin's "Essay on the application of Natural History to Poetry"—where he censures Pope for having in his Pastorals represented two flowers as blowing at the same time, when some months in reality intervene between the periods of their flowering;

"Here, the bright crocus and the violet grow;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow."

We have never seen the Doctor's Essay, but do not doubt the excellence of his prescription. "Every flowery versifier," he says, "has materials at hand for a lover's bower; but a botanist alone could have culled and sorted the plants which compose the Bower of Eve." Poo-poo-poo. Milton was no botanist. Poets of course observe all natural phenomena; when they wish to be accurate they generally are so; and ignorance is unpardonable on all occasions where they profess to write according to knowledge. But feeling often forgets facts. Meleager gathers flowers for his Heliodora that are all naturally in blossom together, and it is well; but Burns pu'd a posie for his own dear May, in despite of the Seasons and Dr Aikin. He was as good a botanist as Milton—that is, no botanist at all—but he knew every month by its flower. Nevertheless, his own dear May, more magical than even the month of that name, to his eyes covered the earth at once with all the flowers of

the year. As all the innocences were alive in her, so to his imagination were all their emblems in nature. The primrose—the firstling of the year—as he most tenderly calls it—the pink, which comes long after—the rose, which in Scotland at least is "*newly* born in June"—the hawthorn, seldom "*siller grey*" before July—and the violet earlier far than the lily—though Heaven forbid the lily should be wanting—all are pu'd by the ploughman for one Posie, that in its profusion and confusion of balm and bloom, shall faintly but faithfully image his own dear May. Enough that both she and they were innocent and beautiful in the breath of Heaven. Nor is that all. He mingles the hours of the day as well as the seasons of the year.

"I'll pu' the budding rose *when Phoebus peeps in view*"—

an image of the dewy dawn; but from morn to dewy eve is but a moment in "love's young dream," and forgetful of the simplest and easiest chronology, he declares,

"The woodbine I will pu' *when the evening star is near*"

We could expatiate for an hour on this Posie; but the hint we have dropped is sufficient to settle Dr Aikin. Besides, the seasons of flowers dove-tail; primroses do not come regularly to a day like swallows; nor can you depend on the crocus as on the cuckoo. Farther—but no—no—we must return to Meleager.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Ἦδη λευκὸν ἴον βάλλει, βάλλει δὲ φίλμαβρον
Νάρκισσος, βάλλει δ' ὀφεισφόρου κρινά.

Ἦδη δ' ἡ Φιλέρασος, ἐν ἀνθεσιν ὄριμον ἀνθός,
Ζηνοφίλῃ, Πισθοῦς ἥδ' ὅν τιθέτω ῥόδον.

Λιμῶνι, τι μάταια κόμῃς ἔστι φαίδρα γιγᾶτ
Ἢ γὰρ ταῖς κρησσω ἥδ' ὀνύχων σιφάνων.

LITERALLY. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Now the white violet blooms, blooms also the shower-loving
 Narcissus, bloom also the mount-frequenting lilies,
 Even now, the mature flower among flowers, agreeable-to-lovers,
 Oh, Zenophile, Persuasion's sweet flower the rose, is in bloom.
 Ye meadows, why do ye laugh with superfluous beauties of leaves,
 For my girl is more exquisite than sweet-breathing garlands?

JOS. SCALIGER.

Jam canæ florent violæ, pluviaeque sititor,
 Narcissus; florent lilia sparsa jugis;
 Et vernæ florum flos jucundissimus horæ,
 Zenophile, Suadæ floret amica rosa.
 Prata, quid, ah! frustra florum ridetis honore?
 Gravior est omni flore puella mea.

JAN. STEPH. VERBES. L. 2. ep. 51.

Jam violæ florent, et amans pluviae narcissus,
 Cumque suis rident lilia pura jugis;
 Et mea jam vernat, flos florum, flore venusto.
 Zenophile, Peithus deliciosa rosa.
 Quid vario florum ridetis prata lepore?
 Lux mea odoratis suavior est strophiliis.

(?)

Jam florent violæ atque imbri Narcissus amicus,
 Quæque altis gaudent lilia cana jugis,
 Et tempestivis jam florum flosculus annis,
 Zenophile, Suadæ floret amica rosa.
 Prata, quid, O, vano florum gaudetis honore?
 Suavior est ipsis sancta puella rosis.

JOH. FIDLER.

Jam florent violæ, floret Narcissus amicus
 Imbribus, et celsis lilia celsa jugis.
 Grata Cupidinibus, flos flores inter honorum,
 Zenophile, Suadæ quàm rosa grata viret!
 Quid dites variis ridetis floribus horti?
 Una rosa hæc vobis præripit omne decus.

HUG. GROT.

Jam pluvias Narcissus amans, jam lactea florent
 Montibus in summis lilia, jam violæ;
 Flos etiam florum maturis vernat in anni.
 Zenophile, dulci plena tepore rosa.
 Prata, quid, O, vano ridetis honore comarum?
 Zenophile par est nulla Corona mea.

Q. SEPTIM. FLOR. CHRIST.

Albæ jam violæ florent, atque imbris amator
 Narcissus, florent lilia montivaga,
 Et flores inter flos jam maturus, amicæ
 Zenophiles suado dulcis in ore rosa est.
 Quid vos, prata, juvat, flores jactare comantes,
 Si superat flores nostra puella sacros?

J. C. F. MANSO.

Albæ jam violæ florent et littora amantes
 Narcissi, florent lilia, montis honos.
 At quæ rura colit, viridissima flore puella,
 Zenophile, Suadæ prodit amœna rosa.
 Quid frustra nitidos crines ostenditis, agri,
 Dulcia cum superat sarta puella mea?

REV. JOHN SHEPHERD.

The snow-drop peeps from every glade, Ye meads! why vainly thus display
 The gay narcissus proudly glows, The buds that grace your vernal hour?
 The lily decks the mountain shade, For see ye not my *Zoe* stray
 Where blooms my fair—a blushing rose. Amidst your sweets, a sweeter flower?

WILLIAM HAY.

Now the white violets bloom, now bloom the flowers—
 The hyacinths that delight in dewy showers:
 Now bloom hill-loving lilies, and the rose,
 Love's, and Persuasion's flower, in blushing sweetness glows.

Zenophile, thou heart-enslaver, say
 Why laugh the meads in all that vain array
 Of beauty, since my girl is lovelier far
 Than sweetly-breathing garlands ever are.

J. H. MERIVALE.

Now are the vernal hours— Now are the vernal hours—
 The white-rob'd violet blooms, Zenophile the fair,
 And hyacinth, glad with showers, The loveliest flower of flowers,
 The breathing air perfumes; The sweet beyond compare,
 And, scatter'd o'er the mountain's side, Doth on her opening lips disclose
 The fragrant lily gleams in virgin pride. Divine Persuasion's never-fading rose.

Meadows! why do ye wreath
 In smiles your sunny tresses?
 Ye no such odours breathe,
 Though Spring your wardrobe dresses;—
 Ye no such glorious charms display,
 As she, the maiden that inspires my lay.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

'Tis now that the white violet steals out the Spring to greet,
 And that among his longed-for showers narcissus smiles so sweet;
 'Tis now that lilies upland-born frequent the slopes of green,
 And that the flower which lovers love, of all the flowers the queen,
 Without an equal anywhere, in full-blown beauty glows—
 Thou knowest it well, Zenophile! Persuasion's flower, the Rose!
 Ah! why, ye hills and meadows! bright laughter thus illumine
 Your leafy haunts? So lavish why, and prodigal of bloom?
 Not all the wreaths of all the flowers that Spring herself might cull,
 As mine own Virgin e'er could be one-half so beautiful!

You may have little or no Greek, and yet be a fair Latin scholar. See! how sweetly the Seven Wise men have turned the Greek into Roman flowers! and how fondly they inhale the scents of Spring! Joseph Scaliger and Hugo Grotius, nay, neither of them, perhaps, have been men of such transcendent abilities as Joseph Hume or Hew Dalrymple; you may be above such trifling as this of theirs with violets and roses, and yet be yourself the most solemn trifier in all Drowsyhead. Heard you never of elegant relaxation in the bowers of literary leisure? No objection to High Jinks—delightful to all but dunces is “weel-timed daffin.” Yet scholars love to soothe their souls, in quiet-

ude, with something scholarly; and how pleasant to gather a flower or two from the Pierian spring! In the deepest day of our winter no snow lies there; that margin is ever green; and the smell, believe us, of those white violets, sinks into the spirit, with oblivion of all worldly cares, yet with renovation of all its faculties seeming to “breathe empyreal air,” and fitter for the noise of earth returning from the calm of heaven.

Though neither Greek nor yet Latin scholar, you may read with far more pleasure than a good commonplace article could ever give, our Series on the Anthology. For the English versions are all tinged with Attic colouring; and you hear the murmuring of Attic bees on Mount

Hymettus. True that Meleager's self flourished — where, nobody knows precisely—in the decline, but before the expiration of the true Greek Fire. And who was Rufinus? We may, perhaps, tell you another time; meanwhile here is his Garland—and his Rhodoclea, who was as beautiful as either Zenophile or Heliodora. No fewer than twenty versions of the lovely six lines could satisfy us; and having but eight found ready to our hands, we laid ourselves on our sofa (not a little white one like the two dimities that simpleton Alfred Tennyson coquetted with

in a German Village-Inn,—but a strapping sofa in buff,) and believing ourselves on a spring-bank in Roslin glen, among the lilacs and linnets, we indited a Dozen, which we now not unconfidently submit to your approbation. Samuel Johnson, and Fitzjames T. Price, beat Joseph Scaliger and Hugo Grotius; all that Christopher North hopes is, that he may here be pronounced not much inferior to his honoured coadjutors, Wrangham, Hay, and the Triangular Bard whose lovely lays have so often delighted the ear of Maga.

ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ.

Πέμπω σοὶ ῥοδοκλεῖα, τίδ' ἐσέφος, ἀνθεσι καλοῖς
 Αὐτός ἐν ἡμετέραις πλεξάμενος παλάμαις.
 Ἐστὶ κρίνον, ῥόδον τε κάλυξ, νοτιρὴ τ' ἀνεμώνη,
 Καὶ νάρκισσος ὕγρος, καὶ κυανανθὸς ἴον.
 Ταῦτά σ' ἐφαμένη, λήξον μεγάλαυχος ἑοῦσα.
 Ἀνθεῖς καὶ λήγεις καὶ σὺ καὶ ὁ σέφανος.

LITERALLY. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

I send to thee, Rhodoclea, this garland of fair flowers,
 Myself having wreathed it with mine own hands;
 There is the lily, the rose-cup, the dewy anemone,
 And the moist narcissus, and the dark-blue violet.
 Having-crowned-thyself with these, cease to be vainglorious,
 Thou bloomest and ceasest, both thou and the garland.

JOSEPH SCALIGER.

Floribus omnigenis plexas, Rhodoclea, corollas
 Quas etiam ipse meo pollice subsecui,
 Mitto tibi; sunt hic anemone lilia juncta,
 Et cum narcissis cum violisque rosa.
 His induta caput, fastus dedisce superbos,
 Et tu marcesces, atque corona tua.

HUGO GROTIVS.

Floribus e pulchris mitto tibi, pulchra, coronam,
 Compositi manibus quam, Rhodoclea, meis.
 Est narcissus ibi, rosa nec minus, est anemone,
 Atque coruleis lilia cum violis.
 His redimita caput noli, precor, esse superba,
 Sic es ut hoc sertum—flore et inde perit.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Floribus in pratis, legi quos ipse, coronam
 Contextam variis, do, Rhodoclea, tibi;
 Hic anemone humet, confert narcissus odores
 Cum violis; spirant lilia mista rosis.
 His redimita comas, mores depone superbos,
 Hæc peritura nitent; tu peritura nites!

F. T. PRICE.

Floribus hanc nexam tibi do, Rhodoclea, coronam,
 Quos manibus carpsi nuper ego ipse meis.
 Liliaque et violas et Adonis accipe florem,
 Mollem et narcissum purpureamque rosam.
 Sic redimita procul sensus expelle superbos,
 Nam serto florens par, pariterque cades!

F. T. PRICE.

I send to thee, my Rhodocle, this wreath entwined with flowers,
Which I with mine own hands have newly cull'd among the bowers;
The lily and the rose, and that sweet bud that woos the wind,
With the violet and dew-besprinkled daffodil combined.
When, then, the chaplet shades thy brow, cast haughty looks away,
For thy beauty, blooming like the flowers, will like the flowers decay.

DELTA.

This garland of fair flowers, by me
Fondly wreathed, I send to thee,
Rhodoclea!

Lily, and love-cup are there,
Anemone with dewy hair,
Freshest violets dark-blue,
And the moist narcissus too,
Rhodoclea!

Being crown'd with these—aside
Cast all vain, unmeaning pride,

Rhodoclea!
Cast vainglorious pride away;
Alike the pageants of a day,
Thou dost cease, and so do they—
Rhodoclea!

FRANCIS WRANGHAM.

To thee this garland, Rosamond, I send,
Twined by my hand, where beauteous flow'rets blend,
Lily and rose, anemone the wet,
Narcissus lithe, and purple violet.
Then, as thou wear'st it, cease thy haughty tone,
The wreath and thou both bloom, and both are gone!

WILLIAM HAY.

This crown of fairest flowers, my Rhodocle,
By mine own fingers wreathed, I send to thee;
The lily, and anemone moist with dew,
The rose, narcissus, and the violet blue.
Then put it on, and while it gems thy hair
Be not vainglorious overmuch, my fair,
Since like thyself, the flowers that crown thy brow,
Bloom for a while and die—the flowers and thou!

TWELVE ATTEMPTS BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

I.

Receive, my Rhodocle! this garland fair
Of flowers, which I have woven for thy hair,
With mine own hands; behold the lily, how
It blends its paleness with the rose's glow,
And how the anemone in its dew is set
By moist narcissus and blue violet.
Put on thy crown; but humble be, I pray,
For soon thy beauty must, like theirs, decay.

II.

I send this wreath of flowers to thee, my Love,
Which with mine own hands I myself have wove.
The lily and the rose-cup there you see,
Narcissus moist, bedew'd anemone,
And dark-blue violet. Humbly wear the crown,
For in their transient bloom behold thine own!

III.

My Rhodoclea! take this flowery band
Which I have fashion'd with my proper hand,
Of lilies and of roses fitly set
Among narcissi, and anemones wet
With dew, and many a purple violet.
But, Lady! wreath it humbly round thy brow;
Thou know'st it soon will fade—and so must thou.

IV.

I send to thee, my Rhodocle, a wreath
 My own hands wove ; there, rose and lily breathe,
 Narcissus and anemone with dew
 Besprinkled, and the violet darkly blue.
 With them thy temples crown ; but with a sigh,
 Remember, " Thou, like them, must fade and die !"

V.

I send thee, Rhodoclea, a bright crown
 Of flowers no fingers fashion'd but my own—
 'The lily, rose, anemone wet with dew,
 Narcissus moist, and violet darkly blue,
 Wear it—but not with too much pride ; their bloom,
 Lady ! and thine—await one common doom.

VI.

Accept a flower-wreath, Rhodocle, even now
 Woven by my own hands, for thy lovely brow,
 Of lilies, roses, and anemones
 On whose soft leaves the trembling dewdrop lies—
 Narcissus moist, and dark-blue violet.
 'Then, Lady ! look not haughty as you set
 Upon your queenly head this diadem,
 Pensive to think one doom waits Thee and Them '

VII.

Accept, my Rhodocle, this wreath
 Of flowers I wove for thee ; here breathe
 The lily and the rose,
 Narcissus in his grace is here,
 Anemone, wet with morning's tear,
 By dark-blue violets glows.

Then let the wealth of Spring be shed,
 Bright girl ! around thy sunny head
 Superb with floral crown :
 Yet, self-adoring, humble be ;
 In their frail beauty, start to see
 An emblem of thine own.

VIII.

A wreath of flowers I send to thee,
 Woven by myself, my Rhodocle !
 How bright the rose appears
 Beside the lily ! Anemone set
 Near narcissus and blue violet—
 All wet with dewy tears !

Thus rich with many a living gem
 Place on thy head the diadem,
 Thyself a fairer flower
 By far than all that blended bloom !
 But be not proud—'tis Beauty's doom
 To wither in an hour !

IX.

I send to thee, my Rhodocle, with many a living gem
 From spring-beds by thy lover cull'd, a dewy diadem.
 The lily, in her simple stole, is breathing of delight,
 And, placed beside the queen of flowers, appears more purely white ;
 Ne'er smiled the anemone so sweet now by narcissus set.
 The beauty of them both eclipsed by dark-blue violet.
 Then proudly place the blended bloom above thy haughty brow.
 And to the sun, and skies, and clouds, a fairer Flora shew.
 Ah dazzling vision ! in my trance, how could I " proudly" say
 'The brightest births of nature still the soonest feel decay.

X.

I send to thee, my Rhodocle, a diadem of flowers,
 Wreathed by myself in sunshine among the vernal showers ;
 The lily white with the red rose, both matchless, gently vies,
 Narcissus on anemone looks down with dewy eyes,
 And rich upon the blended bloom the purple violet lies.
 Now nature looks more beautiful where'er thy footsteps turn ;
 Flower of the world and queen ! I hail thy coronation morn.
 'Thou art to life and love, my soul, what Spring is to the year !
 Yet crown'd with flower-pearls as thou art, for thee I drop a tear—
 Ye fade, ye wither—thou and they—and dying, disappear.

XI.

I send thee, Rhodoclea ! this Flower-Crown,
Woven by thy lover's hands ; how fair it is,
Thou seest, with lily, rose, anemone,
All wet with dewdrops, and narcissas there
Is smiling by the purple violet.
And, now thou hast put on the diadem,
Imperial lady ! of thy glorious charms
Too proud thou must not be ; these flowers will fade
Ere evening, and thy beauty soon must die.

XII.

Thy lover sends thee, Rhodocle, a crown
Of fairest flowers, which his own hands did weave
For thy imperial brow ; the lily there
Salutes the rose, and the anemone
Smiles to narcissus, every leaf besprent
With dews ; and there the dark-blue violet.
Place on thy head the diadem—but oh !
With no vainglorious heart ; for of thyself
Emblems are these bright flower—they bloom and die !

The bee has murmured, the cicada shrilled, and the nautilus sailed along our leaves ; and let us conclude this paper with the pretty prattle of a hare. Philonis, as you know, buried her pet locust in a little garden-tomb, for we gave you its pleasant epitaph. Phanion had either bought a little leveret from some boys who had surprised it in a bush, or on one of her rural walks had, herself, caught it after a hunt that left her breathing more beautiful than Diana. Perhaps you think Phanion the Greek for Fanny, and perhaps it is ; but so is it the Greek for Lucy, for Phanion is from φαίνω, I shine, and Lucy may be from Luceo, I shine, so 'tis all one in the English, the Latin, and the Greek. And here they all are—the epigram having been pointed out to us, and charmingly paraphrased, by the same

courteous and kind correspondent who sent us Æsop's fine lines with a version—Benjamin Keen. You remember all about poor Cowper's tame hares. They lived—one of them at least—to be old and saily. Phanion's favourite had a kinder fate, dying ere the hare had destroyed the leveret. The character of the full-grown hare is much misunderstood ; in his wild and natural state he is the fiercest of all quadrupeds, next to the tiger and lion ; just as the robin redbreast is the fiercest of all bipeds (of course we except men), next to the vulture and eagle. 'Tis as impossible to tame a hare as a hyena ; for his native ferocity expands with his ears ; and you all know how Tiney tyrannized over the immortal author of the Task. But “ the good die first,” and are thus saved much misery and much guilt.

ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ.

Τὸν ταχύπεν, ἔτι παῖδα συναρπασθέντα τρεῖς
αἰρετὶ μὲν ἀπὸ στήνων, κατόντα λαγῶν
ἐν κόλποις στήγασα διέτρεφεν ἡ γλυκεράχρως
Φανίον, εὐαίμοις ἀνδρὶς βοσκήμενον.
ἔδ' ἔμ' μητρὸς ἔτ' εἶχε πόθος. Ἰνῆσκα δ' ὑπὸ θοίνης
ἀπλήτω, πολλὰ δαίτη παχυρόμενος.
καὶ μὲν πρὸς κλισίαις κρύψε νεκρὸν, ὡς ἐν ὀνείροις
αἰὲν ὄρεῖν κοίτης γειτανέοντα τάφον.

LITERALLY. CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

(Me) the swift-footed, while still young, of her that bore me torn
Soon from the breasts, (me) the long-eared hare
Did the sweet-bodied Phanion fondling in her bosom nourish,
And feed me on spring flowers.

Nor was it a longing for my mother that still possessed me : I died from delicacies
Unceasing, by much feasting fattened.

And she buried my corpse near her bower, that in dreams
She might always see my tomb, being near her couch.

CROTICS.

Velocem tenero leporem pede, qui modo primum
 Raptus ab auite pectore matris eram,
 Ipsa suo nuper gremio pulcherrima fovit
 Phanium, et verno vivere flore dedit.
 Oblitus jam matris eram, sed cepia victus
 Me necat, et nimia viscera tenta dape.
 Illa suum propter mihi dedit monumenta cubile,
 Semper ut in somnis proxima me videat.

ANOREAS VIVENS.

Me velocipedem, parientis ab ubere raptum
 Auribus insignem, parvulum adhuc leporem,
 In gremio nutritis amans, vernalibus antrum
 Floribus, exinio est corpore quæ, Phanium.
 Nec desiderium matris fuit amplius; esca
 Quippe saginatus immodica morior.
 Atque meum ad carlas celavit ca ipsa cadaver,
 Vicinum in somnis ut tunulum videat.

J. C. L. MASSON.

Auitum leporem me matris ab ubere raro
 Abreptum (miseros edidit ore sonos!)
 In gremio accipiens aluit tenera puella,
 Phanium, et velis pabula larga tuit.
 Nec me matris amor tenuit, sed lautior aquo
 Inque cibus noliis vos! peri ante diem.
 Ad statulum corpus nunc condidit, ut sit amœnos
 Per somnos cubitum funebro praesto mihi.

DR. L. CHAPMAN. (TR. COL. CANTAB.)

Me not my mother's side just nicely torn,
 A youngling, yet a long-eared, swift-foot hare.
 The sweet-skinn'd Phanium, mothering the fawn,
 Rear'd in her bosom,—fed on spring-flowers there—
 No more regret for mother! but I die
 Of sorrow from much fondling,—then, me dead
 Close by her bower she buried, thus to spy
 Ever in dreams, any tomb beside her bed.

Life from my mother's side, tender and young,
 (When grown, the nimble-footed, long-eared hare.)
 Torn cruelly, the beautiful Phanium took,
 On her warm bosom fondled me to strength,
 And fed me on the tenderest flowers of Spring.

It was not longing for my mother's care
 That caused my death,—but overtaken, at last.
 Did I of pampering delicacies die;—
 And here she buried me by her bower, that dreams
 Might shew my tomb unto her, ever near!

W. H. WHITWORTH. (C. C. C. OXON.)

Me, the swift-footed one,	My mother; but the while I seem
But newly born,	In jollity
And soon from parent's nursing torn,	To feast untir'd,—I die
A timid, listening hare,	Oppress'd with dainty fare.

Sweet Phanium
 Still fondly in her bosom kept,
 On spring-flowers fed:
 Thus I forgot to mourn

And so she laid me dead
 Beside the bower in which she slept,
 With hope, in many a dream
 To look upon my grave hard by
 Her nightly pillow there.

WILLIAM HAY.

Torn from a tender mother's breast,
Nor long a mother's care,
With perking ears and nimble feet, '
I was the favourite hare

Nor did I die of longing
For a tender parent's care,
But ceaseless feeding was my death,
And too much dainty fare.

Of lovely Phanion, who fed
With sweetest flowers of Spring,
And in her bosom fondled me
—A spoil'd and petted thing.

And near her bower hath Phanion
My body buried here;
That in her dreams my sepulchre
Might to her couch be near.

D. M. P.

Me my young mistress, Lucy, fair and sweet,
Nursed in her bosom, from my dam so fleet
Caught, yet a suckling, in the woods astray:
—She loved to watch my quick ears' quivering play,
And feed me with spring-flowers; nor I, the while,
Pined for a parent's love, beneath her smile,
Nor miss'd the care—but ah! too fondly fed
Even thus I sicken'd; till she wept me dead:
Then, close beside her bower, she laid me here,
That still in dreams my form might visit her.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

While yet a little leveret beneath my dam I lay,
Was I, Long-Ear and Swift-Foot, torn from her side away,
And given to lovely Phanion, who fondled with delight
In her sweet breast, and fed on flowers her happy favourite.
I pined not for my mother—of whom I thought no more—
Nor for the pleasant places where I had play'd before—
All daintiest delicacies to me my mistress till supplied,
And thus of kindness overmuch I surfeited and died.
Here, close beside her bower, she wish'd my bones should buried be,
That always, as she slept, my tomb she in her dreams might see.

T. PRIOR.

A little long-eared nimble hare,
From the breast of her who bore me,
Stranger yet to fear and care,
Phanion, my mistress, tore me.

My longings for my mother ceased,
(For she was more than mother to me,)
Till, overfed with constant feast,
At length excess of kindness slew me.

In her lovely maiden breast
'Twas her pleasure to imbed me,
There to enjoy unbroken rest,
When she with buds of Spring had fed me.

And now, alas! her darling dead,
The soft caress no more shall cheer me,
She has laid me by her bed,
That dreaming she may still be near me.

GEORGE DRAKE.

From the teats of my mother they tore
me
A quick-ear'd and nimble young
hare—
To the sweet-scented bosom they bore
me
Of Phanion gentle and fair.

No regret for my mother annoy'd me;
But soon in my frolicsome pride
Too bounteous repletion destroy'd me,
In surfeit of dainties I died.

By her love was I nourish'd and cher-
ish'd
With every delicate thing;
She gather'd the flowers that I relish'd,
The tenderest herbage of Spring.

By her couch was I carefully buried,
In defiance of fate, as it seems,
That she may, though my death was so
hurried,
Enjoy me alive in her dreams.

BENJAMIN KEEN.

(PARAPHRASE.)

I was erewhile young Lesbia's pet,
 A nimble long-car'd leveret;
 Short was my sojourn upon earth,
 But from the hour that gave me birth,
 By Lesbia's tender hands cared,
 Or to her fostering bosom prest,
 The object of her ceaseless cares,
 I lived the happiest of hares.
 For me the gentle maid would bring
 The sweetest flowers that greet the
 Spring;
 For me in Summer's heat she sought
 The pinks with richest perfumes fraught,
 For me the choicest herbs she cul'd,
 For me the freshest parsley pull'd,

Till, by her love too well supplied,
 A surfeit seized me, and I died.
 Young Lesbia mourn'd my early doom,
 Her fair hands dress'd my simple tomb,
 And placed it close beside her bed,
 Where oft, when visions fancy-bred
 Present my cherish'd form to view,
 Fresh tears her lovely breast bedew.
 Blest drops! that sparkle as ye flow,
 And trickling to the tomb below,
 Sure pledge, that though the maiden
 sleeps
 Soft pity still due vigil keeps,
 And prompts her never to forget
 Her nimble, long-car'd leveret.

The epigram is to us easy; but some people have thought it difficult, and the close oracular. Jacobs complains of its obscurity, and in his notes, proposes *in somniis* (in the shades) for *in somniis*, (in dreams) casting off the *like* a pair of old stockings, for sake of the feet; and for *luxuria* (couch) he substitutes *luxuria*, (luxury,) and thus renders the passage, "ut apud inferos quoque nunquam non videam — i. e. habeam sepulchrum *pabula propinquum*." — that the ghost of Puss might still have the pleasure of feasting on the ghosts of spring-plants, early lettuce, sea-kail, and the more delicate cabbages—a notion perfectly in the spirit of antiquity. Manso, a fine scholar, and elegant Latinist—(look at his version)—indulges his feeling and fancy in a still more dainty idea; and makes Mawkins say that her mistress buried her "*ad stabulum*," that the "*epulum fanebre*" might be with the deceased in pleasant dreams. And what was this "*epulum fanebre*?" "Phanion," says Manso, "had nourished her pet on milk"—milk from her own bosom. He therefore, in death as in life, "*epicuri sectator*," is glad to be buried "*prope stabula*," that he may always have the cause of his death before his eyes—Phanion's breast of milk. For it is manifest, adds Manso, that these words are said not in blame but in praise of the *Puella*. Phanion, then, though a *Puella*, was (we hope) a married woman, and her child (we hope) had died of teething, (we hope,) as it must otherwise have been much incommoded, and indeed defrauded, by that hairy foster brother. If this be Manso's

meaning—and we can give no other interpretation to his "*Lacte Phanion nutritur leporum*"—we cannot help thinking Phanion transferred her affection rather oddly from her dead infant to her living leveret—and that the epigram is too much in the style of Sir John Suckling. Graeffe sees a deeper meaning in the concluding distich—a moral. Grotius, he thinks, has not given the whole force of the last line in his

"Semper ut in somnis proxima me videat."

Frederick thinks Hugo should have said

"Ut videat somnis proxima fata suis."

For he believes that Meleager intended that the hare should say that Phanion buried him near her bed, that her heart—even in dreams—might be led to meditate on this image of near death, "*hanc propinque mortis imaginem*." And he says this "*epigrammatis conversio*," pleases the reader the more, "*quo minus prævidebatur*." Rather far-fetched, my good fellow, Frederick Graeffe. Affection for her favourite would naturally prompt a tender-hearted girl like Phanion (she was no wet nurse) to bury the fur near her couch; but at that time of life, girls in good health are not so fond of the image of death as to desire to have one, simply for death's sake, near their pillow. Jacobs, and Manso, and Graeffe, and every body else, are the best of commentators and Christians; but Phanion, a Greek girl, sorry that her pet had died of too much kind-

ness, begged her own Lawrence Macdonald to imagine an exquisite design for a marble monument to her poor dear hare, and having got one, she then asked Meleager for an epitaph, who returned one by post, as punctually as her poets obey Maga.

There is much-*à-do-about-nothing*, too, among the commentators, on *πρὸς κλισίαις*—which may mean either Phanion's or her hare's cot, couch, or bower. 'Tis an agreeable ambiguity depending on *πρὸς*; but *πρὸς κλισίαις*, every body may know who chooses it, is good and common Greek for "me dead;" so you may make what you will of *πρὸς κλισίαις*, and it matters little or nothing to which puss it refers—for they either slept together, or Long-ear lay in a sort of cradle at the foot of Phanion's bed.

It has been questioned too, will perceive, whether *ἐγὼ* be the seeing of—we should rather say the perception by—Puss or Phanion. Jacobs and Manso make them hare the seer. Perhaps good-natured grammarians will excuse us for hinting that Jacobs—in his construction of the line—violates a general rule—to which we can recollect no exceptions—to wit—that when the personal pronoun is left out before an infinitive, the subject of that infinitive is always the subject of the introductory verb. Thus, in the line before us, *ἐγὼ γὰρ ἐγὼ*, *ἐγὼ γὰρ* *ὡς ἐγὼ*, denote respectively, I, Thou, He or She buried—that I, Thou, He or She might see, according to the person of the introductory verb. We have so translated it; and so have all our correspondents, though more than one of them were aware of the interpretation of Jacobs.

And Merivale's First Volume is nearly out of print—and a Second is announced to appear in Spring? That shews there is some sense of beauty in people's minds yet, in spite of the Penny-Reform-Bill that has wrought,

they say, a new era in Literature. The Second Volume cannot be a more delightful one than the first, nor a richer mine for plunder—but we are no plunderers. Merivale and North are fellow-labourers in the same shaft; working sometimes at the same, sometimes at a different vein; nor in friendly rivalry ever quarrelling about the division of the golden ore. Each is provided with a safety-lamp—danger none of explosion—and as one or other raises up the light for a survey of the walls, how they sparkle with starry gems like the vault of heaven!

Series ended! Why 'tis but beginning; and the First of March—in-clement though may be the season—shall wear a Crown of Attic Flowers. January too must have her Diadem and February her Tiara "alike, but oh! how different;" nor shall April need to be ashamed of an unadorned forehead. But for each month there is preparing a characteristic crown. And remember—oh! ye kind contributors to March—that dim gem nor faded flower can be woven into such wreaths; and *that all that is sent must be new as the dawn-dew Earth offers as incense to Phœbus*.

Our paper is done—our pen blunt—our ink dry; and, hark, "a wee short hour ayont the twal!" So Burns eerily calls what Shakespeare eerily called the "witching time of night," and what that watchman is eerily calling "past ane o'clock and snaw!" Yet are we broad awake as the beautiful Mediterranean Sea looking out by moonlight for a Fleet from England; and snow-white ships come gliding down upon us—apparitions in still possession of the whole night-scene from waves to clouds! Phantoms all of our Imagination teeming with Poems!

INDEX TO VOL. XXXIV.

- ARRANTES**, Duchess of, her *Memoirs*, 653.
- Aird Thomas**, *A Father's Curse*, by, 814.
- Alpize Horn**, the, by Mrs Hemans, 858.
- America**, No. I. 285—its institutions not applicable to older countries, *ib.*—American character, 289—naval officers, 290—democratic spirit, 291—stability of its government doubtful, 293—talents not appreciated, 291—not improving in taste and intellect, 296—state of the press, 298—and of religion, 299—defects in its political regulations, 300—description of the President's levee, 306. No. II. How viewed by a Briton, 549—American breakfast, 551—men of education, 555—ladies, *ib.*—dandy, 557—dinner party 558—houses, 559—servants, *ib.*—hotel dinner, 560—breakfast in a steamer, 561—equality merely nominal, 565—degree of knowledge, 567.
- Archology**, the Greek, No. II. 115—No. III. 258—No. IV. 373—Appendix to, 407—No. V. 981.
- Authors**, how treated by publishers, 143.
- Brhadocae**, a poem, by M. J. Chapman, 103—specimens of, 518.
- Burington**, Colonel, anecdote of, 581.
- Barrington**, Sir John, *Historic Memoirs of Ireland*, by, 573.
- Bury**, the painter, remarks on, 191—Luke's letter on painting to, 492.
- Barria**, conduct of the Liberals in, 57.
- Bards**, 'Thoughts upon, 670—negroes want, *ib.*
- Big**, the Academician, 879—defects in Cunningham's Life of, 880.
- Blackwood**, Sir Henry, memoir of, 1—his entry into the navy, 2—accused of treason before the French Convention, 3, *note*—Captain Pakenham's high opinion of, 4—his account of his arming action with two French frigates, 5—important share in the capture of the *Guillaume Tell*, 6—Nelson's letter acknowledging his gallant conduct, 7—appointed to watch the movements of the combined fleets of France and Spain, 8—Nelson's letters to, *ib.*—his letters to his wife before and after the battle of Trafalgar, 10, 11—opinion of Clingwood, 12—services noticed by the latter, 14—appointed to command the *Ajax*, 15—his letter detailing the loss by fire of that ship and half her crew, *ib.*—holds the command at Cutham, 22—his death, 23—sketch of his character, *ib.*
- Bouhons**, cause of their decline after the Restoration, 100, 906.
- Boyle**, Nora, 344.
- Boyton**, Rev. Charles, character of, 171.
- Britain**, change in her foreign policy, 803—and its effects, *ib.*
- British tropical colonies**, M'Queen's letters on, No. I. 231—mistaken conclusions of Mr Stanley as to the state of, 233—economy of a sugar estate described, 237.—No. II. 611—population and crops, 618—value of property, 620—slave population, 634—vexatious conduct of Government authorities to the agricultural proprietors, 636—unwise and unjust measures pursued by Government, 638.
- Brother's Dirge**, the, by Mrs Hemans, 858.
- Burke**, Edmund, Part III. 25—forfeits the favour of his constituents at Bristol by advocating the cause of Ireland, *ib.*—object of his motion on economical reform, 26—extracts from his speech on that subject, *ib.*—neglected by his party on account of his political virtue, 32—Dunning and Gibbon's opinion of his speech, *ib.*—criticisms on it, 33—address to his constituents at Bristol, vindicating his conduct, *ib.*—an example of the inability of the multitude to decide on the merits of public men, 35—returned member for Malton, *ib.*—instances of his disregard of public calumnies, 38—his application to the Prince of Wales in favour of a curate, *ib.*—befriends Crabbe the poet, 59—repels the charge of aristocratic principles, 60—extract from his speech on the right of taxing America, 61—connexion with the Rockingham administration, 43—speech on the India bill, 45—Part IV. 317—Grattan's panegyric on, 318—his speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, 320—motives for impeaching Hastings, 328—passages of his speech on opening the impeachment, 330—his knowledge of the human heart, 337—peroration of his speech, 338—character of his eloquence, 342. Part V.—His labours in the impeachment served to prepare him for more important duties to his country, 486—feelings with which he regarded the commencement of the struggle for liberty in France, 489—and correspondence on it, 490—varied acquirements, 491—supposed to be the chief writer of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses, *ib.*—letter to Barry, 492—quits the Opposition on account of their attachment to the French Revolution, 497—character of his Re-

- flections on the French Revolution, 499—and tributes of admiration paid him on account of that work by the highest authorities, 500—degree of LL.D. conferred upon him by the Dublin University, *ib.*—correspondence with Paine, 502. Part VI. 739—Correspondence with Mercer regarding France, 712—notice of, and passages from his Reflections, 746—castigation of Dr Price, 756—celebrated fragment on the Queen of France, 760.
- Calder, Sir Robert, his victory broke Napoleon's designs upon England, 666.
- Carlos, Don, disputes the crown of Spain, 801—his claim considered, 805.
- Carnatic, Burke's description of Hyder Ali's dreadful invasion of the, 322.
- Cathedral Establishments, English, 677—answer to objections against the service in, *ib.*—original intention of, 681—eminent men reared in, 686, 691.
- Chapinan, M. J., Barbadoes, and other Poems, by, 503—account of, 515.
- Claneboy, the Return of, 929.
- Clare, the late Lord, account of, 590.
- Coleridge, Dr, eulogy on, 527.
- Colonies, British Tropical, Letter I., on the, 231—Letter II. 611.
- Colonists, West India, vindication of, 242—their grievances, 636.
- Colours, various characters of, 311.
- Corporation Commission, its object, 801.
- Cousin, his admiration of the Prussian system of education, 67.
- Crabbe the poet, anecdote of, 39.
- Cringle, Tom, his Log, Chap. XXII. Third Cruise of the Wave, 71—Chap. XXIII. The Last of the Log.—Tom Cringle's Farewell, 111.
- Cunningham, Allan, strictures on his Lives of British Artists, 880.
- Cyril Thornton, Men and Manners in America, by the author of, 286; 518.
- David's picture of Napoleon asleep in his study, lines suggested by, 813.
- Democracy, in what circumstances practicable, 102—in America, 211.
- Democratic changes, progress of, 777.
- Democrat, life of a, a sketch of Horne Tooke, Part II. 206.
- Drama, the Hindu, No. I. 715.
- Duckworth, Sir John, not blameable for the failure before Constantinople, 19.
- Duels, remarks on, 586—list of Irish, 587.
- Duplex, his career in India, 327.
- Early Riser, morning monologues by an, No. I. 430.
- English Cathedral Establishments, 677.
- False Medium, the, 440.
- Family Poetry, No. IV. The Country Seat, 820.
- Far o'er the Sea, by Mrs Hemans, 859.
- Financial Policy of Mr Pitt and his successors, 179.
- First Session of the Reformed Parliament, 776.
- Fox, his character as a party leader, 40—popular qualities, 43—coalition with Lord North, 41—India bill, *ib.*—eulogizes the French Revolution, 498—Burke's separation from, *ib.*
- France, state and prospects of, 45—prosperity under the Restoration, 46—all her calamities the fruits of the Revolution, *ib.*—dreadful effects of irreligion, 102—degradation of character, 103—character of the present Government, 104—Burke's prediction concerning her realized, 105—libertinism led to the Revolution, 739.
- France in 1833, No. I. Its political state, 641—irresistible power of the Central Government at Paris, *ib.*—immense military force, 641—liberty of the press, 647—the National Guard the ruling power. 648—and cause of their allegiance to Louis Philippe, *ib.*—insignificance of the Chambers, 649—causes that threaten the stability of the Central Government, 651—great increase of taxation, 655. No. II. Effects of the Revolution of the Barricade on Government, religion, morals, and literature, 902—causes of the mild government of the Bourbons and the despotism of the present dynasty, 903—republicanism of the press, 904—France admits of a despotic Government only, 912—approaches to oriental despotism, 913—prevalence of infidelity, 915—depressed condition of the clergy, 916—pleasure and excitement the universal objects of pursuit, 918—manners of the capital, *ib.*—depraved state of literature, 921—specimens of the drama, 923.
- French Revolution, its commencement how viewed in England, 220—its true spirit never yet fully developed, 45—had been long maturing, 739.
- Gentoos, their national peculiarities, 330.
- Germany, democratic principles in, *ib.*
- Godwin, Mrs, Lyrics of the East, by No. VII. 596—No. VIII. 597—No. IX. *ib.*
- Governments, democratic, ever thmost profuse, 181—three bases of, 65.
- Grainger, Dr, his poetry, 507.
- Greek Anthology, No. II. 115—No. III. 258—No. IV. 373, Appendix to the three Articles on, 407—No. V. 361.
- Green Cloth, Court of the, 30.
- Hall, Captain, charges brought against him as a traveller, 552.
- Hamilton, Miss E. M., a Character, by, 604—Knowledge, by, 605—Few Years, by, 606—The Weeping Ash, by, 607—Fragment, by, 608—A Lover of Autumn, by, 865.

- Hamilton, Mr, author of *Cyril Thornton*, his qualifications as a traveller, 288—extracts from his work on America, *ib.*—and character of it, 307.
- Hardenberg, ability as a politician, 63.
- Hastings, Warren, some account of, 326—his trial, 329—justly acquitted, 338.
- Haiti, wretched condition of, 250—contrast between its present and former state, 615—specimen of its laws, 630.
- Hemans, Mrs, *Hymns of Life*, by, No. III. 111.—No. IV. 174—*The Water-Lily*, by, 177—No. V. 591—*Songs of Captivity*, by, 557—*Hymns of Life*, by, No. VII. 861.
- Henley, Lord, his proposed reforms in the Church, 677—unfairness of his whole argument, 695.
- Hindu Drama, *The*, No. I. 715—rules of, 718—specimens of, 721.
- History of John Bull, *Fragments from the*, Chap. V. 890—Chap. VI. 893—Chap. VII. 895.
- Hope, A Song of, by Mrs Hemans, 859.
- Horne Tooke, A Sketch of. Part II. 206—his contest with Junius, 211—and bad success, 213—abandons the clerical profession, 214—prosecuted for libel, 215—fined and imprisoned, 216—his application for a call to the Bar rejected, *ib.*—violent pamphlet, 217—sympathy to Ministry, 218—unsuccessful candidate for Westminster, 220—espouses Jacobinism, 222—committed to the Tower for treason, 223—his trial, 224—again candidate for Westminster, 225—returned for Old Sarum, 226—and excluded on account of his clerical profession, 227—his Divisions of Purley, 228—connexion with Sir F. Boddert, 229—death, *ib.*—reflections on, *ib.*—his exposure of Wikes, 230.
- Howard, sketch of, by Burke, 35.
- Hume, Mr, instance of his economy, 670.
- Hymns of Life*, by Mrs Hemans, 111, 174, 591, 861.
- I dream of all things free, by Mrs Hemans, 859.
- India Company, defects in its constitution, 330—depressed state of its finances, 793—probable consequences of the late regulations, *ib.*
- Invocation, the, by Mrs Hemans, 859.
- Ireland, cause of her degradation, 573—English settlers in the north of, 575—flourished under the penal laws, *ib.*—Parliament of 1780, *ib.*—to be governed only by an army, 577—transactions during the reign of James II., 580—measures of the Popish Parliament, 582—prevalence of duelling, 586—increase of crime owing to the system of conciliation, 784.
- Irish Union, the, 573.
- Irish Coercion Bill, 783.
- Irish festivity described, 583.
- Jacobinism, characteristics of, 495.
- Jamaica, slaves manumitted from 1818 to 1830 in, 634.
- Jefferson, private character of, 296.
- John Bull, *Fragments from the History of*, Chap. V. Riot on the other side of the pond, 890—Chap. VI. Proceedings in the matter of Quashee the black servant, 893—Chap. VII. John's rents in arrear, 898.
- Journals, rise and increase of public, 206.
- Junius, character of, 209—authorship of, 210—his opinion on reform, 212.
- Lighthouses, Northern, 358.
- Louis Philippe, his absolute authority, 615—universally disliked, 617.
- McQueen, James, Esq., *Letters to the Right Hon. E. G. Stanley, Secretary of State*, by, 231, 611.
- Melodies for Middle Age, No. I. 867.
- Mess, Nights at, Chap. II. 17—Chap. III. 196—Chap. IV. 350—Chap. V. 541.
- Ministers, domestic and foreign policy of, 776—erroneous views in regard to finance, 797—system of democratic centralization adopted by, 800.
- Minorities, not represented, 781.
- Morning Monologues, by an Early Riser, No. I. 130.
- Napoleon, his Memoirs, 657—plan for invading England, 661—and probability of conquering her had he landed, 666—astounding march from Boulogne to Swabia, 668.
- Navy, British, its importance, 1.
- Necker, his injudicious retrenchments, 28—effects of his policy, 29.
- Negroes, character of, 216—when free, refuse to work for wages, 252—wretched state of free, 251.
- Nelson, Lord, his letters to Sir H. Blackwood, 7, 8—and parting words to, 11—account of his death, *ib.*
- Ney, Marshal, *Memoirs of*, 657—and their authority, 658—his birth, 659—early dispositions, *ib.*—his impetuous courage, *ib.*—attention to the wants of his soldiers, 661— anecdotes of his justice and humanity, 662—military adventures, 663—reflections on the qualities of French soldiers, 669.
- Nightingale Valley, scenery of, 874.
- Nights at Mess, Chap. II. 17—Chap. III. 196—Chap. IV. 350—Chap. V. 541.
- Nora Boyle, 314.
- Northern Lighthouses, 358—account of works executed by the Commissioners of, *ib.*—classes of lights in, 362.
- Norton, Hon. Augusta, Sir Eastace, by, 172—'Twas Night, by, 819.
- O ye voices, by Mrs Hemans, 858.

- Paine, his intercourse with Burke, 501.
 Pastoral painting, masters in, 315.
 Pitt, financial system of Mr Pitt and his successors, 179—summary of his system, 195—his discomfiture of the Opposition, 218, 486.
 Poetry, Burial of an Emigrant's Child in the forests, by Mrs Hemans, 111—Song, by Lady E. S. Wortley, 114—Sir Eustace, by the Hon. A. Norton, 172—Wood-walk and hymn, by Mrs Hemans, 174—The Water Lily, by the same, 177—Departure, 178—Easter-day in a mountain churchyard, by Mrs Hemans, 594—Lyrics of the East, by Mrs Godwin, No. VII. Bedouin lament for a Sheikh, 596—No. VIII. Wisdom in the wilderness, 597—No. IX. True Valour, *ib.*—An Indian lament, 598—Life, 599—Home, 600—Stanzas, by Lady E. S. Wortley, 601—The Sound of Skye, *ib.*—A Character, by Miss E. M. Hamilton, 604—Knowledge, by the same, 605—A Few Years, by the same, 606—The Weeping Ash, by the same, 607—Fragment, by the same, 608—The Crown of Thorns, 609—The Fairy, 769—The Fairy's reply, 771—Echo and Silence, 772—Lines on David's picture of Napoleon asleep in his study, 813—A Father's Curse, by Thomas Aird, 814—'Twas Night, by the Hon. A. Norton, 819—The Country Seat, 820—The Convent of Chaillat or La Vallière and Louis XIV. 822—Songs of Captivity, by Mrs Hemans, 857—Flowers and music in a room of sickness, by the same, 861—To a lover of Autumn, by Miss E. M. Hamilton, 865—Lines on Shelley, 866—I saw her but once, 867—Melodies for middle age, No. I. 867—The Sabbath evening, 868—St Stephen's day, by George Trevor, 870—The Epiphany, by the same, 871—Merry England, *ib.*—The Radical, 872—Summer eve, *ib.*
 Poisoners, gang of, in Martinique, 328.
 Price, Dr, account of, 756.
 Prussia, or the progress of rational reform, 55—principle of her policy, and cause of her social and moral improvement, 59—villanage abolished, 60—salutary laws, 61—military organization, 65—system of education, 66—constitution proposed for, 70.
 Reader, a publisher's, depicted, 445.
 Reform, Prussia, or the progress of rational, 55.
 Reformed Parliament, the, first session of, 776—character of, 778—Irish coercion bill, *ib.*—abolition of West India slavery, 785—renewal of the East India charter, 792—taxes re-
 pealed, 797—addition to the public debt, 799—foreign policy, 801.
 Religion and morality, effects of, 102.
 Retribution, 953.
 Return of Claneboy, 929.
 Revolution, progress of, in Germany, 56.
 Shelley's Poems, lines on, 866.
 Sinecures, Burke's plan to curtail, 31.
 Sinking Fund, its repeal ruinous, 188.
 Sketcher, the, No. III. 309—No. IV. 529—No. V. 762—No. VI. 874.
 Slave population, its decrease in the West India Colonies, 233—general condition, 237—means of religion and education, 242—character, 257—amount in the British Colonies, 634.
 Slave trade, increase of the, 622—carried on at Sierra Leone, *ib.*
 Slavery, details of the measure for the abolition of, 726—and probable consequences, 788.
 Spain, prosperity of her colonies 611—bad policy of Britain in promoting the dismemberment of her empire, 611—parties in, 804.
 Spanish Succession, the, 301—disputed, *ib.*—views of France, 805—validity of its alteration considered, 806.
 Spenser, No. I. 824—Wordsworth the only poet resembling, *ib.*—Dr Todd's life of, 825—his birth and descent, *ib.*—career at Cambridge, 826—passion for Rosalind, *ib.*—poetical allusions, 827—Shepherd's Calendar, 830—his companies Lord Grey to Ireland, 835—his elegy on the death of Sir Philip Sydney, 836—residence at Kildrummin, 837—visited by Raleigh, 838—publishes part of his Faerie Queen, 839—his marriage, 843—publishes a second part of the Faerie Queen, 849—and last three books, 854—his death, and circumstances attending it, *ib.*
 Stanley, Mr Secretary, letters to, 231.
 Stevenson, Alan, vindication of the Commissioners of Northern Lights, 366.
 Sugar, quantity produced by slave labour, 621—shipping dependent on the trade in, *ib.*
 Tamerlane, his Institutes, 331.
 Taxes, the indirect, should be continued, 794, 797—and the direct totally repealed, 798.
 Trevor, George, St Stephen's day, by, 870—the Epiphany, by, 871.
 Union, the Irish, 573.
 Whig Administration, prodigality of, 180.
 Who is born? by Mr Godwin, 469.
 Who is dead? by Mr Godwin, 477.
 Wilson, E. his False Medium, 440.
 Wilson, H. H., Select Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindus, by, 715.
 Wortley, Lady E. S., Song, by, 114—Stanzas, *ib.*, 622.

